



Do You Bake Your Own Bread?

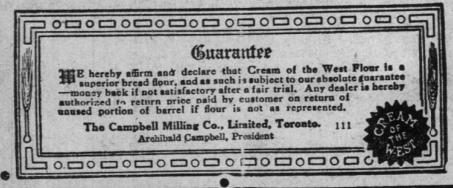
Everyone who bakes bread should know about my Cream of the West Flour.

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 X.
(Continued.)

"Ah, as it is," she broke in eagerly, laying her clasped hands on his arm—"as it is, you will be silent, mon ami! Is it not so? You will not betray me? I am Lucille Valdin, Mademoiselle Natalie's governess, and you know nothing. Is not that—as it is?"

There was a sudden change in Yorke's lowering face. He flushed a deep red, turned pale, and flung off mademoiselle's hands almost as tho' they had stung him, as he turned away from her. Then he seemed to recover himself, and turned back.

"Well," he said, uttering each word slowly, "yes, I'll agree so far; so long as nothing is done, so long as no questions are asked me, I'll know nothing. I'll pledge myself to so much, and no more."

"You will not betray me?" cried mademoiselle, eagerly.

"No."

"You give to me your word, your honor?" she went on, peering at him.

"You swear it?"

"I say it," Yorke retorted. "What good will swearing do, do you suppose? An oath never yet tied a man who was worth his salt where his word wouldn't have been as good a bond. Don't mind thanking me, Mademoiselle Valdin. I began by saying that I wished you had never set foot within fifty miles of this place, and I wish it now. But you need not fear that I shall break my word."

Then, without seeming to see her outstretched hand, he turned on his heel and turned down the Lady's Walk. The next moment the Frenchwoman with a light rapid step, passed by mademoiselle one way or the other, and a few seconds later my strained ears caught the sound of a softly closing door.

I passed round my sheltering clump of rhododendrons, and looked after Roger Yorke. He had halted at the steps of the Lady's Chapel, and stood there with his low felt hat in his hand, passing his handkerchief across and across his forehead, cool as the night air was. For perhaps a minute he stood doing this with a curious bewildered air; then, suddenly rousing himself, he struck into the foot-path leading to the side-gate in the park palings.

I do not know what impulse urged me, but on a sudden I darted out and followed him. I do not think I meant to speak to him, and if I had intended it, I was too late. By the time I reached the gate he had sprung over it, and was half-way down the lane.

I stood there, feeling dazed, and watching his active figure blankly until it had disappeared in the gloom.

Then from a great clump of bushes,

so near that the leaves touched my face, there arose an odd crackling and rustling, followed by a sound as though some one were trying to move away stealthily among the thick undergrowth. My heart seemed to jump into my mouth, and I felt an unpleasantly chilly sensation down my back. Then, with a sudden idea, I parted the bushes, and put down my hand, feeling among the soft crushed autumn leaves. I withdrew it feeling chillier yet, and for a moment stared blankly at the Lady's Chapel, looking like a little fairy erection as the moon, which had been obscured by a heavy cloud, shone out upon it again. The dead leaves were warm, and shaped by the form which had been crouching among them. There had been a witness besides myself of that secret interview in the Lady's Walk!

Delicious "Syrup of Figs" Removes All Sour Bile, Gas, Headache, Constipation.

All those days when you feel miserable, headachy, bilious and dull are due to torpid liver and sluggish bowels. The days when your stomach is sour and full of gas, when you have indigestion; the nights when your nerves twitch and you are restless and can't sleep could be avoided with a teaspoonful of delicious Syrup of Figs. Isn't it foolish to be distressed when there is such a pleasant way to overcome it?

Give your inactive liver and ten yards of waste-clogged bowels a thorough cleansing this time. Put an end to constipation.

Take a teaspoonful of Syrup of Figs to-night, sure, and just see for yourself by morning, how gently but thor-

oughly all the sour bile, undigested fermenting food and clogged up waste matter is moved on and out of your system—no nausea—no griping—no weakness.

You simply can't have your liver inactive and your thirty feet of bowels constipated with sour, decaying waste matter and feel well. The need of a laxative is a natural need, but with delicious Syrup of Figs you are not drugging yourself. Being composed entirely of luscious figs, senna and aromatics it can not injure.

