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"Beaver" Flour is not like the woman who can make only one kind of cake or one kind of fancy pastry. "Beaver" Flour is like the attractive, capable, clever housewife who can make Bread, Rolls and Biscuits - Cakes, Pies and Pastry—and makes them all equally well. That's the flour you want! Order it at your dealer's.

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Love a Conqueror
—OR—
WEDDED AT LAST

CHAPTER XX.

"My dear Shirley," said Ruby Capel's gay voice, as her bright brunette face appeared at the door of Shirley's room the next morning. "This is not at all an early start. You ought not to have ventured to get up until you had had some tea; and of course you are not thinking of venturing down-stairs?"

Shirley, who had been standing at the window in her long crimson dressing gown, with her pretty chestnut hair falling around her, turned round, smiling, to answer her friend's gay greeting.

"Of course I am not going to venture down-stairs," she said lightly. "I have some slight regard for the conveniences, Ruby, and—"

"The very idea of a bride making her appearance before she is dressed in all her bridal finery is enough to make Mrs. Grundy expire!" cried Ruby gayly.

"Then if it would have such a very desirable effect, Ruby, I had better go down at once!"

"She would expire only for five minutes," said Ruby, resignedly. "She is a regular hydra-headed monster, and there is no killing her. It must have been a terrible shock to her to think that Major Stuart slept in the house last night. That is quite contrary to etiquette. Really, I am so au fait that you might very well imagine that I had been married myself."

While she chatted gayly she had placed on the table the little tray she had carried into the room; then she went to Shirley's side and stood on tiptoe to kiss her, for Shirley was much taller than the little "pocket Venus" with whom Captain Fairholme was so smitten.

"Come and have some breakfast, Shirley, my bonny bride," she said fondly. "You look awfully pale, my dear, to-day. Have you had a bad night?"

"I did not sleep much," Shirley answered, smiling. "But I am very well; and I am sure it is the correct thing for brides to be pale, Ruby."

"Yes, but you have such dark shadows under your eyes, dear. Never mind, you look most lovely," she added softly; and Shirley returned her kiss with passionate fondness as she went over to the table to pour out her tea.

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"Alice is not stirring yet," Ruby said merrily. "She does not intend to put in an appearance until she comes to assist you with your toilet. She says getting up early is a mistake on an occasion of this kind. The men are wandering about as if they were lost, or had strayed," she went on, laughing. "I have just sent O—Captain Fairholme to take her into the billiard room, or they will get desperate. Men are such helpless mortals on an occasion like the present."

"Certainly women take more naturally to it," said Shirley languidly, drinking her tea feverishly, but not tasting any of the dainty breakfast which Ruby had brought her. "What is it, Ruby, who says that all the women seem to be in their natural element at a wedding, and all the men to be out of it?"

"Some one who has studied human nature," answered Ruby, laughing. "Come, Shirley, dear, do eat something. We shall have you fainting by and by and frightening poor Guy out of his senses."

"You need not be at all afraid," Shirley said laughingly. "I am not given to fainting, and no such catastrophe will happen. Even if it did, Guy would not be frightened out of his senses."

"You think not? Well, I think the reverse. And swooning brides make very interesting in a novel, but they are very tiresome in real life, said Ruby gayly. "I have brought up your diamonds, Shirley. How superb you will be!"

"I wish that Sir Jasper had no desired that I should be married in his beautiful gift," Shirley remarked languidly. "I prefer a bride, especially a dowdless bride like me, to wear no jewels. What are you gazing at so steadfastly, Ruby?"

"At a mounted messenger riding hot haste up the avenue," said Ruby carelessly. "A telegram, I suppose."

She did not turn away from the window, or she would have seen the awful look of terror which crossed Shirley's face and the deathly pallor which stole into her lips. But Miss Ross conquered her emotion by an effort, and there was a short silence during which Ruby admired the diamonds glittering on their satin bed and Shirley sat still and calm outwardly, but full of a terrible anxiety. Then Ruby flitted away to don her pretty bridesmaid's dress, and Shirley sat waiting for the bridesmaid to come and dress her, the color coming back slowly into her cheeks as the time slipped by and no unusual commotion was to be heard.

