



## Do You Bake Your Own Bread?

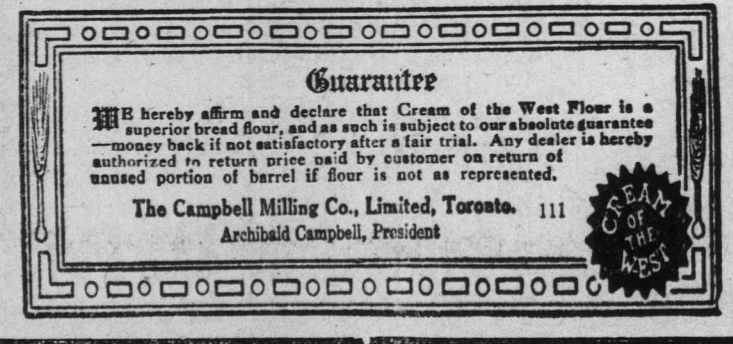
Everyone who bakes bread should know about my Cream of the West Flour.

I guarantee absolute satisfaction and I won't take money for less. A crust, brown, crisp and sweet; a crumb, white, light and even. Get a barrel and bake a batch or two.

## Cream of the West Flour

the hard wheat flour guaranteed for bread

If you don't have success with your bread after a fair trial bring back the flour left over and your grocer has our authority to refund full purchase price.



R. G. ASH & CO., St. John's, Wholesale Distributors

## WON AT LAST.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

I received no answer, for, as I waited for it, and she stood staring straight before her, I saw her face change suddenly and grow ghastly white. I had not to look far for the reason. Within a dozen paces of us stood Roger Yorke. He had evidently just entered, and was speaking to madame. Almost at the same instant he saw me and the little figure beside me—as I could tell by the quick brightening of his face—and moved toward us.

I stepped forward, intending to say a word or two to prepare him, and brushing against Fraser Froude, who appeared as the hand struck up for the next dance, but I was not quick enough to stop Roger. He just shook my hand, and passed me, pausing in

front of Natalie. What he would have done I do not know, for she looked as he paused before her, her eyes full upon his face as though there had been nothing where he stood, and then, taking Froude's arm, was whirled away the next instant into the dance.

It was the cut direct, but so cool and so quick was it that I think no one saw it or Roger's whitened face but myself and Alice Deeping, from whose blue eyes I caught a swift glance of mingled astonishment and sudden comprehension, as Yorke's strong hand upon my shoulder whirled me round into the conservatory. We stood there looking at each other for a few moments, and I do not think my face was much less pale than his.

"Did you see that?" he said, hoarsely, staring at me as his fingers still gripped my shoulder. "Is she mad, or am I? What does it mean?"

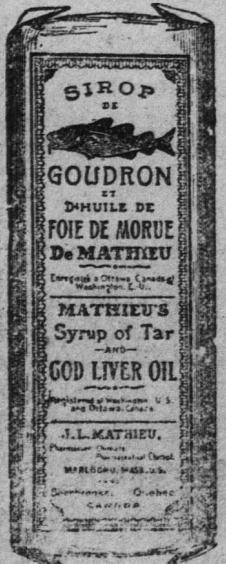
"I don't know," I stammered, help-

## A Neglected Cold May Cause Consumption.

Thousands of people die every year from the effects of this dreaded disease, which, if treated in its first stages with

### MATHIEU'S SYRUP

of Tar and Cod Liver Oil and other medicinal extracts, will cure the diseased lungs and give strength to the patient. Sold everywhere.



AGAINST HEADACHE there is no remedy so active as Mathieu's Nerve Powders which contain no opium, morphine or choral. 25 cents per box of 18 powders.

J. L. MATHIEU Co., Sherbrooke, Can. THOS. McMURDO & Co., Wholesale Chemists and Druggists, St. John's, N.F.

lessly, feeling guilty myself somehow. "I don't know what has come to her."

"You must know something," he retorted. "You have known about it all along, and I can see that you know something or other now. What is it? If you don't answer, as sure as I'm a living man I'll go and demand an explanation of her before them all!"

I could read in his furious face that he meant what he said, and I had the sense to know that for both their sakes that would never do. There was no help for it. I had no resource but to tell him all that I knew myself, tacking on the one thing which I had until now concealed—the fact that there had been a witness besides myself of that interview of his with Mlle. Valdin in the Lady's Walk. He heard me quietly, not making a single comment, and even when I had finished he was silent still. I touched his arm at last.

"I say, Roger, she's only a child after all, you know, and a spoiled child at that. She'll cry her very eyes out when all this fuss is over, I'll wager."