Ask your druggist for the full name, "Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna." Refuse, with scorn, any of the so-called Fig Syrup imitations. They are meant to deceive you. Look on the label. The genuine, old reliable, bears the name, California Fig Syrup Company.

CHAPTER XI.

"Why, my goodness, Ned, you look awfully seedy, do you know?" cried Nat.

She was rather fond of giving vent to this and similar expressions, a habit for which madame always avowed that I was responsible; and that was her greeting when I entered the breakfast-room the next morning. It had turned chilly in the night, and she was kneeling on the rug with her hands stretched out to the fire. It was early yet, and no one else was down.

"Seedy?" I echoed, surveying my gloomy-looking visage rather consciously in the pier-glass. "Do I?"

"Worse than that, you wicked boy! I believe you have been smoking half the night. You don't look as though you had a bit of sleep." Natalie affirmed, looking at me with a pair of ery inquisitive bright eyes.

In truth, I wished heartily that they were not so bright, as I made her some evasive answer and turned aside to the window. She was right enough about my looking queer—I did look so, and I felt worse. The business of the previous night had banished sleep, and sent me down to breakfast feeling uncommonly perplexed. I did not know what to do, or what I ought to do. If I spoke to madame, I knew, well what a disturbance there would be. I had a notion that I should do well to hold my tongue, since I certainly could not use it intelligibly without involving Roger Yorke. That was the consideration which kept me silent. Certainly, if I had caught anybody else in Whittlesford holding a nocturnal interview of a mysterious character, with Natalie Orme's governess, I should have spoken out quickly enough, regardless of consequences. But this was a different sort of thing. I did not care a straw about mademoiselle one way or the other, at I certainly did not choose to get rid of Roger into a scrape if I knew it. I was awfully upset to think that he should have a secret from me; but I did not mean to split it on him—not exactly; that sort of thing did not suit the Chavasse blood by any means. The conclusion I finally came to was that if I spoke at all about that interview in the Lady's Walk, it must be to Yorke himself. It would turn out madame's nest, as sure as fate, I thought, trying to make light of the matter as I stood there gloomily looking out; but I wished with all my heart that Mademoiselle Valdin had never sought her ill-omened black eyes to fount Chavasse.

Madame came in presently, taking her seat before the urn, and almost immediately the door opened softly to admit mademoiselle in her plain black dress. I cast a sharp glance at her as she uttered politely her morning greetings to my mother and Nat; but I might well have spared myself the trouble. Her pale composed face told no tales. And by and by, when, in the course of breakfast, madame casually asked her how she had slept, if she did not say that she had never slept better in her life! Evidently Miss Lucille Valdin was too much for us Whittlesford folk!

That was a dismal morning for me, and would have been so without the load of perplexity which was weighing me down. I could not get consolation anywhere. Nat was shut up with mademoiselle in the room where the studies were to go forward, and I steered clear of madame instinctively knowing I should feel uncomfortable and guilty under the scrutiny of her keen eyes. For once I was glad when the clock showed it was nearly

Moir's Chocolates
have an individuality that is unmistakable. We select the cocoa beans—roast, husk and clean them—add the cocoa butter and cane sugar—and flavor with vanilla beans. The WHOLE is then put through a grinding process for hours, which refines every particle and renders our chocolate coating absolutely smooth, giving it that individual delicious flavor. The chocolate is then applied to the many varieties of centers—packed in attractive boxes and offered to you as the finest chocolates on the market.

Moirs Limited
HALIFAX, CANADA.

eleven, and I put on my hat and strolled off dejectedly to take my usual dismal dose of the Rev. Titus Poinsett's wisdom. Perhaps mathematics and melancholy do not go well together; for, when the infliction was over, I turned out into the sunny High Street again—the Reverend Titus had rooms over Bover's saddler's—not at all improved in spirits.

I stood for a moment or two looking about me idly, and wondering what I should do next. It was of no use to go back to Chavasse—luncheon would not be due for another hour and a half, and I knew that Nat would not be free until then; it was useless going to the rectory, for a message had come in the course of the morning to the effect that Mrs. Deeping was worse than usual, and I knew that Alice would be in close attendance upon her. With a sudden resolution, I decided to hunt up Yorke. I do not think I had any definite idea of broaching the subject which was filling my mind myself; but I did feel pretty sure that, if I could only get hold of Roger quietly by himself, he would tell me of his own accord, and so prove my mare's-nest theory the right one. It wanted half an hour to the time when he usually started on his rounds, so I should be able to catch him.

