

# BEAVER FLOUR

**COSTS LESS - IS BETTER - AND GOES FURTHER THAN ANY WESTERN WHEAT FLOUR**

**"BEAVER" FLOUR** makes a real home-made loaf of bread, close grained, beautifully white and tempting, with the delicious old-time flavor that "mother's brand" always had.

"Beaver" Flour makes Pies and Pastry that far excel anything made of western wheat flour, and with less shortening. And do you know why? Western wheat flours are strong and absorb much water, but they lack flavor. Ontario fall wheat has the nutty flavor, and pastry-making qualities, but lacks strength. "Beaver" Flour contains the choicest Ontario wheat with a little Manitoba wheat to increase the strength.

The bakers of Toronto and London—the experts at the Agricultural Colleges—and thousands of homes through Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces—have proved that "Beaver" Flour is superior to any western wheat flour and is equally good for Bread and Pastry. Try it. DEALERS—Write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals.

**THE T. H. TAYLOR CO. LIMITED, CHATHAM, Ont.**

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

### A Millionaire; Countess Westerleigh.

CHAPTER I. (Continued.) "I think you'd better forget all that," he said, in as low a voice.

"Oh, I'm all right; it will take a good bucketful to go through this Irish frieze of mine. Good old Ireland! I've told the landlord that I'll send for my portmanteau when I get to Vale Hall; that is, if my uncle invites me to remain. Good-bye, old fellow!"

He had been obliged to hold the young horse pretty stiffly to keep him standing thus long, and he went off at a sharp pace. The landlord of the inn looked after him.

"Is that horse safe?" inquired Senley Tyers, languidly. The man was silent a moment. "The young gentleman can ride," he replied. "The danger isn't in the horse." He stopped.

Senley Tyers looked at him steadily and waited, but the man turned away and let down the steps of the carriage. As he did so, Senley Tyers climbed a few yards up the hill, and shading his eyes, looked after Tempest.

"Good-bye, my friend," he muttered. His lips drew tight, and his brows—thin, delicate dark lines—came down over his eyes. "I wonder why it is that I hate you? Why, a dog with an ounce of gratitude in him ought to love the man who has saved his life, while I—Bab! we are meaner than dogs, we men!"

"Grandson of an earl! Is that why, I wonder? I suppose so. I loathe them all, root and branch! Yes, Vane, I'm afraid it's true—I hate you, and if that horse dung you and trampled you under foot, I would stand by and look on without a pang. And you saved my life. You were foolish!"

Five minutes afterwards the carriage was rolling away in the direction opposite to that which Vane Tempest had taken.

### CHAPTER II.

Vane rode on in the best of spirits. It was a lovely view—the open sea, greenish gray, on his right, wild cliffs and grassy headlands on his left; but he had not much opportunity of admiring it for a time, for the young horse demanded—and got—all Vane's attention. He tried hard to "chuck" his rider, but Tempest, as the man at the inn had remarked, could ride, and after awhile the horse gave the thing up and went along pretty steadily. Vane rode on, thinking of nothing in particular, singing and whistling.

He was up to his neck in debt; he was going to see a man who would probably be anything but glad to see him, and the road before him was, so he had been emphatically told, a remarkably bad one.

But he was young—oh, blessed youth!—and he was strong—oh, more blessed health; and he was heart-whole; which is, perhaps, the most blessed condition of all three.

As regards the road, the account the landlord had given him did not trouble him in the least. He would reach Vale Hall sooner or later—sooner, he hoped, because he was beginning to feel hungry—and, well, there was no good in meeting trouble half-way.

He reached the turn of the road and took it, and presently the way became wilder. But it was very beautiful, and he looked about him and admired it. He fell to thinking a little of Senley Tyers and the strange side of his character which he had so suddenly revealed.

