

The Young Housewife

is anxious to get good results from her first efforts in baking. She is eager for the admiring comments of her husband and her visitors. She knows that her bread and pastry will be subjected to close criticism, and realizes that in her nervous anxiety she is likely to make mistakes, by using too much of this or too little of that. Then again, the flour she uses is apt to vary in quality from time to time, unless she uses

"Beaver" Flour

which takes a heavy burden of responsibility off the young wife's shoulders. It is a scrupulously exact blend of Manitoba Spring wheat and Ontario Fall wheat, so balanced as to provide an unvarying uniformity of superlative quality.

"BEAVER FLOUR" contains all the gluten—the bone and muscle forming element—of the Manitoba wheat and the qualities of the Ontario wheat that make bread light and white, and cakes and pastry tasty and flaky.

"BEAVER FLOUR" saves the trouble of keeping one flour for bread and another for pastry. It is a bread flour and a pastry flour too. It is reliable at all times and under all conditions. It is also economical, for it makes more loaves to the barrel than any other flour—loaves that are as good to look upon as they are tasty and nutritious. For biscuits, pies and pastry, "BEAVER FLOUR" has no equal. Don't take our word for it. Try it, and be convinced.

Your grocer has it, and will be proud to recommend it.
DEALERS—Write for prices on all kinds of 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.



The Hidden Past.

Beating within her brain was the urgent need of getting him away from this part of the house, if possible. In the morning discovery of the burglary if such it could now be called, would be made by the servant, who would be unable to fix the time when the house was entered—whether before the master's return or after. But to her dread her husband shook off her detaining touch, and made his way towards the room. Like one hypnotised, she followed. He pushed open the door, flashed on the light, and threw a quick glance round, his gaze passing from the open window to the safe in amazement. He did not move for a moment, then he crossed to the safe and pulled at the door, which at once fell open, betraying that it had been drilled, and its treasures removed. He put out his hand in search, to find the jewels had indeed gone. Then he glanced back at Isabel, a stinging white strained face, her visible agitation.

"Isabel—his voice was cold and hard, and charged with suspicion—'what does this mean? I fancied I detected a light in this room as I drove up from the distant. It went out, however, almost in the moment I first noticed it, and was soon after followed by a light shining in your own room. Do you know anything of this? You were awake: did you hear no suspicious sound?' He came closer to where she was standing. 'My wife, why do you not answer me? Why do you look the image of guilt?' He paused, as his gaze, wandering for a moment away from her, detected a glove—a man's glove, which Carey, with amazing thoughtlessness, had left behind. He had worn it whilst at work, so as to leave no finger-prints for the police to photograph, and then had removed it after Isabel had interrupted him. Thorne picked it up, and examined it. 'This proves that the thief was a man,' he said, slowly. 'Yet, while it clears you of a worse suspicion, Isabel, it does not entirely remove my doubts. I feel that you must have heard him

at work—that possibly you were able to interrupt him? Is this inference correct?' She nodded her head. 'And—and you let him go? Isabel, you were always reticent about your past, and my trust in you, my love, was too complete to doubt you, or be curious as to what you chose to keep from me. But now I ask you—I can hardly tell what prompts the question—but this man, whom you allowed to go in peace with these jewels, was he someone who figured in your past that is a sealed book to me? Answer me that question.' 'He says,' broke from palling lips. 'Will you tell me all you know of him—what part he played in your life?' 'Arthur, do not ask me,' she broke out, in passionate pleading. 'I cannot tell you. It is better you should not know.' His brow blackened, and his eyes grew cold and steely. 'Good Heaven. Then, what am I to suppose but that the past which I thought merely unhappy must have been guilty, since this man, a criminal, is concerned in it. Isabel, I will not question any more. I will only say this; you wronged me terribly when you accepted me. You should have refused an honest man's love. I thought you good and true and pure. You have linked yourself and your dishonour to me and my life. I can never hold you in my arms or call you wife again.' He spoke in slow, pained tones. She looked at him with a strange, wistful expression; but she was dumb in her defence, silent beneath his scorn. He had delivered sentence upon her—bitter sentence, coming from the lips of love, and she accepted it with bowed head.

Arthur Thorne returned to town next morning without seeking out his wife. Anger still burned within his heart. He felt that love was dead—killed in that hour when he divined that she, whom he had placed high above all other women, had betrayed him by keeping back from him the knowledge that her past had held shameful secrets which even now she was afraid to divulge. It would be well for the future that she should live apart. All confidence had been destroyed, and what that had done all love. He told himself this many times as the train swiftly bore him toward the London terminus. Yet ere his destination was reached, tender thoughts came stealing into his locked heart. Love was not so easy to kill, he was to find. He put aside his work after an hour's futile endeavour to fix his mind upon it, and began to pace up and down his comfortable office. He was in the throes of the bitterest problem that had ever been presented to him. Love and pride battled together in cruel struggle, striving for the mastery within his heart. It ended in the capitulation of pride, its abject surrender. And, taking down his hat, he left the office, and was borne home by the next returning train. A startled servant showed considerable surprise when he made his appearance at that unusual hour; and

THE shoes of a fellow named Wicks, Mud had put in a terrible fix; But the dirt gave 'way fine To a quick POLO shine— Thus his shoes did Wicks fix in six licks.