"After all," Shirley thought, as she leant her head upon the cushions and forced a smile to her lips, "my fears are groundless. Sir Hugh never meant that—he could not be so treacherous and so base. It would be too cruel to wait till now. Even if he knows the law, he does not care. I am so absurdly nervous. A breath of fresh air will do me good." She went to the window, opened it, and leaned out. It was a fine sunny morning, although a good deal

of snow had fallen during the night—bitterly cold, but seasonable—a fair day for a wedding-day. Shirley thought, if the proverb held good that "happy is the bride that the sun shines on." The view from the window was very beautiful; all the skeleton trees in the park were clothed with a fair, spotless mantle, which glittered in the sun. Two of the maid-servants were hurrying along the terrace under the window, laughingly comparing the valentines which the post had brought them; they looked bright and busy and smiling in their pretty new gray dresses and smart white-ribboned caps; and their gay, pleasant voices reached Shirley's ears as she leant at the window above, letting the cold fresh air blow on her hot brow and bring a faint color into her fair face.

She felt weary and languid, and the chill reviving breeze was pleasant to her; she had not slept all night, and the heavy shadows under the lovely hazel eyes testified to their long vigil. Her faint had been but short; she had returned to life and consciousness to find the fire dying out and her mother's letter still open upon her lap; and for the first few moments the agony of mind had been unendurable and indescribable, but then her calm reason had reasserted itself, and she told herself that Sir Hugh had not meant anything when he called her his wife—that it was merely a form, and that, even if the laws of Scotland made that a marriage, he never meant to claim her as his wife. Had he done so, he would not have delayed until now; he would not have gone away without a word or sign. Yet all through the night hours the thought had haunted her with a persistency which she could not dismiss, and the gray winter dawn had found her lying wakeful and wide-eyed upon the pillows.

How pleasant it would be, she was thinking, as she leant there, with sharp wind reviving her wearied senses, to go away with Guy from all his misery, to be cared for and loved as he would care for and love her to be his own forever! Dear Guy!

Presently a gay chime of bells rang out, sounding clearly on the keen frosty air, and Alice Fairholme and Ruby came in, in their dainty and very becoming great velvet dresses, to assist Shirley's tirewomen. They gathered up the pretty hair high upon her head and wreathed it with fragrant orange-flowers, and robed her in the glistening white satin and filmy lace and clasped the diamonds round her throat and on her wrists, and threw the soft lace veil over her; and no dower bride did mirror ever reflect than Shirley Ross, as, leaning on her uncle's arm, she walked up the aisle, where Guy stood waiting for her and watching her with his heart in his eyes.

All Shirley's senses seemed quickened in this supreme moment; it seemed to her that she saw all over the church, and that every face of the crowd assembled there was distinct and separate. She saw the pretty eager bridesmaids, Lady Fairholme stately in green velvet and chinchilla, Guy so grand-looking and stately with the look in his eyes which made her heart thrill. She heard the opening words of the marriage service:

Try This Home-made Cough Remedy
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Mix two cups of granulated sugar with 1 cup of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a 16-ounce bottle; then add the Sugar Syrup. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

You will find that this simple remedy takes hold of a cough more quickly than anything else ever used. Usually ends a deep-seated cough in less than 24 hours. Splendid, too, for whooping cough, croup, chest pains, bronchitis, and other throat troubles. It stimulates the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

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then the sound of galloping horses and flying wheels fell upon her ears. The next moment there was some confusion in the body of the church, and a man, breathless with haste, and agitated, came up the aisle—a tall, handsome man, who looked haggard, and wore his right arm in a sling, but whom many present recognized as Sir Hugh Glynn.

"Stop!" he said haughtily and imperatively, conquering his agitation as he reached the bridal party. "This marriage must not continue!"

"Hugh!" Guy exclaimed, in intense surprise, while Sir Gilbert gently but firmly put him aside.

"By what right do you thus interrupt my niece's marriage, Sir Hugh?" he said haughtily, his face pale with

anger.

