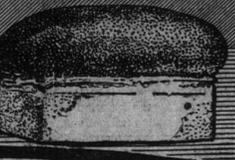


BEAVER FLOUR



THE BLENDED FLOUR

Compare a Loaf of "Beaver" Flour Bread With One Made of Western Wheat Flour

You never realized what a difference there could be in quality. "Beaver" Flour loaf is compact like cake—the texture is fine—smooth, even, regular—the color beautifully white—the crust, a rich, crisp brown—the taste, real homemade. Western wheat loaf is full of holes—texture, coarse—the color seems gray compared with the snowy whiteness of "Beaver" Flour bread—and the flavor is almost tasteless.

"Beaver" Flour has a quality all its own, because it is a blended flour. It is Ontario fall wheat flour—with just enough Manitoba spring wheat flour to increase the strength and make the dough stand up in the oven.

It is this combination—arrived at by years of experimenting and testing—that gives "Beaver" Flour both quality and quantity.

It is because "Beaver" Flour is a true blended flour and made of the best wheat in the world, that it is equally good for bread and pastry, and best for both.

"Beaver" Flour is immeasurably superior to any western wheat flour for all kinds of baking. You can prove this to your complete satisfaction, the very first time you use it for Bread, Rolls, Biscuits, Cakes, Pies or Pastry.

DEALERS—Write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals. 130

THE T. H. TAYLOR CO. LIMITED, - CHATHAM, Ont.

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

WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER III.

"I doubt it, if you don't," I returned. "What sort of a fellow is he, Roger? Young or old, handsome or ugly, short or tall?"

"He isn't young and he isn't old; he isn't handsome—to my mind, at any rate—and he isn't ugly; and he's neither tall nor short."

"What a list of negatives!" I said smiling. "What is he, then?"

"A frog, as far as I'm concerned," returned Yorke, lightly. "I don't like the fellow, Ned, my boy."

"So I see," I remarked; then more gravely—"What is his name? I have heard it; but it has slipped my memory."

"His name? Not so elegant as 'Edward Chavasse,' of the Mount," he said, laughing, "but a queer one enough in its way—'Fraser Froude.'"

"What a name!" I ejaculated. "Fraser? Was he christened that?"

"I suppose so. An odd name, isn't it? Comes of the alliteration, most likely."

"I don't like the sound of it, however it comes," I said. "Do you know what he is, Roger?"

"Gentleman—living on his means just now, I believe. They must be worth having if he intends to keep up Holmedean."

"You're right. Why, with the ex-

ception of Chavasse and old Roxborough's seat, it's the biggest place in the county! You don't know what this man has been, I suppose?"

"No; but, from a few words he let drop to the doctor, he has been some thing in the stock-broking way, I fancy."

I made no answer; but I did not much like that piece of information. I do not think I have much of the Chavasse pride, but I do like to know who is who. The idea of a retired stock-broker, of whose antecedents nothing was known, being settled close to the Mount and our nearest neighbor was not by any means pleasant. Yorke's keen eyes, turning to my face, twinkled mischievously.

"Madame won't care much about that—eh, Ned?"

"You're right!" I said, emphatically. "I don't care much about it myself, in fact. How came a man like that to get Holmedean, I wonder?"

"Paid for it," was the sententious reply.

"And does he expect to be received by the county?" I said, growing angry as I thought of it.

"Money balances a good many scales, oh unsophisticated innocent! In all probability he does."

"It will serve him right if he gets well snubbed for his pains, I think."

"Ah! Why? I haven't been sat upon to any great extent, my dear boy."

"What nonsense, Roger!" I said, flushing, and feeling vexed both with

him and myself. Certainly I had not intended my words to bear that interpretation. "As though I meant that!" I added, reproachfully. "A gentleman is a gentleman all the world over."

"Particularly when his pockets are well lined," returned Yorke, dryly. "All right, Ned; you have not ruffled my dignity. As for Fraser Froude, I fancy you'll find the county will jump at him. A rich bachelor with a place like Holmedean isn't an every-day find, you know."

"Oh, he's a bachelor, is he?"