POLO SHOE POLISH

A "MINUTE-POLO-SHINE" will keep your shoes black for a week—if they do dull a trifle, a couple of quick rubs will make them as bright as ever. Ask your grocer or shoeman for Polo—the polish in the BIG box—black or tan. The tan both cleans and polishes. 10¢

"Good for Leather—Stands the Weather"

HEALTH RESTORED TO THIS FAMILY

Wife's experience with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food led to husband's cure.

"Since childhood I was afflicted with biliousness and sick headache," writes Mr. A. K. Van Wyck, Park Hill, Ont., "and as all the doctors' medicines and prescriptions failed to do me any permanent good, I had lost faith in all medicines. It was by accident that I came to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for it had been recommended for Mrs. Van Wyck and did her so much good that she wished me to try it. 'I did so, and was surprised at the results. It is now three years since I discontinued the medicine and I have not had an attack of the old trouble. I hope that others may benefit by my experience.' The cures effected by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food are lasting because it builds up the system and removes the cause of trouble. 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50; at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Vest's Tribute to a Dog

One of the most eloquent tributes ever paid to a dog was delivered by the late Senator Vest, of Missouri some years ago. He was attending court in a country town, and while waiting for the trial of a case in which he was interested, was urged by the attorneys in a dog case to help them out. Voluminous evidence was introduced to show that the defendant had shot the dog in malice, while other evidence went to show that the dog had attacked defendant. Vest took no part in the trial and was not disposed to speak. The attorneys, however, urged him to speak. Being thus urged, he arose, scanned the face of each jurymen for a moment, and said: "Gentlemen of the jury, the best friend a man has may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has may lose it. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation

more than that; when he asked impatiently where her mistress was to be found. To his dismay, he was informed that she had left the house that morning a couple of hours later than himself, taking with her a trunk, which suggested something beyond a few day's absence—flight. With quick steps he entered his study, and at once observed a letter which he had expected, yet dreaded, to find. It was brief and sad—a letter in which his young wife told him that she was acting as she thought best in leaving him. He was to have no concern regarding her, and he was never to seek her, for she wanted to be lost to him, lost to everyone. She might find refuge in some peopled city, or in some remote hamlet. Wherever it was, she would leave no clue, and she begged him, with a dignity that was revealed in every word, not to seek for her. Arthur placed the letter down, and stared round the familiar apartment with unseeing eyes. A knock at the door broke in upon his painful abstractions. The maid stood there. "Someone has called to see the mistress, sir—a gentleman. I told him to wait, and came to you." He went at once to the morning-room, into which the caller had been shown—a handsome, well-set-up man, but with shifty eyes, and something, not easily defined, which, to such as could read signs, stamped him as a rascal. It was Gerald Carey, and when the door opened a momentary alarm crept into his eyes; but it disappeared almost at once, and his customary coolness of demeanour returned. "Someone has called to see the mistress, sir—a gentleman. I told him to wait, and came to you." He went at once to the morning-room, into which the caller had been shown—a handsome, well-set-up man, but with shifty eyes, and something, not easily defined, which, to such as could read signs, stamped him as a rascal. It was Gerald Carey, and when the door opened a momentary alarm crept into his eyes; but it disappeared almost at once, and his customary coolness of demeanour returned. "It was Mrs. Thorne whom I asked to see," he began. "I am her husband. What you have to say to my wife can be said as well to me," replied Arthur. "Not so," returned the other, and he edged towards the door. "Wait! Arthur Thorne's tone was imperative. A sudden swift suspicion had come into his mind. He decided on making a blind hit, trusting it would reach its mark. "Have you come to return the jewels you stole from this house last night?" The visitor gave a look of alarm

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It is pleasant to take—does not flake on top of the water—and effervesces slowly, without choking or blinding the user like seidlitz powders.

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Why don't you find out what it will do for you?

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

tion may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honour when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. "The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, and in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds, and sores that come in the encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends depart he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. "If fortune drives the master forth in an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes his master in its embrace and the body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the grave side will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death." Then Vest sat down. He had spoken in a low voice, without a gesture. He made no reference to the evidence or the merits of the case. When he finished judge and jury were wiping their eyes. The jury filed out, but soon entered with a verdict of \$500 for the plaintiff, whose dog was shot, and it was said that some of the jurors wanted to hang the defendant.

This Week's Fresh Supply.

Poultry, Fruit and Vegetables.

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Fresh New York Turkeys.
Fresh New York Chicken.
Fresh N. Y. Corned Beef.

Fresh Salmon.

