QUALITY

in the flour means quality in the bread and the pastry you bake. Without quality behind your efforts, no knowledge or skill can bring good results. Better be without the skill than without the quality.

"BEAVER" FLOUR

is the highest development of blended wheats, embracing the rich health-giving properties of Manitoba Spring wheat and the carbohydrates of Ontario Fall wheat, which make delicate, white, light bread and pastry.

Remember, it is for bread and pastry, both. With BEAVER FLOUR in the house, you only need one kind to attain the best results in every form of baking.

BEAVER FLOUR means economy as well as efficiency. Ask your grocer for it to-day.

DEALERS.—Write for prices on all Feeds, Coarse Grains and Cereals.

T. H. TAYLOR CO., Ltd, Chatham, Ont.

109

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

"Tell Him I Loathe Him."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Flight of Bebe.

She nodded an assent, seeming incapable of speech, then memory having returned, she threw a quick, searching look around for Loyd-Mostyn, but he was as completely invisible as though the Shamble Oak had absorbed him.

She heaved a sigh of relief, and watched them lift the unresisting form, carrying it easily and lightly as they might a sleeping child.

She walked slowly after them, her mental lethargy seeming to have returned. At the door of the inn she paused, watched them as they passed up the stairs, then quietly turned to a servant who was standing near.

'Will you ascertain the number of the room that has been assigned to me, and take me there?' she said, quietly. 'I am Miss Virginia Beaufort.'

The domestic obeyed, and the Duchess calmly locked the door when she had passed in. With the utmost quiet she laid aside her hat and removed her gloves, then with the weariness of despair she lifted the clustering curls from her damp forehead.

'What a curious condition life is!' she muttered slowly. 'Ah, God, how bitterly my pride has been punished! He loved me once! I know it! I know it! But I broke his heart, and he has broken mine in return. Edwin Chapman is Erle Devereux. I see it all now plainly! The evening at Quintard's, his passionate words of pleading; but because my heart had turned from Devereux to Chapman I would not listen. Oh, God in heaven, this is punishment for all!'

She did not cry out, or beat her hands against the iron fate that surrounded her. She only leaned back in her chair and closed the lids of her burning eyes, her cheeks and lips deathly in their pallor.

Meanwhile, Chapman and Quintard had placed Bebe upon a couch, and sent a servant for the doctor.

'I will leave you alone with her now, Chapman,' Quintard said softly, while his hand rested upon his friend's shoulder, 'but I go only because I think you wish it. If there is anything that I can do, I am sure you know there is nothing that could give me greater happiness. I am stopping here, and you have only to send for me at any time that you may want me.'

'Thanks, old fellow,' returned Chapman, wringing the extended hand. 'I shall ask to see you as soon as I can leave my wife, as there are some explanations that must be made. Will you ask Miss Beaufort if I may not have a few words with her as well?'

'I will,' replied Quintard, not without embarrassment. But I think I can guess the whole story, Chapman, and I am sorry for you both from the bottom of my soul!'

'God bless you!' whispered Chapman, as he turned again to the slient figure upon the couch.

The noise of the closing door seemed to arouse Bebe. She sat up suddenly and seemed to be listening intently.

'Do you feel better, Angel? Chapman asked softly, as if afraid of startling her.

'Is it you, Edwin?' she asked vaguely, the blind look returning to the pretty eyes.

'Yes, Angel!' he answered with a note of relief. 'You have frightened me, darling. I wish you would tell me that you have quite recovered.'

He noticed the curious twitching about the sensitive mouth, but strangely enough it told him nothing. Her small hands opened and shut rapidly, but her voice was almost passive, as she replied:

'You should not have been frightened. 'I am quite well. Read the book to me, Edwin.'

'I left it down under the tree, dear.'

'Then go for it. There is no time to lose now. Go, Edwin, at once, will you not?'

He looked at her curiously for a moment, then answered:

'I will send one of the servants for it.'

'No, you must go. A servant would not find it. Go, dear, go!'

