

Good, Homemade Bread—Made of "Beaver Flour"



—light, flaky biscuits made of "Beaver" Flour—these are real foods for growing children. "Beaver" Flour is a blended flour. That is, it is made of exact proportions of nutritious, delicately flavored Ontario wheat and a little of the stronger Western wheat.

"Beaver" Flour is both a bread flour and a pastry flour—and makes the real nutty flavored home-made bread and delicious pastry such as cannot be made with any purely Western wheat flour.

DEALERS—Write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals.

The T. H. Taylor Co., Limited, Chatham, Ont. 144

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

WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

During the interview mademoiselle gave Roger another reason for silence besides that of his natural consideration for her. Max Steinhart was dead. A strong, restless, daring man, he had escaped from prison six months before, and his dead body had been found in a river near at hand, although whether his death arose from accident or design there was no evidence to show. Why then, she had urged, should he betray her to madame? Her unfortunate husband dead, her disgrace hidden, her name changed, a home secured, a position hers which he knew she was perfectly capable of holding, why should he crush and ruin her by a statement of the cruel unnecessary truth? Roger, soft-hearted always, but particularly with women, had listened as if he had heard him listen, and had finally pledged her his word that, if nothing came to light from any other source, he would hold his tongue. But, although he pitied mademoiselle, he did not much like her, and he did not trust her. He felt by no means inclined to take it for granted that Max Steinhart was dead, and it was to set this doubt at rest that he had

Could Not Digest His Food

Suffered For Years From Indigestion Until Cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.



Mr. J. D. S. Barrett.

If you suffer from chronic indigestion, target about the stomach and pay attention to the condition of the liver and bowels. Tea to one that is where the real trouble lies.

The liver gets sluggish and fails to filter the bile from the blood, the bowels become constipated, and the whole digestive system is upset.

As to cure, you cannot do better than to read of Mr. Barrett's experience with Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. There is no treatment so prompt and thoroughly effective.

Mr. J. D. S. Barrett, Nelson, B. C., and secretary of the United Nfld. writes:—"For several years I was a great sufferer from indigestion. The least bit of food caused me considerable trouble and often I could scarcely eat a meal a day. The many remedies I tried proved futile until in 1906 I began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and after using about eight boxes I was completely cured. Since that time I have not been troubled with indigestion, which I consider a great blessing."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose 25 cents a box, all dealers or Edman Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

truth, he would say enough to erase her dismissal from Chavasse. And this she did not by any means wish, since, knowing that her husband lived, she had an object in remaining there, which she stated with a frank coolness and audacity that even on paper was simply marvelous—nothing less than the theft of Natalie's jewels!

Mademoiselle knew the value of jewels, and that it would be easy for her to take Natalie's—knew that in her position she was quite clever enough to avert probable suspicion—and, above all, knew that, once safely out of England with them, they would form the basis of a start in life in America. That was her object, and with that in view she took the jewels—look them later on in the evening on which I had found Virtue Dent admiring them, by means of the key which Natalie, like the careless little creature she was, had left in an unlocked drawer. And too wary to trust to any place of hiding about the house until the first shock and search should be over, and it should be safe to place them in the hands of Max Steinhart, to the end that he might get clear of the country with them before she herself quitted Chavasse to join him, which was of course her ultimate intention, she had absolutely had the coolness for the first two days after the robbery to carry the jewels sewn into a large pocket beneath her skirts. Afterward, when the suspicious took the decided direction which they did take, she had secreted the jewels in a disused room near her own.

Very little idea had Inspector Blak when he was working so industriously to prove poor Virtue's guilt, that not only was the thief within reach of his hand, but the booty also. But as luck would have it, mademoiselle had been foiled in her plan of handing over the stolen jewels to her husband, and most innocently by Mr. Certainly none of us would ever have seen a stone of them again but for that walk of mine into Whittleford, to see Yorkie when Raby St. George had cut his hand, and that most unhappy quarrel with Fraser Froud had taken place in the lane.