I do not know if I have mentioned that, ever since Yorke had joined old Diarte, he had shared his house, partly, it was understood, for the sake of convenience, and partly because the old doctor liked his young partner's companionship. It was a large rambling old red-brick house, with a good deal of rather neglected garden-ground lying round it, and it stood well back from the High Street, to which it hardly seemed to belong. The river ran behind it, and a road branched off at right angles from its

gates, in the direction of Roxborough Chase. The house was known, for some reason which none of the inhabitants of Whittlesford—the doctor included—could explain, as Redpots, and was a quaint, Old World, untidy, comfortable place enough. To Redpots I marched off, passing the gates of the Lodge as I went, and getting a good-humored nod and "Good-morning" from Major Constable, who stood there smoking his cigar, a very handsome soldierly looking figure, with his empty coat-sleeve slung across his breast and his great mastiff lying at his feet. Arriving at Redpots, I met with a check—only old Dizarte was in the surgery, attending to the wants of a couple of old women, a grubby-faced boy, and a stout farmer's wife. He gave me his usual brisk nod.

Psoriasis All Over Body

Doctors Said Incurable, But Now There is No Sign of Disease, Thanks to Dr. Chase's Ointment.



Mrs. N. Massey.

Psoriasis is one of the most dreaded of itching skin diseases. It is a sort of chronic eczema. The itching it causes is almost beyond human endurance, and doctors are accustomed to give it up as incurable.

But here is a case that was given up and pronounced incurable. The result proves that Dr. Chase's Ointment almost works miracles in curing the worst form of itching skin disease imaginable.

Mrs. Nettie Massey, Consecon, Ont., writes:—"For five years I suffered with what three doctors called psoriasis. They could not help me, and one of them told me if anyone offered to guarantee a cure for \$50.00 to keep my money, as I could not be cured. The disease spread all over me, even on my face and head, and the itching and burning was hard to bear. I used eight boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I am glad to say I am entirely cured, not a sign of a sore to be seen. I can hardly praise this ointment enough."

The soothing, healing influence of Dr. Chase's Ointment is truly wonderful. Eczema, salt rheum, barber's itch, ringworm and scores of such torturing ailments are relieved at once and as certainly cured if the Ointment is used persistently. Mothers find Dr. Chase's Ointment invaluable in preventing and curing the skin troubles of babies, such as chafing, irritations of the skin and baby eczema.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Maximum of Nutriment
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING—**COCOA**

The unsurpassed food value of this delicious and fragrant cocoa is due to the retention of the nutritious cocoa butter. There is warmth and strength and energy in every cup of Epps's Cocoa. It is a most refreshing and stimulating Breakfast Beverage, whether for old or young.

Children thrive on "Epps's"

"Ah, Mr. Ned! After some pills are you—eh?"

"Not quite, thanks, Doctor," I said, laughing.

"Ah, it's well to be you! When he's as old as you and I, he'll sing a different tune—eh, Mrs. Champ?"—this to the farmer's wife. "I never took a drop of medicine until I was thirty, and since then I've done nothing else. Now you give your good man a couple of these pills when he goes to bed, and clap a good-sized mustard-plaster on his chest, and he'll be as right as tinpence in a week. Now, Goody, what brings you here? Rheumatism again—eh?"

Goody, an ancient dame, toothless and almost voiceless, began to state her case, her poor numbling old lips held close to Dizarte's red ear. Apparently it would take some time, so I sat down on one of the slippery horsehair chairs to wait, my eyes absently straying out of the window to the tangled garden beyond.

I had entirely forgotten old Dizarte, and my thoughts were back in the Lady's Walk, when the surgery door opened again, and I was startled to hear a sweet voice say timidly—

"Good-morning, Mr. Ned."

I looked up, to meet the rosy child's face and bright dark eyes of Lotty Wilde. In a smart frock of pink print, and a big straw hat, from beneath which her dark curls fell, the little thing looked uncommonly pretty, and looked prettier still as she blushed when dropping me a purr little courtesy.

"Good-morning, Lotty," I said, smiling at her. "Why, you don't want the doctor, surely?"

