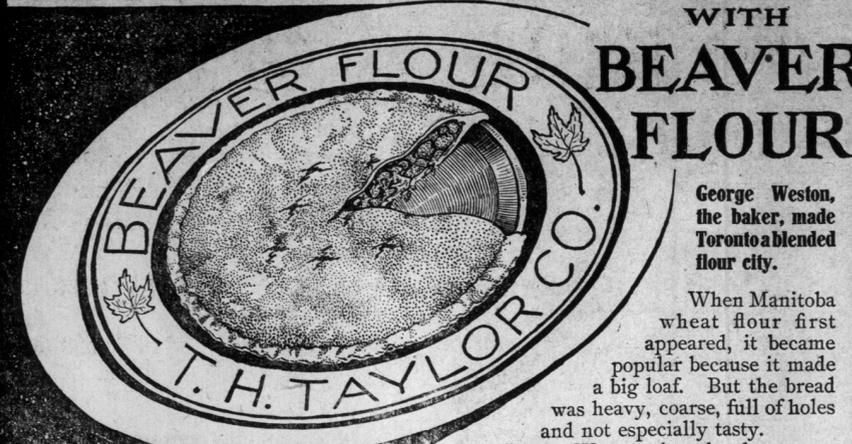


A BAKING SUCCESS WHICH YOU CAN DUPLICATE IN YOUR HOME



George Weston, the baker, made Toronto a blended flour city.

When Manitoba wheat flour first appeared, it became popular because it made a big loaf. But the bread was heavy, coarse, full of holes and not especially tasty.

George Weston thought there were enough people in Toronto who would appreciate the difference between quality and quantity—and he determined to bake a real, old-time, home-made loaf, using blended flour. At that time, Weston was running only two ovens. In a week, he had to start new ovens, and it was not long before he was selling FIFTY THOUSAND LOAVES A WEEK.

Today, 75% of the bread baked in Toronto is made of blended flour.

There is no doubt in the world but that "BEAVER" FLOUR is better in every way than any western wheat flour.

"BEAVER" FLOUR, milled of Ontario wheat and a little Manitoba wheat to add strength—makes a deliciously light, tasty loaf of bread—makes a big loaf—and makes more loaves to the barrel. "BEAVER" FLOUR is equally good for pastry, because it contains so much of the choicest Ontario fall wheat flour, the finest pastry flour in the world. What George Weston did in Toronto, you can do in your own kitchen with "Beaver" Flour.

DEALERS—Write us for prices on 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.

WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE.

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued.)

He only turned from her with a scowl upon his face, and disappeared down the stairs.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the mother, bitterly, "so blows the wind? You'll have to sojourn in the desert with me too! Well, well, never mind, little Birdie, never mind—It's not such a bad place—the desert of Bohemia. I lived there before you were born, mon chon, and it did not disagree with me. Oh, dear—oh, dear—how tired I am! I thought that cotton would never and never end! How tired I am!"

I carried the child away, tore off the hateful rags, washed her little cross, protesting face and tucked her comfortably in her bed beside Fijn, then walked to my room, and stood for a moment looking vacantly out of the window, knowing not exactly what to do next. Go away without another another word, urged both reason and impulse. What good could I do now to either of them? I had tried my best and had failed utterly, besides having most emphatically received my dismissal. I opened my purse and found I

had money enough to take me back to the convent, if I chose to start that morning. After some hesitation I began to pack my clothes; but when Louise came to ask me if it was time to take madame her cup of chocolate, and began to dress the children for the journey, I suddenly found I could not desert her—at least, until I had seen her safe as far as London.

Taking the chocolate from Louise, I knocked at the door of my mistress's room; but, received no answer, I turned the handle, and, after a moment's hesitation, went in.

She was sitting by the window, still in the masquerade dress, her chin resting upon her hand, gazing vacantly and listlessly straight before her; but, rousing herself with a violent start when I touched her, she drank off the chocolate thirstily, then rose to her feet with a shiver and a yawn, and wished she had sufficient energy to begin to undress.

