

You Can Make Better Foods For The Children With "Beaver" Flour Than You Can Buy

Next to a returning Arctic Explorer, the hungriest mortal on earth is a growing boy. He is always ravenous. "He will eat anything". But why should he?

Right now is the time when his parent should be most particular about his food—to prevent injudicious eating and to protect him against unsuitable food.

Good, home-made bread, made of "Beaver" Flour—light, flaky biscuits made of "Beaver" Flour—these are real foods for growing children. "Beaver" Flour is a blended flour. That is, it is made of exact proportions of nutritious, beautifully flavored Ontario Fall Wheat and a smaller proportion of the stronger Western Spring Wheat.



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It is both a bread flour and a pastry flour—and makes the real nutty flavored home-made bread and delicious pastry such as cannot be made with any purely Western Wheat Flour.

Just try "Beaver" Flour—and see for yourself how thoroughly satisfactory and dependable it is for all kinds of baking. Your grocer sells "Beaver" Flour or can get it for you. Dealers—Write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals.

THE T. H. TAYLOR CO., LIMITED,
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R. G. ASH & CO., St. John's, Sole Agents in Newfoundland, will be pleased to quote prices.

Beautiful Cynthia;

OR

Victory After Many Defeats.

CHAPTER IX.
SEEING THE WORLD.

It is to be feared that Cynthia did not properly appreciate the exquisite art which had gone to the making of the dainty dishes that were brought to her at the Savoy by the well-trained waiter, who offered each course with a deferential bending of the head, a grave earnestness, as if their happiness depended upon her approval, and who received her frequent "No, thanks," with an air of pained resignation which partook of the pathetic.

This night was her introduction to another and a brighter world.

Needless to say, the party attracted attention. Lord Northam and his pretty sister were, of course, known by several in the crowded room, and Lady Alicia's blond beauty did not lack admirers. But Cynthia received the lion's share of the admiration; for, with her eyes radiant, her usually colorless face slightly flushed, and her air of youthful and undisguised enjoyment, she was, without doubt, the loveliest girl at the Savoy that evening.

Inquiries concerning her were whispered, but few could answer that she was old Lady Gwen's niece and ward.

Lady Alicia, though she desired to engross Darrel's attention, was too well-bred to neglect her lady guest.

and now and again she leaned across the table to talk with her.

"Don't you want to know who some of the people are, Miss Drayle?" she asked.

"Yes," said Cynthia, in her direct fashion; "but I am so interested in the whole scene—Oh, yes, I would like to know, please."

"There is a good sprinkling of celebrities to-night," said Lady Alicia, glancing round without seeming to do so. "The dark man at the table behind us—the close-shaven man with the shallow, wrinkled face—is Edgar Thorne, the actor—"

Cynthia opened her gray eyes with girlish wonder. She had seen Mr. Thorne in the character of a young man of twenty-one. And he had then looked almost too young for that by no means mature age.

"I thought he was quite a young man," she said, in a careful undertone. "That gentleman is quite isn't he old?"

Lady Alicia laughed. "All the famous actors are old," she replied, with a little moue of amusement at Cynthia's innocence. "Yes; he looks old to-night; his present piece is not doing very well, but in half an hour—he is just going, you see—he will look five-and-twenty; so much for powder, paint, a fair wig and—art. The old lady with the diamonds and the lace, who is sitting beside him, is the Bar-

oness Winsey, who helped Edgar Thorne in the early stages of his career, and helps him now. She is made of money, so that if you knocked against her you might chip off a fleck of gold. At the table on the left is Mr. Moses Lazarick; he is worth two million, and, as you see, is worrying a chop and drinking toast and water, because his doctors have sentenced him to death if he eats anything richer or drinks a single glass of champagne. That's Lady Arabella Staghorne and her mother who are dining with him. They are trying to launch him in decent society, and in return he gives them Stock Exchange tips."

Cynthia looked rather puzzled, and, as Lady Alicia glanced to the other side, Cynthia inquired, with a frank and eager admiration in her voice:

"That young girl at the next table but one—how pretty she is! she is perfectly lovely! And she looks so young, like a child. Who is she?"

Lady Alicia smiled. "That is Rosie Dormont—she is called the Dormouse; she is the dancer at the Frivolity. Yes, she is young. But she isn't exactly a—er—child. Look! That's Mr. Radleigh Yorke, the novelist," she went on rather quickly, diverting Cynthia's attention from the angelic Miss Dormont. "He is evidently thinking out his next plot. But surely you recognize him by his long hair and the way he leans his cheek on his finger and stares at the ceiling. He knows we are looking at him, and he is posing for all he is worth, for our benefit. Very nice of him, isn't it? The other long-haired man is Bolaski, the violinist. You see how the women near him gaze at him with worshipping eyes? When he plays, they mob the platform, and fight like cats for the honor of shaking his hand, and the one who succeeds in sticking a flower in his buttonhole is made happy for life."

Cynthia looked at her doubtfully and laughed.

"Are you making fun of me?" she asked.

