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Love a Conqueror

OR

WEDDED AT LAST

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Sir Hugh is very well," Shirley answered, a slight shade of coldness coming into her voice as she spoke. "Have you any news from the Court? Is Aunt Geraldine better?"

"She does not mention her health, so I presume she is," said Ruby.

"Jeanie and Maud are springing up, you know. Jeanie is to come out next year."

"Is she really?" Shirley interrogated negligently. "Ruby, is Bertie in? Can I see him?"

"Of course," Ruby said promptly. "Ah, Shirley, I don't believe it was Oswald at all you came to see, but the boy!"

"Shirley knows the way to the heart of the boy's mother," remarked Oswald, smiling half sadly the next minute upon seeing how Bertie, a bonny dark-eyed boy of two years, sprang into Shirley's arms, and how closely and tenderly she held him.

The four years which had elapsed since Shirley's marriage had wrought but little change in her; she looked as young and as girlish as when she had sat drooping over the school-room fire at Fairholme Court. She was still very beautiful, for what her beauty had lost in brilliance it had gained in tenderness, and the added quietness and languid pride of manner did not spoil its effect. It was no wonder, Capt. Fairholme thought as he watched her, that Lady Gynn was the belle of the circle in which she moved. She had made a sensa-

tion at Court when she was presented, an eminent artist had painted her picture, and she awoke one morning to find herself a celebrity. Perhaps the very carelessness and indifference with which she ignored her triumph made it still greater. With scrupulous exactitude she fulfilled every duty required of her as Sir Hugh's wife; she dressed to perfection, she showed herself wherever he wished her to go, proud, serene, and cold she received his guests, she reigned over his household, she entertained his friends, and sat at the head of the table with her own quiet nonchalant grace, which had such a singular charm. Had she loved him deeply she could not have shown greater deference to his wishes; and yet open rebellion, passionate defiance, tears and sighs would have been less painful to Sir Hugh than this perfect indifference and unconcern.

During the entire space of time comprised in those four years Sir Hugh had not known one really happy day.

When Shirley recovered from the long illness which had prostrated her after the terrible strain she had endured, he had taken her abroad and treated her with a tenderness and consideration which even Shirley's sore and aching heart could not but appreciate.

For a long time she was too weak and languid even to feel much; but as she grew stronger, the sense of the wrong done her grew with her strength, and the keen and passionate resentment against her husband for his treachery deepened. Never for a moment did the icy coldness yet perfect gentleness of her manner toward him change. When they were alone, she never spoke to him unless he addressed her; he never won a smile from the still proud lips or a tender glance from the lustrous eyes.

When he kissed her, there was no movement, no answering touch of the sweet lips; and it maddened him sometimes to see that, cold and unresponsive as she was to him, she yet could be sweet and gentle to others. Once or twice he had made a passionate appeal to her for forgiveness; but Shirley's large eyes had looked at him with a haughty questioning glance as if she did not understand, and she had listened in silence, turning away without a word when his eager entreaties ceased. There were times when Sir Hugh writhed under his punishment, and when he felt that it was greater even than he deserved.

His wife's social triumphs were of course a source of pride to him, but they gave him little pleasure. That she could be beautiful and admired and feted was well—it added to his already great prestige in the world of fashion; but what pleasure could it give him when the beautiful face never softened and the sweet lips never smiled when they were turned to him? There were moments when the baronet felt that to meet her smile and see her eyes lose their cold indifference and soften into tenderness when they met his he would have given his life.

They were tender enough just now as they rested on Bertie Fairholme who had climbed on to her lap and was playing with the little gold-headed riding-whip she carried, and the sweet lips were smiling as she talked to the boy in the sweet pathetic voice which had an odd thrill in it sometimes, and which had always been one of her greatest charms.

"Where are you going to-night, Shirley?" Ruby asked, as Lady Gynn rose to take leave, Bertie still clinging to her hand.

"To two or three places," she answered, with a touch of weariness on her face. "I shall try to get to the Opera; but in any case, my box is at your service, Ruby. They play 'Faust' to-night."

"Oh, then, I will go! I never tire of 'Faust,' you know; and I hope you will be there, Shirley."

"I will try to look in for the garden scene. Now, little man, let me go. Let him come and spend the afternoon with me soon, Ruby. What a lovely morning! Is it not?"

"Oswald," she said softly, a few minutes later, as he helped her to mount and carefully arranged her habit, "I wanted to ask you—have you heard—do you know if it is true that—that—the rich color died out

of her lips as she spoke—"Major Stuart has returned to England?"

Oswald's eyes met hers for a moment, and a great pity came over his handsome face. "I have not heard so," he said gravely.

"They were talking of him at Lady Dulcie's last night," she said hurriedly.

"They were saying how strange it was that a man with his wealth should choose to remain so long an exile. How is he so wealthy, Oswald?"

"Sir Jasper left him all his property, you know," Oswald answered gently.

"Sir Jasper was so wealthy then?"

"Yes."

"But when—when did he die, Oswald?"

"Four years ago, dear—when you were so ill."

Oswald's voice was very grave and compassionate as he spoke, and his cousin's face was colorless as marble; but there was no trace of emotion there.

"Oswald"—earnestly—"do not look so grieved. If he has returned, I shall be glad—so glad to think that he has got over that bitter sorrow and that he is happy. If he could only guess how happy it would make me to know that his long exile is over! I hope—yes, I hope he has come back."

