

# Every Woman Knows

how necessary it is to use good flour in order to obtain the best results in baking. It is no more costly to use the best flour than it is to use one of inferior grade—and the results are not to be compared. Flours are usually milled for bread making or pastry making, not for both, and that is where the housewife is put to unnecessary inconvenience and expense.

## "BEAVER" FLOUR

is not only the best bread flour, but is the best pastry flour. It is a careful, scientific blend of the rich, nutritious Manitoba Spring wheat and the wheat from which the best pastry flour in the world is made—Ontario Fall wheat.

BEAVER FLOUR contains the gluten of the Manitoba wheat that gives nourishment to the system and the properties of the Ontario wheat that make the lightest and whitest rolls and the most delicate pastry.

Baking is a pleasure with BEAVER FLOUR, for the results are unvaryingly good, and you have only one sack of flour to buy, to make the best looking, best tasting and most nutritious bread and the lightest cakes and pastry.

It makes more loaves to the barrel than any other flour, and relieves you of all anxiety as to how the bread or pastry will turn out. Get it from your grocer, and convince yourself.

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# ALL FOR RICHES.

## CHAPTER VI.

### Guy Marston's Proposal.

The morning following Goldie's arrival at Mrs. Felton's found her but little refreshed. Her heart was breaking with homesickness and the misery of her situation.

Suddenly a new thought entered her mind.

"I will write to Frank this very day and tell him all!" she murmured. "If my cruel sister kept back the letter in which I wrote to him of this, I surely may write again. I can but make this last effort!"

Filled with this thought, she arose, and, with many a rueful glance at her soiled clothing, prepared herself for a warm bath. While she was in the bathroom, Mrs. Felton entered her chamber.

She spoke to Goldie, saying: "I have brought you some fresh clothing. You will find everything necessary upon your bed. I will soon return and escort you down to breakfast."

With these words she left the apartment, and Goldie heard the key turn in the lock. She concluded her refreshing bath, and was soon arrayed in the snowy linen and elegant wrapper provided for her by Mrs. Felton.

After her toilet was completed, she surveyed her room. There were two large windows fronting upon the street. These had been nicely and

expensively curtained, but some ruthless hand had torn the delicate lace and rent the silken lining, which now hung in tatters. From these windows Goldie saw the crowd of people pouring down the street, and a feeling of utter friendlessness filled her heart. In all this monstrous city, with its swaying, hurrying crowds, she felt that she was alone, and, when Mrs. Felton came to escort her to breakfast, she found her in tears.

"What, my dear! In tears? This will never do! I wish to present you to my daughters, and nieces from the country, and I desire that you shall appear as charming as I know you can be. Assume a smile, and you will be positively radiant!"

To please this kindly seeming woman, Goldie assumed a smile which covered the breaking heart so well that the young women, to whom she was introduced as Miss Emma Merle, pronounced her perfectly beautiful, and, as they were leaving the breakfast room together, Guy Marston came in. He saluted the girls with the familiarity of old acquaintance, and, coming to the side of Goldie, whispered:

"You are very beautiful this morning. Do you like your new home, Emma?"

"Yes," was the reply, and the poor child felt that she was better cared for than she deserved to be.

They adjourned to the parlors, where Goldie found every beautiful

thing that money could buy spread out for her enjoyment. The girls were so sociable, and seemed anxious to make her contented, and it was nearly noon before she found opportunity to return to her room.

When she did so, she was about to go out again, thinking that she had made a mistake, and entered the wrong room.

Mrs. Felton met her smilingly. "You were not prepared to find your room put in order in so short a time, were you?" she asked.

"I am this in my room, I confess that I am astonished," was the reply.

"You will learn that we New Yorkers are a fast people. It does not take a great while to change the aspect of things, if one but has the money. Isn't this carpet splendid? And the furniture elegant? Did you ever see such curtains? Perfectly beautiful!"

"I have never seen anything like the way in which your house is furnished," replied Goldie innocently. "Would you like to live here always? My brother Guy is the very prince of good fellows. He owns this house, and I'll tell you something: He is deeply in love with you—you must have bewitched him, for he never seemed to care a straw for any woman before. I shouldn't wonder if he asked you to marry him before long."

"Oh, I hope he will not! I should not wish to pain him by a refusal, and yet—oh, dear!—I cannot marry him!"

