



The Economy of "Paisley Flour"
—the sure raising powder—is so great that a 5 cent tin is sufficient for a pound of ordinary flour, a 22 cent tin for a stone.

And do you know
that by using Paisley Flour, cake making at home is very little trouble; also it is much cheaper than using cake mixtures.

A great advantage of home baking with

"Paisley Flour"
(Trade Mark)
The SURE raising powder

is that you know what is in the cake—that all the ingredients are clean and sound.

Use one part Paisley Flour to eight parts of ordinary flour.

WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER IX.

Dinner passed off so well, I suppose, as dinners generally do pass off at which there is a strange and, in a certain sense, an embarrassing presence. Mademoiselle however, was, to use her own term, "charming." She conversed with madame with the most carefully adjusted and delightful deference; she talked to Nat, who from behind the pergne continued to embarrass me more than a little by various derisive facial contortions; she talked to me. In fact, by the time we returned to the drawing-room, Mlle. Lucille Valdin was completely at home in Mount Chavasse, and looked it. On entering the room we were rather startled to find it tenanted. A young lady in a white evening-dress and very much at her ease lay back in one of the large chairs, with her rosetted slides upon a hassock, fanning herself vigorously. Madame, going into the darkening room first, uttered a surprised exclamation at the sight of her.

"Why, Alice, my dear, how you startled me!"

"Did I, madame? I'm so sorry!" Alice jumped up. "Please forgive me for coming in this fashion; but I really couldn't help it. Father had to go to Market Waxford after dinner, and it's so stupid at home, with only mother alternately going to sleep and taking her medicine, that I coaxed him to drive me with him and leave me here. I knew Ned would walk home with me. And, besides—in a whisper—"I was so awfully anxious to see Nat's 'Mrs. General.' Please introduce me."

PERSISTENT COUGH.

Wherever soothing syrups fail to cure that persistent cough which exhausts you,

MATHIEU'S SYRUP
of Tar and Cod Liver Oil and other medicinal extracts will rapidly and definitely rid you from it.

The merits of Mathieu's Syrup are highly recognized and endorsed. Here are a few proofs:

THOMPSON, N.S., Mch. 29, '06.
Fillmore & Morris, Amherst, N.S.
Dear Sirs,—Yours of the 27th to hand re Mathieu's Cough Syrup, and would say it gives the best result of any cough syrup we have ever handled. The medicine is all right.

Yours truly,
ARMOUR & MATINSON.

Port (New Bedford), O.E., Apr. 3, '06.
Fillmore & Morris, Amherst, N.S.
I need yours of the 27th ult. as to Mathieu's syrup. It is an excellent medicine for cough, cold and consumption. Please send me another lot of 2 doz. bottles with samples. Enclosed find \$4.00 the amount of my bill.

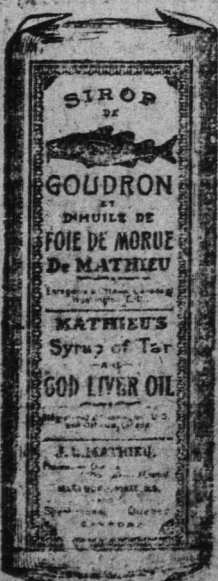
Yours truly,
A. F. DICKSON.

SPRINGHILL, N.S., April 4.
Fillmore & Morris, Amherst, N.S.
Dear Sirs,—In reference to your inquiry as to the selling qualities of Mathieu's Syrup, we might say that it is of no use whatever for us to keep any other Cough Medicine in stock. When you first began to sell it here the Druggists did not handle it, and now every Druggist in town has it, and we are sure they find a ready sale for it. Mathieu's Syrup is sold by at least 18 dealers in Springhill.

FERRIS & PEEL.

AGAINST HEADACHE there is no remedy so active as **Mathieu's Nerve Powders** which contain no opium, morphine or choral. 25 cents per box of 18 powders.

J. L. MATHIEU & Co., Merchants, 40, Water St., St. John's, Nfld.



ais which was now ripping out from beneath mademoiselle's skilful fingers. There seemed to be something fainting in it. Somehow I came to the conclusion that, though mademoiselle could no doubt play any piece of music which might be set before her, she would play it without daring a straw about it.

The music went on; so did our chatter, though in subdued tones, in deference to it. The breeze, blowing in coolly at the open window, made Nat and Alice shiver under their tight dresses. Madame, looking across noticed this.

"My dears, you will take cold; the evenings are chilly now, you know, pray come away. Close the window will you, Ned?"

