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Because "Beaver" Flour is the original and genuine blended flour. It contains nutritious, full flavored Ontario fall wheat, blended with a little Manitoba spring wheat to give added strength.

"Beaver" Flour is not like the woman who can make only one kind of cake or one kind of fancy pastry. "Beaver" Flour is like the attractive, capable, clever housewife who can make Bread, Rolls and Biscuits—Cakes, Pies and Pastry—and makes them all equally well. That's the flour you want! Order it at your dealer's.

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R. G. Ash & Co., St. John's, Sole Agents in Newfoundland, will be pleased to quote prices.

Love & Conqueror

WEDDED AT LAST.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Guy looked up hastily, as if about to speak, but apparently changing his mind, said nothing, and sat down in his arm chair, the old weary sadness creeping over his face.

"That is all right," said Oswald heartily. "she bore up so well all day that I feared the long-continued strain had been too much for her. We owe Miss Grey and her sister a vast debt of gratitude," he added smiling. "They are most charming girls, and it was worth enduring some trouble and anxiety to secure such friends."

Captain Layton's face glowed delightedly. The only drawback to his happiness in his engagement to Ada Grey, had been a lurking thought that his friends might think lightly of her because she was the daughter of an obscure country parson; but was himself fast finding out that there is a far truer nobility in kindly nature than in high birth, and that it is worth, not rank, which is the grand desideratum. The young man's love for Ada had indeed changed him for the better; he was no longer recognizable as the languid, listless individual, eager to flirt with Mrs. Beaudesert, and with no higher object in life than the adornment of his own person and the designing of some new fashion in cravats. The young exquisite had almost entirely disappeared, and an earnest, straightforward, resolute man had replaced him. The terrible trouble which had fallen upon Lady Glynn had touched him greatly, and Sir Hugh's awful death had been a rude but salutary shock. He had spent the weeks before the trial at Easton, and his presence was an inestimable comfort to Ada, who was almost sorry afterward to think how happy she had been while Shirley was undergoing such sorrow and suffering.

"And I have to congratulate you," Major Stuart said, looking up with a smile. "You are a very lucky fellow, Layton; Miss Grey is a most charming girl, and you are much to be envied."

"Thank you," the fellow returned, rather shyly. "Have you not dined yet?" he added, glancing at the barely-touched dinner. "Because Lucia thought that perhaps you would come

Don't Put Off

seeking relief from the illnesses caused by defective action of the organs of digestion. Most serious sicknesses get their start in troubles of the stomach, liver, bowels—troubles quickly, safely, surely relieved by

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents.

round this evening. They would be so glad to see you."

"Yes, we have dined," Captain Fairholme said hesitatingly. "but I want to write home. I have already telegraphed to my wife; but I know she will be anxious to hear all particulars. Would you care to go by and by, Stuart, or are you too tired?"

"By no means," Guy answered immediately. "I should like to go."

"Then I will tell them to expect you in about an hour," said the young officer, cheerfully. "They will be delighted. You know the house, Fairholme, of course?"

"I ought to know it," Oswald answered laughing, "considering that I was there three or four times yesterday and again this morning."

"All right, then. Au revoir!" said Captain Layton as he left the room. They heard his quick step on the stairs as he went down, and his voice humming a song; and, as he died away, a little spell of silence fell upon them both, broken at last by Oswald, who rang to have the dinner removed. And while he was writing to Ruby, telling her all particulars of the trial and its result; Guy Stuart sat leaning slightly forward on his chair, his head on his hand, his deep gray eyes with wild, yearning gaze studying the glow of the fire. He was thinking of the Past and its misery, of the Present, with its strange uncertainty and flickering lights and shades, and he was wondering what fate the Future had in store for him. Would it give him more loneliness, more sorrow, more wistful yearning for love and companionship, or would Shirley put her hand in his and go with him where he would—his wife at last. For there was no life between them now.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Guy had meant to see Shirley quietly, and Lady Glynn had made a resolution that she would not distress him by any emotion; but, when she met in the front parlor of Mr. Jackson's little cottage, their calmness and courage were sorely tried.

She was waiting for him alone standing, a slim, black-robed figure upon the bright flowered rug and when he entered, she turned and put out both little hands to him; and Guy bent over them as he took them in his and laid his face upon them in uncontrollable emotion. The long strain upon his nerves and endurance had overcome him at last, and the look in her eyes, so tender, so compassionate, so infinitely loving, broke down all his self-control. Shirley stood motionless, with her heart throbbing to suffocation. She was anxious to spare him as much as possible. She felt that it would be inexpressible comfort to throw herself into his arms and weep out all her misery upon his breast, but she knew that she must be brave for him now, for him who had so often been brave for her.

They were silent for some moments, the stillness of the little room being broken only by the great choking sobs which burst from Guy's sad heart; then, as Shirley felt that she

could bear it no longer, that her strength was failing her, she said softly:

"Guy, you distress me. Dear, I cannot bear to see you thus."

At the sound of her voice he shivered; but, making a great effort, he lifted his head, and, still keeping her hands in his, murmured a few broken words of thanks and blessing for her brave testimony for him that day; and, as her eyes rested on his face, so well-beloved and so sadly altered, she could have cried out with pain at the change she saw there.

"Why are you thanking me, Guy?" she said tremulously. "Such thanks as those hurt me. Sit down and tell me of yourself. Oswald ought not to have let you come to-night. You look fit for nothing but rest."

