

ONTARIO WHEAT + MANITOBA No 1 HARD



BEAVER FLOUR

YOU can make a bigger and better loaf of bread with "Beaver" Flour than with any Western Wheat Flour.

Of course, there's no comparison between Ontario fall wheat and western wheat. Bread made of Ontario flour alone is immeasurably superior to that made of western wheat in texture, fineness, whiteness and flavor.

It is true that western wheat flour makes a big loaf—but it is heavy, tough, full of holes and uninviting both in appearance and flavor. "Beaver" Flour has the delicacy of flavor—the fineness

of texture—the snowy whiteness of the best Ontario fall wheat, with the strength of Manitoba wheat flour.

Because "Beaver" Flour contains both Ontario fall wheat with a little Manitoba spring wheat to increase the strength. "Beaver" is the original blended flour—a product of science and patience—perfected after years of testing.

If you want real home-made bread with the real home-made flavor—if you want light, delicious Pastry, Cakes and Pies—use "Beaver" Flour, best for one, best for all.

DEALERS—Write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals. 138

THE TAYLOR CO LIMITED CHATHAM ONT.

R. G. ASH & CO., St. John's, Sole Agents in Newfoundland, will be pleased to quote prices.

WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Ah, yes, of course!" I said, knowing that she referred to mademoiselle—mademoiselle, of whom Whittlesford and Chavasse had together seen the last—but thinking also that she would most likely never know all the trouble which had sprung from Roger's having kept the governess's secret. It would do no good to tell her of the many strange things which her eyes had failed to see, keen as they were. Presently I asked: "How is Nat now, mother?" "Just the same," said madame, sadly.

"The same?" I echoed. "But of course she knows?" "No; I thought it would only excite her unnecessarily."

"Would it?" I got up. "I think she ought to know, mother. I'll tell her. I'll be gentle enough, never fear. Is Alice with her?"

"Yes; but, Ned, pray be careful! I am afraid!"

But I did not wait to hear of what madame was afraid. I was across the hall and half-way up the stairs before the words were well out.

I tapped very softly at the door of Nat's room and Alice opened it. Alice knew, at any rate, as the eager sparkle of her blue eyes showed me. I went in quietly.

"How is she now, Alice?" I whispered. "Just the same," she said. "You haven't told her?" "No; madame wouldn't let me. Have you come to do it?" "Yes; you don't think it will hurt her?" "Hurt her? I believe it is the one

thing that will keep her from dying! Alice returned, in an energetic whisper. "Tell me, Ned—is it only a fancy of mine, or does she love Roger, Yorke?"

"Yes, as well as he loves her, which is saying a good deal."

"Then tell her at once, and the quicker the better." Alice said, her blue eyes swimming in a sudden rush of tears. "That sort of shock doesn't hurt. Don't lose a moment—tell her now, poor little thing! How should I feel if it were George?"

I crossed over to the bed and bent over Natalie. She lay just as she had lain when I had seen her last, on the night when mademoiselle had run away, her large eyes wide open, glittering and dry, and her face without the faintest tinge of color in it. Close to her breast she held something clutched in both hands which sent up a faint, delicate scent—Roger's old bouquet. She made not the slightest sign either of seeing or hearing me.

"Nat," I said, gently, "Look at me, dear. I have something to tell you."

She did not stir. I looked at Alice or instructions, saw the eager motion of her lips and tried again.

"Nat"—and I stooped down this time close to her ear—"I want you to listen to me. I have something to tell you—about Roger."

I felt the quick shudder that ran through her, and in an instant her large eyes were turned and fixed eagerly upon mine. I lifted her up, and, supporting her in my arms, said, in a voice that shook and broke in spite of myself, as I looked into the wide-open, imploring eyes:

"About Roger, Nat—the best thing that I could have to tell you about him. In a few hours everybody will know him to be as innocent as you and I always knew him to be, and he will be free to come to you. Perhaps

he is free even now while I tell you. Here, Alice—quick!"

For the faded bouquet had gone fluttering down, and its dead leaves were scattered over the bed, as her hands relaxed their grasp, and the next moment her head had fallen upon my shoulder, and she was lying insensible in my arms.

CHAPTER XL.

Sitting in one of the folded arm-chairs in Yorke's den, at Redpots, I was making a fool of myself. My friend and I had just met, and somehow I had broken down, to my own great disgust and astonishment, and was blubbering like an idiot. As for Roger, he stared at me for a minute, laughed, coughed, and finally choked on his own account, then walked away to the window, standing there with his back to me until such time as I could laugh myself, which was just as quickly as I could manage it without fear of a relapse. Then he wheeled round and came back to the fire again.

"Feel better?" he asked, and laughed; but I saw that his own eyes were nothing to boast of in the way of dryness.

"Rather! I'm an awful fool, old man," I added, apologetically, "but upon my honor I couldn't help it!"

"All right, my boy!"

"You see," I went on, "the whole thing has been so sudden, and the difference between to-day and a couple of days ago, is so tremendous that upon my word it quite knocked me over! I tell you that even now when I see you it is as much as I can do to realize the whole thing hasn't been an ugly sort of dream."

"Ah!"—and for a moment a heavy look crossed his face, which bore traces plain enough to be seen of those few days' mental agony that he had suffered. "I found it a very ugly reality. Ned, my boy. There—it is over; let it alone for the present, at any rate. It was rough enough while it lasted; but, if it did nothing else, it showed me that there were some people who required a little more than what they call 'conclusive proof' to believe me a villain. There"—and he frowned again—"I do not mean to let that word slip. It is harder than I meant to be upon the poor fellow who is gone."