The two girls jumped down from the window-seat and I shut the window. I was just following madame's further directions to draw the curtains when a sound outside made me raise and look out.

"Here's somebody coming," I announced.

"Who is it?" asked Alice, turning to peer over my shoulder. "Ugh! 'raser Froude, I declare!"

"So late!" said madame, in a surprised tone. "You must be mistaken Alice."

"I am not," Miss Deeping declared confidently. "There's not another person who looks like him in all Whittleford, thank goodness!" This last in an energetic whisper, in my ear; then, aloud—"It was he, wasn't it, Ned?"

"I think so; but I could hardly see," I returned.

But Alice's eyes were sharper than mine, it appeared, for the next moment Mr. Froude was announced, an tall, thin, tightly-buttoned-up figure appeared. He shook hands with me first—by the way, I do not think I have mentioned that his boy white hands were always cold—then with Nat and Alice, before crossing to make his bow by my mother's little work-table. I do not know that he was an especial favorite with madame—a nobody in particular in the stock-broking way was hardly likely to be; but she greeted him graciously enough, and introduced him to mademoiselle, who had left the piano by this time.

"A late visit, Mr. Froude," madame said then. "I suppose the lovely evening tempted you out?"

"Yes," Mr. Froude explained; the lovely evening had tempted him out; Holmeade was lonely to a solitary bachelor; and he found sitting alone here but dismal work. So, his dinner over, he had strolled out with his cigar, and passed the boundary between his own grounds and Chavasse almost without knowing it.

Watching how his dark eyes furiously sought Nat's face, I put the last part of the statement down as more than slightly mendacious. The master of Holmeade strolled into Chavasse a good deal too often to do it by accident, in my opinion.

I kept apart from the piano, turning over Nat's music, intending to ask her for a song presently, while the conversation round madame's table grew brisk enough, as most conversations did in which Miss Alice Deeping took part. It might be that the young lady did not like Fraser Froude; but he had no objection to talking to him if no other better was near. Madame put in a word now and then, and sat, kneeling in her favorite attitude beside her, with her arms crossed on her knee, contributed a very fair share to the chatter.

Only mademoiselle stood apart and silent. It might be because she felt strange, or was not yet sufficiently sure of her position at the Mount to join unasked in the conversation. Yet he quick keen glances which now and again she cast furtively at the four faces composing the group did not look much like nervousness. I was just thinking so when she suddenly crossed to the piano and joined me, rather to my consternation. I had not said a dozen words to mademoiselle yet, and was by no means sure that I had anything to say to her just now. But, it was at a loss, she was not. Starting with the sheet music which I was holding, she branched off in the airiest, easiest way imaginable—into I know not what. One thing I did know, and that was that she was trying to "pump" me. A very poor chance I should have stood of resisting if she had not suddenly

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EFFECTIVE
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broached a subject about which I was perfectly indifferent—to wit, Fraser Froude. Her sharp, black eyes glanced keenly over to where he sat by madame's table, his white teeth gleaming as he talked and smiled. She looked back again at me.

"That gentleman—Mr. Froude, I think—an odd name!—is a neighbor, Mr. Chavasse?"

"Yes. His place is Holmeade. The grounds join ours."

"He is rich, then—what do you call a gentleman, a squire?" she asked, in her pretty fantastic English.

"Oh, no!—and, if I had been a girl, I suppose I should have turned up my nose. He is rich enough, of course, or he couldn't have bought Holmeade; but he doesn't belong to Dalshire. He is a nobody, in point of fact, so far as I can make out."

"Ah, *apartennu!*" she rejoined. "He is not then Mademoiselle's fiance?"

"What—Natalie's?" I said, indignantly. "Of course not, mademoiselle. By Jove, it would be like his impudence!"

"Ah, of course—of course!" Mademoiselle's eyes, meeting mine, had in them a mocking expression which I did not exactly like, and which caused me to become uncomfortably red.

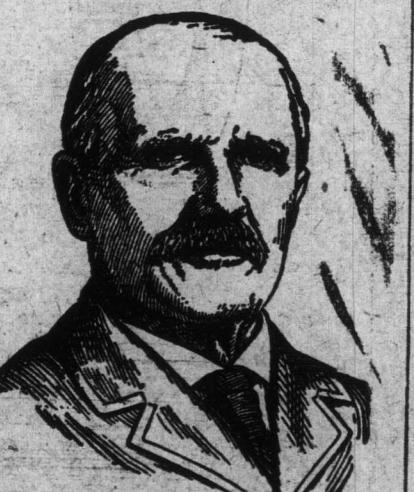
"Your pardon, Mr. Chavasse; I am foolish. I shall get used to English ways in time—what you do call English good manners. To leave it—do you sing?"

