The Only Food You Can Eat Three Times A Day For A Lifetime

Bread is the only food you can eat, day after day and year after year, and relish and digest.

You can't eat one kind of meat or one kind of cake or one kind of any other staple or delicacy for any length of time.

Every food contains certain compounds which the digestive system adapts to its needs. The fact that the system will digest and assimilate bread, shows that bread is nature's food, the one perfectly balanced food.

Bread and milk is the diet of babyhood—toasted bread is the first solid allowed the sick and convalescent—and bread, in its manifold varieties, is the "staff of life", that best and cheapest food for young and old. So, eat plenty of good homemade bread made of

"Beaver" Flour

and the problem of economic living is solved. "Beaver" Flour is the famous blended flour that is equally good for Bread, Cake and Pastry. It contains the rich nutriment of the finest Manitoba Spring Wheat combined with the flavor and delicacy of Ontario Fall Wheat. It is a bread flour and a pastry flour—as good for one as for the other, and best for both—and makes the bread that you can eat and enjoy and live on, three times a day for the rest of your life. YOUR GROCER has it or will get it for you. Ask for "Beaver". DEALERS—Write for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals.

THE T. H. TAYLOR CO., LIMITED, - 100 - CHATHAM, Ont.

R. G ASH & CO., St. John's, Sole Agents in Nfld., will bepleased to quote prices.

"The Man Who Disappeared."

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. LARCHER INQUIRES.

(Continued.)

There she told all that was necessary, to an official at a desk,—a big, comfortable man with a plenitude of neck and mustache. This gentleman after briefly questioning her and Larcher, and taking a few illegible notes, and setting a subordinate to looking through the latest entries in a large record, dismissed the subject by saying that whatever was proper to be done would be done. He had a blandly incredulous way with him, as if he doubted, not only that Murray Davenport was missing, but that any such person as Murray Davenport existed to be missing; as if he merely indulged his visitors in their delusion out of politeness; as if in any case the matter was of no earthly consequence. The subordinate reported that nothing in the record for the past two days showed any such man, or the body of any such man, to have come under the all-seeing eye of the police. Nevertheless Mrs. Haze wanted the assurance that an investigation should be started forthwith. The big man reminded her that no dead body had been found, and repeated that all proper steps would be taken. With this grain of comfort as her sole satisfaction, she returned to her bread pudding, for which her boarders were by this time waiting.

When the big man had asked the question whether Davenport was accustomed to carry much money about with him, or was known to have had any considerable sum on his person when last seen, Larcher had silently allowed Mrs. Haze to answer. 'Not as far as I know; I shouldn't think so,' she had said. He felt that, as Davenport's absence was still so short, and might soon be ended and accounted for, the situation did not yet warrant the disclosure of a fact which Davenport himself had wished to keep private. He perceived the two opposite inferences which might be made from that fact, and he knew that the police would probably jump at the inference unfavorable to his friend. For the present, he would guard his friend from that.

Larcher's work on the case had just begun. For what was to come he required the fortification of dinner. Mrs. Haze had invited him to dine at her board, but he chose to lose that golden opportunity, and to eat at one of those clean little places which for cheapness and good cooking together are not to be matched, or half-matched, in any other city in the world. He soon blessed himself for having done so; he had scarcely given his order when in sauntered Barry Tompkins.

'Stay right here,' cried Larcher, grasping the spectacled lawyer and pulling him into a seat. 'You are commandeered.'

'What for?' asked Tompkins, with his expansive smile.

'Dinner first, and then—'

'All right. Do you give me carte blanche with the bill of fare? May I roam over it at my own sweet will? Is there no limit?'

'None, except a time limit. I want you to steer me around the hospitals, station-houses, morgue, et cetera. There's a man missing. You've made those rounds before.'

'Yes, twice. When poor Bill Southford jumped from the ferry-boat; and again when a country cousin of mine had knockout drops administered to him in a Bowery dance-hall. It's a dismal quest.'

'I know it, but if you have nothing else on your hands this evening—'

'Oh, I'll pilot you. We never know when we're likely to have search-parties out after ourselves, in this abounding metropolis. Who's the latest victim of the strenuous life?'

'Murray Davenport!'

'What! is he occurring again?'