But for my coming so suddenly upon the two in the Lady's Walk, Max Steinhart would have been far enough away from Daleshire with the stolen property by morning. As I was, the start I gave them caused them to separate, although I do not think mademoiselle had seen me. Then came the shock of the murder and the attendant excitement, which was a check. That she would have found an opportunity of somewhat placing the jewels in her husband's hands before the lapse of many days there is no doubt, but for the inspector's visit the night before and of Style's consequent blunder. It terrified mademoiselle, and she had hurried away, expecting no doubt the very moment would bring the inspector at her heels.

In substance that was all; and pretty tangled it was. The jewels were safe—madame would find them in the place indicated. Mademoiselle did not profess sorrow—she had stolen them for her husband, for whom she would have done anything. If madame found and prosecuted her, she must but neither she nor her husband, who were together and in London while

made that first journey to Paris from his sister or his sister's husband would most likely be able to learn the truth or falsity of the story. But it seemed that mademoiselle had simply stated the truth, for in Paris he saw the newspaper containing a detailed account of the escape and death of the prisoner Max Steinhart. Satisfied, Yorkie came back to Whittleford, coolly told mademoiselle of his journey and its results, and, believing that Max Steinhart was in fact dead, and the secret, such as it was, as safe as it was innocent, ceased to trouble himself about the matter.

Of course, however, the truth was that Max Steinhart was not dead. He had escaped from prison; but, who ever it was that was found in the river a week or two later, it was certainly not he. Not that his wife believed the report of his death—indeed, until that evening when his sudden appearance before the window a Chavasse had made her shriek and faint away, it had never entered her head to suppose that there had been any mistake. But he, had not only escaped from prison but from France and, getting to England, despair and penniless, had found out his wife. The next day she met him in the park, gave him what money she could spare, and fixed a date for him to come again, when she would be able to give him the quarter's salary then nearly due—the date of Natalie's tumble off her horse, when he, the dark, foreign-looking man with the red scar on his forehead, had startled her by his sudden appearance in the lane.

I little knew that he was hidden behind the clump of bushes by the gate in the park palings where I afterward found Virtue Dent crouching on the occasion of her luckless brother's visit to Whittleford, and where to there had lain concealed that still unknown witness of the interview in the Lady's Walk. No wonder, all things considered, that mademoiselle had looked frightened and talked so odd when I encountered her in the Lady's Walk and she clutched me by the arm, thinking I was her husband. Indeed I scared her so that she was afraid to go back to the house for the money then, or to remain with him for more than a minute. Instead she stole down-stairs in the night when I heard her stealthy footsteps creep past my door. It was her knowledge that her husband was still lurking about Whittleford and Market Waxford which had made Yorkie's second journey to Paris startling, and had caused her to look so frightened when on his return I had seen the meeting between them outside the factory gate.

That he did not trust her account of Max Steinhart's death she well knew—indeed he had as good as told her as much; and her fear was that his suspicions had been aroused and that this second visit might mean inquiries which would finally lead to discovery. That he would betray the fact that her husband was living, in such a way as to lead to his imprisonment, she did not fear, but she imagined that, if Roger found out the

letter was written, would be taken if cunning could avert it.

This was the letter which was signed "Lucille Valdimi." It was cool, audacious, reckless, desperate; it was womanly, loving, imploring, and despairing all at once. Its amazing effrontery exasperated; its deprecating expression of humiliation and disgrace was pathetic. And, taking the four of us together, I think that by the time we had really grasped its meaning there were among us, though it was not spoken, quite as much pity as blame felt for mademoiselle.

Yes—the jewels were safe; there was no doubt of that—every stone of them lying intact in their cases in the place that the letter indicated, just as they had been when Virtue—poor girl!—little thinking of the trouble which her curiosity was to bring upon her, had locked them away in the cabinet in Natalie's room.

