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Because "Beaver" Flour is the original and genuine blended flour. It contains nutritious, full flavored Ontario fall wheat, blended with a little Manitoba spring wheat to give added strength.

"Beaver" Flour is not like the woman who can make only one kind of cake or one kind of fancy pastry. "Beaver" Flour is like the attractive, capable, clever housewife who can make Bread, Rolls and Biscuits - Cakes, Pies and Pastry - and makes them all equally well. That's the flour you want! Order it at your dealer's.

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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 XVIII.

"Oh, hang Froude!"

"What—now? Aren't you satisfied yet? Hang him by all means; quarter him, too, if you like."

"Pooh! I say, Ned, my boy, you'll keep it quiet, eh?"

"What—under madame?" I said, with a grimace.

"Of course, I shall speak to her as soon as I have the right—you needn't be afraid of that. But I must see Natalie again first."

"Oh, of course!" I assented, thinking how odd the familiar mention of the little damsel's name sounded from his lips. "I'll keep dark, never fear!"

But, I say, look here, you know—don't let me in for breaking the news, I bar that."

"And so do I, since it is my business. By Jove, there goes seven! There will be a score of patients in the surgery. Remember now, don't you talk; and good-night."

He was off across the common at his usual break-neck rate before the last words were well out, and I turned toward home at a slower pace. Rigid as the rule at Chavasse was, I knew that in the circumstances it would be in far too great a commo-

Unable to Work for 14 Months

Complete Nervous Breakdown Left Mr. Black an Invalid—Cured by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.



Mr. Henry Black.

What a helpless mass of flesh and bone the human body is, once the nerves become exhausted. Extreme weakness comes over you, and you lose control of the limbs. The next step is paralysis.

You will be fortunate if, like Mr. Black, you get the building-up process in action before it is forever too late. By forming new, rich blood Dr. Chase's Nerve Food carries new vigor and energy to every organ and every member of the human body.

Mr. Henry Black, 31 St. Catherine street east, Montreal, Que., writes:—

"The wonderful results I obtained from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food constrain me to write this letter in order that others who suffer from nervous exhaustion and weakness may use this medicine with equally satisfactory results. As the result of overwork I became completely exhausted, and was unable to work for fourteen months. As I am the father of a family, these were sad days for me, but after I had used six boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I had improved so greatly that I continued the crackling of the branches, and besides, they were too thick to be pulled aside in a moment like that. Had he tumbled into the ditch? That did not appear par-

ticularly likely unless he was lousy, which he had not seemed to be. All I knew was that he had disappeared; the road stretched before me straight and level as far as I could see, and I myself was the only person on it. Puzzled, I went on to the late gate in the park palings, and, passing through, branched off in the direction of the Lady's Walk, which was the nearest cut to the house. I was in the little layrel alley which led to it when a light rapid footfall sounded close at hand; there was the soft swishing of a silk dress as some one came upon with a rush from round the corner, and for the second time that night my arm was clutched and an eager face was peering into mine.

The trees were so thick just there, and it was so dark in consequence that it was not at once that I recognized Mlle Valdin—a mademoiselle whom I had never seen excited—trembling, frightened, all her governess composure gone. She was in her square-cut dinner-dress with its elbow sleeves, and seemed to have darted out of the house in a violent hurry, waiting to put no wrap on, for she was panting and the breath came from her parted lips in gasps as she clutched my arm, her pale face and wild dark eyes raised to mine. Phi! Mood had held my arm tightly, but his grasp was nothing to the vise-like grip of those thin white fingers round my wrist, and a piece of ice could hardly have been colder. What on earth was the matter with the governess? I wondered, my thoughts flying to the possibility of an accident to be carriage on the road home; or perhaps Nat was really hurt, after all!

"What is it?" I asked hastily. "Did you come to look for me, mademoiselle? Nothing more wrong, I hope?"

"Eh!" she cried, shrilly, dropping my arm as she retreated a step. "I am you, then, Monsieur Ned?"

"Of course it is. What did you want me for? Anything with Miss Orme?"

"Want you for—?" she exclaimed. "Eh, what mean you then? What do you think I want, monsieur?" she asked, volubly. Mademoiselle was always given to clipping her sentences when she was excited or put out. If I could trust my eyes, she was both now.

She drew out of my path without giving me time to answer one of her rapid questions, and motioned with her hand for me to pass on.

"Go in!" she said, quickly. "You have been long, monsieur, and the dinner will wait in a little while. Madame wants you—she has asked for you."

"Then you did come to look for me?" I said, standing still instead of passing on.

"But I did not, I say. I look for me. I came out for the pain—the ache in my head."

"Does your head ache?" I said involuntarily. "I'm sure I'm sorry for that, mademoiselle. I suppose Miss Orme's accident scared you. I hope it is not much—for mademoiselle, when she had headaches at all, usually had them with a vengeance."