"Lady Nesbitt, I beg, piteously, why don't you—why don't you—"

"Why don't I rant, sob, rave, tear my hair, relieve the strain with an outburst of emotion, Marie? Why because I have no emotion left in me—because I absolutely feel nothing, my dear—nothing! You don't believe me; you think I am play-acting, that I am trying to carry it off with a melodramatic swag; but I assure you I am not. I feel simply nothing; do not care

tyopence what is going to happen to me—whether I am to be cast off or pardoned, merely chastised by a merciful, fatherly hand, or— or banished forever from the flesh-pots my old mammy secured for me so cleverly."

"You feel nothing! Then—then you never cared for him, you never loved him at all! And—and he is a man so easy to love."

"Love—love! she broke in sternly, throwing up her arms. "What do you know about love? Why do you prate to me of love, when you must see that my poor heart is breaking, my head splitting with pain? Help me to bed; I can hold out no longer—no longer—help me to bed!"

Willingly and eagerly I complied with the poor creature's request; and, when I had softly washed the thick coating of cosmetics from her face, I was startled by the wild waddling of her looks. Her eyes were heavy and dull, her skin pallid, her lips strangely swelled, and when Louise came in with hot water the girl started back with a little shriek of dismay.

"It is nothing—nothing," I whispered, hurrying out of the room. "Lady Nesbitt awoke—I mean, complains of a bad headache. I'm afraid we shall not be able to leave Paris to-day; till the other servants so, Louise, and keep the house very quiet. I will remain with her ladyship."

"I have such a pain in my head and back—such a pain!" she murmured, plaintively, about an hour later, as I sat in the darkened room by her side. "I never felt anything like it before. And, do you know, I think I've had it off and on for the last four days, Marie. Only the excitement and movement dulled it; but nothing can dull it now; it is too bad."

"I will send for the doctor," he will give you something to relieve the pain?" "Yes, yes; send for him; but don't leave me—don't go from the room! And—and give me something to drink—something to drink."

Oh, it's not so hard for you to hand me even a glass of cold water, is it, when I'm so thirsty, and in such pain?"

"No; but I'm afraid you are drinking too much. This is the fourth tumbler of lemonade you have drunk within the past hour, I answered, giving the glass to her reluctantly.

The doctor came presently, stood over her for some minutes in silent observation, wrote a prescription, and said he would call again in the evening.

"She dozed a little in the afternoon but when she awoke still complained of the fierce pain in her head and back, and was no better—in fact, rather worse—when the doctor returned at nightfall.

After sitting by her side for nearly half an hour, he beckoned me from the room, and informed me that the patient showed very serious febrile symptoms, advising me to communicate at once with her husband. He said of course he might be mistaken, and perhaps the indisposition would pass off harmlessly; but for a couple of days at least he would have to remain in doubt.

Nerves Are Exhausted

And nervous prostration or paralysis is creeping steadily upon you.

You hear of people suddenly falling victims of nervous prostration or some form of paralysis. But when you get all the facts of the case you find that they have had months or years of warning.

They haven't slept well. There has been frequent attacks of nervous headache. Digestion has failed. They have been irritable, easily worried and excited and have found memory and concentration failing. Head they but know that these symptoms tell of exhausted nerves or had they realized their danger they would have restored the feeble, wasted nerves by use of such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

This great restorative treatment cures by forming new, rich blood and by rebuilding the wasted nerve cells. No medicine is more certain to prove of lasting benefit to the system. 50 cents a box, 3 boxes for \$2.50; at all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Then, as I refused the help of a professional nurse until Sir Richard returned, he gave me many minute instructions, and cautioned me against letting the children into the sick-room.

It took me a long time to compose my letter to Sir Richard, and yet when finished it barely covered half a page. I merely repeated Dr. Kerbin's statement word for word, as nearly as I could remember it; and, neither urging nor advising his return, asked him to favor me with instructions as to what I should do if the illness proved serious, as it was my intention, in such case, to remain and nurse his wife.

To this I received no answer by return of post, as I expected, and on Friday morning there was no further question as to the seriousness of the fever, though the doctor seemed still puzzled as to its exact nature; but whether typhoid, enteric, or typhus, my poor little mistress, with her pretty golden locks closely shorn, and iced bandages about her head, lay burning and shivering on her bed of pain, her black, parched lips babbling monotonously and senselessly night and day.

