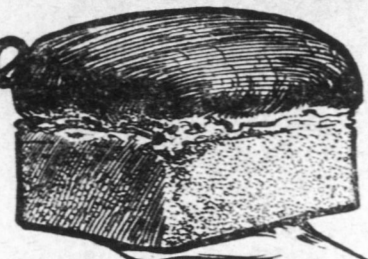


"BEAVER" FLOUR

Makes the True Home-Made Bread Your Mother Used to Make



Canadian women are the most attractive in the world because they are the most womanly. They are home bodies. Their interests are centred in their homes. They are proud of their skill in bread-making. They know that with "Beaver" Flour, they can make bread that equals anything turned out by the most skilful chefs in the world.

One of the first things noticed by travellers in Canada is the fact that "all you women know how to make good bread."

If they knew all the facts, they would add "all your best bread makers use "BEAVER" FLOUR.

The reason is quite simple. "Beaver" Flour is a blended flour. It is really two flours in one. It contains the quality, nutriment and flavor of Ontario Fall wheat and the strength of Manitoba Spring wheat. "Beaver" Flour is a perfectly balanced flour. It makes baking easy because it is always the same in strength, quality and flavor. You can make more bread to the barrel than with any other flour—big, brown, nutty, delicious loaves that will delight both the eye and the palate. Perhaps you have never tried "Beaver" Flour. Your grocer has it. Try it. You can't make the best pastry without 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.



ALL FOR RICHES.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Return of Frank Whitney.

She reasoned that whenever a woman does that which she desires to keep secret from her husband, she does that which is wrong; and to her, secrecy meant guilt. She firmly believed that the midnight meeting beneath the old willow was a lover's meeting, and the journey to the farm was, in Jane's opinion, only another guilty escapade.

Major Grant had seen his friend at the South give up his life and silently depart for the eternal home. He

had not tarried to "mourn with those that mourn," but had hastened home immediately after the funeral was over. His beautiful wife welcomed him home with a childish show of delight with which no shadow of her weary trials mingled. She was apparently the gayest of the gay, and the most devoted wife in all the world.

Grant Whitney was cool and unconcerned whenever they met. He seemed to have forgotten the incident of the day when Major Grant and Mrs. Whitney had left Laurel Glade for a short time. No one could be more respectful than he was to Mrs. Grant.

ARE YOU

ONE OF THE HUNDREDS THAT LEAN UPON OTHERS, OR ARE YOU SUFFICIENT UNTO YOURSELF?

It takes energy, brain-power, concentration to make a livelihood.

Vitality—and the power to keep it, must be considered.

To be a Tower of Strength, you must have staunch nerves, with brain and body working in harmony.

Scott's Emulsion

is the best nerve, brain and body-builder. It is pure, wholesome, invigorating.



ALL DRUGGISTS

He assumed a brotherly freedom of department, which she accepted as becoming them both, and thus the time hurried along until the following autumn.

It was quite early in October, before the harvests were gathered, that Major Grant and his nephew were out hunting one fine morning, when a tall bronzed-faced man leaped over the wall near which they were "sighting" partridges, and cheerily called out:

"Throw down your guns! Give me a word of welcome, won't you?"

"Frank by George!" exclaimed Grant Whitney, throwing down his gun and going to meet his brother.

Major Grant was equally moved, and he quite forgot his fifty-five years when he ran like a boy to meet his favorite nephew, Frank Whitney.

"They tell me that both you and my brother have turned Benedict since I went away!" laughed Frank, after the first salutations were over.

"Very true, very true," returned his uncle. "Grant has a beautiful wife, and my Evangeline is a perfect little fairy! I wrote you about her, Frank?"

"Yes, indeed, uncle. I have about fifty pages of letters describing the charming young girl whom you married. Impatience to meet your lovely wife was one of the motives inducing me to come home before my term expired. Are the ladies well?"

"Quite well, I thank you. You will meet them at lunch; and that reminds me that we must hurry to be home in season," replied Major Grant.

"We will not say anything to the ladies about our visitor, uncle. Let them meet him at the table before they know anything about his coming."

"Certainly, Grant. Give them a surprise," said the major.

Grant Whitney wished to be present at the meeting of his wife and his brother, for he wished to judge for himself if any lingering regard for Frank yet lived in Belle's heart. Therefore, he made this proposition.

The ladies were both upstairs when their husbands returned from the hunt.

Mrs. Grant happened to be looking out from a window when they approached the house, and her heart told her that the stranger was her old lover and husband, Frank Whitney, whom she had supposed to be dead.

She gazed upon him unspoken, until he entered the house, and then she

sat down to think. First of all she asked her heart "Do I love him yet?" But her heart refused to answer, and she quickly decided that love was dead.

Next came the question, "Do I hate him?" Still her heart refused to move.

"There must be perfect indifference to my old love," she murmured, "or I could not think of meeting him so calmly, Jane!" she called.

Jane made her appearance.