No; I did not sing; and said so with what I am afraid was a strong tinge of undignified sulkiness. Confounded mademoiselle! I thought. What on earth did she want to fasten on to me for? If she wanted to cross-examine any one about Fraser Froude or any one else, she should not, at any rate, cross-examine me. I could not look so serene as she did, but I tried my best when I answered her.

"I really don't know much about Mr. Froude, mademoiselle," I said, politely—"I don't think anybody does in Whittleford—but I'm sure Mademoiselle is not a true portrait."

How He Escaped An Operation

And Was Completely Cured of Piles of 14 Years' Standing by Dr. Chase's Ointment.



Mr. Chas. Beauvais.

Doctors say that about one person in every four suffers more or less from piles, and who can imagine a more annoying, torturing, disagreeable ailment?

After trying a few treatments without success, and as the ailment grows worse, the medical doctor is consulted. An operation, he says, is necessary. You think of the suffering, expense and risk to life itself, and hesitate before taking such a step.

In many thousands of such cases Dr. Chase's Ointment has made thorough and lasting cures. Read this letter for the proof.

Mr. Charles Beauvais, a well-known citizen of St. Jean, Quebec, writes—"For 14 years I suffered from chronic piles, and considered my case very serious. I was treated by a celebrated doctor who could not help me and ordered a surgical operation as the only means of relief."

"However, I decided to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, and obtained great relief from the first box. By the use of three boxes I was entirely cured. This is why I give the great pleasure to recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to all who suffer from piles as a treatment of the greatest value."

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

ame Chavasse will be glad to tell you anything that she can, if you are curious.

It was not a very pretty speech to make to a lady, and I am sure I felt half ashamed by the time it was out; but what is a fellow to do when he is being "pumped" by a woman whom he is no match for?

What she would have replied I do not know, for just then madame rose and turned towards the piano.

"I am anxious to hear your opinion of your pupil's voice, mademoiselle," she said. "May I ask you to accompany her? Come, Natalie, my dear."

Nat, who was listening to something whispered in her ear by Fraser Froude, shrugged her shoulders, with a toss of her curly head, and a very decided pout, but obeyed. The song was selected, and mademoiselle had taken her seat, when there came an interruption. There was a tap at the door, and, in reply to madame's permission to enter, Virtue Dent presented herself. Madame had an objection to men-servants, and, with the exception of old Styles, the butler, nearly all those about the house were women.

"What is it, Virtue?" my mother asked.

"Doctor Yorke has come, ma'am please. He says, Do you wish to see him?" For Roger was still, in attendance upon Batterbin's rheumatism.

Madame probably would have gone out to him now but for Alice's interposition.

"Oh I have a message to give Dr. Yorke!" she cried, evidently just remembering it. "Can he not come in here, madame? I shall be sure to forget it again."

"Certainly, my dear. Ask Doctor Yorke to be kind enough to step in here," madame said to the girl.

Virtue disappeared accordingly. Nat, apparently glad of the respite, went back to the hearth-rug, reaching up to whisper something—no doubt an impertinent something—into Alice's ear. Fraser Froude moved across to my side, making some remark about mademoiselle. Mademoiselle still sat at the piano, her hands moving slowly over the keys, but not striking a note. So we all waited for a couple of minutes or so, when Yorke was ushered in by Virtue.

(To be Continued.)

A Portrait!

A Portrait to be properly finished and give satisfaction demands the utmost skill of the photographer. Many photographers delight in exaggerating the image, which when finished, is not a true portrait.

A Portrait must show the person as he or she truly is, without any artificial means of beauty, free from skin blemishes with the exception of birth marks or scars.

We photograph the person truly and retouch in the most approved and up-to-date way. No order too small or too large for our every attention.

Call in and we will be only too glad to show you everything—show you photos of people of whom you know.

We are specialists in child photography. Send the children along.

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The Testimony of Facts!

From a letter published in the "Autocar" of Sept. 14th, '12, we notice that out of 13 Cars in a garage at Harrogate the following splendid tribute to

MICHELIN TYRES:
3 Cars fitted with 2 MICHELINS each out of 4 Tyres.
2 Cars fitted with 3 MICHELINS each out of 4 Tyres,
5 Cars fitted with 4 MICHELINS each out of 4 Tyres.
3 Cars fitted without any MICHELINS at all, which shows out of 52 Tyres, 32 were MICHELINS. In other words, 61% per cent of Tyres fitted were MICHELINS, the remainder being divided between five other makers.

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