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"Beaver" Flour is a perfectly balanced flour. It makes baking easy because it is always the same in strength, quality and flavor. Your grocer has it. Try it.

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WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Valla, standing there tall and stolid in her gaudy turban and red-and-yellow robes, her black eyes following her mistress's every movement, held out a pair of tiny gloves, and then folded her bracketed brown arms again with her usual composure. Nat hastily drew them on, gave one last glance at the glass and then turned to me.

"There—I'm ready now; and I feel finer than I ever did in my life. I hope madame will be satisfied. Make haste, Ned—somebody has come! I hear the wheels."

"Your flowers, miss." Virtue brought them as she gently murmured the suggestion—Roger's cream-and-scarlet bouquet, over which Nat had smiled and blushed in the morning. But not as she blushed now, for in an instant her face turned absolutely crimson as she shot one fleeting glance at me. Then she took the flowers, glanced at them, and, throwing them upon the ground, set her foot on them, and swept out of the room and into the corridor.

"Nat," I cried, springing after her, and seizing her by the arm, "what do you mean by that? Are you mad?"

"Not now," she returned, defiantly, turning her glittering eyes upon me with a fierce little smile of triumph. "I am perfectly sane now. Let me go Ned—you are hurting my arm!"

Without giving me time to reply as I mechanically released her, she sprang past me, running fleetly along the corridor and down the stairs. I had no chance of saying anything further to her, for when I followed her I found madame busily engaged with the party from Roxborough Chase, who were always early everywhere, and Nat, at a little distance, was talking gaily to the only other arrivals, Fraser Froude and Raby St. George.

I do not want to say more about that ball than is necessary. It was a brilliant success. I know, for the county papers said so; for my part, I had never been more wretched in my life. The great ball-room was well filled; all the pretty girls of Daleshire were there, and all looked their brightest and prettiest, but the brown-skinned, black-eyed girl in the delicate cream-and-scarlet dress bore away the palm from them all. I certainly heard sufficient flattering comments to turn her head, and ma-

dam's handsome face was quite a picture of proud complacency. But I grew absolutely savage as I watched Nat flirt—for flirt that night she did most audaciously—not only with Fraser Froude and Raby St. George, who were her shadows, but with everybody, even with the Hon. Vincent Clyde, old Roxborough's second son, who had a reputation for fastness which made Daleshire in general turn up its eyes, and who was half an idiot besides. Heartless little coquette! I thought, working myself into a rage as I remembered my friend and watched for his appearance as vainly as I had done since the opening of the ball. Perhaps something had happened to keep him away altogether? I almost hoped there had.

It was early still—only a little after eleven—and I was waltzing with the freckled Lady Idonea, when I caught sight of old Dizarte's red face and bald head as he made his bow to madame. I left her ladyship as soon as I could, and crossed over to where he stood, knowing that he was absolutely certain presently to drift off toward the card-room and the companionship of his friend the rector, whose court had taken a turn for the better. Now he was placidly leaning against the wall and watching the dancers—a much better amusement than dancing one's self, in my opinion.

"Halloo, doctor!" I said, shaking hands. "You have turned up, then? Didn't think you would!" This was hardly the truth. Dizarte hated balls with all the hatred natural to a stout old gentleman who pulled down the scale at sixteen stone; but to disregard an invitation of Mme. Chavasse's he would have considered an awful breach of etiquette. So, in common with the rector, he came to the balls or what not, and suffered as best he might. "Don't see Yorke," I went on, looking round and trying to keep my anxiety hidden from those keen eyes of his. "I've been looking for him all the evening. Isn't he here yet?"

"Not yet. Had to pack him off to Market Waxford this afternoon. A telegram came from old Cowdrick the banker—so you know him, don't you? Don't know what's up with him, but whatever it is, he'll never look at any one but Roger. Miss Natalie is in her glory to-night," old Dizarte added, as Nat passed us, leaning on Fraser Froude's arm, and gave him a little bow and a bright smile as she did so.

"Yes," I said, not feeling just then much inclined to pursue the subject.

"I say, doctor, I hope he'll turn up by and by?"

"Yorke? Oh, yes—no fear of that! I think his visit to Paris has done the boy good, by the way. He seemed to be down in the dumps a few weeks ago, and threw out more than one hint that he should like to leave Whittlesford; but he seems to have got over that idea, I'm glad to say. Natural enough, of course, for he's more or less thrown away here; but the practice generally would go to the dogs without him."

Knowing what I did, I could hardly repress a groan as I assented rather more emphatically than politeness warranted. But I was spared the necessity of saying anything else by Mr. Deeping, who came up just then and touched the doctor's shoulder.