He saw that she was getting excited; the twitching about the mouth was increasing, the nervous hands were flying, the breath came in little parting gasps. He felt that he must do anything to quiet her.

'Yes! Oh, yes!'

'Will you kiss me before I go?'

She shivered slightly, than obediently raised her head; but the lips were cold as those of the dead when his touched them.

'You must be very quiet, Angel, until my return,' he said uneasily.

'Very,' she replied. 'Go, please, go!'

He touched her brow again, then reluctantly left the room. The door had scarcely closed behind him than she sprang to her feet.

'When he returns I must be gone,' she cried, pantingly. 'It would mean death to remain—death, death! I hate him! His kiss scorched into my very soul. What is it that he has done to me? I don't know, but he has set my brain on fire. I know—I know now! He never loved me. It is she he loves—that woman who came, and he means to kill me in order that he may have her. I must go to save my life.'

The wild glare in the sightless eyes, the ever-increasing twitching in the muscles of the face, told their own story. Bebe Chapman's reason was gone.

She stood there in the centre of that room where she had been so happy, but no memory of it came to the poor, darkened life. She listened in terrified silence for a moment; then, through the opposite door to the one through which Chapman had gone, she turned and fled.

Through a short, dark corridor she hastened and down a pair of dingy stairs, her dainty mull gown torn and soiled, her hair, uncovered by any hat, blown backward; through a side door and out into a field she dashed, never once glancing back or pausing to listen, her small feet falling noiselessly.

On and on she ran, conscious of being in a wood from the brambles that caught and sometimes detained her; but she paid little heed, until at last, weary and exhausted, she sank down among the violets at the side of an old log, and allowed her throbbing head to fall forward helplessly. Only a moment she permitted herself to remain so, then she endeavoured to struggle to her feet again.

"I must not remain here," she moaned. "He will find me—he will find me and kill me; and I am afraid to die. I am afraid—afraid! Oh—"

But the frail limbs were no longer strong enough to support their burden, and, with a frightened wail that she quickly suppressed with her hand, she shrank backward.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" she moaned. "It is so hideous dark. He is coming!' I hear his footsteps. Oh, God in Heaven, if there were only anywhere in all this great world where I could hide myself!"

She made a violent effort and staggered to her feet, but she had scarcely done so when her quick ear made her aware that a man was beside her.

She uttered a low, cry of agony and despair while the man sprang forward in time to prevent her from falling.

CHAPTER XXII.

LOYD-MOSTYN'S RESOLUTIONS.

"Oh, God, have pity on me!"

The exclamation was uttered with such a wail of anguish that all the tenderness in the man's soul was touched. He caught her yet closer and passed his hand quietly over the disordered curls.

"Poor little girl!" he murmured brokenly.

At the sound of the voice the terror vanished like magic from the lovely face, new life seemed to leap through the sluggish veins. She lifted herself and flung her arms about the man's neck convulsively.

"Papa!" she gasped. "Oh, papa! thank God you have come!"

Loyd-Mostyn started. He unwound the clinging arms from his neck, and held her from him as he gazed into the eyes grown so strangely blank within the horrible hour. She struggled to fling herself again upon his breast, the old agony returning to her face.

"You must not take me back there!" she cried miserably. "Oh, for the love of Heaven, listen to me! You thought I was his wife, but I am not. Do you hear? He had a wife already, and she came there and found him, and now he means to kill me to make room for her. Papa, papa, don't take me there! I never could hear the sound of his voice again without that frightful terror. And he would kill me! You think you could protect me but you could not. He would come some day in your absence, and you would return to find me dead—dead!"

The soft, musical voice had gradually risen almost to a scream of terror.

Loyd-Mostyn sat down on the old log, overgrown with moss and lichens, and drew her beside him, holding her hands firmly.

"Listen to me, little one," he said soothingly. "Of course I will do anything for you within the power of mortal man, but you must be calm yourself and tell me what it is you wish. You love——"

"No! No! No!" she cried wildly. "I hate him! hate him! Can't you understand that? I am not his wife and he intends to kill me to get me out of his way. You must take me away! away! Why did God send you just at this time if He did not mean you to do it? Promise that you will take me away! Promise that I shall never see him again. Oh, in Heaven's name, promise! Promise!"