"Poor old Sen!" he said to himself. "They say all clever men have got a little of some sort or other loose. Never heard him talk like that before, though. By George! he looked a perfect demon for the moment. He'd make his fortune on the stage. I'll tell him so. And so Florence wouldn't take the handkerchief from

### 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. 9667.—A SIMPLE STYLISH DESIGN



Ladies' House Dress. Suitable for gingham, galatea, chambray, lawn, or percale, this model may also be developed in ratine, linge or flanne, for more dressy wear. The fronts are cut low and a shawl collar finishes the neck. The skirt has a hem tucked at the centre back. The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 5 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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

### 9675.—A SIMPLE UP-TO-DATE STYLE.



Ladies Blouse Waist, with or without Chemise, and with long or short sleeve, and two styles of cuff. (To be shipped over the head.) This practical model is suitable for lawn, madras, gingham, voile, crepe, ratine, linen, or silk. The garment is to be shipped over the head and laced in closing at the centre front. A chemise in low neck outline, or finished with a standing collar may be arranged under the waist when worn. The sleeve in full length has a turn back cuff while the shorter sleeve shows a shaped cuff out with overlapping point. The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 3 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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

Size..... Name..... Address in full:—

NEW GOODS. Nestle's Milk Food, large small. Gray's Butter Scotch, Macconochie Pickles and Chow.

C. P. Duckworth

## One in a Thousand, BUT TRUE TO THE LAST

CHAPTER XXVI. "To My Cost!"

"Daddy," I say on the following morning, when we are at breakfast, "Capt. Langholme tells me that Theo is going to be married again; is it true?"

"Yes, child."

"To Col. Cardyllion?"

"Yes, my darling."

"It's very soon, isn't it?" I say, persistently. I see he is not very willing to talk about it, but I must know. "What does Lady Lasselles say about it?"

"I don't know; she and the girls have left Park Royal."

"And Theo is there alone with the children?"

"Yes, and Col. Cardyllion's aunt—a Miss Woods."

"And what do you think of it?" I say, leaning my elbows on the table and resting my chin on my clasped hands.

"I said I wished they hadn't announced it quite so soon," he answers, "because, of course, they must wait till the year is over."

"Yes, I suppose so. And did you see him?"

"Yes, but I didn't know anything about it then. I was too much worried to look at him a second time."

"Poor daddy!" I say, caressingly; "your little women are a great deal of trouble to you! Theo wasn't at all happy with poor Lasselles, and her chander; and here am I, only a worry and a drag upon you. Well, Lois is a comfort, at all events; certainly you'll never be troubled with her and Teddy's matrimonial squabbles, for I never saw such a pair of turtle doves in all my life—never!"

"They seem very happy," says "daddy," in an absent voice.

"I want to go and see the Don today," I announce. "I am in a feverish, restless state, longing for any thing which will occupy me and prevent me from thinking."

"The Don?" says my father, inquiringly.

"The cathedral, you know. I want to go up the tower."

"Do you think you can manage it?" he asks, dubiously. "It seems a long way up."

"Yes; but I want to go," I plead. "So it ends by our setting off as soon as breakfast is over."

I believe that, if I were to propose going to Afghanistan, or into the Maelstrom, my father would cheerfully assent. I should say that the cathedral of Utrecht is, in its present condition, a unique specimen of architecture, for the tower, which is three hundred and twenty-one feet in height, is separated from the church by the entire length of the nave which was blown away during a terrific storm some time in the seventeenth century—about the date I am not very clear, for, though the janitor's small daughter speaks a little English, it is not very good to follow, and I am too listless to try her with French. We find, after mounting about a third of the way up, that the janitor and his family live in this strange place; and I, being tired, am shown into a little room with an ordinary sash window and a blind upon which upon which is a gayly-colored representation of the Rhine and an old castle, and asked if I would like any refreshments. I glance at the card, and choose chocolate, and tell my father I am too tired to go to the top.

"You go," I say, "and I will rest here until you come back."