"Now, Dizarte, I'm waiting for you to make up a rubber. Come along! You don't want to dance, I suppose?—and you're keeping this boy from doing it."

"I'm sure he's welcome," I said, ruefully enough; but the rector only laughed, and, hooking his arm in that of his crony, the two old fogies turned off in the direction of the card-room.

There was a cessation in the dancing just then, and, looking across the great glittering space, I saw Nat standing by the conservatory doors, smiling at something which Raby St. George—his dark face to-night as beautiful in its different way as her own—was whispering in her ear. Alice Deeping, flushed and pretty, in her white-and-pink dress, stood there too, and Major Constable. The major did not dance, of course; and, for the first time within my knowledge of her and to the consternation of her numerous admirers, the rector's daughter had refused to waltz—on the principle, as she informed me in a whisper, that, if she could not waltz with him, she would not with anybody. Determined if I could to get a word with Nat, I crossed over to them.

"Did Lady Idonea scratch you, Ned?" was Alice's greeting.

"Eh? What do you mean?" I returned.

"Because you got rid of her in the most unceremonious fashion—that's all. I watched her face. She looked as though she could have boxed your ears with pleasure!"

"I wanted to speak to Dizarte," I said.

"So I saw. What a blessing it must be to be an earl's daughter, when one is plain and disagreeable, George," Alice rattled on, turning her bright face to the major—"mustn't it? Her ladyship has not sat out a single dance yet, and wholly and solely because she is her ladyship."

"Neither has Nat, for that matter," I said, looking half angrily at the brilliant little figure in cream and scarlet; but she only turned away her head obstinately, although I know she had heard me—listening to Raby St. George's whispers.

"Nat?" echoed Alice, raising her eyebrows as she played with her pink-and-white bouquet. "Of course not. She is the queen to-night. Indeed I intend to accuse madame of getting up the ball solely for her glorification. It's too bold, I declare. I was never so disgracefully outshone in the whole course of my life. Oh, Ned"—her face dimpling with sudden laughter as she lowered her voice—"you should have seen Rosa's face when she caught sight of her tonight! Yesterday she said that she was an ugly brown little thing, and that she couldn't see anything in those great black eyes for a handsome fellow like Raby St. George to make such a fuss over and be so crazy about. Poor Rosa! I believe the shock spoiled the first half dozen dances for her. I declare, George, I should like to steal those splendid diamonds of Nat's—wouldn't you?"

She turned away from me to the major in saying this; and, plainly seeing that Nat would not even look toward me if she could help it, I put my hand on her shoulder. She looked round then quickly enough, but with the same defiant half-mocking smile which she had flashed upon me in the corridor.

"What is it, Ned?"

"Don't you think it's time that you gave me a dance?" I said, trying to speak lightly.

"Too late!"—and she held up to me the scented programme that dangled from her wrist. "Not one blank—do you see?"

Whooping Cough

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A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, avoiding drugs. Vapo-Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once. It is a BLOOD purifier from Asthma. The air carrying the anesthetic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring peaceful nights. It is indispensable to mothers with young children. Send postal for descriptive booklet.

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The CRESOLENE ANTISEPTIC THROAT TABLETS for the irritated throat. They are simple, effective and safe. Of your druggist or from us. No charge.

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"Never mind—scratch out somebody. Let me have the next one—you don't want to dance with that blessed Froude. He looks about as graceful at it as a gyrating nine-pin. Give me your pencil, and I'll scratch him out."

"Indeed you will not!"—and she twitched it pettishly out of my hand. "What nonsense, Ned! As though you wanted to dance with me!"

"Of course I do. Will you give it to me?"

"No; I am engaged to Mr. Froude."

"Nat," I said, earnestly, in a whisper, "I want to speak to you, and I will. You must either give me an opportunity or I shall make one."

I had been stupid enough to think that she would yield at that, but I did not yet know the sort of spirit which she possessed when she chose to exhibit it. Instead of any sign of flinching, that flushing, defiant smile shone out at me again, as she retorted—

"Oh, by all means! Speak here and now if you like. There are not more than three hundred people to hear you, I dare say, and you will only be making yourself ridiculous—not me."

"Natalie!"—and I grasped her arm, with difficulty restraining an inclination to give her a good shaking before them all—"I declare that for very little I'd tell madame all about it, and make you say what's the cause of all this."

(To be continued.)

Ghastly Visitors.

Spooky Episodes That Are Absolutely Vouched For.

There are several instances recorded of premonition, or perhaps we should say telepathy, handed down to us of the present generation from the last, and instances are occurring daily of second sight and visitations from the land of shadows to those whose eyes are still inhabiting the earth from friends who have gone before.