A curious, untranslatable expression came over Loyd-Mostyn's handsome, soulless face—a doubt that gradually merged to eagerness, then quickly altered to determination.

He drew her closer to him, taking both her hands in one of his and slipping his other arm around her waist.

He bent his head so that his lips almost touched her ear before he spoke; then his tones were almost indistinct from suppressed eagerness

'Calm yourself, little one,' he whispered, 'and try to understand me. If I take you away, remember it must be forever! Forever! You understand that?'

She nodded breathlessly.

'And you agree?'

'Yes.'

'But there may come a time when you will despise me for what I have done, when you will loathe me for yielding to your request!'

'Never! Never!'

(To be continued.)

MADE WELL AND STRONG

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Dovedale, Sask.—"I was a sufferer from female weakness—monthly periods irregular and painful and a bad discharge, backache and wretched headache, and had felt weak ever since the birth of my twins. I tried doctors but got no relief. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after three weeks I was feeling much better, and now I am well again."—Mrs. Bessie Bily, Dovedale, Sask., Canada.

Another Woman Cured.

Christiana, Tenn.—"I suffered from the worst form of female trouble so that at times I thought I could not live, and my nerves were in a dreadful condition. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me and made me feel like a different woman. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth its weight in gold to suffering women."—Mrs. Mary Wood, R.F.D 3.

If you belong to that countless army of women who suffer from some form of female ills, don't hesitate to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs.

For thirty years this famous remedy has been the standard for all forms of female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, fibroid tumors, ulceration, irregularities, backache, and nervous prostration.

This will Stop Your Cough in a Hurry

Save $2 by Making This Cough Syrup at Home.

This recipe makes 16 ounces of better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for $2.50. A few doses usually conquer the most obstinate cough — stops even whooping cough quickly. Simple as it is, no better remedy can be had at any price.

Mix two cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a 16 oz. bottle; then add the Sugar Syrup. It has a pleasant taste and lasts a family a long time. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

You can feel this take hold of a cough in a way that means business. Has a good tonic effect, braces up the appetite and is slightly laxative, too, which is helpful. A handy remedy for hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma and all throat and lung troubles.

The effect of pine on the membranes is well known. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norwegian white pine extract, and is rich in guaicol and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

This Pinex and Sugar Syrup recipe has attained great popularity throughout the United States and Canada. It has often been imitated, though never successfully.

A guarantee 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.

EUROPEAN AGENCY.

WHOLESALE Indents promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all kinds of British and Continental goods, including:—
Books and Stationery,
Boots, Shoes and Leather,
Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries,
China, Earthenware and Glassware,
Cycles, Motors and Accessories,
Drapery, Millinery and Piece Goods
Fancy Goods and Perfumery,
Hardware, Machinery and Metals,
Jewellery, Plate and Watches,
Photographic and Optical Goods,
Provisions and Oilmen's Stores,
etc., etc.,
Commission 2½ per cent. to 5 per cent.
Trade Discounts allowed.
Special Quotations on Demand.
Sample Cases from £10 upwards.
Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

WILLIAM WILSON & SONS,
(Established 1814.)
25, Abchurch Lane, London, E. C.
Cable Address: "Annuaire London"

The Merry Thought
and Scraps,

A Quarterly Volume to amuse everyone. Clever Colored Pictures by the best Artists; smart, up-to-date reading; a really artistic paper, beautifully printed in colours, over 100 pages.

Price 30c. Post paid—34c.

SPARE MOMENTS,

With all the most interesting Authors and Publications in the world, containing:

Serial Stories, — Short Complete Stories, Articles on Everyday Topics, Jokes to make everyone happy, Editors Talks with his Correspondents.

Prize Stories.—Statistical Articles, Poems for Recitation, Biographies of well known People, Information for every one on everything.

Quarto Volume—192 pages.

30c. Postpaid—34c.