"I wish to appear as well as you and nature won't allow me to appear to-day. I leave myself in your hands. Beautify me."

"Oh, my lady," cried Jane, clapping her hands. "I am all delight! Your complexion is like the blended lilac and rose for freshness to-day. Sit here in the sunlight. There is nothing so good to brighten one's complexion as sitting in the sun. There, now, sit still while I dress your hair. Stay a moment. This blue is not your best shade. I will fetch the violet silk and ribbons to match. Oh, my lady, you shall be very splendid!"

The violet silk was donned, and Mrs. Grant surrendered her hair to the skilful fingers of her maid, who knew well how to arrange each shining coil of golden hair, until the whole seemed but a crown of burnished gold.

Grant Whitney, who could never disguise his feelings, sneered at her apology, and three more uncomfortable people than Frank Whitney and Mr. and Mrs. Grant Whitney could not have been found at that hour.

While they were sitting in an embarrassing silence the door opened and Major Grant came in with his young wife upon his arm. He introduced her to his nephew with a feeling of pride, and was intensely chagrined when that young gentleman merely bowed over the extended hand of Mrs. Grant, and then walked away to the window, where he remained for several moments.

"Come, Frank, we will escort you to the table," said Mr. Grant coldly.

He had expected that Frank would show, by his eyes and voice, how truly he appreciated the beauty and grace of the woman who had been chosen from all others to be the mistress of Laurel Glade and the heart of its owner. Instead of this a cold how had been the only acknowledgment of Major Grant's taste or his wife's charms, and the high-strung Major resented it.

He was lifting his heart to Heaven in thankfulness for this beautiful sunbeam, sent to cheer and brighten his life; she was thinking how strangely eventful her life had been and how different from what her husband had ever imagined.

When they had first talked of marriage, Mrs. Grant had solemnly promised her soul that no future action of secrecy or deception should lead to a further need of concealment, and her conscience reproved her that she had so soon broken that vow.

The calm, deep voice of her husband aroused her from the depths of painful thought. He was saying: "Come, my love, they are waiting for us in the parlor. Let us go down." She accepted his proffered arm, and they walked slowly down the stairs.

Mrs. Whitney had been busy all the morning with attending to the childish wants of her son. Christy was not feeling very well, and in consequence was fretful and exacting.

Mrs. Whitney was a very indulgent mother, and she had neglected to arrange her toilet to appear presentable at the lunch table. When the bell rang she had hastily torn herself from the screaming Christy, and entering her own room, stood before a mirror, exclaiming: "What a fright!"

She brushed her curls a little, smoothed her plain collar, re-arranged the silken cord at the waist of her morning robe, and hastened down to the parlor.

The dainty toilet was completed at last, and Jane cried:

"My lady! Never in all my life have I seen you look so charming. Oh, what will Major Grant say when he sees you looking so lovely?"

"That will do, Jane. You may give me the little Indian fan and then go," answered Mrs. Grant absently.

The perfumed fan was placed in her hands, and Jane went out of the dressing room.

Mrs. Grant sat down to collect her thoughts and nerve her heart for this meeting. Not for the world would she have Frank Whitney know that she was his early love, his wife—plain little Goldie.

While she was yet thinking of all this the bell sounded for lunch, and a moment after Major Grant entered the room.

His noble face lighted up with a glow of pride in the beautiful woman who rose gracefully to meet him; but he could not understand the emotion of her heart prompting her to lean her royal head upon his shoulder, and in a childish, clinging way to whisper:

"You are so strong, and I am so weak, let me always find safety from the world in your protection."

He could not look into her heart and see all the whirl of doubt and dread, remorse and fear, making sad commotion there; but he understood that his beautiful Evangeline claimed his protection from some fancied evil, and folding his arms tenderly about her replied:

"While I live, Evangeline, no harm shall come to you!"

For a moment there was silence between them.

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She did not notice that the voice in conversation with her husband was not Major Grant's until her hand had turned the knob of the door. Then she became conscious of the presence of a stranger.

She saw her husband arise and come to meet her, and heard say: "This is my wife, Frank. Belle, this is my only brother."

She heard a deep, rich voice reply: "Mrs. Whitney and I are old friends. I am delighted to meet you here, Belle—Mrs. Whitney."

And though it all she was conscious of a staggering sensation of her own failure to meet the expectations of her husband, and the mortifying consciousness of her slatternly dress was the only prevention of a fainting fit.

With a crimson flush upon her face, Mrs. Whitney seated herself beside her husband, and attempted an apology for her disordered dress.

Grant Whitney, who could never disguise his feelings, sneered at her apology, and three more uncomfortable people than Frank Whitney and Mr. and Mrs. Grant Whitney could not have been found at that hour.

While they were sitting in an embarrassing silence the door opened and Major Grant came in with his young wife upon his arm. He introduced her to his nephew with a feeling of pride, and was intensely chagrined when that young gentleman merely bowed over the extended hand of Mrs. Grant, and then walked away to the window, where he remained for several moments.