"Never mind, Emma, you shall not be troubled. Dear as I should love you as a sister, I will not urge you, and Guy is too noble to wish to win a reluctant bride."

Nothing more was said upon the subject for nearly a fortnight, when, one sunny afternoon, as she sat rapt in a dream of melancholy, the door of her elegantly furnished apartment opened, and Guy Marston walked in.

He returned her surprised and somewhat cool greeting with a radiant smile, and, drawing a chair near her, remarked:

"It is about time that we came to some understanding, Emma. I have

allowed you time enough to get accustomed to your new home and your surroundings. I have given you money to spend, and furnished your rooms with the most elegant and expensive furniture. You must know what all this means."

He waited for her reply. Without a moment's hesitation she answered: "It means that you have befriended me when I was homeless and despairing, and I shall never forget your kindness. I am ready to go to work and earn my own living."

"I don't want you to go to work, Emma. New York is a cold place for a young, inexperienced girl to seek a livelihood. You would be met with sneers and unkind words at every turn if you should the attempt."

"But I do not wish to remain idle while you support me," replied Goldie. "My dear Emma, I have wealth in abundance, and, if you will consent to remain here upon the conditions that I shall name, you need not have a care. Your every want shall be supplied, and those dainty little hands shall never know work. You shall go with me to fashionable places of amusement, and your whole life, will be one round of gaiety," was the reply.

Remembering the words of Mrs. Felton, Goldie supposed that her benefactor was about to make her an offer of marriage. She dreaded to tell him that she could not marry him. With burning cheeks and downcast eyes she awaited his words.

After a pause he continued: "You will be my own, all my own, Emma!"

"Oh, Mr. Marston," she stammered,

## MEDICAL AUTHORITY

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contain the active principle of FIGS combined with other valuable medicaments which constitute them the best remedy for the above ailments. At all dealers, 25 cents per box, or The Fig Pill Co., St. Thomas, Ont. Sold in St. John's, Nfld., by T. McMurdo & Co., Wholesale & Retail Druggists.

"I am sorry that I must pain you by a refusal, but I cannot be your wife. If I were free—"

"Pshaw! you do not understand me yet," he replied, with a contemptuous laugh. "I do not want you to be my wife!"

"What do you mean, then?" asked Goldie, her eyes flashing fire, and her whole frame quivering with anger. Guy Marston arose and stood before her, watching with greedy eyes this new phase of her beauty. Presently he said:

"I will tell you what I mean: Your lover, when he reads your letter, will not trouble himself to come back to you. Of course you wrote your address?"

"I did. What is that to you?"

"I happen to know Frank Whitney."

"And what is that to do with his marrying me, allow me to ask?"

"Everything. You wrote to him that you had left your home, and had found kind friends in Mr. Guy Marston and Mrs. Leora Felton."

"How did you learn this?" she demanded.

"I guessed it."

"Go on!"

"You wrote about your splendid home and described your rooms. You gave him the name and number of the street. Now let me tell you that this house is one of the most notorious in the city. He knows well its character. Do you think he will care to marry a girl who has been for weeks an inmate of this house? Will you allow me to continue my proposal after you have heard from Frank?"

"Go away, please!" she answered, in a broken, hollow voice. "It seems as if everybody conspired against me! Oh, if the past summer could be blotted from my life!" she continued, with passionate earnestness.

Guy Marston's heart was not all bad. He pitied the girl's grief, but did not for one instant relinquish his determination. He went whistling from the room, and Goldie saw him no more for several days.

## CHAPTER VII.

### Death of Mrs. Mellen.

After Farmer Mellen had been restored to something like life, and placed in the well-warmed bed in the little bedroom that opened off the keeping room, and from which a door communicated with the bedroom which the farmer and his wife had always occupied since he had brought her to the farm a blushing bride, Mrs. Mellen, seeing the state into which the shock had plunged her husband, put aside her own trouble, and calmly prepared to minister to him.

Christy and May had been sent for, and were expected by the next day's express train, which would take them as far as the little station where Goldie had entered the train when she was flying from her home and only true friends.

The November sun lay warm and bright upon the low-embowed eaves in Farmer Mellen's keeping room. The big horse dog lay stretched upon the hearthrug, enjoying the warmth of the inviting fire, which went roaring and crackling up the broad chimney. Puss was curled up in a deep window ledge, upon the discarded knitting of her mistress.