So I sit and watch the passers-by in the square below. There is a gateway in the corner, which I think must lead somewhere. It is evidently a short cut, for nobody passes along the front of the cathedral; they all turn in there—gentlepeople, servants, children and soldiers—we will find out when we go down. Near the gateway is a house in which is evidently an artist, for two of the upper windows are shaded in atelier fashion. If I had a pair of strong glasses, I could almost see into the room, and see so much above it.

Presently "daddy" returns, saying that the country is flat and uninteresting, windmills and canals being the only chief objects to be seen.

"The man pointed out something to me," which he said was Amsterdam; but I could see nothing but a little smoke," he says. "Did you think it was a long time?"

"Oh, no! I have been watching the people," I answer. "I want to go away from here. I hate the place so."

"Very well; where would you like to go?"

"Oh, I don't know!" I say, dreading. "All places will be pretty much the same, I suppose."

"You wouldn't like to go to Thornon Charteris?" he says, hesitatingly.

"Oh, no!" quickly. "I couldn't, daddy."

"Well—perhaps not. We had better go home."

(To be Continued.)

## Suffering Humanity Finds

that relief must be found for the ills which may come any day, — else suffering is prolonged and there is danger that graver troubles will follow. Most serious sicknesses start in disorders of the organs of digestion and elimination. The best corrective and preventive, in such cases, is acknowledged to be

### BEECHAM'S PILLS

This standard home remedy tones the stomach, stimulates the sluggish liver, regulates the inactive bowels. Taken whenever there is need, Beecham's Pills will spare you hours of suffering and so improve your general health and strength that you can better resist disease. Tested by time, Beecham's Pills have proved safe, certain, prompt, convenient and that they

**Always Lead to Better Health**

Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In bottles 25 cents.

## Headaches and Heart Trouble

Nervous Prostration of Three Years Standing Cured a Year Ago by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Anyone who knows the discouragement and despair which accompanies the helplessness of nervous prostration will appreciate the gratitude felt by the writer of this letter.

"Mrs. H. C. Jones, Scotch Lake, C. B. writes: 'I suffered from nervous prostration for nearly three years. I had frequent headaches, had no appetite and was troubled with my heart. After consulting two doctors, without obtaining satisfactory results, I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and was completely cured by this treatment. It is nearly a year since I was cured, and I want others to know of this splendid medicine. I now attend to my household work with pleasure and comfort, and am glad to have the opportunity of recommending Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.'

At least some benefit is bound to be derived from each dose of this great food cure, as day by day it forms new blood, and builds up the system. 50 cents a box, 4 for \$2.50; all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

## Zam Buk

is the best remedy known for sunburn, heat rashes, eczema, sore feet, stings and blisters. A skin food!

All Druggists and Grocers.

Address all applications for samples and retail orders to T. McMurdo & Co., St. John's, Nfld.

him! That's like her—yes. I expect she meant it. It's just what she'd do if she weren't in a particularly smug humor."

He smiled a little as he said this to himself, and sighed a little also. There were several women in London and elsewhere whose hearts reflected this young man's handsome face; but there was none who loved him more than Florence Heathcote; and, though he did not know it, he had only to go to her and say, "Florence, be my wife," and—well, all his troubles would have been over.

But he was young, and full of strength, and heart-whole, and he could not have done so. He was an idle, careless, ne'er-do-well young man; but deep down in his heart was a feeling which would have prevented him from selling himself even to Florence Heathcote. In all his life he had not seen the woman—the one woman in all the world—for him.

And so he rode on to the Witches' Calderon and his fate. He found the cairns of stones after a time, and rode across the moor. As he did so the sky became very black. It had been growing gradually darker for the last hour or so, but he had not noticed it; now it came down—not in a pleasant summer shower, but with all the force of an autumn storm.

## Corn on the Cob.

Corn on the cob is a tantalizing summer delicacy which is eaten with butter, salt and the front teeth. It is seldom tampered with by people who have lost their teeth until it is served in a saucer, where it can be reached with a spoon and eaten with perfect composure.

