

**LOWNEY'S COCOA**

Lowney's shows you how cocoa ought to taste.

### A Trip to Southend

I. "Excuse me, would you mind passing the crust?"

Roused from his reverie, Basil Woodford hastily complied with the request. As he did so, he glanced for the first time at his table-companion. She was a young lady of about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age. On her head she wore a large picture hat and on her face a petulant frown; but despite the dual disadvantage, he noticed that she was distinctly pretty. And as she thanked him, the frown gave place to a smile, half-demure and half-roguish, which confirmed his first impression.

Basil Woodford was in a distinctly bad humor, a state of things for which he considered he had ample justification. The previous evening he had had—*not exactly a quarrel, but quite a serious tiff, with his sweetheart.*

The trouble had arisen in an extremely simple fashion. By some means or other he had become possessed of a couple of tickets for a steamer excursion to Southend on the Saturday afternoon, and, like a dutiful

swain, he had hastened to his lady-love to request the pleasure of her company for the outing. Unfortunately she had another engagement. A meeting of the Society for the Propagation of—something or other (of which Society she happened to be on the Committee) had been called for the same afternoon, and a sense of duty prevented her giving up this engagement, even though tempted by the allurements of a day at Southend.

As a result of this refusal, a coldness had been engendered, and the young man, whose sympathies were not strongly in favour of the movement, had expressed his opinion of the Society and all connected with it in terms decidedly the reverse of complimentary. And at one p.m. on the Saturday afternoon he was now seated alone in a restaurant partaking of a modest lunch preparatory to going down to catch the boat. At all events he was not going to forego the trip because of a silly meeting.

It was in the midst of a reverie or these disturbing events that he was disturbed by the afore-mentioned request, and his attention once aroused, in spite of himself, he found himself glancing at his fair vis-a-vis more frequently than politeness altogether warranted. And though she kept her eyes demurely fixed on her plate, there was a lurking smile on her face

which seemed to indicate she was not wholly unconscious of his close scrutiny, and by no means displeased thereby.

A sudden idea occurred to him. He still had two tickets for the excursion. There was jolly little fun going by himself. Could he—dare he—ask the girl to join him? It would be just an innocent little afternoon's outing, he told himself. Of course, there would be a jolly row if it came to Amelia's ears. But there was no reason she should hear anything whatever about it. And, after all, it would only serve her right. What business had she to go bothering about a beastly Society when he wanted her to go out on an afternoon?

For a moment he hesitated. How should he break the ice? He did not wish to run the risk of incurring too pronounced a snub.

Fortune favoured him. As he was still debating the question, the girl pushed her plate away, and as she did so her gloves, which were lying on the edge of the table, fell to the floor. In an instant he went down and picked them up.

"Oh, thank you," she said, graciously. "I'm sorry to give you so much trouble."

"Don't mention it. A pleasure, I assure you. Isn't it—er—a lovely day?"

"Delightful."

"Fine afternoon for a sail, don't you think?" he persisted.

"A sail would be perfectly lovely! It must be delightful to be on the water on a day like this!"

"I'm going to Southend this afternoon. I say, would you care to come? I've a couple of tickets."

She turned away her head with a shocked expression.

"Oh, I simply couldn't think of it! It would be so dreadfully improper. Fancy going with a young man I had never met before!"

She spoke emphatically, but there was an undercurrent of regret in the tone which gave him courage.

"It wouldn't be a bit improper," he declared, stoutly. "Why shouldn't you? Besides, isn't it a pity the ticket should be wasted? Why should the steamboat company get the money in their pocket for nothing?"

"It does seem rather a pity," she admitted. "If you really think it wouldn't be too bold of me, perhaps—perhaps—"

"Then that's settled," he exclaimed, briskly. "We have just time to get down to the landing-stage."

A quarter of an hour later the couple stood on the steamer's deck, chat-

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The perfect flour is the one that combines the good qualities of Ontario and Western wheat. This is exactly what "Beaver" Flour does. It is a blend of best Ontario fall wheat with a little Western wheat, to add strength. "Beaver" Flour is equally good for Bread and Pastry—it has the real home made flavor that western flours lack. Ask your grocer.

DEALERS—Write us for prices on Feed, Oatmeal and Cornmeal. 143

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ting gaily as the ropes were cast off and the paddles commenced to churn the murky waters of the Thames.

II.

One-thirty had struck on the clock in a neighboring church-tower as Miss Amelia Marshall entered the office of the society of which she was one of the adorning lights.

"Is the secretary in?" she inquired of a red-haired office-boy, who was bustling about with an activity which plainly indicated he meditated an immediate departure.

"Gone," returned the boy, laconically, as he made a dart for his hat.

"When do you expect him back?"

"Monday morning, ten o'clock, D. V."

"But I don't understand. There is a meeting of the committee this afternoon. Where are the other members?"

The boy eyed her reproachfully.

"There's no meeting to-day, miss. It's next Saturday. No mistake about it. I sent out the notices myself."

In proof of the correctness of his assertion he produced a circular from his desk and handed it to her.