I need scarcely say that the momentary excitement banished the far graver trouble for a time from everybody but me. I think, Virtue was called down from her post beside Natalie, and Alice Deeping ran to take her place, avowing her intention of staying at Chavasse for a day or two. And then madame, more moved than I had ever seen her, had every man and woman in the house summoned to the library, and, standing with her hand resting on Virtue's shoulder, explained to the astonished audience the truth of the whole affair—a ceremony from which most of the women fled out with plentiful tears and sobs, and with faces hidden in the folds of handkerchiefs and aprons. Poor Virtue was crying herself, for that matter, and cried more when madame turned to her.

"I owe you an apology on my part, Virtue," she said, kindly. "This has been a terrible trial to you, my poor girl, and I am more grieved than I can say that I ever even listened to the suspicious statements against you."

"I—I don't wonder, I'm sure, madame," Virtue sobbed, dropping her favorite little courtesy as she wiped her eyes. "I—I never have wondered, madame. I know how dreadful everything looked against me; but what hurt me most was for you to think it was through Ben—poor fellow!—who is just as honest as he can be, for all he has been so unlucky—indeed he is, madame."

My mother made her some kindly reply, and Virtue dropped another courtesy, looking across at me.

"I thank you for believing that I wasn't a thief, Mr. Ned. It would have been harder to bear than it was if you had thought it of me—and Miss Natalie—bless her!"

"She was quicker than any of us, Virtue," I said.

(To be Continued.)

How to Make Better Cough Syrup than You Can Buy

A Family Supply, Saving \$2 and Fully Guaranteed.

Sixteen ounces of cough syrup—as much as you could buy for \$2.50—can easily be made at home. You will find nothing that takes hold of an obstinate cough more quickly, usually ending it inside of 24 hours. Excellent, too, for croup, whooping cough, sore lungs, asthma, hoarseness and other throat troubles.

Mix two cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water, and stir for ten minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a 16-ounce bottle, then add the Sugar Syrup. It keeps perfectly. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

This is just laxative enough to help cure a cough. Also stimulates the appetite, which is usually upset by a cough. The taste is pleasant.

The effect of pine and sugar syrup on the inflamed membranes is well known. Pinex is the most valuable concentrate compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in quercetin, and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

The Pinex and Sugar Syrup recipe is now used by thousands of housewives throughout the United States and Canada. The plan has been imitated, but the old successful formula has never been equaled.

A quantity of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

DOCTORS ADVISE OPERATIONS



Saved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Swarthmore, Penn.—"For fifteen years I suffered untold agony, and for one period of nearly two years I had hemorrhages and the doctors told me I would have to undergo an operation, but I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am in good health now. I am all over the Change of Life and cannot praise your Vegetable Compound too highly. Every woman should take it at that time. I recommend it to both old and young for female troubles."—Mrs. EMILY SUMMERSGILL, Swarthmore, Pa.

Canadian Woman's Experience:

Fort William, Ont.—"I feel as if I could not tell others enough about the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was weak and tired and I could not rest nights. A friend recommended your Compound and I soon gained health and strength and could not wish to sleep better. I know other women who have taken it for the same purpose and they join me in praising it."—Mrs. Wm. A. BUFFY, 681 South Vicker Street, Fort Williams, Ontario.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering in a like manner?

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

The C.H.E. Syllabus.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir,—In your issue of the 17th ult., I read with great interest a letter signed "Parent," in which he censures the Methodist Board of Education of Carbonate, for protesting against the Syllabus compiled by the C.H.E.

I have waited patiently for some able pen than mine to thrash out the pros and cons of this controversy, but it seems that the teachers to whom it should specially appeal, treat the matter with indifference. As one interested, I will, with your permission, Mr. Editor, give my opinion on the subject. "Parent" says that it is audacious on the part of the Board to "kick over the traces," and thus refuse to recognize the Syllabus. Pray who vested "Parent" with the power to constitute himself the judge, jury and executioner of these gentlemen who compose the Carbonate Methodist Board?