"He is, and what is more, he informed them at the rectory that he was looking for a wife. Diarte recommended Miss Alice to set her cap at him; but she turned up her nose at the notion, observing that she hoped to find some one who didn't look like a Mephistopheles out for a holiday. Fraser Froude isn't in Miss Deeping's good books."

"Does he look like that?" I asked, laughing at the notion of Alice's definition.

"Humph—rather! He has a sinister look at times, and is not too sweet-tempered, if I can read faces."

I said nothing in reply; and for a few moments we walked on in silence. We were in the High Street now. Roger Yorke's words in reference to Alice Deeping had set me wondering a little. A whisper had been floating about the village lately to the effect that there was something between the young doctor and the rector's bonny daughter. It would not be much of a match for Alice Deeping, of course; but then, if Alice once took anything into her head, all Whittlesford well knew that by hook or by crook she would have her way. I looked at Roger as he walked beside me, at his frank, good-looking, sunburned face and broad shoulders, and thought that if I were a girl, I might find it very easy to forget that his pockets were but indifferently lined; and I could not help wishing that he had some of Fraser Froude's gold jingling in them. It had often struck me that in his heart Roger Yorke was too un-

bitious to rest content with his quiet career in Whittlesford.

"I wonder," I said, beginning a new sentence with my favorite phrase, and intending to frame a question which would certainly have included the name of the owner of Holmedean if I had finished it, when on a sudden Roger's hand on my arm checked me. "Hush!" he said. "Speak of a fox and you'll see the tail of one. There he is!"

"There who is?" I asked, staring about me, but seeing no one.

"The very man of whom we were talking—Fraser Froude."

"Eh? Where?" I cried, staring harder than ever.

"Across the road by Bover's shop—there; don't you see?"

I looked in the direction indicated, and then first saw the new owner of Holmedean, the man in the stock-broking way, whose name I did not like. I took a long and searching look at him, trying to decide whether my opinion was anything like that hinted at by my companion.

Standing with his head bent a little as he looked jolly at the saddles and dog-collars in Bover's window, he did not notice us; so I had a good chance of seeing what Fraser Froude was like.

He was a tallish man with a sharp, straight-featured face, very dark hair and eyes, and a long carefully-

curled black mustache—but it was none of these traits that struck me at the first glance. No; it was his extraordinary thinness. His dress was all black, and the long frock-coat clung about his spare figure like a veritable skin. There was not a rounded curve about him, from the long straight lines of his nose and chin to the longer, straighter lines of the thin white hand which hung ungloved at his side; and he had not a tinge of color either.

His pale face had a chalky look, which the blackness of his eyes and drooping mustache seemed to render more striking. For the rest, he had a keen, grave, rather melancholy expression, and might have been of almost any age between thirty-five and forty-five—later we learned that he wanted just a year of forty—and broiling hot as it was, he looked as cool as he might have looked in mid-winter. If there is one thing that I dislike more than another, it is a person who is cool when I am hot; and perhaps that is one reason why I decided that I did not much like Fraser Froude.

"Well, what do you think of him?" asked Yorke, in an under-tone.

"Humph! Not much! He is a queer-looking customer."

"I told you so. I wonder what he's mooning about here for?"

I had no time to reply, for Fraser Froude wheeled round just then, and his eyes fell upon Yorke. Whittlesford High Street is not the widest in the world, and in a moment he was across it and shaking hands with Roger with the greatest cordiality. Then he looked at me.

"Mr. Chavasse of the Mount, I think," he observed.

I said, "Yes," of course, and he shook hands with me too. I was somewhat surprised to find that he knew me, and told him so.

"Oh, it goes almost without saying!" he said, showing his white teeth under his black mustache as his thin lips curved in a smile. "I have been at Holmedean for a fortnight now—and I knew my nearest neighbors by sight the second day. Besides," and he smiled again—"I could hardly be long in Whittlesford without becoming acquainted with so popular a character as 'Mr. Ned.'"

Well, I knew that the Whittlesford folk liked me, but I did not want Fraser Froude to tell me so. I said that I wondered we had not met before.

"It is a pleasure that I have been anxious to enjoy," he returned, as pleasantly as before; "but I hesitated to present myself uninvited to Madame Chavasse. Perhaps I may now have the pleasure of calling at the Mount?"