Ripe Tomatoes.
Sweet Potatoes.
Fresh Cucumbers.
String Beans.
New Asparagus.
New Carrots.
New Potatoes.
New Cabbage.

Green Corn

Ripe Bananas.
Pineapples.
Desert Apples.
Navel Oranges.
Palermo Lemons.
Grape Fruit.
Water Melons.

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Small Irish Hams.
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Fearman's Small Hams.
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Agents.

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How to Run 100 Yards.
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How to Swim.
Speed Swimming.
Athletes Guide.
How to Punch the Bag, by Young Corbett.
Pulley Weight Exercises.
Muscle Building.
School Tactics and Maze Running.
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Hints on Health.
10 Minutes Exercise for Busy Men.

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If you'll only try risk. I know you'll bake bigger loaves.

Cream

the hard to

You just try it. Ask back if it fails you. Milling Company.

The Campbell

R. G. ASH & CO.

The E

rean in every town size in the country. When I was an woman I was sent to the weather bureau the hottest cities all over sundry other details. Of course, I could not occasionally put from the different come in and while them I converted the clerk of the weather well maintained young. In the course of confident to me that the city only a few was found it a very honest said he "I'd like the girls." I'll give and someone could take occasionally and this how's a fellow going he doesn't know any of course, I could pick the street any time could make friends with girl over the who kind of girls meant some new girls. Just then the fact 102 in the shade of

Grows Hair Abundantly

This is an age of new discoveries. To grow hair after it has fallen out to-day is a reality.

SALVIA, the great Hair Tonic and Dressing, will positively create a new growth of hair.

If you want to have a beautiful head of hair, free from Dandruff, use SALVIA once a day and watch the results.

SALVIA is guaranteed to stop falling hair and restore the hair to its natural color. The greatest Hair Vigor known. At McMurdo's.

Then, regaining some degree of composure, he began to stammer forth words intended to convey indignant denial. "Enough. I am satisfied that my charge can be substantiated. You may consider yourself my prisoner in this room for the time being. You had a woman to deal with last night upon whose fears you were able to play. But now you have a man, and since it was my property that was stolen, I suppose you understand that your fate is in my hands." But Carey had lost his fears, and he laughed mockingly, defiantly. "I deny it," he said. "The property that passed into my hands, with your wife's knowledge, was not yours for you to guard, but hers to give to whom she chose. Just as this house and everything in it, are not yours, but hers." (To be continued.)

OPERATIONS AVOIDED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Belleriver, Que.—"Without Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I would not be alive. For five months I had painful and irregular periods and inflammation of the uterus. I suffered like a martyr and thought often of death. I consulted two doctors who could do nothing for me. I went to a hospital, and the best doctors said I must submit to an operation, because I had a tumor. I went back home much discouraged. One of my cousins advised me to take your Compound, as it had cured her. I did so and soon commenced to feel better, and my appetite came back with the first bottle. Now I feel no pain and am cured. Your remedy is deserving of praise."—Mrs. EMMA CHATEL, Valleyfield, Belleriver, Quebec.

Another Operation Avoided.
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.—"I run a sewing machine in a large factory and got all run down. I had to give up work for I could not stand the pains in my back. The doctor said I needed an operation for womb trouble but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did more for me than the doctors did. I have gained five pounds. I hope that every one who is suffering from female trouble, nervousness and backache will take the Compound. I owe my thanks to Mrs. Pinkham. She is the working girl's friend for health, and her and take the Compound. I will be pleased to hear from you. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, 233 Jay St., Poughkeepsie, N.Y."—Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases.

Garrett Byrne,

may 31, if Bookseller and Stationer.

Flower Store Bulletin.

This Week.

PLANTS: Cucumber, Marrow, Pumpkin, Melon, Tomato.
ROOTS: Stocks, Marigolds, Asters, Zinnias.
CUT FLOWERS: Carnations, Narcissus.
IN POTS: Smilax.

Phone 197.
J. McNeill, Rawlins' Cross.

Household

Handles of table never be immersed in will inevitably discolored. Young chickens for given a plausor and powdered ginger. Lace and embroidery ironed on the wrong side flannel underneath. A teaspoonful of salt pulverized soap added cupfuls of starch will glaze, to stretched cloth. Always stretch cloth when sleeping. When crossed or the body not of so much benefit too water is very hot.

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"Since childhood I was afflicted with biliousness and sick headache," writes Mr. A. K. Van Wyck, Park Hill, Ont., "and as all the doctors' medicines and prescriptions failed to do me any permanent good, I had lost faith in all medicines. It was by accident that I came to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for it had been recommended for Mrs. Van Wyck and did her so much good that she wished me to try it. 'I did so, and was surprised at the results. It is now three years since I discontinued the medicine and I have not had an attack of the old trouble. I hope that others may benefit by my experience.' The cures effected by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food are lasting because it builds up the system and removes the cause of trouble. 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50; at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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