These gentlemen are undoubtedly fully competent to deal with this question, and they have taken this stand because they were actuated by motives of regard for their hard-working teachers, and it would be a wise idea if the other Outport Boards (with all due respect) would take a similar interest in this matter, and secure for their teachers "a fighting chance," at least, of keeping abreast with the times as far as the qualifying of pupils for C.H.E. exams is concerned. I know not if the present Syllabus was mapped out to suit the city colleges, but I do know and I say emphatically, that it does not meet with the views of the outport teachers. "Parent" is under the impression that he voices the sentiments of the teachers in general, but I crave his permission to disabuse his mind of such a fallacious idea.

The present Syllabus does not, or never will, meet with the approval of the teachers. It does not meet with the approval of one teacher out of every ten in the island. It is the last straw that broke the camel's back.

The outport teacher is already groaning under the heavy load imposed upon him by the Council, and it is only by dint of hard work, and perseverance, by beginning work early and closing late, that he can make any kind of a showing in the exams. If the Council continues to force this Syllabus upon the outport schools, they will find that eventually the colleges will have the field to themselves.

The school day consists of five hours (and "Parent" would confer a great favor on the teacher if he would draw up a time-table which would allow him time to qualify pupils for the exams) and also give the lawful time to the third, fourth and fifth standards.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says that the natural end of a teacher is to perish by starvation, in which opinion I am bound to concur. (Thanks to our present progressive Government), but now he is to be hurried over to the Great Border Line by being compelled to mount the new tread-mill, erected by the Council of Higher Education.

There is a remedy for all evils, and the same holds good in this case. Let the outport teachers form a Union, and I have no doubt that their grievances will soon be redressed. They have been too subservient in the past and it is time to show the country at large that they are fully competent to stand alone.

Trusting that I have not trespassed too far on your valuable space, I remain,

Yours truly,

ARCTIC.

Conception Bay,
March 1st, 1913.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN!



The finest "first aid" is Zam-Buk for many reasons. It is antiseptic—kills the poison in any wound, it cures any wound, or skin injury, or disease against poison-germs in the air which are always ready to enter a sore place and set up poisoning and putrefactive change. Immediately they enter Zam-Buk they are instantly killed.

While certain ingredients in Zam-Buk are thus protecting you against external dangers the rich healing herbal essences in the balm penetrate the tissue, stimulate the cells, and bring about perfect healing. Nothing like it! Watch it work!

ADDRESS ALL APPLICATIONS FOR SAMPLES AND RETAIL ORDERS TO T. MCURDRO & CO., ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D.

Household Notes.

Very small cakes require a quick oven, so that they set right through and the inside is browned.

In order to insure lightness in a cake, it should be put into the oven as soon as the baking powder or other rising medium has been added.

All linen should be hung straight to dry, and all pieces will wear better if a third or half of the napkin or tablecloth is hung over the line.

To remove milk or cream from woolen goods, pour cold water on the spots until the water runs through. Then rub with a cloth that has no lint.

When arranging pillows for an invalid, place the first pillow lengthwise with the person and the second one across the upper half of the first pillow.

To prevent stove pipes from rusting when put away, rub sweet oil on them with a cloth. Then wrap the pipes in paper and store them in a dry place.

It makes sponge cake very light and spongy if a tablespoonful of water, with the chill off, is put into the cake mixture directly after putting in the eggs.

It is a convenience to hang on the bedpost a simple bag with a yawning mouth held open by a wooden ring. Into this bag a handkerchief is slipped for night use.

If a baking dish has been scorched or burned, fill it with cold water to which a pinch of soda has been added. Allow it to boil and the dish can be easily cleaned.

To make roast fowl very tender, wrap it with two thicknesses of brown paper before putting it in the oven. This prevents the vapor and steam from escaping.

