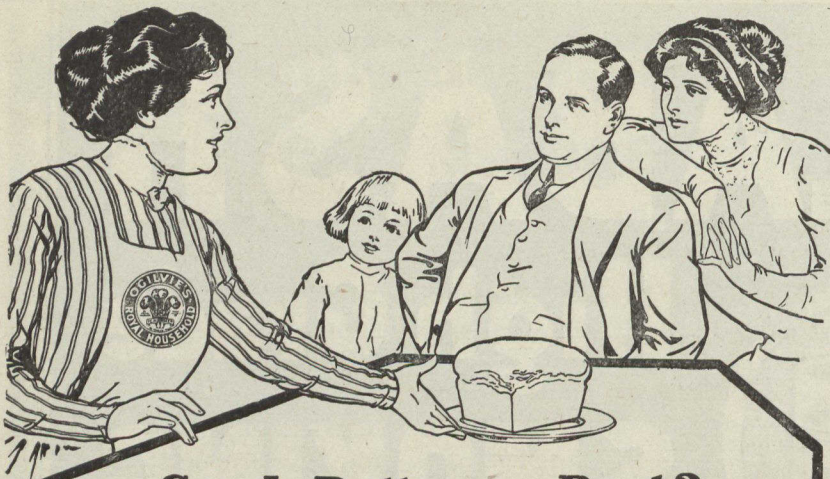




Good, Better or Best?

A VITAL DIFFERENCE IN BREADS

QUANTITY you know is comparative. Just as much so in bread, as in woollens or linens.

If you make bread at all you naturally want it to be good—as good as, or better than your neighbor's.

But is your bread as good as it ought to be? Does it furnish its full quantum of health and strength? Is it nutritious as well as delicious?

Ordinary flour may make fairly good looking bread. But if you care for *food value*, for nutrition, for digestibility, for bone and muscle and blood building quality, you will want a flour rich in the highest quality of *gluten*.

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" is the *finest flour in the world* and makes the best bread in the world.

And it is just as good for Pastry as it is for Bread. It is the one flour which has proved an unqualified success for every household purpose. And its absolute uniformity guarantees you against failure—

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR is made of Manitoba Red Fyfe Wheat, which is especially rich in high quality gluten.

It is scientifically milled in the finest mills in the British Empire and samples are regularly subjected to the most exacting of all tests, the oven test, to insure uniformity.

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" always makes the finest and most nourishing bread, the lightest, flakiest and most healthful pies, cakes, biscuits, muffins, rolls.

Order **"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD"** at once. Don't delay. The sooner you commence using this finest of all flours the better for your family. 22



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY the 22nd of APRIL, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Don and Toronto from the 1st of July next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Don, Toronto and Route Offices and at the office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
Ottawa, 4th March, 1910.
G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY the 15th APRIL 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Bowmanville and Tyrone from the 1st July next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Bowmanville and Tyrone and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 28th February 1910
G. C. Anderson
Superintendent.

HOLBROOK'S WORCESTERSHIRE

The Sauce that
makes the whole
world hungry.

Made and Bottled in England
2089

SAUCE

"I suppose I will have to go back with you?" he said.

The other looked at him sadly. "I hate to do it after what you have done for me," he replied, "but duty is duty you know. Your wife has told me all about your provisions being stolen and about your *borrowing* the money to buy more, also that you are going to pay it back next spring. I believe her, too."

They looked at each other through the wreaths of tobacco smoke.

"My wife she will feel ver' bad when I be arrest," remarked the Frenchman. "She be ver' hones' and say would rather starve than steal." He turned away and buried his face in his hands. "So would I for myself, but my wife I love ver' much and for her I tak' the money. It's ver' hard, don't you think, Monsieur," he muttered.

Jim tried to steel his heart with thoughts of the body of his friend laying in the cold deep snow. "It's hard, but it's got to be done," he said, then turned and went outdoors to feed the wolf-dog.

Next morning Cormier was off to his traps before sunrise, and a few hours later Jim harnessed the dogs and threw on his heavy wraps. The air was frosty, but the sun was shining cheerily and it was not unpleasant outdoors, that is if you kept moving.

"Where you go?" queried the squaw.

"Why Amineta I think I'll follow your man's trail and spend the day with him," he replied.

After he had given the cry to "mooh" he turned. "Amineta," he called, "Amineta, if your man gets back before me, tell him 'thank you' for me."