A Bon Secours Sister arrived before total unconsciousness set in; but her appearance so frightened and excited the patient, that the doctor ordered her away at once, and later on sent a lay nurse, a stupid, nervous woman, who appealed to me at critical moments. However, as Monsieur Kerbin was most constant and skillful in his attendance himself, and as poor Lady Nesbitt could not bear to have me out of the room a moment, I was eventually installed head nurse, and acquitted myself to the doctor's satisfaction, I believe, throughout. I had had some experience at the convent, the year the scarlatina broke out so badly in the infant division.

On Saturday afternoon, after an ineffectual appeal to Madame de Villmaque, who, I learned, had left for Rome the day after the Carnival, I telegraphed to my master, asking him what I was to do about the children, as he doctor had pronounced their immediate removal advisable; then, shutting them up with Louise in the salon, I forbade all communication with floor above, and ordered their beds to be made up in the dining-room.

About eleven o'clock that night I was sitting watching by Lady Nesbitt's side, while my assistant was dozing in the inner room, when a hurried knock at the door startled me, and, before I could answer it, Sir Richard, looking very distressed and excited, walked in.

"You have come—thank Heaven!" "Yes; I did not receive your first letter till last night. I could not come before. She is very ill, they tell me—my poor, poor child! Oh, why did you not telegraph before. Miss Bernard? I was a brute to leave her like that; I shall never forgive myself. I will tell her—"

"Wait!" I whispered, stopping him on his way to the bed. "She will recover, I know—the doctor has every hope; but, Sir Richard, you cannot tell her anything yet, for she won't know you; she is—"

"Won't you know me, my Jessie!" "I drew back as he rushed past me, and slipped into the inner room, where through the half-closed door, I heard him piteously calling her name, imploring her to forgive him; but a meaningless chatter, the monotonous reiteration of some jingling name that had amused her in a book; I remembered, months before, was the only answer he received.

He insisted on remaining and watching by her all night, and, almost angrily, ordered me to lie down for a couple of hours. As I had scarcely slept at all since her seizure, no sooner had I laid my head upon my pillow that I fell into a deep, refreshing sleep, from which he awakened me at dawn, looking frightened and miserable.

"She is very ill, Marie. I must have a consultation to-day, for I don't think that man knows rightly what is the matter with her. And—and I want to ask you if you think it would do any good to—send for my cousin?"

"Send for your cousin! What—what cousin?" I stammered. "What cousin but Doff, of course. He's in London. I met him yesterday in the park with that girl he's engaged to. He could come—"

"Why do you wish him to come? What good can he do?" I asked, quickly, my eyes avoiding his.

(To be continued.)

NAPERY DEPARTMENT HENRY BLAIR'S

SOME CHEAP LOTS OFFERING THIS WEEK:

100 yards 80 inch Fine Twill Bleached American Sheetings, worth 60 cts., now 48c. per yard.

100 yards 70 inch White Twill Sheetings, for single beds, 30c. per yard. Special lots 80 inch English Fine Twill Bleached Sheetings, at 55c., 65c. and 75c. per yard.

Bleached Twill Pillow Cottons, at 16c., 19c. and 24c. per yard.

Bleached Twill Circular Pillow Cottons, at 25c., 29c., 32c. and 37c. per yd. Very special lots of White Hem Stitched Embroidered Pillow Slips, at 25c., 33c., 37c., 40c., 45c., 50c., 55c., 60c., 65c. and 70c. each.

A good variety of White Hem Stitched Pillow Shams, at 27c., 30c., 35c., 40c. and 55c. each.

240 White Turkish Towels, from 12c. to 75c. each.

180 Brown Stripe Turkish Towels, from 11c. to 45c. each.

Extra Special Value in White Linen Damask Table Cloths, all prices, from 65c. to \$1.50 each.

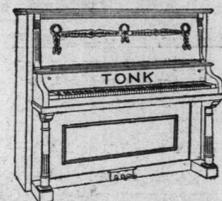
White Damask Table Napkins, at 13c., 18c., 24c., 27c., 30c., 35c. and 38c. each. A splendid show of White Hem Stitch and Embroidered Tea and Sideboard Cloths, from 22c. to 80c. each.

