

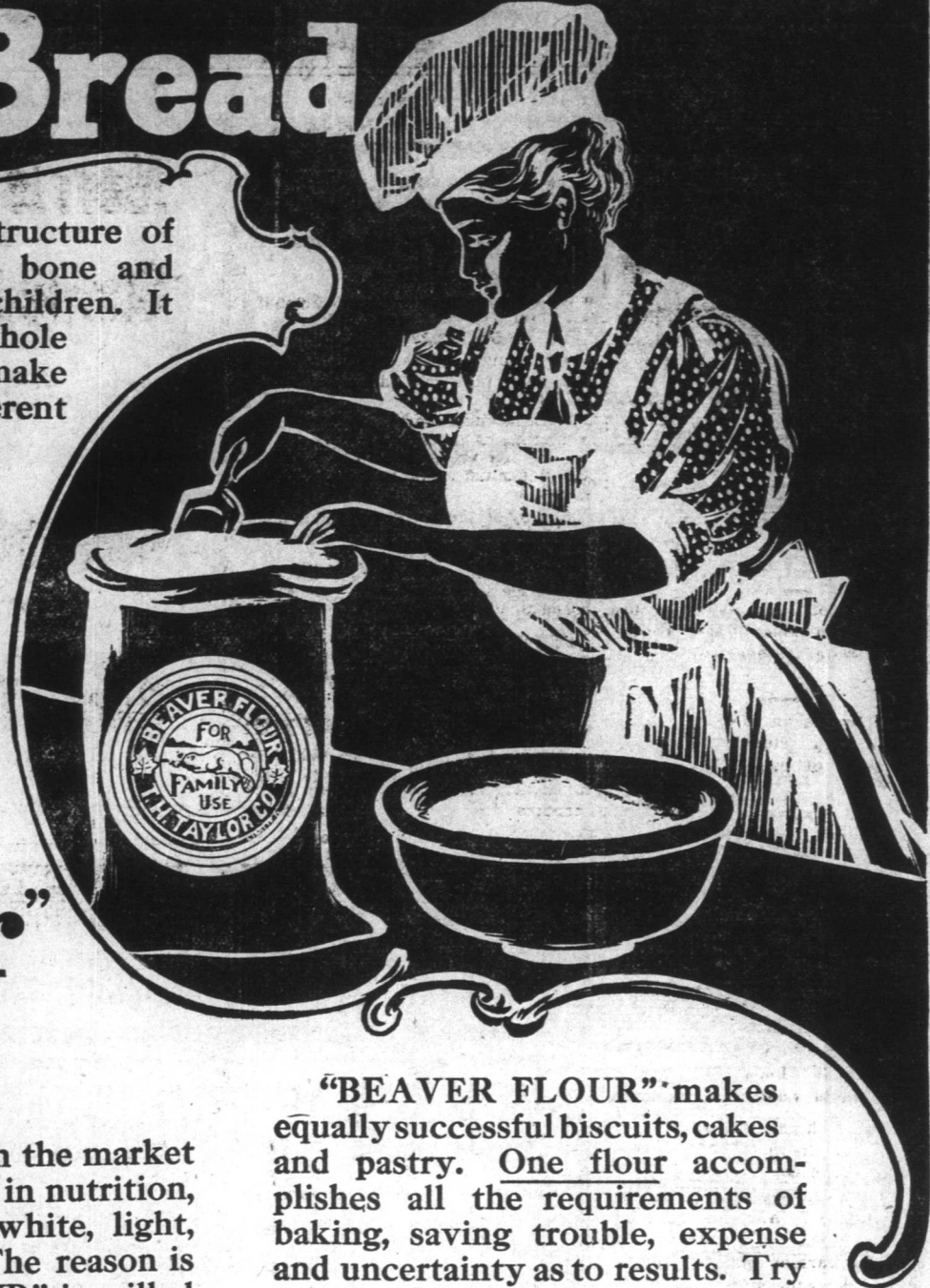
# Good Bread

is the keystone to the structure of health. It means vigor, bone and muscle to your growing children. It means nutrition to the whole family. But you cannot make good bread out of indifferent flour, no matter how you treat it, no matter how proficient you may be in baking. In her desire to make a loaf that looks and tastes well, the housewife is tempted to use flour that is almost devoid of gluten—the rich, strengthening constituent of flour that makes bread the staff of life.

## "Beaver" Flour

alone—of all the flours on the market—makes a loaf that is rich in nutrition, and at the same time is white, light, pleasing to the palate. The reason is simple. "BEAVER FLOUR" is milled in carefully balanced proportions from the Manitoba Spring wheat and the Ontario Fall wheat—one with its powerfully nourishing qualities, the other with those properties which make the bread attractive to the eye and taste.

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



"BEAVER FLOUR" makes equally successful biscuits, cakes and pastry. One flour accomplishes all the requirements of baking, saving trouble, expense and uncertainty as to results. Try it. You will quickly appreciate its superiority. All the best grocers keep it.