The squaw puzzled her brain all day wondering what the Englishman meant. She repeated the words to her man that night and for a moment he stood lost in thought, then taking a lantern he strapped his snowshoes on, and went along his morning trail. That night he had returned by another route. He had only gone a few hundred yards from the house when the trail of the dog team separated from his own. A piece of paper stuck upright in the snow where the trails separated caught his eye. He picked it up. "The warrant," he muttered. Then he waved his hand to an imaginary friend far off down the southern trail. "Good man," he breathed. "Good man. God bless you. Bon voyage, Monsieur. Bon voyage."

With a newborn sense of freedom he turned toward his home and his squaw-wife. As he entered she arose from the cot on which she had been laying. He clasped her in his arms. "I hope the spring come early so I can pay my friend in Chicoutimi quick," he said. And she smiled as she murmured, "Yo' good hones' man, ain' yo', my man?"

Three weeks later a sledge drawn by three lean mongrels and a wolfish-looking led-dog passed down the one street of Fort Bacon. Strapped to the sledge was a man. The Chief, who had just arrived from Montreal to try and obtain information as to the whereabouts of his men, scarcely recognised the fever-stricken face of Jim Driscoll as they carried him into the doctor's home. When they pulled off his gloves a piece of paper fell to the floor. Walking to the lamp the Chief scanned the wavering lines.

"Am sick. Paul dead and buried. Cannot find Cormier. Am going to tie myself to sledge and trust to Wolf. Don't look for Cormier. Jim."

During the illness that followed, the Chief watched by the side of his subordinate. His secretary came up from Montreal and during quiet moments of the sick man they attended to business that needed his personal

attention. Day after day the Chief listened to the ramblings and wanderings of his patient, and tirelessly administered the simple remedies available, until at last he had the satisfaction and reward of gazing into a clear eye, mirror of unclouded brain.

"So you could not find the Frenchman?" he remarked, when the patient was stronger. "That's too bad. Where do you suppose he is anyway?"

Jim blushed and his eyes fell. "I really don't know, Chief," he replied. "There was no trace of him. Snow covered his trail after the third day out."

The other crossed the room and laid his hand on that of the sick man. "Jim, old man," he said, "you told me all about it days ago. Amineta and poverty, trapping and paying of debts, freezing and Professor Somebody. I know it all, Jim," and his voice grew husky, "you're an awful liar, Jim, when you're in your right mind, but somehow I believe you're clear white."

The invalid arose on one elbow. "I suppose I'm fired now," he said.

The Chief gently laid him back on his pillow. "Shut up, Jim," he laughed, "you are raving again. Keep quiet will you until I dictate my report to the bank, and then we'll talk over the future."

He called his secretary.

"Operative J. D. reports," he dictated, "that in pursuance with instructions received, he, in company with operative P. W., searched diligently throughout a large portion of Eastern Ungava for a trace of Cormier. They were unable to learn anything relative to his whereabouts, and in operative J. D.'s opinion —"

Out of the corner of his eye he glanced at the bed. The occupant's face bore a happy smile, his eyes were shut, and his deep, regular breathing told its own story.

"Except Jack Leslie"

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 19.

"to-night, sir," said the butler. "I understood her to say that you knew that. Her orders were that we were not to disturb you till you rang. She is strolling in the grounds with Mr. Leslie. We've been drinking their healths in the servants' hall. As no doubt you know, sir, they're engaged to be married."

"Leave us just a moment, will you?"

The butler and the four footmen trooped out again.

"How did you vote, Hendon?"

"For myself, and Leslie."

"And you, Marshpool?"

"For myself, and Leslie."

"And you, Hereward?"

"For myself, and Leslie."

"For myself, and Leslie," said Winton and Chudleigh in a breath.

"I also voted for myself and Leslie," said Tressingham. "I voted for him simply because I conceived him impossible."

They all said "So did I" to that.

"I suppose she was in love with Jack Leslie all the time," said the Marquis after a long pause.

"I expect so, and he with her, but for reasons one can well understand he wouldn't speak. She has made use of us very cleverly to get her own way."

Then they all went out into the hall and were helped on with their overcoats by the butler and the four footmen, and escorted to their waiting carriages.

"Good luck to them," said the gallant Major.

The others said nothing. Their thoughts were entirely occupied in pondering upon Miss Dorothy Miller's helplessness in the matter of choosing a husband.