GARRETT BYRNE,
oct3,tf Bookseller & Stationer

Job Printing of all kinds.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to OCT. 10th, 1910

A
Adams, Miss, Bond St.
Adams, Kenneth
Anderson, Miss M. E., card, Temperance House
Aspell, John, late Bonavista Railway
Alsop, Mrs., card
Armstrong, Miss, Gower St.

B
Blandford, Mrs. S. Cook Street
Batten Isaac
Bart, Louis
Barter, Miss M., card
Barbor, or Barter, Mrs. Jos., Barter's Hill
Blanche, Miss K., card
Benson, Miss, 16 —— Street
Bennett, Walter, West End Fire Hall
Bishop, Jake, late Battle Hr.
Buffett, H., care E. House
Brien, Lucy, late Hospital
Brien, Miss Bertha, card
Bogdon, J. J.
Brown, Patrick, late Sound Island
Bolden, John, Casey St.
Brooks, Arthur, card
Boustead, F. W.
Butler, E. J., Mt. Scio Road
Brussett, L. A., Queen's St.
Burke, W. J.
Burt, Mazie Miss
Butt, Miss Minnie, Cochrane Street
Butt, A. A.
Butler, Miss care Jas. Fletcher
Butt, Elizabeth
Buckwell, Mrs. E. D.
Butler, Mrs., Patrick St.
Butler, Mrs. A., Lion's Square

C
Crane, Jos.
Campbell, Mrs. Joseph, Bond St.
Campbell, G. S.
Chamberlain, H. C.
Campbell, C. J.
Callon, J. E., late Hospital
Coppin, Rev. H.
Conway, Katie, card
Connley, Miss L.
Coleman, Capt., Georges St.
Crane, Joseph

D
Dawe, Winifred, card, late Toronto
Drake, Mrs. John, retd.
Day, Thomas, Nagle's Hill
Dawe, Miss, care Mr. Martin
Dwyer, Michael, Long Pond Road
Dempsey, Mrs. D., Mullock Street
Dicks, Mrs. Geo., card
Doherty, Warren, card
Duggan, John J.
Duff, Bella, card, Cochrane Street
Dulcey, Miss Margaret, late Brigus
Davis, Mrs. Thomas, LeMerchant Road

F
Fraser, A. M.
Frandsham, Albert
French, Mrs. Jas. H.
Ferguson, Stewart S.
Fowler, Bride, —— St.
Frost, Violet, Charlton St.
Fawcett, Miss Agnes
Frampton, Abel

G
Greene, Miss E., card Water Street
Gillett, Mrs. John, LeMerchant Road
Guy, B. Edwin

H
Hawco, Mary E., Water St.
Harvey, Annie, care D. Cameron
Hackett, Margaret, card
Hay, Mrs. George
Healey, E., care J. J. Callahan
Hynes, Alfred, card, Alexander Street
Herman, Dr. P. L.
Hickey, Michael, Stephens St
Hiscock, Mariah, Brazil's Square
Hill, Miss K.
Hibbs, Miss M., Springdale Street
Howell, Mrs. George, Carter's Hill
Hunter, Roger
Hurley, Thomas, Pleasant Street
Hughes, H. V.
Hudson, E. W.
Hughes, Jeremiah, late Holyrood
Hunt, Lizzie, Water St.

J
Johnston, Mrs. J. F., Water Street
Jonah, G.
Johnson, James P.
Johnstone, Miss A., Gower Street

K
Keefe, Mr., Westmount, Water St.
Kennedy, Arthur, Carter's Hill
Kennedy, Mrs. Dave, care Mrs. A. Taylor
Kelly, Mrs. A., Bell St.
Keough, James, care G. P. O.
Keates, Miss Minnie, care Mrs. P. Buckley, Water Street
Keefe, Sandy, late Fortune Bay
Kelly, Maggie, New Gower Street
King, Stanley, care G. P. O.
King, W. S., card, Water Street
King, Miss Maggie, Devon Place
Kelhazen, Charles
Knight, M. F., late New York
King, Mrs. William, Prescott Street
Kielley, Maggie, New Gower Street

L
Lawlor, Thomas
Lambert, Edmund, late Northern Bight
Leslie, Dr. H. A.
LeDrew, Maggie, card, Duckworth St.
Luther, Miss Jessie, Duckworth St
Ludwick, Irving J.