Also White Swiss Embroidered Tea and Sideboard Cloths, from 25c. to 80c. each.

18 New Style Down Quilts, the best covering for wintery weather, \$10.00 to \$10.00 each.

HENRY BLAIR.

PIANOS!



ORGANS!

Highest Grades.

Terms—Equal to any in the Trade.

CHESLEY WOODS.

There's a Reason.

Horwood's Good Wood Goods come from their own forests where they are carefully selected and are carefully manufactured at their own mills. Result—

HIGHEST QUALITY, BEST VALUE.

Horwood Lumber Co'y, Ltd.

MOTOR BOAT FITTINGS.

WE wish to intimate that we have been appointed Agent for Motor Boat Fittings and would be pleased to give estimates for the following articles:—Binnacles and Compasses, Patent Logs, (specially made for motor boats), Barometers, Brass Scuttles with glasses from three to six inches, Deck Lights, Small Brass Rouse Chocks.

People intending to build this winter would do well to get our prices.

JOSEPH ROPER, Marine Optician, Water Street.

Telegram Ads Pay

Printing of all kinds

The Evening

A friend of mine, who had been bothered by the return of an old trouble with her digestion, threatened to consult a new doctor. "What's the matter with Dr. J.T.?" I asked. "Didn't he help you the last time you had those spells?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose he did," she admitted. "But I know just what he'll say if I go to him. He'll ask if I am careful not to let myself get overtired, and he'll want to know if I'm outdoors as much as he told me to be, and if I do my exercises and drink plenty of water and rest before eating. And then he'll tell me to go home and do all those things. Just as like as not he won't give me any medicine at all, or nothing but some mechanical pills. I want a doctor who will give me some good strong medicine that will do me some good."

If there are any doctors among my reader friends, I feel quite sure they must recognize this woman. I don't mean this particular woman, but the type. For she is an excellent example of that very common class of people who think they can disobey the laws of health and libtum, and then go to a doctor and "get some good strong medicine" to make them well again.

There was a time when doctors encouraged, or at least did not discourage, people in the idea that they could do this, but the medical teaching of to-day says most emphatically that the man or woman who hopes to arrive at health by the short cut of

Facts for Weak Women

Nine-tenths of all the sickness of women is due to weakness of the organs distinctly feminine. Such every day by

Dr. Pierce's Favorite

It Makes Weak Women

It acts directly on the organs affected and is a tonic for the whole system. It cures female ailments, makes unnecessary the disagreeable local treatment so universally insisted upon by every modest woman. We shall not particularize here as to the symptoms of those peculiar affections incident to women wanting full information as to their symptoms of positive cure are referred to the *Pearl and Up-to-date Edition*, sent free on receipt of ten stamps to cover cost of mailing only; or binding for 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo

Fads and Fashions.

Taffetas will really have a wonderful future.

Embroidery in self-colors is used on taffeta coats.

Fine stockings are becoming less and less decorative.

Fabric covered buttons are having a decided vogue.

Floral bows continue good among the dainty neck fixings.

Pongees are by no means as prominent as they were a few years ago.

Parasols with handles, tips and rings of crystal are shown.

Hats and toques of fur are in greater demand than ever.

In millinery, the flower outlook continues to grow brighter.

Draped effects are rapidly forging to the front in millinery.

Blue and tan have the lead among the early spring tailored suits.

As a Cure for Whooping Cough

A medicine that will cure whooping cough can certainly be relied upon to overcome all ordinary coughs and colds. This is about the severest test, and one to which Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has frequently been put with the most satisfactory results. Mrs. John Chesney, Innerkip, Ont., writes:—"We have used a dozen bottles of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It cured my little girl of whooping cough when the doctor had given her up, and since then we always keep it in the house as a treatment for coughs and colds. It is the best medicine we ever used. In spite of imitations and substitutes the sales of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine keep right on increasing, and this is, we believe, the most substantial evidence that can be offered as to the reliability of this well-known medicine as a cure for cough, bronchitis, whooping cough and other ailments; 25 cents a bottle, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.