"By the best of all rights!" was the equally haughty answer. "She is my wife!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"Shirley, for the love of Heaven, speak! Contradict the story this man is telling so plausibly; let me crush back his falsehoods into his throat! For pity's sake, do not stand there and let him bring such an accusation as this against you!"

The words broke from Guy Stuart's lips with a force and passion which left him pale as death, and each fell like a blow on the heart of the girl to whom they were addressed, and who dared not lift her eyes to the pleading anguish-stricken face of the man she loved so deeply, but to whom she had brought the most terrible agony heart could know.

They were gathered in the oak parlor at Fairholme Court, while the bewildered and startled household whispered among themselves that some dreadful thing had happened, since the bridal carriage had returned almost immediately from the church, and Miss Shirley looked more dead than alive, and Miss Alice was threatening hysterics.

Sir Gilbert, his face stern and grave and full of pain, stood by the mantelpiece, resting his elbow upon it, the old wound, which had closed, but had never healed, now torn open afresh. Lady Fairholme was trying to soothe Alice, who was crying and laughing alternately; and Oswald, his countenance grave and pained and wondering had gone to Guy's side, and stood there, with earnest sympathy for the agony in Guy's pale, despairing, anguish-stricken face on his own. Shirley stood alone; but Ruby Capel had crept near her, hiding her face in her hands to still her sobs; and Sir Hugh Glynn, haughty, erect, and resolute stood by the table, his head thrown back defiantly, his right arm in a sling.

It was a strange scene, and one which those who saw it never forgot. Shirley was the central figure, as she stood at the opposite side of the table to Sir Hugh, her long dress sweeping the floor in glistening, lustrous folds, the lace veil still falling around her, although she had thrown it back from her face, the diamonds glittering at her throat and on her wrists. Her face was white to her lips; a heavy shadow of brooding despair, almost desperation, had fallen upon it, and it had drained the blood from her cheeks, so that she stood motionless and colorless as a statue. It might have been the face of a dead woman for all the life and color which was in it, save when a sudden passionate quiver passed over it, like the quick light of a flame which flickers up ere it dies away.

"Shirley," Guy's passionate broken voice said eagerly, "only one word, dear; but no—you need not speak, you need not contradict him. I know that all he has said is false—false as himself."

(To be Continued.)

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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.

9798.—A NEAT AND ATTRACTIVE DESIGN.



Ladies' House or Home Dress (in Raised or Normal Waistline, and with Long or Shorter Sleeve.)

Gray and white checked gingham was used for this model, with facings of gray on cuffs and collar. The dress is equally appropriate for chambray, percale, challis, flannel-ette and serge. It has a waist cut in surplus style, finished with deep tucks over the front, and a neat low collar. The skirt has deep hem tucks and may be finished in raised or normal waistline. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 7 yards of 36 inch material for a 38 inch size.

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

9523.—A PLEASING HOUSE OR CALLING GOWN.



Ladies' Dress with or without Chemisette and with Long or Shorter Sleeve.

Brown checked gingham with trimming of tan chambray is here shown. The design is appropriate for all wash materials, and will develop equally well in silk or cloth. Green linen, with white embroidery for trimming, would make a cool dainty frock. Blue and white wash silk finished simply with stitching, and worn with a chemisette of fine lawn would also be pleasing. The fronts of the waist are cut low and finished on one side with a smart revers. The neck opening reveals the chemisette, which may be omitted. The skirt shows a new back, with dart tucks, the fullness of these tucks may be arranged in gathers. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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

"Stanfield's Earnings"

Figures, usually are dry and uninteresting things, but when used in connection with the earnings of a Company in whose securities one contemplates making an investment, they put on another appearance.

The profits of Stanfield's, Limited, before payment of interest, for the past five years were as follows:

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The Surplus Earned.

In 1912 the Canadian Life earned surplus of \$1,530,667, exceeding by over \$237,000 the earnings of 1911, and by a much larger amount the earnings of any previous year. This is of importance to policyholders, for their Dividends must come from this account.

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