Larcher imparted what it was needful that Tompkins should know. The two made an expeditious dinner, and started on their long and fatiguing inquiry. It was, as Tompkins had said, a dismal quest. Those who have ever made this cheerless tour will not desire to be reminded of the experience, and those who have not would derive more pain than pleasure from a recital of it. The long distance from point to point, the rebuffs from petty officials, the difficulty in wringing harmless information from fools clad in a little brief authority, the mingled hope and dread of coming upon the object of the search at the next place, the recurring feeling that the whole fatiguing pursuit is a wild goose chase and that the missing person is now safe at home, are a few features of the disheartening business. The labors of Larcher and Tompkins elicited nothing; lightened though they were by the impecunious lawyer's tact, knowledge, and good humor, they left the young men dispirited and dead tired. Larcher had nothing to telegraph Miss Kenby. He thought of her passing a sleepless night, waiting for news, the dupe and victim of every sound that might herald a messenger. He slept ill himself the short time he had left for sleep. In the morning he made a swift breakfast, and was off to Mrs. Haze. Davenport's room was still untenanted, his bed untouched; the telegram still lay unclaimed in the hall below.

Florence and Edna was prepared by the absence of news during the night, for Larcher's discouraged face when he appeared at the flat in the morning. Miss Kenby seemed already to have fortified her mind for an indefinite season of anxiety. She maintained an outward calm, but it was the forced calm of a resolution to bear torture heroically. She had her lapses, her moments of weakness and outcry, her periods of despair, during the ensuing days,— for days did ensue, and nothing was seeen or heard of the missing one,—but of these Larcher was not often a witness. Edna Hill developed new resources as an encourager, a diverter, and an unfailing optimist in regard to the outcome. The girls divided their time between the flat and the Kenby lodgings down Fifth Avenue. Mr. Kenby was subdued and self-effacing when they were about. He wore a somewhat meek, cowed air nowadays, which was not without a touche of martyrdom. He volunteered none but the most casual remarks on the subject of Davenport's disappearance, and was not asked even for those. His diminution spoke volumes for the unexpected force of personality Florence must have shown in that unrelated interview about the letters, in which she had got back her promise.

The burden of action during those ensuing days fell on Larcher. Besides regular semi-diurnal calls on the young ladies and at Mrs. Haze's house, and regular consultations of police records, he made visits to every place he had ever known Davenport to frequent, and to every person he had ever known Davenport to be acquainted with. Only, for a time Mr. Bagley had to excepted, he not having yet returned from Chicago.

It appeared that the big man at police headquarters had really caused the proper thing to be done. Detectives came to Mrs. Haze's house and searched the absent man's possessions, but found no clue; and most of the newspapers had a short paragraph to the effect that Murray Davenport, "a song-writer," was missing from his lodging-house. Larcher hoped that this, if it came to Davenport's eye, though it might annoy him, would certainly bring word from him. But the man remained as silent as unseen. Was there, indeed, what the newspapers call "foul play"? And was Larcher called upon yet to speak of the twenty thousand dollars? The knowledge of that would give the case an importance in the eyes of the police, but it would, even if the worst had happened, do any good to Davenport? Larcher thought not; and held his tongue.

One afternoon, in the week following the disappearance,—or, as Larcher preferred to call it, non-appearance,—that gentleman, having just sat down in a north-bound Sixth Avenue car, glanced over the first page of an evening paper—one of the yellow brand—which he had bought a minute before. All at once he was struck in the face, metaphorically speaking, by a particular set of headlines. He held his breath, and read the following opening paragraph:

"The return of George A. Bagley from Chicago last night puts a new phase on the disappearance of Murray Davenport, the song-writer, who has not been seen since Wednesday of last week at his lodging house, ——— East ———th Street. Mr. Bagley would like to know what became of a large amount of cash which he left with the missing man for certain purposes the previous night on leaving suddenly for Chicago. He says that when he called this morning on brokers, bankers, and others to whom the money should have been handed over, he found not a cent of it had been disposed of according to orders. Davenport had for some years frequently acted as a secretary or agent for Bagley, and had handled many thousands of dollars for the latter in such a manner as to gain the highest confidence."

There was a half column of details, which Larcher read several times over on the way up-town. When he entered Edna's drawing-room the two girls were sitting before the fire. At the first sight of his face, Edna sprang to her feet, and Florence's lips parted.