"Not a bit; it's all true. But there are really some good people here. That old gentleman—the one who has just bowed to me—is Lord Rockby, the Cabinet Minister. He is a friend of Lady Westlake's, I know. He is admiring you. Shall I beckon to him?"

Cynthia colored, shrank back a little, and shook her head. She was not shy, but she was feeling a trifle confused.

"You know so much, so many people," she said.

Alicia shrugged her shoulders. "And yet I am not much older than you, you mean? But, then, I haven't been shut up with a griffin—I really beg your pardon!"

Cynthia smiled, but Lady Alicia's manner jarred on her somewhat. She did not like to hear Lady Alicia speak of Lady Westlake so familiarly; it sounded disrespectful. Cynthia was fond of her aunt. Lady Alicia saw her mistake and changed her tone with practiced facility.

"I wish Lady Westlake were with us," she said, with an air so sincere that it dispelled Cynthia's discomfort. "Oh, so do I!" she responded, with a sincerity which caused Lady Alicia's under lip to droop. "But she would not like the crowd, and she cannot sit for very long. I must remember the names of the famous people and tell her—"

"You might tell her that you saw the Duchess of Clanfield—there she is, near the door—and Lord Rockby," said Alicia quickly. "I—don't think I should mention the Dormouse."

"Why not?" asked our Miss Innocent.

Lady Alicia laughed and turned away with a shrug. Darrel, whose eyes had been fixed on Cynthia's face with a gaze of scarcely veiled ardor, seized his opportunity. For him there was only one girl in the room, and she was close to him.

"Are you happy, Cynthia?" he asked, in a low voice.

She turned to him, with a radiant smile, drew a quick breath, and nodded thrice.

"It is delightful! Don't you think it is?" she demanded eagerly. "Ah! but you are used to it; you have been here before; often, perhaps, and this is my first time! I have never seen anything like it, and everybody seems so bright and gay, as if they had nothing in the world to trouble them."

They moved to the lounge—the other diners looked after them with interest, as they passed between the tables—and Darrel found seats beneath a spreading palm.

The waiters brought coffee and cigars and liqueurs, and Cynthia leaned back in her deep-seated, satin-cushioned chair and again gave herself up to a frank and girlish enjoyment of the scene.

Lady Alicia had seated herself between Darrel and Cynthia, who was thus left to Lord Northam. But he did not appear to feel it incumbent to talk to her, and smoked with half-closed eyes for some time. Presently he said:

"There's that chap who came up and spoke to you in the dining room, Miss Drayle. Isn't that Lord Spencer Standish with him?"

"Yes," replied Cynthia, catching Percy's eye at the moment and smiling. "He is Percy Standish; the young man. I mean. He is Lord Sandish's son."

Northam grunted and eyed Percy with a kind of disfavor.

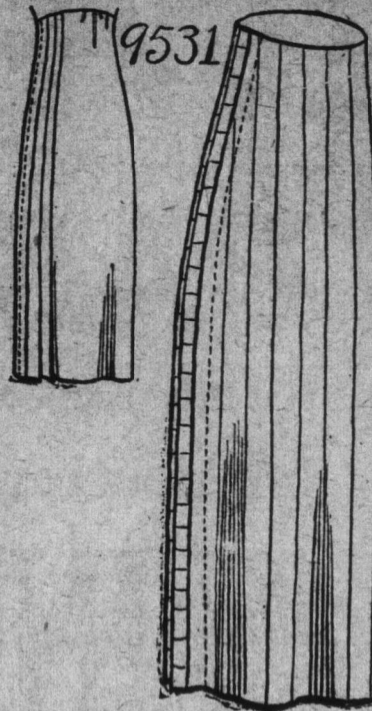
"Good-looking chap," he said. "Pity he can't swap fathers—beg pardon—his a friend of yours p'raps?"

(To be Continued.)

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.

9531—A STYLISH MODEL.



Ladies Skirt with Plain Inserts.

It will be found that the addition of plaits to a skirt gives comfort in walking, while it need not detract from the style or grace of the model. The design here shown is cut in two pieces, has a seamless back, and the plaits are inserted at the sides over the hips. Striped taffeta in blue and white is here shown. Blue serge would also be acceptable for this model. Linen, linene, corduroy, chambray, gingham, crepe, charmeuse, and other seasonable materials may be used with good effect. The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 48 inch material for a 24 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c., in silver or stamps.

9542—A UNIQUE AND POPULAR STYLE.



Ladies Blouse.

This model shows one of the new features in sleeve. It has a long shoulder, that forms the upper part of the sleeve, which is lengthened by a close fitting lower part. The waist is arranged in deep box plaits over the front, and is made with a collarless neck. Tiny lapels or reverses finish the neck opening in front. The design is suitable for linen, linene, gingham, crepe, lawn, chambray, voile, cordelene, corduroy, silk or serge. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 2 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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MICHELIN TYRES.

Would you infer from this that the owners of these ten cars are fools, or in other words that 77 per cent. of these motorists are devoid of sense while the other 23 per cent. are full of reason?

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