"That she hadn't the chance of making a fool of me for a little longer," he said, turning upon me with a half laugh. "Oh, no doubt! It is a pity she dropped the game so soon, if she found it so amusing. Never mind. The deception was perfect while it lasted—you can tell her so perfectly. There—let me get out of this!"

He thrust me aside, and passing out of one of the side-doors of the conservatory, made his way into the vestibule, which was filled with hats and coats. He had his own hat and coat on and the door—which was a side way out into the park—in his hand before I could check him.

"Yorke, look here, old man—don't you like this! You're just making me fetch Nat here—I can manage it. The little goose has got that fiery temper of hers up, and does not know what she is after."

"No, thanks." He shook his shoulder free from my hand. "It is her especial wish never to speak to me again, you say, and I promise you that I'll respect it. There—let me go, Ned; it will do no good to stand palavering here if we talk till doomsday."

"Roger," I said, with a last effort to detain him, "you could tell her what his blessed business is, couldn't you?"

"I could have done," he returned, sternly; "but now—no!"

The next moment he was gone, and I heard the rapid tramp of his feet grow fainter and fainter on the frost-bound path outside. If I had followed my own inclination, I should have rushed off after him; but I knew that that would never do. Back to the hot, noisy, glittering ball-room I must go, or madame's keen eyes would be quick to detect my absence. I went back, wishing the ball and all belonging to it a thousand miles away. But my private ideas on the subject had certainly no effect, for the dancing and music continued with unabated vigor.

It was three o'clock, and a good many people had taken their departure, led by the party from Roxborough Chase. Standing by the conservatory door, I was thinking how tall and haggard most of the girls looked, when I felt the touch of a cold hand on mine, and looked round with a start to see that it was Natalie. She was not looking sallow or haggard; her dark face was to the full as brilliant as it had been at the beginning of the evening, and her eyes shone like stars. But there was a curious tremor about her lips as she looked at me which made me wonder too.

"Ned, I have something to say to you."

"What is it?" I asked, trying hard to look at her as coldly as I felt; but it was a failure.

"Come in here," she returned, drawing me in among the mass of green leaves, bright blossoms, and swinging, twinkling, colored lamps.

By the side of a huge broad-leaved exotic she stopped, and stood looking up at me with clasped hands.

"Ned, you know that picture that hangs in the library—the portrait of Dorothy Chavasse?"

"Of course," I replied, wondering. "What about it?"

## MRS. WILKES' BLESSING

### Her Dearest Hopes Realized — Health, Happiness and Baby.

Plattsburg, Miss. — "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved very beneficial to me, for now I am well and have a sweet, healthy baby, and our home is happy."

"I was an invalid from nervous prostration, indigestion and female troubles."



"I think I suffered every pain a woman could before I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I think it saved this baby's life, as I lost my first one."

"My health has been very good ever since, and I praise your medicine to all my friends."—Mrs. VERA WILKES, R. F. D. No. 1, Plattsburg, Miss.

The darkest days of husband and wife are when they come to look forward to a childless and lonely old age.

Many a wife has found herself incapable of motherhood owing to some derangement of the feminine system, often curable by the proper remedies.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy.

If you want special advice, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

"You remember her story—you told it to me one day, you know—how she broke her heart and died when she was younger than I am, and all because her lover played her false—don't you?"

"Of course," I said, again, suddenly uneasy. "What about her?"

"Nothing. But I said—didn't I?—that she was foolish to do that, and what girls did nowadays was to forget as soon and as easily as they had been forgotten. Don't you recollect?"

"What of it?" I asked, and then suddenly clasped her arm. "Nat, you don't mean—you can't—that that is what you have done?"

"Yes," she cried, with a sudden burst of wild laughter and wrenching herself free, "I do. See here if you don't believe me—look!"

She held up one little brown hand; something glittered upon the third finger. I seized her wrist; it was a ring ablaze with one great diamond. For some seconds it seemed that everything swam before my eyes, then I managed to say—

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## Twitching of the Nerves

A Distressing Symptom of Nervous Exhaustion Cured by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

What sympathy you feel for anyone whose nerves twitch and jerk, and what resolves you make to never allow your nervous system to become exhausted, until paralysis of some form claims you as a victim.

The only way is to watch the warning symptoms, such as sleeplessness, headache, indigestion, tired feelings and irritability. By the prompt use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food you can feed the feeble, wasted nerves back to health and vigor, restore the vitality of the body, and prevent serious disease.