"What is it?" cried Edna. "You've got news! What is it?"

"No. Not any news of his whereabouts."

"What of, then? It's in that paper."

To be continued.

Why Not be Well and Strong

When weak and run down DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD will help you back to health.

This letter tells of two women who have proven this.

Mrs. D. Stott, Cobourg, Ont., writes: "After recovering from typhoid fever I was left in a very low state of health. I was weak, nervous and not fit to do any work. A friend of mine, Mrs. G. M. Brown, had used DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD and told me that it benefitted her wonderfully. I took courage and began the use of the medicine. After taking the first box I began to feel an improvement in health and now after using four boxes I am completely cured. I now feel like myself once more and believe that I can attribute the cure to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

Life is too short to spend weeks or months dragging out a miserable existence of weakness and suffering. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures by forming new rich blood and building up the system. You can depend on it to benefit you. 50 cents a box, 6 for $2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

S AND S

When you want Wines of Quality, ask for S. & S. Brand

CLARET BURGUNDY SAUTERNE

Bottled by Schroeder & Schyler since 1759 in Bordeaux

"Not how cheap but how good"

D. O. ROBLIN Agent Toronto

J. JACKSON, Resident Agent.

FOR THE WIFE.

Don't quote father.

Pet your husband; he is only a big kid.

Meet him at the door with a smile.

Dress as carefully as you did when he came courting.

Wear the color he likes you in and the style of gown.

Have something in the way of a surprise for dinner.

Read the papers and magazines and be your husband's intellectual equal.

Keep up with him in any special line of work.

Encourage his hobby.

Keep his clothes in order, a clean house and good food.

OR—Somebody else will snap him up and make him think she and she alone ever did or ever will understand him.

WEAK BLADDER

KIDNEY, LIVER, STOMACH, and BOWEL disorders quickly cured by

FIG PILLS

At all dealers, 25 cents per box, or The Fig Pill Co., St. Thomas, Ont. 6

Sold in St. John's, Nfld., by T. McMurdo & Co., Wholesale & Retail Druggists.

Diver Leaps to Death.

Did Not Come to Surface After Striking Water.

New York, July 12,—A real tragedy was recorded on the films of a moving picture machine here late yesterday.

As Albert Breytf, actor and expert swimmer and diver, leaped from a boat on a Staten Island pond, the machine was set in operation to record his aquatic feats, its lens focused on the bubbling surface of the pond where he had disappeared. The moments passed and the widening circles from the impact of his dive touched the shores.

The divers last feat had been caught on the film. He did not reappear and is supposed to have been held fast by the soft mud at the bottom. His body was grappled for and recovered.

Clear Brains

and good spirits come naturally when the stomach is up to its work, the liver and bowels active and the blood pure. Better conditions always follow the use of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25c.

Do's and Don'ts for the Married

(By John Petit, of a Busy Chicago Divorce Court.)

FOR THE HUSBAND.

Don't quote mother.

Call up your wife while at business and ask how she is, and tell her that you called her up just to hear her voice.

Bring her a box of candy.

Ditto—one of the new books, a flower, even if it is faded, a pretty pin or handkerchief.

And don't ever lay your head on your pillow at night without having done something to gain and obtain a firmer hold on your wife's love.

Kiss her every day—but not just once a day.

At least once a month meet her down town and take her to dinneer and to the theatre.

When you have to have a big time take your wife along with you.

Don't ever stop courting, for as soon as you do some other man will begin.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to July 17th, 1911.

A
Aylward, Bridie, retd.
Adams, Albert
Ayles, Mary, Theatre Hill

B
Barnes, H. T., card
Barnes, Chas. J., late Curling
Barnes, Capt. D.
Braker, Aggie, card
Barter, Mrs. J., card, Barter's Hill
Bartlett, Samuel, Gower Street
Benskin, L. F.
Bell, Samuel, Nagle's Hill
Benson, B.
Belben, Miss Francis
Bennett, Thomas, Blackmarsh Road
Bowden, C. R. Field
Brothers, Mrs. Mary, care Jas. O'Neill, Carter's Hill
Bowman, Miss Jean, card, Bond Street
Butler, Jacob, card, care G. P. O.
Butt, Henry T., Springdale St.
Button, Miss Lizzie, Central Street
Butt, Edith
Bussey, Wm., Signal Hill
Butler, Miss Mary, retd.
Buckley, J. W.