Soot from a stove or chimney where wood is burned, if put into a pitcher and boiling water poured over it, makes a healthy drink for house and garden plants.

In very cold weather when there is difficulty in keeping warm in bed where the windows are up, try putting a layer of newspapers between the mattress and the springs.

It is a good idea, when cooking any kind of boiled suet pudding, to put a well greased grease-proof paper over the top before tying on the cloth, thus preventing the cloth from becoming greasy, and makes it easy to wash.

When beating the whites of eggs with a rotary egg beater, try holding the beater at an angle instead of straight up and down in the bowl. This accomplishes the work much quicker.

A simple way to prevent meat from drying when it is roasted in a gas stove is to place a stone jar half full of water in a corner of the oven. The steam will keep the air in the oven moist.

Window shades that have become cracked and broken can be renovated by laying them flat on the floor and painting them with oil paint. Paint one side, let dry thoroughly, then paint the other side.

Before using cabbage, cauliflower or lettuce, the heads should be turned down in salted water, to which a few teaspoonfuls of vinegar have been added. If this is done, any form of animal life will crawl out.

MUSIC STANDS.—Nickel and Japanned Music Stands, at reduced prices. CHESLEY WOODS & CO.—mar.11

Poem That Killed a Bill.

Recitation in Congress.

New York, Feb. 21.—A dramatic scene occurred in the House of Representatives when the Immigration Bill, imposing a literary test on all aliens seeking admission to the United States came up for final consideration.

Mr. Moore (Pennsylvania) declared that if it was placed on the statute books the Bill would exclude 250,000 foreigners and deprive the Exchequer of \$200,000 in taxes, besides costing the Administration an additional \$200,000 annually. Mr. Moore recited "an Appeal to Congress from which the following is selected:—"

"We've dug your million ditches. We've built your endless roads. We've fetched your wood and water And bent beneath your loads; We've done the lowly labour, Displeas'd by your own breed; And now you won't admit us Because we cannot read."

Your farms are half deserted; Up goes the price of bread. Your boasted education Turns men to clothes instead. We bring our picks and shovels To meet your greatest need. Don't shut the gates upon us Because we cannot read. The horn completed the conversion of the House, which upheld President Taft's veto, thus rendering futile the Senate's acceptance of the Bill.

Remarkable Escape from Starvation off Cape Horn

Extract of letter from DAVID JAMES (Master) of the late barque "Colorado," of Glasgow. "Having lost our ship on Staten Island, on the 28th of July, and having saved neither effects nor provisions, we were then compelled to travel on the island for ten days, subsisting on nothing but shell fish and seaweed. On the 19th of July we came across another shipwrecked party of seamen, the surviving part of the crew of the cargo, consisting of EPP'S COCOA, was washed ashore out of the wreck. There was nothing saved except the Cocoa, and we, numbering twenty-five men, were kept alive on it up to the 20th of August, when we were rescued by the steamer "Mercurio," of Buenos Aires.

"Too much praise cannot be given to this Cocoa. We had a good stock of it; and we used it in a liquid state for drink, we also baked it on the fire, which kept us warm. It was good for 6 weeks on this barren island, situated in a region of perpetual ice and snow."



EPP'S COCOA
GRATEFUL • COMFORTING

M M B P
MA
CON
COM
HIGH
GIL

Yelo

not too much of her infant in gratitude and the manners.

"Well, now," the pension, as the toned waist upon her coat that wait for and wondering about it, but I because you never people will take.

Do you know, great many people this woman. The brink of kind act back because of other. They are understood; they unconventional; they conspicuous; they goodness knows hang back and the What woman heavy suit case locked wistfully, doted men swing wished that "one to carry the burden

Wanderers Time

Home

It's the CLEANEST, SIMPLY DYE, you can buy—Why have you not tried it? Only one trial will show you how it works. Send for Free Color Card. Booklet gives results of 100 trials. THE JOHNSON-ORCHARD, Montreal.