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We make King George, Remoka and
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ESTHER MASON

About forty years ago James Woodford, foreman of shipwrights in the Plymouth dockyard, whilst carelessly crossing one of the transverse beams of a seventy-four gun-ship building in the arsenal, missed his footing fell to the bottom of the hold of a huge vessel, and was killed on the spot. He left a widow and one child—a boy seven years of age, plain, endearing disposition, but weak intellect—almost in a state of destitution. He had been a coarse-tempered, improvident man; and like too many of his class, in those days of early dissipation, the whole of his large earnings in present generous indulgence, utterly careless or unmindful of the future. Esther Woodford, who, at the time of her husband's death, scarcely numbered five and twenty years, was still a remarkably comely, as well as interesting, gentle-mannered person; and moreover had, for her station in life, received a tolerable education. Her rash, ill-assorted marriage with Woodford had been hastily contracted when she was barely seventeen years of age in consequence of a jealous pique which she, for some silly reason or other, had conceived against him. Mason, an intelligent, young scafolding man, of fair prospects in life, and frank disposition, with whom she had for some time previously, as the west-country phrase has it, "kept company," and who was, moreover, tenderly attached to her. Esther's married life was one long repentance of the rash act; and the severance of the ties which bound her to an ungainly mate—after the subsidence of the natural horror and compassion excited by the

sudden and frightful nature of the catastrophe—must have been felt as a most blissful relief. A few weeks afterwards, she accepted an asylum with her brother-in-law, Davies, a market-gardener in the vicinity of Plymouth, where, by persevering industry with her needle and thrifty helpfulness in her sister's household duties, she endeavoured to compensate her kind-hearted relatives for the support of herself and helpless, half-witted child. Mason she had never seen since the day before her marriage; but she knew he was prospering in the busy world, and that, some time before her husband's death, he had been appointed chief-mate in a first-class merchant-ship trading to the Pacific. He had sailed about a fortnight previous to that event; and now, ten lazy months having floated past, the lover of her youth with whom, in that last sunny day of her young life—how distant did it seem, viewed through the long intervening vista of days and nights of grief and tears!—she had danced so joyously beneath the flowering chestnut-trees, was once more near her; and it was—oh happiness!—no longer a sin to think of him—no longer a crime to recall and dwell upon the numberless proofs of the deep affection the strong love, he had once felt for her. Once felt! Perhaps even now—How sweetly had the intelligence communicated by her sympathizing sister tinted with bright hues the dark curtain of the future!

"And yet," murmured poor Esther, the flush of hope fading as suddenly as it had arisen, as with meek sad eyes she glanced at the reflection of her features in the small oval glass suspended above the mantel-piece: "I almost doubt, Susy, dear, if he would recognize me; even if old feelings and old times have not long since faded from his memory."
"Stuff and trumpery about finding away!" broke in Mrs. Davies. "Henry Mason is the same true-hearted man he was eight years ago; and as a proof that he is, just read this letter, which I promised him to give you. There, don't go falling into a hustration; don't now, Esther, and to-morrow, market day and all! Don't cry, Esther," she added vehemently, but at the same time sobbing furiously herself, and throwing her arms round her sister's neck; "but perhaps—perhaps it will do us good, both of us!"
It may be necessary to state that I owe the foregoing particulars to the interest felt by my wife—herself a native of beautiful Devon—in the fortunes of this humble household. Esther was her foster-sister; and it happened that just at this period, it being vacation time we were paying a visit to the family in the neighborhood. A few hours after the receipt of the welcome letter, my wife chanced to call on Esther relative to some fancy needle-work; and on her return, I was of course favoured with very full and florid details of this little bit of

Recipe for 16 Ounces of Cough Syrup

No Better Remedy at any Price. Fully Guaranteed.