C
Carew, Mrs. Carry
Crawford, Charles L., late Bay of Islands
Carew, Mrs., Lime Street
Crawford, Patrick, care G. P. O.
Carney, Miss May, card
Chipman, Mrs. W. H.
Cove, Thomas, card
Cohen, A.
Cobbett, Mrs. George, New Gower Street
Churchill, Mrs. Agnes, card Gower Street
Curtis, A., retd.
Culliford, Frank

D
Dawe, Gordon
Dwyer, J.
Dean, Thomas H.
Donnelly, Mr. and Mrs., retd.
Dove, Miss B., card
Duffin, Mrs., Water St. West
Dunphy, Joseph, Duckworth Street
Duffitt, Elizabeth, care Dickenson, Rennie's M. Road
Dunn, James, card

E
England, J., card, Signal Hill Road
Ellis, Miss Clara, Pleasant Street
Emerson, Henry P.
Elliott, Thomas, card, care G. P. O.
Ewing, James, slip
Elsworth, Moses, slip

F
Frampton, Josiah, card
French, Henry, late Gen'l Hospital
Flynn, Blanche, LeMarchant Road
Fowler, Miss M., late Bridgeport
Fowler, James, Hutchings' St.
Ford, Miss S., care Jacob Bishop, Mundy Pond Road
Fudge, Wm., care G. P. O.

G
Gladney, M. P., Barter's Hill
Gillies, Frank A.
Griffin, Mary, retd.
Goss, Thomas, Angel St.
Gorman, Michael, card
Goff, Mrs. E. A., George's St.
Goobie, E., retd.
Gulliford, George A.

H
Hamblin, Margaret, care Mrs. John Cain
Haffey, Anastitia, Wishing Well Road
Healey, Joseph, Blackhead
Hiscock, Annie, retd.
Hodder, Alexander, British House
Holwell, Mary, retd.
Hodder Supply Co.
House, John, Albert St.

J
Johnson, Mr., Pennywell Road

K
Kendrick, R., retd.
Kavanagh, Julia
Kelly, Miss Annie M.
Keefe, Miss Angela, Signal Hill Road
Knight, Mrs. F. H., Atlantic Avenue
Kitz, H., care Gen'l Delivery

L
Laurence, J. M., card, Signal Hill Road
Lambert, Thomas, Freshwater Road
Lacey, Mrs. J.
Larey, W. C., retd.
Larkin, E., retd.
Lansdown, Wm., late Grand Falls
Lacey, Mrs.
Legrow, Alfred, care G. P. O.
Lynch, Willie
Lilly, Beatrice, care G. P. O.
Lilly, Flora, card, Gower Street
Lidstone, Emily, retd.

M
Mrtin, Herbert, care Gen'l Delivery
Maher, Miss Bridie, card, Prescott Street
Manie, Miss Maggie, care G. P.O.
Mansfield, Mrs., retd.
Milla, Rose, slip
Miller, Miss L. E., retd.
Miller, J. J.
Molloy, Miss Minnie, LeMarchant Road
Morgan, John, card, care G. P. O.
Moore, Miss Florence, care Gen'l Delivery
Miller, Miss Laura, Water St.
Morgan, Mrs. Hannah
Moores, Mrs. Wm., Springdale Street
Moorey, Allan, Springdale Street
Moores, George, Springdale Street
Molland, Miss Carrie, care Mrs. Dwyer
Murphy, Frank, G. P. O.
Murray, M., card
Mulligan, Mr., South Side
Manning, Mrs. B.,
Mc
Spring Road
McBean, Wm., care Mrs. Snow, Water Street
McKay, E., retd.
McGrath, Peter
McCarthy, John, Pleasant Street
McCowen, Dr. G. R.
McNamara, Miss Louise
McDonald, David, card, Queen's Road
McGrath, J. T.