"Dear me. How very annoying. I have made a mistake of a week." To herself she added: "How very silly of me! If I had only known last night it would have saved all the unpleasantness with Basil. And it is such a lovely afternoon for a sail. Fancy the poor fellow going all by himself. I wonder if it is too late yet? If I took a 'taxi,' I believe I could get to the wharf in time to catch the steamer. What a delightful surprise it will be for the dear boy to see me walking on board at the very last minute! I must try!"

Descending to the street, she hailed a "taxi," and directed the chauffeur to drive with all speed to the wharf. Arriving at London Bridge, she hastened to the landing-stage, just in time to see the steamer gliding from the pier. But she saw more. On the deck she beheld the faithless Basil chatting gaily to a girl in a large picture-hat.

For a moment she stood petrified. Then her face hardened, and she clenched her fingers viciously.

"The wretch!" she muttered. "This is how he amuses himself! I'll never speak to him again, never—never!"

She turned away. Suddenly an idea occurred to her, and she stopped.

"I'll do it!" she exclaimed. "I'll take the train down to Southend, and confront him with the brazen minx! I'll show him I'm not to be treated in this manner!"

Tossing her head with an expression of fixed determination, she walked swiftly to Fenchurch-street Station, and booked a return ticket to Southend.

(To be Continued.)

**THIS WOMAN'S TROUBLES GONE**

Terrible Cramps, Dizzy Spells, Nervousness, Misery—Her Story of How She Got Well Again.

Hindsboro, Ill.—"Your remedies have relieved me of all my troubles. I would have such bearing down misery and cramps and such weak, nervous, dizzy spells that I would have to go to bed. Some days I could hardly stay up long enough to get a meal.

"The doctor's medicine did me no good so I changed to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and got good results from the first bottle. I kept on taking it and used the Sanative Wash with it, until I was well again. I think every woman who suffers as I have, could take no better medicine."—Mrs. CHARLES MATTISON, Box 58, Hindsboro, Ill.

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The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as those above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stranger—it has stood the test for years.

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Stocking Caps, Navy, Red, Grey and Mixed Colors, 25c. on Tuesday.

Soft Bosom Golf Shirts, \$1.90 quality for 85c. on Tuesday.

Boys' Crimson and Fancy Velvet Eaton Caps, 10c. each.

Men's Suits, Boys' Suits, Men's and Boys' Pants reduced on Tuesday.

Everything in Dry Goods, Crockery and Glassware reduced on Tuesday at

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White Embroidered Lawn . . . . . 45c. up  
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Fancy Colored Fabrics . . . . . 59c. up  
Fancy Flannelette . . . . . 59c. up  
Newest styles in Scotch Wincey, worth \$1.80 for . . . . . \$1.49

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Black Cashmere, worth 95c. for . . . 79c.  
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12 only, latest styles from the maker, made for this season's trade, in Tweed, Serge and Cloth, from \$1.35 to \$3.60 each. All worth a lot more money.

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All manufacturers' samples; 12 only, assorted shades, from 79c. to \$1.70. A little over half price. Come early and secure first choice.

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Green, Blue and Red, at 50c. basket.  
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the individual who left the impression on my mind was interesting nor amusing, not to mention the capacity for example.

She was a girl of eighteen, came with her mother to the apartment. Perhaps I should have mentioned that her mother came with her.

From the moment they made comments it was evident the mother was not used to the modest degree of luxury which the apartment represented, and simultaneously evident that the daughter would stop at no rudeness or discourtesy to her or to hide this fact. Twice she contradicted her mother, and again she caught her up and continually she interrupted.

"How about hard wood floors?" she asked. "Are they as keep clean as carpets?" "How lovely!" she said. "I would think you saw a hard wood floor. They are much easier to take care of."

"Electricity is pretty, especially the mother. I was waiting for we would find an apartment was piped for gas." At the daughter cast a perfectly wise glance at her mother. She belonged to that class of people that think it is the one deadly sin that anything costs too much.

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Dr. R. Surgical practice, with roots, with the great treatment for the blood. They failed to do and would not use of the blood. I did. I took the blood. I took the blood. I took the blood.

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**Officials Who Are in Trouble**

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir.—I noticed in the Chronicle of 12th inst. an intimation of Mr. John O'Reilly, relieving Officer, Placentia, Newfoundland, that he had been in the purchasing goods for the fall winter trade.

Now what is some of Mr. O'Reilly's fall and winter trade? Will Mr. O'Reilly tell us?

Is not some got through his position as Relieving Officer from widows and orphans of the district? At what profit, ask the poor, they tell you, and yet they have no regrets but are compelled under the circumstances to take the goods overboard.

Ask the shop-keepers of Placentia if they ever see or handle a dollar of the large amount expended under the head of "Poor Relief?"

It's an outrage against the poor parish to let this continue. Will the Government wake up and investigate?

And while investigating the Relief business let them also get busy and give their attention to the business of Stipendiary Magistrate O'Reilly who is managing the Store here—and getting in store

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