Make a plain syrup by mixing two cups of granulated sugar and one cup of warm water and stir for two minutes. Put 2½ ounces of pure Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a 16 oz. bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup. This gives you a family supply of the best cough syrup at a saving of \$2. It never spoils. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.
The effectiveness of this simple remedy is surprising. It seems to take hold instantly, and will usually stop the most obstinate cough in 24 hours. It tones up the jaded appetite and is just laxative enough to be helpful in a cough, and has a pleasing taste. Also excellent for bronchial trouble, throat tickle, sore lungs and asthma, and an unequalled remedy for whooping cough.
This recipe for making cough remedy with Pinex and Sugar Syrup (or strained honey) is a prime favorite in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada. The plan has been imitated, though never successfully. If you try it, use only genuine Pinex, which is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in gualic acid and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this recipe.
A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

The next week they were married; and one of the partners in the firm by which Mason was employed happened to dine with us on the day of the wedding, the conversation turned for a few minutes on the bridegroom's character and prospects.
"He has the ring of true metal in him," I remarked; "and is, I should suppose, a capital seaman?"
"A first-rate one," replied Mr. Roberts. "Indeed so high is my father's opinion of him that he intends to confer upon him the command of a fine brig now building for us in the Thames, and intended for the West India trade. He possesses also singular courage and daring. Twice, under very hazardous circumstances, he has successfully risked his life to save men who had fallen overboard. He is altogether a skillful gallant seaman."
"Such a man," observed another of the company, "might surely have aspired higher than to the hand of Esther Woodford, dove-eyed and interesting as she may be?"
"Perhaps so," returned Mr. Roberts a little curtly; "though he, it seems, could not have thought so. Indeed it is chiefly of a simple-hearted, chivalrous-minded man like Mason that it can be with general truth observed—"
"On remnant, toujours as ses premiers amours."
The subject then dropped, and it was a mistake to think that the bride and groom, altogether altered circumstances, when the newly-married couple once more crossed my path in life. It was about eight months after his marriage—though he had been profitably enough employed in the interim—that Henry Mason, in consequence of the welcome announcement that the new brig was at last ready for her captain and cargo, arrived in London to enter upon his new appointment.

"These lodgings, Esther," said he, as he was preparing to go out, soon after breakfast, on the morning after his arrival, "are scarcely the thing; and as I like you, am a stranger in Cockney-land, I had better consult some of the firm upon permanent ones. In the meantime, you and Willy must mind and keep in doors when I am not with you, or I shall have one or other of you lost in this great wilderness of a city. I shall return in two or three hours. I will order something for dinner as I go along: I have your purse. Good-by; God bless you both!"
Inquiring his way every two or three minutes, Mason presently found himself in the vicinity of Tower Stairs. A scuffle in front of a public-house attracted his attention; and his ready sympathies were in an instant enlisted in behalf of a young sailor, vainly struggling in the grasp of several athletic men, and crying lustily on the gaping bystanders for help. Mason stepped forward, caught one of the assailants by the collar, and hurled him with some violence against the wall. A fierce outcry greeted this audacious interference with gentlemen who, in those good old times, were but executing the law in a remarkably good old manner. Lieutenant Snagge, a somewhat celebrated snapper-up of loose marines, emerged upon the scene, and in a few minutes was enabled to exult in the secure possession of an additional prize in the unfortunate Henry Mason, who, too light, discovered that he had embroiled himself with a presagant! Desperate frenzy wre the efforts he made to extricate himself from the peril in which he had rashly involved himself. His protestations, that he was a mate, a captain, in the merchant service, were unheeded or mocked at. To all his remonstrances he only got the professional answer—"His majesty wants you, and that is enough so come along, and no more about it!"
Brused, exhausted, almost mad, he was borne off in triumph to a boat, in which he was thrust with several others, and swiftly rowed off to a receiving ship in the river. Even there his assertions and protestations were of no avail. Nothing but an Admiralty order, the officer in command candidly told him, should effect his liberation. His majesty was in need of seamen; and he was evidently too smart a one to be deprived of the glory of serving his country. "You must therefore," concluded the officer, as he turned laughing upon his heel, "do thousands of other fine fellows have been compelled to do—grin and bear it!" In about three weeks from the date of his imprisonment Mason found himself serving in the Medderranean on board the "Active" frigate, Captain Alexander Gordon, without having been permitted one opportunity of communicating with the shore. This was certainly very sharp but it was not the less very common practice in those great days of triumphant battle by land and sea.
Very drearily passed the time with the bereaved wife. Her husband had promised to send home something for dinner, and various groceries; yet hour after hour went past, and nothing arrived. Morning flushed into noon, day faded to twilight, and still the well-known and always eager step sounded not upon the stairs! What could have detained him from his wife, shut up, imprisoned, as it were, in that hot, hurrying, stifling city? She feared to listen to the suggestions of her boding heart; and