N
Noseworthy, Miss Ada, Gower Street
Noseworthy, Moses, late Harbor Grace
Niel & Bishop, card

O
Oliver, Thomas, retd.
O'Leary, M. G.
Oxton, T. W.
Olson, E. B., care Gen'l Delivery

P
Parsons, Elijah, Prescott St.
Parsons, Mrs. Gilbert, late Portugal Cove
Paynter, Wm.
Parrin, Edith
Parsons, Mrs. Mary, retd.
Pearcey, Wm., late Grand Falls
Peddle Bros., care G. P. O.
Penny, W. H., late Ayre & Sons
Penny, John W.
Pearce, Miss Rose, Water Street
Pearson, W. H.
Peaue, Blanche, retd.
Power, Mrs. Wm., 24 —— Street
Porter, James, care G.P.O.
Provisioner, care Telegram
Power, Wm.
Power, Edward, card, Rose Blanche

Q
Quinton, Capt., care Campbell & McKay

R
Ryan, atie, card
Ryan, Enos, card, Moore Street
Rabbitts, Roy, Gower St.
Read, Isabella, Hamilton Street
Rowe, Agnes, retd.
Rowe, Lizzie, retd.
Reid, James, card, Cornwall Avenue
Roberts, Mrs. J., Bond St.
Rumsey, Miss Jennie, card, Casey's St.

S
Starks, Roland Geo., card
Sparks, Mrs. Wm.
Stamp, Mrs. Thomas, Pennywell Road
Samson, A. E., Water St.
Spencer, Alfred, New Gower St.
Sherwood, Emily F.
Smith, Simeon
Smith, D. F., Long's Hill
Simms, G.
Snow, John C.
Snow, Lillie, care G. P. O.
Strong, F. G.
Scoles, C. B.
Summers, Thos.
Spurrell, John, Lime St.
Squires, Miss Magt.

T
Taylor, Robert, card
Taylor, Wm.
Taylor, D., retd. New Gower Street
Templeton, Miss P., retd.
Tilley, Mrs. Wm., retd.
Tilley, Mrs. C. W.
Turnbull, Frank, St. John's West

W
Way, Philip, card
Warren, Miss Lillian, Rennie Mill Road
Wadden, Mrs. P., retd.
Way, Miss Madge, card
Warren, Alfred, retd.
Walsh, Patrick, late Bay Bulls
Walsh, John, Long Pond Road
Way, Mrs., Gower St.
Whelton, J. J.
West, Wm., Alexander St.
Wells, Joseph, retd.
Wilcox, Moses, card
Whiffin, Eveline, late Badger Brook
White, Miss H., card, King's Road
Wilkinson, Mr.
Warren, Miss Lilly, Rennie Mill Road

THE JOHNSTON WOO

FACTORY: Long Po

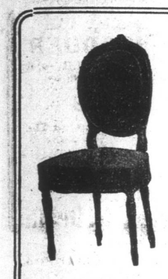
'Phone: 730.

We make Doors and Frames, Sashes, Moul pieces, Turned and Built Newels, Baulsters, Ha Blocks, Base Blocks, Wainscotting, Counters an tures, and everything in woodwork. We make and School Furniture."

All enquiries promptly attended to, and a given.

The JOHNSTON W

OFFICE, Prescott Street: 'PHONE 657
FACTORY, Long Pond Road: 'PHONE



From Parlor

Complete Furnis

If you have any Hom can certainly interest that want to furnish a will do well to come to

We have in stock home, and we are pre ducements that cann where. Our stock is every department.

If you cannot come to see our stock, writ your requirements, and we will mail prom formation. We have the stock and value i prices here, and you should not purchas without seeing the great money savin opportunities to be obtained from us.

U. S. PICTURE & F

Complete House Furni

Cabbage, Ca

To arrive per S.S. "Step

100 barrels New York
50 barrels Nova Scot

GEORGE

Here T

We're out with
Men's Tan Romeo
Men's Elastic Sho

Men's Low Lace
Patent Leather,
Black, Calf and

Men's Fine Dongo
Men's Vici Kid
Men's Box Calf
Men's Patent Le
Men's Tan Calf....
Men's Wine Calf
Men's Gun Metal

In Button, La
our $3.50 Footw
high and low cut-

F. Sma

The Home o

NO THOUGHT READ

Can foretell the day o your property may burn are aware of this and for the disaster by insur you not so insured? rates and strongest offic ness and liberality of are well known.

PERCIE JOHNSON Ins

Office: corner Duckw