Belle had finished the housework, and sat idly rocking to and fro, thinking of the events of the few weeks past.

"What if I did drive her to it?" she asked idly rocking to and fro, thinking of the events of the few weeks past.

"What if I did drive her to it?" she asked herself; "she drove all the joy and light from my life, and I would sooner see her dead than living to enjoy his love!"

A grim smile settled over her handsome features, and Mrs. Mellen paused to wonder: what could have changed Belle so much since the summer time. She had heard Belle's voice, and had come to the door to ask:

"What did you say, Belle? I thought you spoke."

"I was just only muttering to myself. How is father now?"

"Just about as he was when you was in the last time. Poor man! Goldie was always the favorite, ever since she was born. I don't know how we are to stand the winter without her, Belle, and to think of her lying dead in that dreadful pool. Oh, Belle! I can't stand it! I shall die!"

And the poor mother threw up her hands, while her face grew purple. She had kept down her own grief until her heart must either break or cry out, and nature could hold out no longer.

Belle shrank to the assistance of her mother, but her slight form could not uphold the heavy one of her insensible parent, and she was compelled to lay her head gently upon the carpet.

"What shall I do?" cried Belle, in despair.

The doctor had gone home, and Tim had not returned from his search for the missing girl. The farm hands had all been discharged the previous week, as Mr. Mellen kept only a chore boy during the winter; and it was his custom to give each of his workmen a turkey and a pair of chickens for Thanksgiving, and let them go in season to get ready for that day.

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Stuffed Dolls, from 25c up	Rubber Animals and Teethers, from 15c up
China Dolls, from 5c up	Natural Boy Dolls, from 25c up
Jointed (China) Dolls, from 10c up	Natural Girl Dolls, from 25c up

China Heads for Dolls, with and without hair, from 10c to 25c each. Every mother, father and friend in and out of St. John's should make their little girls happy by giving them one of those charming Dolls. There is no nicer present for a little girl than a sweet-faced Dollie.

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Boys' Jaeger Fleece Shirts and Drawers, first quality, sizes 24 inch to 34 inch, from **30c** garment only.

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# Henry Blair.

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# The Evening



"We are going to have a whist party at our house to-night," announced the bright little girl.  
"Isn't that nice," said I. "And I suppose you'll sit up to see the company?"  
"Oh, my yes," said she, brightly.  
"And the little girl," said I.  
"I'm going to play, too. That is if someone doesn't come and there is an extra place. You know," with an elaborately confidential air, "I really play better than mother does, but some people are queer about not liking to play whist with children, no matter how smart they are, father says, so I'm only going to fill in."

The bright little girl is going on twelve.  
She is a remarkably bright little girl. She would be also a remarkably pleasing little girl if it were not that she frequently mirrors the fulsome flattery of her adoring parents in ways like the above.

Of course my first feeling was one of dislike and antagonism towards this priggish little peacock.

But my sober second thought was pity for her.

Poor little girl. She was only mirroring the bombastic opinion of herself which her parents continually held before her. It is the most natural thing in the world that she should. She can hardly help it any more than a mirror can help giving

## Not Sisters

Now and again you see two women passing down the street who look like sisters. You are astonished to learn that they are mother and daughter, and you realize that a woman at forty or forty-five ought to be at her finest and fairest. Why isn't it so?

The general health of women is so intimately associated with the local health of the essentially feminine organ, that there can be no red cheeks and round form where there is female weakness.

Women who have suffered from this trouble have found prompt relief and cure in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It clears organs of womanhood. It clears eyes and reddens the cheeks.

No alcohol, or habit-forming drugs is contained in this medicine. Any sick woman may consult Dr. Pierce as a sacredly confidential, and answer World's Dispensary Medical Association, I.

## Household Notes.

When mending small holes in lace curtains darn them before the curtain is washed; but when there is a hole that requires a patch, wash the curtain first, stretch and dry. Then cut a piece of the top with which to make the patch, trim off all frayed edges around the hole and dip the patch in raw starch and press it over the hole.

Have you ever noticed how quickly

## Good For You

You can't have a clear brain, active muscles and firm nerves, if your bowels are sluggish; but see what a help to you will be a few doses of

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