Mrs. John McKellar, 11 Barton street east, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I was injured some years ago, and that left me with a broken-down nervous system. I could not sleep, and suffered from twitching of the nerves and disagreeable nervous sensations. I then began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and can say that I never used any medicine that did me so much good; in fact, I am entirely cured of my old trouble. The Nerve Food not only strengthened the nerves, but also built up my system in every way." Under date of Aug. 23, 1912, Mrs. McKellar writes, confirming her cure, and states that she has had inquiries from many people who had heard of the great benefits she obtained from Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 4 for \$2.00. All dealers, or Ed. Mansson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

"Who dared to put that there—St. George?"

"Not St. George."

"Who then?"

"Fraser Froude."

"And it means—"

"It means that I have accepted him," she answered, collectedly; and then suddenly her cold fingers gripped mine tightly. "Ned, I shall not break my heart, shall I? He will not be able to laugh now when he thinks of it, will he? It is a good thing I am brave, isn't it? Everybody shall know to-morrow, and then perhaps he will be sorry. He looked a little sorry to-night, I think. I was glad I could do it—I did not think I should be able. I wonder if he will know that I trampled on his flowers? I kissed them in the morning, didn't I?" Her wild laugh went off into a sudden shrill shriek; and I caught her in my arms just in time to prevent her from falling to the ground in a dead faint.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

Of all the miserable mornings I remember commend me to the morning after that unlucky bell. A thaw had taken place in the night, and the ruts of the same leading from Chavasse to Whittlesford were transformed from hard ridges to a mass of soft black spongy mud. A cold drizzling rain was coming down too, chilling me to the bone as I plodded along. It was rather late in the afternoon—close on four o'clock—but the household at Chavasse had been sleepy that morning, and instead of these usual nine o'clock breakfast, that meal was still proceeding in different parts of the house when I departed. Indeed I had left madame sipping a cup of chocolate in the library and talking over the previous night with mademoiselle.

I scarcely need say that I was going to Redtops, though what I should say to Roger when I saw him I had not the faintest idea; but see him I certainly must. His white face and angry eyes had haunted me all night—poor old fellow—and had banished sleep, tired as I was. Somehow, I thought, desperately, I would set things right in spite of that mad climax of which Nat had contrived to bring them. I really did believe that she had been little less than mad when she accepted Fraser Froude. I had not seen her since the scene in the conservatory, when her shriek as she fainted had brought madame in at the head of a troop of scared dancers. Neither had my mother herself seen her, for Nat's door was locked against all comers, and Valla, when she stolidly presented herself, would say nothing but that her mistress was tired and wanted to sleep. But for that great glittering diamond upon her finger on the previous night, I should have been inclined to think that the whole thing was a fabrication, spoken in half-hysterical spleen and anger; but that had been plain and tangible enough—a thing there was no mistaking. And now I was on my way to Redtops to add unwittingly to my friend's misery with this crowning stroke.

I was half-way down the High St., trudging along with my head down, as much in sheer depression as to keep the rain and sleet out of my eyes, when I ran against some one, and of course halted abruptly, to find that I was just abreast of Hadron the tailor's, and that I had nearly knocked over Raby St. George upon his own door-step.

"You didn't see me!" he said, laughing slightly, and holding out his hand.

"Didn't indeed," I returned, more cordially than usual, for here was another of the little damsel's victims, and I pitied him, although he was not Roger. "What vile weather, isn't it?"

"Horrible!" he replied, shivering, although he was wrapped in his fur-lined coat. "How are the ladies?"

"Pretty well, I think. None of us turned out before twelve, though. What can you expect after keeping up until five o'clock? It was quite that when you went, wasn't it?"

"Past, I think. How is Miss Orme?"

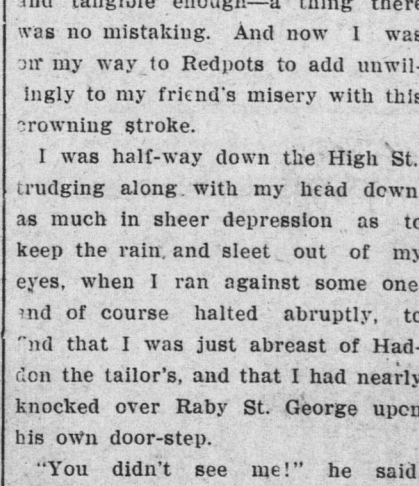
"That's more than I can say, for I haven't seen her."

"It was very strange she should faint," he said, anxiously.

(To be continued.)

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Tailor & Clothier,  
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This is a Corset worth \$1.00, which we will sell at 75 cents per pair. They are worth seeing and we feel safe in saying no better value has ever been offered.

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