"I know," he answered, looking at me, "how I myself felt toward Fraser Froude; and I don't know, had my blood been the lava that his was

what I might not have done. The same, perhaps—I wouldn't answer for it. It's no credit to me and you, Ned, my boy, that our heads are cooler and our self-control is stronger—an accident of birth and temperament, that's all. And I don't find it hard to forgive a man whose worst crime, after all, was that he loved a woman madly and passionately."

I did not reply, perhaps not agreeing exactly, and we were silent for awhile, Yorke looking thoughtfully into the fire, and I watching him, wondering how I should begin to tell him what I wanted to say. Of much that had turned Chavasse topsyturvy during the past few days—which had had incidents for as many weeks crowded into them—I knew he was cognizant already—mademoiselle and mademoiselle's theft, flight and confession, for one thing. That the secret which he had kept for her was now known to us all he of course was aware of too; but there was still something which I had to tell him—something which had that morning been told to me, and to my very great astonishment.

I knew now who had been the second witness of the meeting between Roger and the governess in the Lady's Walk, who had managed to insinuate a poisonous tale into the passionate, reckless head of poor little Nat, on the morning of that unlucky ball; and I must say that, if I had been offered the whole population of Whitesford to guess from, I should not have hit upon the right person. It was not Fraser Froude, as Yorke had suspected, but Phil Flood, the blacksmith.

Yes, it was he, of all people in the world, whom my friend had to thank for the "going agley" of his love affairs. How it had first come about I can not pretend to say, but it is certain that for some reason Phil Flood had taken it into his obstinate, stupid head to turn insanely jealous of Roger Yorke. Whether Miss Lotty, with her teasing, childish, flirting ways, was to blame for it I do not know, but somehow the young blacksmith had got it into his head that Yorke was secretly making love to his sweetheart, and was trying to take her from him.

If anyone was to blame in the matter when it commenced, no doubt it was Miss Lotty herself. She was a vain little thing, and loved to tease her sulky suitor, as all Whitesford knew.

It seemed that she had used a real or feigned admiration of Yorke's handsome face to drive Flood nearly wild, and a jealousy that was little

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Prof. A. T. Smith.

What a horrible condition the digestive system gets into when the liver becomes sluggish and the bowels constipated. The poisonous waste matter is thrown back into the blood stream and finds its way into all parts of the body, causing pains and aches and feelings of fatigue and misery.

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What a Monk wrote, about Chocolate in 1664

Here is the translation of a verse from an "Ode to the Chocolate Tree," written in 1664 by Alonsius Ferronius, a Jesuit:

"O tree, upraised in far off Mexico,
The glory of their golden strands;
As heavenly nectar from a chalice, flows
Its Chocolate for other lands."

Today Ferronius would find, in Lowney's, rarer cocoa-flavor than any ever tasted in his time. For Lowney's is the finest flavored cocoa of any time.

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short of sheer insanity seized him. Believing that Yorke took advantage of his attendance upon her father to make love to the girl, the young fool had absolutely made it his business to dog him at all times and seasons, rarely indeed letting him out of sight when he was in the neighborhood of Wilde's cottage. This was the origin of the freak of lurking about Redpots and lounging about the patch of common.

On the night when mademoiselle made her first appearance at Chavasse, Flood was hanging about as usual when Roger came out to keep the appointment of which I have had to say so much already. Partly because in his jaundiced eyes everything that Yorke either did or left undone was suspicious, partly from sheer idle curiosity, he followed him, saw him enter the park, and partly overheard as well as saw the interview in the Lady's Walk. Presumably he made nothing of it, and he did not appear to have mentioned or thought of it again until after Nat's accident, when she had been carried senseless into Wilde's cottage by Yorke.

Now whether, as I said before, that little smitten of a Lotty was really in love with Yorke, or whether she had been vain enough to suppose that some few complimentary jesting speeches which I dare say he had made her meant that he was in love with her, it certainly seemed that the little thing had taken it into her head to be jealous on her own score—jealous of course, of the very obvious state of affairs between Roger and Natalie. And she had not only done that, but had absolutely poured out a string of incoherent complaints and accusations to Flood. What that thick-headed mortal imagined to be really the matter I of course can not say; but he was evidently full of his injuries and fuddled with beer on the day when he had presented himself to madame at the Mount and puzzled her by his complaint that he had been wronged by Dr. Yorke.

But Flood must have been more fuddled still on the morning of the ball, when, seeing Natalie standing

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.

9520—A PRACTICAL AND PLEASING HOUSE DRESS.



Ladies' House Dress with Two Styles of Collar, with Long or Shorter Sleeve, and with or without Pockets.

Blue and white striped gingham was used for this model. It is equally suitable for percale, chambray, seersucker, galatea, flannellette, or lawn. The closing it at the side in front, and the waist has deep tucks over the shoulders. The sleeve may be made in waist length, or finished short with a turn over cuff. The skirt is a five-gore model with inverted back pleat. The ample pocket is a convenience, but may be omitted if not desired. 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.

9528—A SMART AND BECOMING FROCK.



Ladies' Dress with or without Yoke Facing and Chemise.

This design will make a charming afternoon dress for early Spring, if developed in fine serge, sponge cloth, charmeuse, voile, or Panama, or for warmer days, it could be developed in cotton crepe, linen, gingham, or lawn. The deep collar outlines a chemise that may be of lace. As here shown blue serge with facings of green satin, and chemise of tacked net, was combined. The skirt is a three piece model, with plaited extensions at the sides and tucks at the centre front, to correspond with the tucks in the waist. At the back the skirt has tiny gathers. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/2 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.

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