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

THE T. H. TAYLOR CO. LIMITED, 95 CHATHAM, ONT.

## At the Eleventh Hour!

CHAPTER III.

The Candidate For Governor. 'Married!' gasped the stranger, her wild blue eyes devouring the speaker's face.

"Yes—that's if Linnet Lewis'll have him. He's been courtin' her steady ever since he came home, six months ago."

The girl rose hurriedly to her feet, and it struck Saly Ann that she looked too ill and weak to go on that night; so she said hospitably:

"You look dead beat out and tremble, that's a fact. Pr'aps you better stay with me till to-morrow. I can give ye a comfortable pallet on the loft to-night, an' in the mornin' I'll go round with ye to see the folks, an' sorter speak a good word for ye. You see, I'm born an' raised in these parts, and sorter hev infuoince."

"Oh, thank you—thank you; but I—I can't wait. I'm in a great hurry, and—oh, no; not a bit afraid of the dark! Country people are all good

## In Dread of 'Something'

You can scarcely tell what—it may be Hysteria, Insanity, Nervous Collapses.

You can only throw off this depression when the nerve cells are restored to health by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Your digestive system has failed to supply proper nourishment to the nerves and you are compelled to seek aid from other sources.

It will take some patience and persistent treatment, but there is no way by which you can so certainly restore health and vigor as by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The best time to restore the nervous system is long before such a critical condition is reached. Such symptoms as sleeplessness, headaches, nervous indigestion, muscular weakness, loss of energy, failure of memory and power of concentration, irritability and discouragement tell of a failure of the nervous system and warn you of the approach of serious trouble.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50; all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

and harmless aren't they?" and with a hollow, cynical laugh the mysterious young woman dragged herself away in the last gleam of the fading twilight, to be seen no more by the curious spinster till she lay cold in death beneath the sunshine of the morrow's dawn.

Saly Ann's story made her quite an object of interest, and Mr. Lewis, at once declared his intention of taking her to the inquest that afternoon, saying that her evidence might be of some importance.

Whether important or not, it seemed that she was the only one who could tell anything about the strange case. Several persons had seen her leave the west-bound train at Roncoverte and walk off toward the country, but none had spoken with her but the lonely old maid at her cabin door.

Strange to say, she had not applied to Mrs. Lewis for work, though recommended to do so.

She had gone on to Bonnie Braes, the next estate, and there she was found dead by a farm-hand early the next morning.

But nothing about her showed any signs of violence. She lay decorously on her back, her clothing neatly disposed about her feet, her arms extended by her sides, the pistol that had made that gaping hole in her breast close by her hand, as if dropped in the death struggle. The jury at the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of suicide.

No marks on her clothing, and nothing in her handbag, gave any clue to the girl's identity. She was simply:

"One more unfortunate, weary of breath, rashly importunate, gone to her death."

She was removed in a wagon to Roncoverte to receive a pauper's burial on the morrow.

Miss Halliburton put on a fresh white gown the next morning, and sought the front of the house, as usual, to wait for the coming of Stephen Belcourt.

"How fortunate for me that Lynette has to work in the orchard this week! He will not even get a glimpse of her when he comes, and that is well, for that face of hers seems to make tools of all the men," she thought enviously.

She lounged in the hammock with a book of poetry, and waited and waited until the low sound of the river singing past the green banks and the hum of the bees in the flowers

grew hateful to her ears from their monotony.

"Why doesn't he come—oh, why doesn't he come?" she cried, in angry impatience at last, rising on her elbow to look for the twentieth time at the gate.

Suddenly she saw her cousin Gillian coming around the corner of the house, mopping her perspiring brow with the corner of her large gingham apron.

Mrs. Lewis was a notable housewife and kept herself busy from morn till eve with the manifold industries of a well-kept farm. No one was free from her bossing but Vida, who was independent of her sway, being what Mrs. Lewis humorously called "the parlor boarder."

"My, how cool and pretty you look, Vida. It's a shame there's no young man by to see you!" exclaimed the woman admiringly.

Vida created her neck coquettishly, and answered:

"But there may be at any minute—who knows."

An angry light flamed into her cousin's greenish-gray eyes and she shook her tousled head.

"No, there won't child, and you'd best as well go into the house, and not stay here freckling your pretty skin like a turkey's egg, waiting here. Stephen Belcourt's been here and gone."

Vida jumped out of the hammock, her pale skin turning a dull red as she gasped:

"When?"

"Yesterday, while we were gone to see the suicide."

"Who told you?"

"John Henry slipped it out to me last night after we went to bed. Says he to me—"

"Gillian, Steve Belcourt was here this morning. Came right up in the orchard as sociable as you like, shook

hands all round, even with Lynette and poor old Saly Ann."

"With Lynette, in that old gingham? He must 'a' thought she was a tramp," says I sharply; but John Henry laughed—haw! I could see the old fool was tickled almost to death, and he said, as sassy as you please:

"If Lynette was old Queen Vic herself, I shall count the ducks."

