

A BAKING SUCCESS
WHICH YOU CAN DUPLICATE IN YOUR HOME

WITH
BEAVER FLOUR



All this talk about Western wheat flour is a gag

"pastry" flour, is just plain talk. Anyone, who knows anything about wheat, knows that Western wheat flour cannot and does not, make as good Pastry as "Beaver" Flour.

Western wheat has what the bakers call strength. It makes a big loaf of bread—but the bread is spongy and lacks flavor. Ontario wheat, blended with spring wheat, makes the ideal bread and pastry flour.

The bakers of Toronto and London—the experts at the agricultural colleges—and thousands of homes in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces—have proved that "Beaver" Flour is superior to any Western wheat flour, and is equally good for Bread and Pastry. Try it.

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

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

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

THE BELLE OF RUBYWOOD.

CHAPTER IX.
"Lots of work!" repeated Leigh. "What work can Mr. Heatherbridge have now?"

The men looked at each other in silence. Leigh nodded scornfully. "I understand, my men," he said; "you may go."

And did he understand and marvel. "All is fair in love and war," he muttered. "So Mr. Heatherbridge would ruin the rival whom he considers more favored than himself. Fair! it is un-English and foul!"

Foul or not it harassed and distressed him. He had a heavy stock on the farm and plenty of work, but Mr. Heatherbridge did his spiriting so thoroughly that before the next morning there remained to his rival three servants only, old William, a man he had engaged in another country, and a boy.

Leigh set his face sternly to overcome this difficulty, and started off in his dogcart to Hopwood. There he engaged six men at good wages, and brought three of them over with him.

When they had all arrived, and were sitting in the common kitchen, after three days' work, he strode in and addressed them gravely, but kindly: "My men," he said, "I have reason

MRS. SCOTT'S SUFFERING OVER

Doctors Advised An Operation. How She Escaped Told By Herself.

Buckner, Mo.—"For more than a year I suffered agonies from female troubles and the doctors at last decided there was no help for me unless I went to the hospital for an operation. I was awfully against that operation, and as a last resort wrote to you for special advice and I told you just what I suffered with bearing down pains, backache, shooting pains in my left side, and at times I could not touch my foot to the floor without screaming. I was short of breath, had smothered spells, felt dull and drizzly all the time. I could not do any work, and oh how I dreaded to have an operation."

"I received a letter full of kind advice, which I followed, and if I had only written her a year ago I would have been saved so much suffering, for today I am a well woman. I am now keeping house again and do every bit of my own work. Every one in this part of the country knows it was Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that has restored me to health, and everywhere I go I recommend it to suffering women."—Mrs. LIZZIE SCOTT, Buckner, Mo.

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

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box. For \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Richard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

brow, harassed and tortured almost beyond endurance.

"Did—did your mistress give you no message?" he asked in a low voice, thirsting for a word from his darling.

"Well, no," hesitated Janey. "She didn't give me any message, but just as I was going out of the room she plucked this forget-me-not out of the bunch of flowers on the table and gave it me without a word, sir."

Leigh almost snatched it from her hand, and pressed it to his lips; then, in a hurried, agitated voice, for the little flower stirred his heart to its very depths he said:

"Janey, tell her that I sleep with her gift upon my heart, and that until that heart ceases to beat I cannot forget her. Tell her—There, go; my girl, go!" and, unable to utter a word more, he strode off.

"Well," said Janey, "if this ain't love, I don't know what love is. Law! to think of Mr. Leigh loving dear Miss Muriel like that! One wouldn't 'a' thought it of him—so quiet and grave 'a' looks."

Day passed after day and Muriel as still at Rubywood though the severity of her confinement had somewhat relaxed, and she was allowed to go as far as the garden and the court; but then only at stated times, when her father, who had not seen her spoken to since the night of her refusal of young Heatherbridge, sat in the parlor, the window of which commanded a view of the whole space, and kept watch and guard over her.

He would have sent her to London, but the aunt to whom he had written was away on a visit, and so he had to be contented with a sharp surveillance, and determined that he would break her spirit and cure her of her folly and obstinacy, resolved that she should be kept a prisoner until she acknowledged her crime and consented to take the husband he had chosen for her.

Harvest time approached. Wynter Leigh, who had prospered in all matters save that of his love, grew more anxious, more stern and more passionate in love with the absent Muriel than ever, and as the expiration of the six months' term of silence and patience drew near, was almost consumed with fiery resolves and impossible projects.

The little forget-me-not faded and died, slept on his heart night and day.

The harvest came. Men were scarce; all that were obtainable Mr. Heatherbridge and Farmer Holt secured.

Worn to death with overwork and anxiety, Wynter Leigh rode over to Hopwood and determined to give the new steam monster a trial.

Farmer Holt, trudging from a newly reaped field to one in progress, met

Exhausted Nerves Sleepless Nights

Continually Grew Worse Until Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Restored Vigor and Strength.



Mrs. Campbell.