The people who record these demonstrations from departed relatives adhere to their stories and are not to be shaken in the belief that what they saw was really the spirit of the friend or relative.

There are a great many converts to the telepathy idea; principally among them being the late Mr. Browning and Mr. Stead, who, it is reported has held communication with a spiritualist friend since that disaster of the Titanic. Anyway, it certainly appears a very open question, and the latest true instance of premonition is the experience of a sailor. One night as he was pacing the deck he all at once saw the white shadowy form of a woman flit before him and disappear into the darkness. On arrival at home a few weeks later he was met by the tidings that his mother had died a few weeks before, and a comparison of dates showed that she had passed away at the very hour when the sailor saw the apparition of the woman. Another case is that of a lady, who, concurrently with the time of her father's death, saw a white spectral shape standing a few feet from where she sat nursing her baby. Another instance is of a lady who saw the apparition of her sister standing at the foot of the bed on the night, and the exact time the later expired.

A Miss Harvey tells that her mother, when confined to her bed, and a little before her death, had a dream in which she thought her long-absent son was by her and that he was pouring out his soul in earnest prayer. Shortly afterwards, news came of the son's death which happened at the time the mother had the dream.

Again, we have the circumstance of the two friends who were parting for a considerable time—the one going abroad—with their compact that if it were possible, the one who should die first should appear to the other. During the course of seven years they corresponded regularly. At the close of the seventh year the usual letter from the Antipodes was not received by the friend in Eng-

land. Passing through a lane on horseback—the identical lane where the two friends had parted years ago—the horse shied and refused to go on. The rides dismounted to ascertain the cause, when he was confronted with his friend, who, sorrowfully, shook his head, and passed away. Full of the compact in his mind, the friend cab'd next day to the Antipodes, and the reply informed him that his friend passed from this life at the hour when he appeared to him, allowing for the difference in time.

Good Advice For 1913.

The "Boston Globe" says: Did you ever keep a cash account for a year? Do you know what it costs you to live for twelve months? If not, why not? Most people know that their out-go keeps pace with their in come and perhaps in addition leaves some unpaid bills, but they couldn't tell you, except in the vaguest manner, how they spent their in-come for a year. Most business men who could inform you to the dollar how their enterprise finished the year couldn't begin to tell how their money was at home. It went—that is all the business man and most other men know. With these few pertinent remarks the Globe is going to suggest to its readers who can find the time to do so, the keeping of a cash account during 1913. The idea is advanced at an appropriate time when the high cost of living pressing so hard on every household and when so many people find it absolutely necessary to economize to meet the inevitable expenditures. The keeping of such an account will seem somewhat of a nuisance and yet there will be compensations enough to make the undertaking worth while.

Such an account may be simply kept in any blank-book, with the debit entries in one column and the credit items in another column of the same page. The footings carried on from page to page will show just how the account stands and he—or she—will indeed be a most economical person who after a few weeks will not discover ways in which money can be saved by stopping useless expenditures. Kept one year, the account will teach enough so that the task need not be repeated; but it certainly offers a chance for a person to get acquainted with the channels of expenditures.

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.

9510—A BECOMING FROCK FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



Girl's Dress with Chemisette and Long Sleeve with Band Cuff, or Shorter Sleeve with Pointed Cuff.

Brown galatea with trimming in brown and white was used to make this desirable model. The design will develop equally well, in gingham, chambray, serge, cashmere, linen, flannel, or silk. The closing is in front where the waist fronts cross, and under the front plait of the skirt. The sleeve may be finished in regulation bishop style with the neat band cuff, or in shorter length with the deep pointed cuff. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 5 yards of 36 inch material for a 12 year size.

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

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

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In each of the past four years the Canada Life has earned a LARGER SURPLUS than ever before in its history.

Favorable mortality, and low expenses, the result of good management, have helped.

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1913. 1913.

Just to keep things humming we are offering two leaders—1913. Our \$19 Suiting is a guaranteed Wool, made in the "Maunder" style. The woollen market is still going up. This is the season to get your money's worth, as you will probably pay more for the same article in the Spring.

Our \$13 Suiting is cut and finished to your own selection of style for Spring and Summer of 1913 from our style sheets just in. Only the price of a hand-me-down for a splendidly tailor-made suit.

John Maunder,
Tailor & Clothier,
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Come--The D.D.D.

This is a Corset worth \$1.00, which we will sell at 75 cents per pair. They are worth seeing and we feel safe in saying no better value has ever been offered.

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The Right House.

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