Real corn on the cob is never enjoyed by anyone except those who reside in the corn belt and watch it tattle out from the kitchen window. The dining cars and eastern restaurants serve a pale, flabby imitation which bears the same resemblance to the real article that the bunny bug does to the minuet. When a crude, blunt westerner inserts his teeth in this case-hardened imitation, at 80 cents per insertion, he will call back the waiter and ask to have his order changed to ice cream and string beans.

On account of its adhesive qualities, corn on the cob is never served at society events, such as the six o'clock dinner or the wedding breakfast. There is nothing that will discourage conversation at the dinner table quicker than a plateful of sweet corn which has to be held in both hands and shifted rapidly from ear to ear. There is also a strong and unreasonable prejudice against corn on the cob on the part of guests who are not satisfied with the way their plate fits.

Unlike most foods, corn on the cob can be eaten in any quantity and at all times without causing confusion to anybody but those who are passive onlookers. It is very trying to be seated next to a dinner guest who is endeavouring to dispose of his quota of sweet corn without allowing the conversation to languish and whose articulation is considerably retarded thereby. We doubt, however, if this is any worse than listening to the intermittent ejaculations of the gourmand who attracts the meat course with one hand and the head lettuce with the other.

Electric Restorer for Men. Phosphonal restores every nerve in the body and vitality. (In proper dosage) restores vitality, restores energy and all general weakness averted at once. Phosphonal will make you a new man. Price 50¢ a box, or 1.00 for 3 boxes. Mailed to any address. The Campbell Drug Co., Cashmere, Pa.

DOCKED FOR REPAIRS. The Church ship Amazon, which was towed to port today, is being dry docked today for repairs. It is expected to get her away again to-morrow.

## HERRING

The Fish

## Most Safe Net on Robert

Wholesale

Here and There

Try Campbell's Delicacy Cream. — June 4, 1913.

TWO-NIGHTS' CONCERT.—A concert will be given in Ball Park to-night by the T. A. Band.

See our new stock of Entree Birthdays, Sweets and other novelties. R. H. TRAPNELL.

COAL CARGOES.—The Victoria and Wasis arrived yesterday afternoon from Victoria with coal cargoes.

DR. LEHR, Dentist, 205, Water Street. Teeth extracted without pain, \$18.3m

SEEKING BAIT.—The Schooner Aquariorie, is dotted with crabs in quest of squid baiting.

One heavy Cart or Cart Horse for sale. Campbell, Ltd.—July 31, 1913.

AT THE BUTTS.—The Handicap Prize was completed in the Rifle Range on Wednesday noon and was won by Mr. News with a score of 64 points.

ICE.—Order your supply of ice from J. CAMPBELL, Ltd.—June 1913.

THREATENED HIS BROTHER.—Last evening the police arrested a warrant a thirty-year-old man, charged with threatening brother.

Something is wrong when we are always feeling too tired to work. Try a bottle of Ford's Prescription "A."

REGATTA COMMITTEE MEETING.—A meeting of the Regatta Committee will take place at Woods' Café Restaurant to-night to finalize season's business.

Our examination is thorough; our reputation is back of every pair of glasses fitted. Consult us when your eyes trouble you. R. H. TRAPNELL, Eye Sight Specialist.—July 28, 1913.

TREATY SHIP ARRIVAL.—The schooner Emerald and Fishery have returned to Twillimite. Treaty Shipy with 1000 lbs. of fish, respectively; schooner Laura M. B. and Treaty reached Change Islands with 200 qts. respectively.

WE ARE CONFIDENTIAL and patronage try over will also is why we ask you please at the Homestead, 4

NEW GOODS. Nestle's Milk Food, large small. Gray's Butter Scotch, Macconochie Pickles and Chow. White's Pickles & Chow

C. P. Duckworth