M
Martin, William, King's Road
May, James, late s.s. Portia
Mercer, J. C.
Mygra, Alice, care Wm., Water Street
Mentzel, Jas., care G.P.O.
Mennick, Maggie
Metzel, Jos. M.
Miller, Wm., card
Mills, Mrs. Ed., Mullock Street
Miller, J.
Miles, Emma, card, Adelaide Street
Morgan, E. J.
Morrissey, R. J. & Co.
Morrison, F. S.
Moore, M., Signal Hill
Moleur, Chas. A.
Murphy, Master L., Forest Road
Murphy, Miss A., Bond St.
Murray, Mrs. John, John Street
Murphy, Miss M., John St.
Murphy, J. T.
Murphy, P., slip

Mc
McCarthy, Mrs. Mary, Brazil's Square
McNeil, Alice, Water St.

N
Newhook, Richard, late Witless Bay
Noseworthy, J., card, care J. C. Baird
Noseworthy, Moses, Water Street West

O
O'Toole, Wm.

P
Pardy, Edmund
Parsons, Miss E., Theatre Hill
Pearcey, R., Casey's St.
Penney, Mrs. Philip, of William
Pelley, Mrs. Frederick, South Side
Perkins, F. M.
Percey, Miss Francis, card
Peckford, Jos.

R
Rendell, J., card
Roche, Mrs. Anna
Reynolds, Mrs. Dora W.
Rossitor, Mrs. George, card, South Side
Roberts, Mrs. Wm.
Roe, L., King's Bridge Rd.
Rogers, Wm.
Ross, Miss B., card
Ross, Mrs. Euphenie
Rose, Mrs. John, Butler Place
Rodgers, Sophie, retd.
Rogers, Wm. J.
Roberts, A. J.
Rourke, George M.
Roberts, W. J., Water St.
Roberts, Mrs. James
Rose, A., Duckworth St.
Russell, Edward, Freshwater Rd.
Stamp, James, Mundy Pond Rd.
Samson, Arthur, Patrick St.
Sheppard, Miss S., card Water Street
Stewart, Mrs. Alex., Water St. West
Stephenson, Mrs. K., Scott Street
Stewart, Rev., late Curling
Spence, Albert B., LeMerchant Rd.
Smith, L. B., late Little Bay
Smith, Carrie, card, Notre Dame Street
Skiffington, Mrs. P., card
Simms, Mrs., Conchrane Street
Stringer, Ezekiel, Cabot St.
Soper, Miss, card, Hamilton Street
Snow, Wm.
Strong, Mrs. Wm.
Snow, Joseph, Allandale Road
Snow, Mrs. A., card
Shute, Robert, late Salmonier
Spurrell, Miss Leah, card
Spruett, Mrs. George, Brazil's Square
Somerville, Ella, card
Squires, Helena E.

T
Taylor, Albert
Taylor, George
Terline, Mildred, Brookdale Farm
Tilley, Annie, Gower St.
Thompson, Roland, card
Tobin, Mrs. J. B., card, Buchanan Street
Tucker, George
Tucker, Margaret or John, care General Delivery
Tuff, C. R., card

W
Walsh, Mrs. Mgt., slip
Whalen, Mrs. Eliza
Walsh, Mary A., card, Signal Hill Road
Walsh, D., card,
Watson, Gordon
Watson, Harold L.
Watson, Mrs. J. T.
Wells, John, Monroe St.
Wheeler, Dorothy, Prospect Street
Webster, W. H.
Warren, Mrs. James, Ropewalk
Westbrook, George
Wells, John, Monore St.
Walsh, Thomas, Alexander Street
Wilson, James, care Jas. Baird
Wilson, Mrs. W.
White, Herbert
Winsor, Frank A.
White, Allan, Lion's Square
Wiley, Miss, late Hospital
Williams, Capt. Albert, cards
White, Tom, care Post Office
White, Charles, card

SEAMEN'S LIST.