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All Cakes,
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More Tasty, Economical,
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with feverish restlessness ran out upon the landing, and peered over the stairs every time a knock or ring was heard at the street-door. This strange behavior was, it seems, noticed by the landlady of the lodging-house, and injuriously interpreted. A knock came to the door, and that person entered to know at what time Mrs. —, she had forgotten the young woman's name, expected the dinner, she, the landlady, had undertaken to cook.
Esther timidly replied that her husband had promised to return in two or three hours at latest; and that she did not comprehend his continued absence—was indeed quite alarmed about it.
"Your husband!" said the woman, glancing insolently at Esther's figure. "Are you sure he is your husband?"
The hot blood suffused the temples of the indignant wife as she said, "This apartment, madam, I believe is mine?"
"Oh, certainly, as long as you can pay for it;" and rudely slamming the door, the landlady departed.
The long wretched night at last over, Esther rose with the light; and after giving her son his breakfast from the remains of that of the day before, set off with him to the place of business of the Messrs. Roberts. It was early, and one clerk only had as yet arrived at the office. He informed her that Mr. Henry Mason had not been seen, and that the partners were greatly annoyed about it, as his immediate presence was absolutely necessary.
Stunned, terrified, bewildered by the frightful calamity which she believed had befallen her, she felt convinced that her husband had been entrapped and murdered for the sake of the money he had about him; the wretched woman tottered back to her lodgings, and threw herself on the bed in wild despair. What was to be done for food even for her boy? Her husband had not only his pocket-book with him containing his larger money, but had taken her purse! She was alone and penniless in a strange city! The hungry wailings of her witless child towards evening at length aroused her from the stupor of despair into which she had fallen. The miserable resource of pawning occurred to her;

she could at least, by pledging a part of her wardrobe, procure sustenance for her child till she could hear from her sister; and with trembling hands she began arranging a bundle of such things as she could best spare, when the landlady entered the room with a peremptory demand—as her husband was not returned, and did not appear likely to do so—for a month's rent in advance, that being the term the apartments were engaged for. The tears, entreaties, expostulations of the miserable wife were of no avail. Not one article, the woman declared, should leave her house till her claim was settled. She affected to doubt, perhaps really did so, that Esther was married; and hinted coarsely at an enforcement of the laws against persons who had no visible means of subsistence. In a paroxysm of despair, the unhappy woman rushed out of the house; and accompanied by her hungry child, again sought the counting house of the Messrs. Roberts. She was now as much too late as she had been too early in the morning; the partners and clerks had gone, and she appears to have been treated with some rudeness by the porter, who was closing the premises when she arrived. Possibly the wildness of her looks and the incoherence of her speech and manner, produced an impression unfavorable to her. Retracing her steps—penniless, hungry, sick at heart—she thought, as she afterwards declared, that she recognized my wife in one of the numerous ladies seated before the counters of a fashionable shop in one of the busiest thoroughfares. She entered, and not till she approached close to the lady discovered her mistake. She turned despairingly away; when a piece of rich lace, lying apparently unheeded on the counter, met her eye, and a dreadful suggestion crossed her fevered brain; here at last was the means of procuring food for her wailing child. She glanced hastily and fearfully round. No eye, she thought, observed her; and, horror of horrors! a moment afterwards she had concealed the lace beneath her shawl, and with tottering feet was hastily leaving the shop. She had not taken half-a-dozen steps when a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a voice, as of a serpent

hissing in her ear, commanded her to restore the lace she had stolen. Transfixed with shame and terror, she stood rooted to the spot, and the lace fell on the floor.
To be continued.

EVENING 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.



8562.

This practical design for a work apron is the simplest of garments to make, and will be found a real aid in preserving the dress, while engaged about the house. The skirt is wide and full and furnished with two deep pockets that add considerably to its usefulness. The gathered bib covers the front of the waist and it is attached to a circular yoke that slips on easily over the head. Plain gingham was used for the making, but percale, linen and cambric are all suitable for reproduction. The medium size requires 3½ yards of 36 in. ch material. The pattern is cut in sizes: Small, Medium and Large.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.



8819.

A SIMPLE MORNING JACKET.
This model shows a simple graceful model, with the fronts lapping in diagonal effect. Deep tucks at the shoulders contribute to the front fulness which may either hang loose or be held in place at the waist by a belt or ribbon. China silk, dimity, lawn, challis, and cotton crepe are all suggested for the making. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 4 yards of 24 inch material for the 36 inch size.
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