"Oh, no, sir! It's for father. He's took worse this morning." Miss Lotty's grammar was capable of improvement.

"I'm sorry for that. What is it—gout still?"

"I—I think so, sir. He's groaning awful. Doctor Yorke said he'd come in early, but he hasn't been yet, and the liniment's out."

"Now, my dear, what can I do for you?" old Dizarte asked briskly, as the door closed behind the second of

After the drought, the dew;
After the cloud, the blue,
For the sky will smile in the sun's time,
And the earth grow glad and new.

Bloom is the heir of blight,
Dawn is the chill of night,
And the rolling years of the busy world
Bid the wrong yield back the right.

Under the fount of ill
Many a cup doth fill,
And the patient lip, though it drink-eth oft,
Finds only the bitter still.

Truth seemed oft to sleep,
Blessings slow to reap,
The hours of waiting are weary to bear
And the courage is hard to keep.

Nevertheless, I know,
Out of the dark must grow,
Sooner or later, whatever is fair,
Since the heavens have willed it so.

"I have never," said Eph Wiley yesterday, "I have never cared much about being known as 'Honest Eph.'"

Generally speaking, the line of demarcation between youth and middle age is marked by an exchange of fancy hose for black ones.

After the storm, a calm
After the bruise, a balm,
For the ill brings good in the Lord's own time,
And the sigh becomes the psalm.

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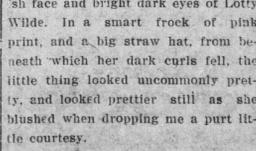
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YOUNG WIFE SAVED FROM HOSPITAL

Tells How Sick She Was And What Saved Her From An Operation.



Upper Sandusky, Ohio.—"Three years ago I was married and went to house-keeping. I was not feeling well and could hardly drag myself along. I had such tired feelings, my back ached, I had bladder trouble awfully bad, and I could not eat or sleep. I had headaches, too, and became almost a nervous wreck. My doctor told me to go to a hospital. I did not like that idea very well, so when I saw your advertisement in a paper, I wrote to you for advice, and have done as you told me. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, and now I have my health. "If sick and ailing women would only know enough to take your medicine, they would get relief."—Mrs. BENJ. H. STANSBERRY, Route 6, Box 18, Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

If you have mysterious pains, irregularity, backache, extreme nervousness, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait too long, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound now.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unquestionable testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy and should give every one confidence.

the ancient dames, and Lotty stopped her voluble communication to turn toward him.

In five minutes the liniment was ready for her, and she went out again, dropping me another courtesy as she shut the door. I watched the little light figure trip down the path, and saw her joined at the gate by the broad-shouldered, rather hulking figure of Phil Flood, who had been waiting for her, it seemed. Old Dizarte, coming to look over my shoulder, laughed.

(To be continued.)

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Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

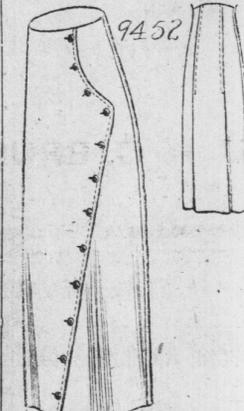
9483-9400.—LADIES' EVENING OR DINNER GOWN.



Satin charmeuse in a beautiful shade of old rose veiled with white chiffon and embroidered in pastel shades, was used for this design. It is composed of Ladies' Three Piece Skirt, Pattern 9400, cut in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure, and Ladies' Waist Pattern, 9483, cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. The fullness of the waist is arranged in deep tucks and the rounded yoke outline is especially graceful and attractive. The draped tunic, shows one of the latest style features. The skirt may be finished in round length or sweep. It will require 14 yards of 27 inch material to make the entire gown for a medium size.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.

9452—A VERY ATTRACTIVE DESIGN.



Ladies' Skirt, (in Raised or Normal Waistline.)

Blue velvet, with self covered buttons, or taupe broad cloth with simple stitching for a finish, would be suitable for this design, which is also appropriate for voile, cashmere, taffeta, charmeuse, Panama or serge. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 5 3/4 yards of 44 inch material for a 24 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

No.

Size

Name

Address in full:

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern cannot reach you in less than 26 days. Price 10c. each, in cash, postals, not stamps. Address: Telegram Pattern Department.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.