She drew him gently toward the little sofa; and, as he sat down, still holding her hands in his and gazing at her fixedly as she bent over him with such infinite pity and love, the fair face quivered and the beautiful eyes filled with tears.

"Guy," she said brokenly, "have you been ill? Have they hid it from me?"

"I have not been ill, my darling; but of course I have been somewhat troubled and anxious and grieved; but that is all over now. I need not be selfish any longer," he added huskily. "I can have thought for others. My poor, poor child, how terrible all this must have been to you!"

"I was not alone, Guy," she answered, looking down at him sorrowfully. "I found kind and dear friends who have been, oh, so good to me, dear!"

"Heaven bless them!" broke from his lips, as he drew her closer to him. "And yet my dearest you are so changed."

"Am I? You must not judge of my looks to-night, because I am tired; and I should like not to judge of yours either," she continued unsteadily. "Oswald told me you were changed, and to-day—her voice faltered for a moment—and to-day I saw that you looked worn and ill, but—"

"If my appearance shocks you," he said, forcing a smile. "I will go away and not see you again until I have recovered my old looks. Oh, my darling!"—he dropped his head on her shoulder as she stood beside him—"how can we be thankful enough, how can we show our gratitude? Shirley, once or twice in my loneliness there, he went on unsteadily, "it seemed to me that everything was going wrong here, that the most trivial words and actions would go against me. It seemed as if Heaven were against me."

"Guy, my dearest, hush!"

"It is such a relief to tell you, osw!" he said brokenly. "I had left you that morning so much happier. I had guessed that you and—our poor

CRITICAL TIME OF WOMAN'S LIFE

From 40 to 50 Years of Age. How It May Be Passed in Safety.

So, Wellington, B.C.—"For a year during the Change of Life I was all run down. I was really too weak to walk and was very despondent and thought I was going to die, but after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier my health and strength returned. I am very thankful to you and praise your medicine."

I have advised several women who suffered as I did to try your remedies. You may publish this if you wish. —Mrs. DAVID R. MORRIS, South Wellington, Vancouver Island, B.C.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. We know of no other medicine which has such a record of success as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For more than 30 years it has been the standard remedy for woman's ills such as inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains and nervous prostration, and we believe it is unequalled for women during the period of change of life.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

RAILROAD MAN HAD TO LAY OFF

Until He Took GIN PILLS

Buffalo, N. Y.

"I have been a Pullman conductor on the C. P. R. and Michigan Central for the last three years. About four years ago, I was laid up with intense pain in the groin, a very sore back, and suffered most severely when I tried to urinate. I treated with my family physician for two months for Gravel in the Bladder but did not receive any benefit. About that time, I met another railroad man who had been similarly affected, and who had been cured by GIN PILLS, after having been given up by a prominent physician who treated him for Diabetes. He is now running on the road and is perfectly cured. He strongly advised me to try GIN PILLS, which I did—with the results that the pains left me entirely."

FRANK S. IDE, age 40, box 6 for \$2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Toronto. 198

Hugh were friends, and I was thinking that there was a happy life of mutual love in store for you both in the future. Sweet, I know what you would say; but you are so young, and his love—once you had forgiven—could not have failed to win some return; and I was glad and thankful, my own—ah, I may call you so now, Shirley!—that it should be so—I was quite willing to go away and be forgotten if you were happy; and that morning, Shirley, I meant to go away and not to see you again until I had conquered my love for you."

The tears were standing in his eyes, and Shirley, bending, put her dark hair—thickly besprinkled with gray now—back from his brow, and then, with a sudden impressive tenderness, bent yet lower, and put her lips where her caressing hand had rested.

"My poor Guy!" she said softly.

"We were going over the cliffs, talking of anything and everything; but the dear woman who was so near both our hearts, when Hugh turned to me suddenly and, with a look in his eyes I had never seen there before—a look of such earnest gratitude and sorrow—asked me to forgive him the wrong he had done me in the past. He told me all, Shirley—how rendered mad and desperate by his love for you, he had resolved to possess you by fair means or foul, and that, hearing your mother's story, my poor love, he determined to betray you as she had been betrayed. But he told me that from that night—do you remember it, my darling, when you followed me to Maxwell?—he had not known one happy hour. He had quite despaired of ever winning your love—how could you love, he said, where you had learned to despise? He assured me that then, had it been possible, he would have undone what he had done; but that, knowing that to be impossible, he had tried to brave it out. And we sat down on the cliff, and he told me, poor fellow—"

(To be Continued.)

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MARTIN Hardware Co

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

9804. — A SIMPLE BUT STYLISH GOWN.



Ladies' Costume.

Gray woolen poplin with trimming of green satin and fancy buttons, is here portrayed. The skirt is finished with a girde of the satin. The blouse is worn without the chemisette. The close fitting sleeves has a neat cuff. The pew plaid or checked suitings would lend themselves nicely for this style, which is also desirable for velvet, corduroy, eponge, prunella, serge or broad cloth. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to an address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9810. — A BECOMING YOUTHFUL DESIGN.



Costume for Misses and Small Women, with or without Chemisette.

This model was used for a simple party frock of blue crepe de chine. Brocaded silk in Persian tones forms the girde, while shadow lace and net frills add a neat touch to neck and sleeve finish. The design is suitable for serge, albatross or cashmere. It will also lend itself equally well to velvet, charmeuse or satin. The drop shoulder and yoke effect are good style features. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 5 yards of 44 inch material for a 16 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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