"Bah, nothing—a bagatelle!" she returned, passing her hand over her forehead. "It will go; it is the fright—yes. Go in then, you, to madame."

tion to be punctual with dinner. I calculated that if I reached home at eight o'clock I should still be in time.

It was bitterly cold and damp, and before I was at the end of the village I began to wish that I had kept Gray Donald to ride back on, or had taken a seat in the carriage. Altogether I was uncomfortably chilly and outrageously hungry when I reached the junction of the roads and branched off toward Mount Chavasse.

Just at that time it was not so cheerful a place for a late walk. The footway was no better, and I supposed no worse, than country footways; mostly are, being as muddy, sloppy, and rough as it well could be; and the tall thick hedges on each side rendered it uncomfortably dark at the best of times; while here and there, huge trees arched and met overhead their gaunt bare boughs interlacing. Not one of the maids at Chavasse—even the cool practical Virtue—would have undertaken to walk into the village after dark—a fact which madame, who scorned nervousness as something she did not understand for the least, had found herself bound to acknowledge. But I was not nervous, luckily, and kept up my brisk pace, by no means sorry that dinner was to be found at the end of this uncomfortable tramp.

I had almost reached the environs of the park when I jumped back suddenly, and setting my foot in an abominable icy puddle, almost slipped down. From the hedge on my right a man sprang out into the middle of the lane, barely a pace in front of me. A queer-looking figure he was—tall, thin, shabbily dressed, and with a great rough traveling cloak tossed over his shoulder. But it was his face which made me stare at him. He was not English—that was certain. No Englishman ever had that dark skin, swarthy yet sallow, those large intensely black eyes, or that thick long mustache, with its ends curling downward almost as low as his chin.

I stared at him, and he stared at me, and so we stood for a moment. The moon was up, as I have said, and its light showed me another odd thing about this man's face—an ugly irregular scar running transversely from the roots of his hair to the left eyebrow, and giving him an oddly sinister look. Altogether he wanted only a slouch to make him look like the villain of an old melodrama. Apparently I had startled him as much as he had startled me, for he muttered something—not in English—and, swinging round upon his heel, pulled his cloak round him and stroled down the lane at a rapid pace. The road curved just there, and he was out of sight in a moment, but I was more than a trifle astonished when I rounded the curve to find that he had disappeared.

I stood looking round in bewilderment. I had certainly seen the man, and yet where was he now—vanished? Had he broken through the hedge again? It might be, but surely I should have heard the crackling of the branches, and besides, they were too thick to be pulled aside in a moment like that. Had he tumbled into the ditch? That did not appear par-

She waved her hand again, drawing the trained draperies of her black silk gown out of my way, and this time I did pass on, pausing, however, to look back at her as she stood there shivering with her bare neck and arms.

"I say, mademoiselle, I wouldn't stay out long like that if I were you. It's awfully cold. Wouldn't you be better for a shawl or something?"

"No, I come in directly. Go then!"

I went, feeling that if the lady caught cold it was her business, not mine; as I turned into the Lady's Walk I heard the rustle and swirl of the governess's silk dress as she passed rapidly down the narrow laurel alley.

I crossed the hall to the drawing-room, expecting to find madame here, but Virtue Dent, going towards the dining-room with a waiter in her hand, checked me.

"Is madame down yet, Virtue?" I asked.

"Not yet, sir."

"But she is asking for me, isn't she?"

"I don't think so, sir—leastways I haven't heard her. She said to Miss Natalie just now that she hardly expected you'd be in to dinner; you would most likely stop talking to Dr. Yorke."

So mademoiselle, for some reason best known to herself, had told a fib. I appeared. I wondered what in the world she meant by it.

"How is Miss Natalie, Virtue?" Does she seem any the worse for her tumble?"

"Not a bit, sir, only that her headaches, she says; but madame thinks the had best not come down this evening. Valla is with her, and I'm just going to take her up some dinner. Madame is dressing."

And I had better dress, too. I knew, unless I wanted to get into my mother's bad graces, and so raced upstairs to my room to exchange my mud-spattered riding habiliments for something more civilized. Nat's room was only just across the corridor; the door was ajar, and I heard the sound of her voice, and presently a laugh—as she talked to Valla, I suppose. Had she told madame? I wondered, recalling how shy and pretty the sweet little dark face had been as I caught a glimpse of it when that unconscious lady had come hurrying into old Wilde's cottage. I hardly thought it likely that she had done so; the domestic atmosphere did not seem stormy, and the first glance I gave at madame's face as we entered the dining-room told me decidedly that she had not.

It was not a silent meal, for my mother had plenty to say about Nat's accident—how fortunate it was that Doctor Yorke had been on the spot, and had a great many questions to ask; but the talk was entirely between her and myself. Mademoiselle came to the table looking wretchedly pale and cold, and sat toying with her knife and fork, hardly eating a mouthful.

(To be Continued.)

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9468.—A PRETTY NEGLIGEE.



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