I could not but say "Yes," and I said it, feeling that I had myself paved the way for his request. Still his ready smile and cool ease annoyed me somehow, and I felt that I did not and could not like the new master of Holmedean. I wondered too how it was that he, a stranger, had already picked up the Whittlesford custom of calling my mother by the title of "madame." He brought it out as glibly as though he had been used to it all his life. We three stood talking for a few minutes more in the sunny High Street, and then Mr. Froude, saying lightly that he was keeping us, and that he had only been waiting while Bover was repairing a saddle, shook hands with us both again, reiterated his hope of soon calling at the Mount, and, re-crossing the road, disappeared within the dusky little shop. Promising to look in at Chavasse later on to see to the ailments of the maid, Yorke parted with me at the top of the High Street, having about a score of patients to see in the vicinity, and I was left to go home alone, which I did, thinking a good deal of the new master of Holmedean.

(To be continued.)

Oranges, Oranges, etc.,

For Christmas Trade,
100 cases CHOICE ORANGES.
50 kegs CHOICE GRAPES.
Prices right.

BURT & LAWRENCE,

Box 245 14 New Gower Street Phone 759



To bring out your good points and hide your defects is always our aim. We spare neither trouble nor expense in giving you warranted materials and expert workmanship. Made at "Mauder's" is the sterling mark of tailor made clothes. A large and varied stock of New Suitings and Overcoatings just in. Samples and Self-Measuring Cards on application.

JOHN MAUNDER,
Tailor and Clothier, 281-283 Duckworth Street.

P. O. Box 236 **SLATTERY'S** PHONE 1
The Leading Wholesale

Dry Goods House

OF ST. JOHN'S. WE STOCK:

All kinds of Men's and Boys' Fleece Lined Underwear. All kinds of Regular Piece Goods & Pound Remnants. All kinds of Men's Cotton Tweed and Denim Overalls & Jackets

SLATTERY BUILDING
Duckworth and George's Streets St. John's.

BOOTS, This Time.

We are always to the front with some special offering. This evening it is Boots at attractive end of season prices. Under:

LADIES' WEAR.
3 doz. pairs Hobble Buttoned Boots, 15 buttons, Gummetal Blucher; a very classy and comfortable Boot. Worn by all good dressers.

\$3.00.

Ladies' Box Calf Blucher.

\$2.00 to 2.50.

Strong Boots for Misses and Children.

J. M. DEVINE, The Right House,

GENT'S WEAR.

Men's Box Calf Blucher, all leather insoles; strong and durable.

\$2.50.

Men's American Box Calf and Gunmetal; very reliable goods.

\$3.50.

THE FINEST STIMULANT is the Rich, Old Nourishing Brandy, labeled thus



HINE'S Three Star BRANDY

Guaranteed Twenty Years Old

T. Hine & Co. are the holders of the oldest vintage brandies in Cognac

R. G. BROWN, of Toronto, Sole Canadian Agent
JOHN JACKSON, RESIDENT AGENT.

Asthma Catarrh
WHOOPIING COUGHS SPASMODIC CROUP
BRONCHITIS COUGHS COLDS

Vapo-Cresolene

ESTABLISHED 1878

A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchitis, asthma, without dosing the stomach with drugs. Used with success for thirty years. The air carrying the medicine vapors, inspired with every breath, passes breathing easy, soothing the sore throat, and stops the cough, soothing the young children and a boon to sufferers from Asthma. Send no postal for descriptive booklet.

ALL DRUGGISTS
For CRYSTALS & ARTIFICIAL THROAT TABLETS for the relief of throat. They are simple, effective and reliable. Use if you are afflicted or from use in a house.

Vapo-Cresolene Co.
62 Cortlandt St., N.Y.
Lecroy Bldg. Building
Montreal, Can.



Per S.S. Stephano

Grapes, Oranges, Grape Fruit, Pears, Table & Cooking Apples, Cape Cod Cranberries, Lemons, Parsnips, Carrots, Beet, Celery, Turnips, New York Turkeys & Chicken, New York Corned Beef, Also a large assortment of Fresh Chocolates, in half pound, one pound, two pound and five pound boxes.

JAMES STOTT.