What misery to lie awake nights and think of all sorts of things without being able to get the rest and sleep which is necessary to restore the nervous energy wasted in the tasks of the day. This symptom of sleeplessness is one of the surest indications of an exhausted nervous system. You must have sleep or a breakdown is certain. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food feeds the feeble, wasted nerves back to health and strength. In a few days you obtain the natural, restful sleep which helps so materially in restoring vitality to the nerves and strength to the whole body.

Mrs. Sarah Campbell, 108 Alma street, St. Thomas, Ont., writes: "For months I was so bothered with nervousness that I could not sleep nights. There were other symptoms of exhausted nerves, but none caused so much misery, and I found myself continually getting worse. I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it was not long before I noticed great improvement in my health. I built up the nervous system wonderfully, strengthened the nerves and enabled me to rest and sleep well."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box. For \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

What Honesty Means in Cocoa-Making

In cocoa-making, honesty may have two meanings. A manufacturer may set out to produce a medium grade cocoa. He may honestly adhere to that standard. But the standard is low. The cocoa flavor suffers.

Or—A manufacturer may set out to produce cocoa of the very finest quality possible.

He then puts himself under constant extra expense. The finest cocoa beans must be used. They cost much more than medium grade beans.

He must employ skilled, and therefore expensive factory foremen.

He must install expensive modern machinery. He must use care, care, care, and expensive time from the start to the finish of his cocoa-making.

In Lowney's we set out to make the very finest cocoa that could be produced. The equipment of our factory at Montreal shows the pains we take.

To justify our extra expense we must make for Lowney's Cocoa firm friends—cocoa lovers who will not be satisfied with cocoa of a lower quality.

This we are accomplishing. And the result of an honest adherence to this high-standard policy you can enjoy in a wholesome cup of Lowney's Cocoa.

Sold by grocers. In tins—10c to 50c sizes.

Lowney's shows you how Cocoa ought to taste



The Best Way to Make Cocoa
Mix two even tablespoonfuls of cocoa with two of sugar. Add ½ tablespoonful salt. Mix gradually with two cups of boiling water. Stir to a smooth paste. Boil 5 minutes. Add two cups of scalded (not boiled) milk, and beat with an egg-beater until frothy.

The Walter M. Lowney Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

We have just opened our Fall shipment of

LADIES' HATS,

Which are the Newest and Latest Styles

Kindly give us a call and we shall be pleased to show you our stock.

G. T. HUDSON,
367 and 148 Duckworth Street, St. John's.

Crystalite Kerosene

Is undoubtedly the Best Oil sold as Low Test Oil in Newfoundland.

Just try it in a lamp and you will see its superiority over all other Low Test Oils and you will know why it is called "The Light of the Home."

GEO. M. BARR, Agent, The Texas Co.

Our Watch Repairing is Second to None.

Leave your Watch with us and we will give it a good overhauling. D. A. McRAE.

D. A. McRAE, Watchmaker and Jeweler, 295 Water St.

the great steam monster panting and snorting down the avenue, which Leigh, having been far too occupied to cut a new road, had been compelled to retain in use.

"What's that?" gasped the farmer, staring first at the immense locomotive, and then at the deep ruts which its broad, heavy wheels cut in the even road.

"That be a new invention, farmer," replied old Will cheerily, and not without a grim satisfaction at the farmer's dismay. "That be four-and-twenty men rolled into iron and stuck upon wheels."

"And—and what's your masher going to do with it?" asked the farmer, his anger rising rapidly into a fit of passion.

"Reap," retorted old Will. "There's a Providence always waiting to open a new door when contrary men shuts all the old uns, Farmer Holt."

And with a stern nod, the old man trudged on after the new hands. Farmer Holt strode home, purple with anger.

Muriel, sitting under the shade of an old oak in the courtyard, saw him approaching, and expecting him to turn off the sidewalk to avoid her, drooped her head to hide the tear dimmed eyes, and sighed.

But the farmer, eying his daughter angrily, strode straight on, and, standing before her, folded his arms and said:

"Muriel Holt, have you repented of your wickedness?"

"Oh, father, father, dear father, you will break my heart!" sobbed Muriel, throwing herself upon his breast.

He put her back with a rough hand. "Answer my question, girl! Are you ready to do your duty and obey your father? Will you marry Alfred Heatherbridge?"

"Father," said Muriel, pale but resolute. "I cannot—I dare not!"

"Cannot! Dare not! Why not?" asked the father, his eyes flashing.

"Don't answer, shameless girl! I'll answer for you. You love another man! Do you deny it?"

"No," said Muriel, raising her face with a light in her eyes that might have been the reflection of his. "I do love another man—a brave, true-hearted man, who would scorn to do what the man you would have me marry has meanly done to him!"

Farmer Holt drew his breath, and his arms, which he had fixed across his chest, tightened.

"Your true-hearted man is Mr. Leigh, my girl—isn't it?"

"It is he," said Muriel in a low but clear voice.