She put her hand in Oswald's for a moment, and her lip quivered, then she rode away, her head bent a little, her eyes with a far-away look in them which showed that her thoughts were not of the present. The groom behind her wondered why she went so slowly as they rode onward and toward the park; but, as he followed, suiting his pace to hers, he was proud of the many glances of admiration which followed his mistress, and he felt as if some of Lady Gynn's celebrity were reflected upon himself. Just as they rode into the park, a gentleman on foot on the pavement, stopped suddenly, started, and looked long and earnestly at Shirley. Accustomed as the groom was to the admiration his mistress received he was still somewhat startled by the earnest expression on this stranger's face, as his deep gray eyes dwelt long and lingeringly upon Shirley, as she rode on, unconscious of the scrutiny.

"Some hartist chap, I suppose," was the groom's mental comment. "Looks like it with all that hair on his face. He's struck all on 'em with her ladyship; and no wonder, for she's a pretty creature, but too thin for my taste."

Meanwhile the "hartist chap" was slowly making his way toward Piccadilly, with a flood of bitter memories at his heart which made his lips close firmly under his heavy mustache.

"Well and happy," he was saying to himself, thinking of what some great lady he had met the night before had said of Shirley Gynn, "well and happy, with that look in her eyes? My darling, if you had been my wife, it should not have been there!"

(To be Continued.)

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Cable News.

Special to Evening Telegram.
 NEW YORK, Jan. 15.
 Premier Whitney shows a slight improvement.

CONSTANTINOPLE, To-day.
 The sublime Porte informed the American Embassy that Turkey will participate officially in the Panama Pacific Exposition at San Francisco.

WASHINGTON, To-day.
 President Wilson to-day issued an appeal to American people as President of the Red Cross, for funds to assist the people of Japan who are suffering, not only from earthquake, but also from the failure of crops.

ST. JOHN, To-day.
 The Board of Trade in view of the United States having placed an embargo upon the importation of Canadian potatoes will request the Government to institute an embargo upon importation into Canada of American potatoes to protect Canadian growers.

ROME, To-day.
 Cardinal Basilio Pompili, Vicar General, representing the Pontiff, issued a Pastoral, denouncing the tango, also certain newspapers, theatrical performances, fashions, which he declares are perverting souls.

CAPETOWN, To-day.
 The strike appears to be crumbling up before the energetic application of Martial Law. The Labour party here is dumbfounded at the news of the arrest of Johannesburg leaders. It is reported there has been a rush of men to resume work.

VERA CRUZ, Jan. 15.
 The International race for twelve-year cutters manned by sailors from foreign warships now anchored at Vera Cruz Harbor, was rowed over a three-mile course to-day, the French crew winning. Spanish, German, English and American boats finished in the order named.

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.
 The antea, the decks deep in snow, the steamship Oceanic, of the White Star Line, came in to-day 25 hours late. On Tuesday, during a gale that carried with it sleet, hail and snow, a big sea came aboard and tore its way along the forward deck, mounted to and over the bridge rails which crumpled like papers, while the wash of water continued along the deck, carrying away everything movable. The ship became deranged for two hours and the rudder could not be operated from that point.

OTTAWA, Jan. 15.
 The opening of the Federal Parliament took place this afternoon. A notable omission from the Speech from the Throne, was the absence of any mention of naval legislation and the definite announcement that a Naval Aid Bill would not be introduced. The expectation of the Opposition was that some form of Naval legislation would come before the Parliament this session. The Liberals are non-plussed by the Government's failure to again bring forward the Measure will be substituted providing for increased representation of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia in the Senate.

Healthy and Unhealthy Lighting.

Gas, it may be said, vitiate the atmosphere. True. But it also helps to purify it. Its purifying power is greater than its vitiating power. Electricity does not vitiate, nor does it purify. Hear what three eminent men have said—

Much evidence has lately been adduced to show that gas is more useful than the electric light in promoting efficient ventilation of air. It is for this, amongst other reasons, that gas is being frequently substituted for the electric light. The latest example is, perhaps, the Society of Medical Officers of Health, which has recently installed gas on its premises, after experience with the electric light.—Dr. Jamieson B. Hurry.

He would merely add that no member who had experience of their meeting room under the old conditions could deny the improvement that had taken place since gas had been substituted for the electric light and the new system of heating and ventilation had been installed.—Dr. Reginald Duffield, before the Society of Medical Officers of Health.

I have in my mind's eye, at the moment, a hall which, in the old days was lighted by gas, and in which a large audience could, with comfort, sit through an hour's lecture, or with pleasure through a three hours' dinner, but which with the march of civilization, had its illumination changed from gas to electricity, the latter been employed with all the latest refinements to effect the lighting under the best conditions, with the result that any large gathering within its walls leads to a static little short of asphyxiation.—Vivian B. Lewes, Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.—nov.14

Sardinian Hear And Gone.

The R. M. S. Sardinian, Capt. Mowatt, arrived from Philadelphia last night, bringing a small cargo. The run took six days and heavy weather was met throughout. The ship sailed early this afternoon for Glasgow taking as saloon passengers—J. Dewling, L. Heygate, Wm. Marshall, J. Follick and Wm. Sox.

Cape Report.

CAPE RACE, To-day.
 Special to Evening Telegram.
 Wind W. N. W., gentle breeze, weather dull, the S. S. Sardinian passed inward yesterday afternoon; nothing sighted to-day. Bar. 29.50; ther 25.
 MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GAR-GET IN COWS.

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