"Then I shall count the ducks," said Lynette, quite reluctantly, he said: "Will you be at the fair?" Lynette said "Yes," and he answered, "Then I shall count the ducks."

"She must not go to the fair," Vida muttered, her voice hoarse with rage.

"No, she shall not!" echoed Mrs. Lewis grimly; then continued: "But John Henry Lewis is that set up by Belcourt's notice of his niece, he hadn't no common sense left."

"What if he was to take a notion to marry Lynette?" says he, and poked me in the ribs, the hateful thing. "Would not she be a pretty little governess's lady?"

Vida was almost choking with rage as she cried:

"Lynette is as good as promised to Graham Prentiss."

"So I reminded the silly old fool; but he said no, she wasn't, neither. She had only promised to give him an answer in a week, and for his part he'd rather see her marry Belcourt than Prentiss. He knowed both families well, and the Belcourts was the choice of the county. He and Steve's father had been friends in boyhood, too, and he knowed the stock well, and so on, and so on; and I saw from the first word that he was determined to make a match between Belcourt and Lynette, if he could."

"Well, here comes Graham Prentiss, the man she has flirted with and almost promised to marry. Let us see what he will say to Belcourt's claim!" cried Vida angrily, as a good-looking young horseman galloped up to the gate.

Mrs. Lewis looked at the advancing guest, and then at her working-garb with some discomfiture.

"I'm really not fit to be seen, so I'll leave you to entertain him," she said, and hurried away to the back of the house.

Graham Prentiss, meanwhile, had fastened his horse at the hitching-post, and was coming up the walk—a handsome man of about twenty-eight years, dark almost to swarthy-ness, with sunken dark eyes, close-cropped black hair, and a figure thick-set and compact rather than tall.

The owner of Bonnie Braes was very rich, and had travelled considerably, so his garb and manner were both easy and attractive, with the aplomb of a man of the world.

When he came home, six months before, after a considerable absence, Miss Halliburton had first made his acquaintance, and had laid herself out with all her stock in trade of coquetry to entrap him in her toils, being fascinated both by his good looks and his bank account.

To her chagrin and dismay, Graham Prentiss had ignored her from the very first, and fallen "head over heels," as she angrily phrased it "in love" with Lynette Lewis, whom he had known ever since she was a toddling baby. Every attention that love could devise had been employed to win the merry, careless little beauty of Blooming Meadows to become the mistress of Bonnie Braes, and at last she had been persuaded into taking his proposal into consideration.

Vida's wrath and mortification were bitter, and only increased her jealous dislike of her charming rival. She vented her spite in petty persecutions, ably abetted by her cousin Gillian, who led Lynette a weary life as far as she dared, seeing that the girl was a pet with her uncle.

To be continued.

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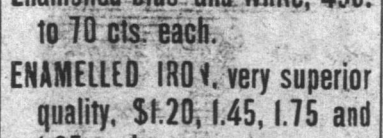
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Worn by all Canadian Fishermen at Shore and Bank Fishing.

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- Women's Plain Black Cashmere Hose, Job, at 25c. pair.
- Women's Ribbed Black Cashmere Hose, short legs, in good wool cashmeres. Regular 35c. to 40c. pair, only 22c. pair. Magnificent assortment to choose from in Women's Black, Tan, Vieux Rose and Myrtle. Lisle Thread and Cashmere Hose, assorted prices.
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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.



Ladies' One or Two Piece Costume with High or Regulation Waist Line.

Checked gingham in lavender and white, with trimmings of lavender is here shown. The design is also suitable for linen, poplin, voile, lingerie fabrics and cloth. The side closing is a pleasing feature, and the jaunty collar and cuffs are most effective. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for the 36 inch size.

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

Suitable materials for any of these patterns can be procured from AYRE & SONS, Ltd., Samples on request. Mention pattern number. Mail orders promptly attended to.

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Ladies' Night Dress with Kimono Yoke and Collar Trimming. Effective for lawn, dimity, muslin, cross-bar, linen, silk or flannellette. The yoke is cut with sleeves in one, and has an added collar trimming, that may be omitted. The skirt portions are gathered to the yoke. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 40 inch material for the Medium size.

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ago." Said the boy: "I've just told you worth every word that big set him get 'ute." Referring you would six months sure of m. Retorted didn't use reasonable. "I like this?" Flushed. "I have so. Don't you see. And the good quar kind words breaks in. wroth with like madne. All just

The A man propri weak a suffic. Dr. m. as. pu. fle. str. This absolute ingredie nostrum medicin remedy many c World's

House Coffee jelly. Pure rub. plexion. "Cufflow. downward. A cloth n clean piano. To break pulled thro. Annuma. Clean in. and polish. Sterilize. fore puttin. Use batt. potatoes. Linoleum last longer. When som. ed. apply h. half and hel. Peaches. make one s. sets of the. Decorate. put away w. flannel betw. The best