A
Thorne, Frederick, schr. Alice C.
Langer, Simeon, schr. Annie M. B.

B
Cains, J., schr. Banchie
Osborne, schr. Banchie
Ireland, S. W., schr. Banchie
Publicon, Eben, schr. Burnette C.
Sharpe, William, schr. Brothers

C
Yetman, Mrs. Capt., schr. Clara
Jones, Pohn, schr. Caria
Young, Paul, schr. Coronation
Smallcombe, Richard, schr. Clara
Hackett, Capt. Jos., schr. Crofton McLeod

E
Ryan, John J., schr. Excelda
Pentz, Robert, schr. Ethel Oxner
Pike, John C., schr. Empire

F
Rose, Francis, schr. Francis C. Smith
Keeping, John M., schr. Fannie Young

G
Kendrick, Capt. J., schr. Glenwood
Tobin, George, schr. Grayling
Pilgrim, Albert, schr. Gay Gorden
Piercey, Peter, schr. Golden Hind
Hermon, Alex. schr. Gadys Whidden
Winsor, Arthur, schr. Golden Hind

H
Tornsten, Capt. J., schr. Harris
——, Capt. S., schr. Henrietta
Saunders, Capt. Geo., schr. Helena
McDonald, John J., s.s. Home

I
Jacobs, John Wilson, schr. Ida

J
Morris, Capt. Ed., schr. J. B. Anderson

K
Thorne, Thomas, schr. Kitchener

L
Dean, G. B., brigt. Lady Napier

M
Morris, Robert, schr. Maxwell
Reid, Richard, schr. Mary Jane
March, Luthrop, schr. Messenger
Davis, Capt. Wm., schr. Mauna Loa
Morcott, Patrick, schr. Mauda Palmer

N
Carter, Kenneth, schr. Notre Dame

P
White, Edgar, schr. P——
Peddle, Abijah, schr. Prowl

S
Vivian, A., schr. S. M. Lake
Knight, Thos., schr. Strathcona
McLeod, John, card, schr. Strathcona

V
Pollett, George, schr. Violet

W
Robbins, Stephen, schr. William

G. P. O., October 10th, 1910.

H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.

W. A. SLATTERY'S

Wholesale Dry Goods House,

Slattery Building, Duckworth & George's Sts.

GRAND OPENING SEASON 1910

We present to the Trade and Outport Dealers this Spring the largest, most varied, and best selection of English and American Cotton and Wollen Goods, as well as a complete line of all classes of Pounds, Remnants and Seconds

Balbriggan and Fleece-Lined Underwear a specialty

See our Stock of Muslins, Embroideries and Laces.

Please See Our Prices and Terms.

SPARKLING

DEVONSHIRE CIDER,

In Bottles.

GUARANTEED GENUINE.

HAYWARD & CO'Y,

Telephone 13. Water Street, East.

THE

LONDON DIRECTORY

(Published Annually)

ENABLES traders throughout the World to communicate direct with English

MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS

in each class of goods. Besides being a complete commercial guide to London and its suburbs, the Directory contains lists of

EXPORT MERCHANTS

with the goods they ship, and the Colonial and Foreign Markets they supply,

STEAMSHIP LINES

arranged under the Ports to which they sail, and indicating the approximate sailings;

PROVINCIAL TRADE NOTICES

of leading Manufacturers, Merchants, etc., in the principal provincial towns and industrial centres of the United Kingdom.

A copy of the current edition will be forwarded, freight paid, on receipt of Postal Order for **20s.**

Dealers seeking Agencies can advertise their trade cards for **£1**, or large advertisements from **£3.**

THE LONDON DIRECTORY Co., Ltd

25, Abchurch Lane, London, E. C.

PEARS, BANANAS, ORANGES,
PLUMS, PEACHES,
TOMATOES,
NEW YORK CORNED BEEF,
TURKEYS, CHICKEN.

JAMES STOTT.