"Then Muriel Holt, I tell you I'd rather follow you to your grave than give you to that man—Mister Leigh! An insolent, hair-brained fool! No daughter of mine shall marry him; for I'd bury her first! And that's my answer, my girl, if ever you dare to put the question. Marry the man I've chosen for you, or remain single. When I say a thing I mean it, and, by Heaven, I'll stand to this!"

Muriel sat upon the seat, white as death, and almost as breathless. The farmer glanced at her with a pitiless nod and strode away.

(To be continued.)

On Second Thought.

BY JAY E. HOUSE.
You doubtless have observed the man who is looking for leaking gas, nearly always lights a match.

"Just as I had again reached the point of admitting the intelligence of the people," said Tang Beverly, yesterday. "I learned from the newspapers that one of them had paid \$3,000 for a grayhound."

The happy, barefoot boy usually has a stonebruse on his heel. Every found father should remember that the acid test of his wonderful children is their ability to earn a living after they grow up.

If you do not know what a "desom" is, do not allow the fact to depress you. Nobody seems to know.

After a man learns to run his car he forgets the English language. If you wish to converse with him you must talk "automobile."

It is true that a vote for Sherman is a vote for side whiskers. But a vote for Marshall might easily be construed as an endorsement of the wing collar.

The rule that if a woman looks well in it, she wears it. A boy may be said to have realized an ambition when he has a dollar to spend in celebrating the Fourth of July.

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES NEURALGIA.

Simply say H.P. to your grocer—he will hand you a bottle of the most appetising sauce in the world.

But be sure you DO say H.P., because you want



Hr. Grace Notes.

On exhibition at the studio of R. T. Parsons, Water Street, are three beautiful pictures to be presented to the Newfoundland British Society by the C. B. B. Society Band. These pictures are— one of His Majesty our King, another of Queen Mary, and a group of the Conception Bay British Society's Band in uniform. These pictures will be appreciated by the brethren of St. John's.

Mr. Richard Whalen, of Carbon Road, is still very sick. It is feared that his trouble is cancer of the stomach, though his friends hope that may not be so.

Mr. J. W. Nichols, well known at all our schools in connection with drawing classes, is now in town and visited several of the schools to-day.

Mrs. Mary Gordon, who I reported last week as having returned from Brigus Junction sick and being compelled to give up her contemplated visit to Boston, is still very sick. Her two sons are now on the way here, leaving which they heard of their mother's illness.

The S. S. Othar arrived from Bell Island on Saturday evening with a number of workmen to spend Sunday at home. Owing to the fierce storm raging the steamer could not get away until late.

Miss Jane Coughlan, an aged spinster of Bryan's Cove, but who has resided here for several years, died on Friday last and was buried last evening. The old lady, who was the aunt of Messrs. Henry and Joseph Garland, had reached her 97th year.

Mrs. Bridget Donohue, an old lady living by herself on the hill was nearly frightened to death on Saturday night, when during the storm she heard a noise at her window resembling that which would be made by some person trying to rise the window. Suddenly the large glass 20 x 24 came crashing in and she could hear footsteps outside. It was afterwards found out to be a horse who had taken shelter near the house from the storm, and came too near.

Owing to the unusual downpour of rain yesterday morning very few people ventured out to the different places of worship. Those who did go out were dressed before they returned. The wise ones stayed at home and said their prayers in comfort, with no fear of catching rheumatism.

CORRESPONDENT.

Hr. Grace, Oct. 14th, 1912.

Here and There.

THURSDAY'S MATINEE.—On Thursday afternoon the Klark Picture Company will produce as a matinee "The Sign of the Four" and we predict for them a crowded house.

Annie Wills, of Battery Road, fell ill of an internal malady; Elizabeth Kempf, of Torbay, similarly indisposed; Mrs. Butt, of Flat Islands, B.B., with appendicitis, was taken to the Hospital yesterday by Mr. E. H. Whiteaway. Katie Kempf, of Torbay, was also taken to St. George's Hospital, ill of consumption.

Famous "Pint of Cough Syrup" Recipe
No Better Remedy at Any Price. Fully Guaranteed.

Make a plain syrup by mixing two cups of granulated sugar and one cup of water and stir for two minutes. Put 25 ounces of pure Pinex (fifty cents) in a 16-ounce bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup. This gives you a family supply of the best cough syrup at a saving of \$2. It never spoils. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

The effectiveness of this simple remedy is surprising. It seems to take hold instantly, and will usually stop the most obstinate cough in 24 hours. It tones up the jaded appetite and is just laxative enough to be helpful in a cough, and has a pleasing taste. Also excellent for bronchial trouble, throat tickle, sore lungs and asthma, and an unequalled remedy for whooping cough and croup.

This recipe for making cough remedy with Pinex and Sugar Syrup (or strained honey) is a prime favorite in thousands of homes in the United States and in Canada. The plan has been imitated, though never successfully. If you try it, use only genuine Pinex, which is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, in rich, genuine and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this recipe.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Four druggists have Pinex, or will get it for you, if not, send to The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

REV

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