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The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON



There is a certain subject on which I have often thought with no satisfactory results. I bring it up to-day in the hope that some of my readers may have chanced to consider the matter with more success.

The subject is "wearing."

I suppose you know the kind of people I mean—those well-meaning, often extremely kind-hearted, sometimes highly interesting and entertaining folks, who, despite all their good qualities, somehow seem to wear upon you and tire and inspire you with a sense of relief at their departure.

A girl wrote me about one of these people—a relative of hers. "My cousin is a wonderfully bright girl and keeps us laughing all the time she is here; and yet somehow after she is gone, I always feel less strained and tired."

We sometimes have a specimen of this class in our home. She is the most kind-hearted and well-intentioned person possible. She does everything in her power for us and yet we are all worn out if she stays more than a week or two.

Now, what I want to know and can't seem to think out is this—first,

what is it that makes wearing people wearing and hard to live with, when they try so hard to please, and secondly, how can they get over it, or can't they?

Is it something that can be cured or is it some incurable misfortune like freckles, sandy eyebrows or a pug nose that simply has to be endured?

I am especially keen on this topic just now because a wearing person who—contrary to most of her species—actually realizes that she is wearing, has applied to me for aid.

"I've thought it all out," she says, "and I've decided that I am what people call 'wearing.' Now, can't you tell me just what I do that makes me tire and fret people so, for truly I don't mean to. And can't you please show me some way to get over it? I'll do anything on earth."

Now what am I going to tell this poor lady?

It seems to me that the thing that makes wearing people wearing is that they are keyed up all the time and that they have a tendency to screw everyone with whom they come into contact up to the same tense key and thus tire them out.

Wherefore I should say that the only possible cure would be to try to un-screw themselves—if that can be done. I am afraid that this is entirely inadequate advice.

Corrections, contributions and suggestions solicited.

Ruth Cameron

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Is the best of all medicines for the cure of diseases, disorders and weaknesses peculiar to women. It is the only preparation of its kind devised by a regularly graduated physician—an experienced and skilled specialist in the diseases of women.

It is a safe medicine in any condition of the system. THE ONE REMEDY which contains no alcohol and no injurious habit-forming drugs and which creates no craving for such stimulants.

THE ONE REMEDY so good that its makers are not afraid to print its every ingredient on each outside bottle-wrapper and attest to the truthfulness of the same under oath.

It is sold by medicine dealers everywhere, and any dealer who hasn't it can get it. Don't take a substitute of unknown composition for this medicine of known composition. No counterfeit is as good as the genuine and the druggist who says something else is "just as good as Dr. Pierce's" is either mistaken or is trying to deceive you for his own selfish benefit. Such a man is not to be trusted. He is trifling with your most priceless possession—your health—may be your life itself. See that you get what you ask for.



Household Notes.

Honey is said to be a good substitute for cod-liver oil.

White of egg poured over a burn will give quick relief.

A weak solution of salt and water will brighten mattings.

Milk should not be covered tightly. Use muslin or cheesecloths.

Worn-out lace curtains cut into squares, make good dishcloths.

A dash of vinegar is an essential touch to a sharpened salad dressing.

Every cellar should be thoroughly whitewashed at least once a year.

When the skin seems too dry, use less soap and more good cold cream.

If a child's stomach is acid, lime water should be added to the milk.

Sponges are great germ collectors. They should be frequently scalded.

Water should never be used to clean gilt frames. Use a dry, soft cloth.

Turpentine, naphtha, benzine and kerosene are all deadly poisons to moths.

To take out iodine stains, sponge as quickly as possible with pure alcohol. Newspapers are better than anything else for stuffing out bows and sleeves.

Silver may be cleaned and brightened by letting stand half an hour in sour milk.

The best fluid to use in washing muslin dresses of delicate color is rice water.

White wood may be washed and

SECURED PROMPT RELIEF

From Severe Neuralgia of Eight Years' Standing.

Mr. James Tait, of Westmeath, Ont., writes:

"I have been a dreadful sufferer for the past eight years. The doctors said I had neuralgia of the muscles of my back; the pain was so great it would draw me all up. I tried different doctors, but could find no cure until I used Egyptian Liniment, which was highly recommended by Mr. Fraser, of this place."

It had the desired effect, and I secured prompt relief and have had no relapse in over 15 months. I only used one bottle, and can now load my own produce, press hay, etc., myself. Egyptian Liniment has made my old days brighter, and I trust others may be benefited through the publication of this letter."

You will find it splendid for rheumatism, sciatica, and all bruises, sprains, burns and frost-bites. 63

25c. at all druggists. Free sample on request. Douglas & Co., Napanee, Ont.



IT Certainly Makes A Fine Loaf Victor FLOUR.

WE HAVE Just Received Another Shipment of FALL and WINTER JACKETS and PALETOTS in Cloths and Fur in the Latest Styles and Lowest Prices.

Bowring Brothers, Limited. Drapery Department. Telegram Ads. Pay.