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**A Millionaire;
—or—
Countess Westerleigh**

CHAPTER XLIII.

"How is Nora?" he asked. "I am afraid we shall have trouble with her, Milly. I never saw any one so determined to wreck her own happiness, and I'm afraid she'll succeed." "Perhaps," was all Milly said oracularly, pursing up her lips. "We shall see. Papa, I want a groom to ride into the town for me." "What for?" he asked, mechanically. "Can I do it?" "No, you can't. It is a prescription," she replied, concisely. "Very well," he said; and he rang the bell and ordered the groom.

Immediately after the funeral, Vane started to return to the Grange. The lawyers grumbled, and would have detained him; but they found that they had to do with quite a changed man—a man as unlike the old easily yielding Vane Tempest as it is possible to imagine. Looking pale and stern in his black clothes, he reached the Grange late in the afternoon, and inquired of the butler, who somehow seemed even more deferential to the Earl of Westerleigh than he had been to Mr. Vane Tempest, for Lady Florence.

**FREE ADVICE
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Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; this has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

angular, practiced hand; it was not from her. Had she asked any one to write for her? The thought, the hope, sent the blood dancing through his veins like fire. The old earl watched him.

"What is it?" he asked, irritably. "Lord! how I hate all this fuss and mystery! There! don't tell me. The doctor says I'm not to be worried, and, by Heaven, I won't! Go and dress for dinner."

Vane shook his head. It was in a whirl. "I can't stop," he said; "I must go;" and before he had finished the sentence he had left the room. The old man rang the bell furiously.

(To be Continued.)

Love a Conqueror

**OR—
WEDDED AT LAST!**

CHAPTER I.

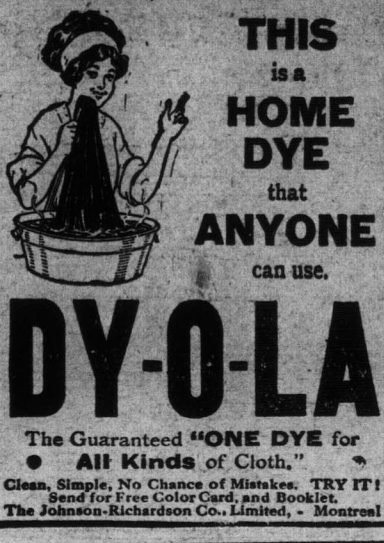
"What station is that, Shirley?" "That was Amiens, dear; we are quite half way there now." "Half way to Boulogne, perhaps, but our journey will not end there. I am afraid you are very tired, darling," the girl said, in a pitiful voice; and the invalid answered wearily— "Yes, very tired—very, very tired. They were the only occupants of first-class railway compartment in the tidal train from Paris to Boulogne on a gray October afternoon of the year of grace 187—, and both were weary and sad. There was something besides fatigue and sadness on the elder woman's face, a pale, half resting on the daughter's strong young arm, had the one upon another to give him support.

It was not pleasant weather for travelling; the sky was gray and fogging, and a chill wind blew against the carriage windows, bringing with it occasionally a swift sharp shower of rain, which made Mrs. Ross shiver. Shirley drew her mother's wraps more closely around her and pulled the blind over the window to keep out the draught, while the tender pity on her young face deepened as she watched the invalid rest with closed eyes and faint, drawn breath upon the cushions. Such a lovely face it was! Year after year of sorrow and privation and mouth suffering had not been able to rob of its beauty; it was beautiful, and could be beautiful to the last. Delicately regular features, large lustrous eyes, and soft dark hair without silver thread among its gloss, made up a tout ensemble rare, lovely and remarkable, even beside the fair young face near her. Mrs. Ross was still in the prime of womanhood—she wanted yet three years of forty; but she was young, and she knew it well—ay, and Shirley, although she tried to blind herself, knew it also—dying, and a period when to many life is at its best and brightest, when the storm,

**This Home-made Cough
Syrup Will Surprise You**
Stops Even Whooping Cough
Quickly. A Family Supply
at Small Cost.

Here is a home-made remedy that takes hold of a cough instantly, and will usually cure the most stubborn case in 24 hours. This recipe makes 16 ounces—enough for a whole family. You couldn't buy as much or as good ready-made cough syrup for \$2.50. Mix two cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water, and stir two minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Flux (gift certificate) worth in a 16-ounce bottle, and add the Sugar Syrup. This keeps perfectly and has a pleasant taste—children like it. Braces up the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough. You probably know the medical value of pine in treating asthma, bronchitis and other throat troubles, sore lungs, etc. There is nothing better. Flux is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in quinine and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula. The prompt results from this inexpensive remedy have made friends for it in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada, which explains why it has been limited often, but never successfully. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, money promptly refunded, goes with the recipe. Your druggist has Flux, or we get it for you. If not, send to The Pine Co., Toronto, Ont.

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routines of youth are over, and calm, settled sunshine has succeeded—at a time of life when many a happy mother sees her children growing up around her, able to appreciate her care and love, and to repay them by their own—when many years of health and happiness may be anticipated—dying, yes, and glad—oh, so glad to lay down the burden of life! The gray October day wore on—the clock at the last station they had passed had pointed to the half hour after two. Mrs. Ross raised herself lightly, and opened her heavy eyes. "Has it grown much colder, Shirley?" she said, in her low faint tones, "or is it my imagination?" "It always seems to grow colder travelling, I think, dear," answered Shirley, in her brave cheerful voice. "Although the question struck her painfully, especially as one gets nearer the sea. Let me get the plaid, darling, and wrap it round you." "But I am like a mummy already, little daughter," said Mrs. Ross, with a faint laugh. "Never mind; there is none to see on but me." As she spoke, the young girl left her mother's side for a moment and moved to the other end of the carriage, where some supplementary rugs and shawls were strapped together. The straps were easy enough to unfasten, but somehow Shirley was a long time over the task, perhaps because her little fingers were so unsteady, and because her eyes were so full of great unshed tears, which she would not let fall. When he returned to her mother the tears had been resolutely forced back, and here was a brave little smile on the wet red lips. Mrs. Ross tried to smile also, struggling against the feeling of faintness which was stealing over her, and which made the tossed carriage, into which no light had penetrated, seem so chilly. "But her daughter's quick eyes saw the increasing pallor of her face, and she bent over her in grievous alarm.

"Mother darling, what is it? You are faint—let me give you something," she said hurriedly; but Mrs. Ross's gentle hand detained her. "It is nothing," she returned faintly. "I am a little, tired, a little faint. Don't be frightened, Shirley, see I am better now."

She strove to smile into the loving anxious face; but the beautiful eyes were dim, and the faintness seemed to shut out the lovely startled face bending over her so tenderly, as she lay back, almost breathless, against the cushions.

With swift deft hands and the self-possession of an experienced nurse, Shirley applied the restoratives, and presently Mrs. Ross was able to open her eyes and thank her smilingly; she was better—she was much better. And then Shirley sat down once more beside her, supporting her in her arms and resting the weary head upon her shoulder; and the rain sped on through the chill gray October day, drawing nearer the sea momentarily—the sea which lay between them and England.

Mrs. Ross remained with closed eyes, her face resting against Shirley's shoulder and looking deathly pale in the gray light against the dark brown of the seal-skin of her daughter's coat, but her breathing was more even, and Shirley hoped that she slept.

(To be Continued.)

Many toques are trimmed with fur. We see many hats turned up on the side. A touch of black is always in place to give point to a white garment.

**Evening
Telegram
Fashion Plates.**

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9761.—A SIMPLE PRACTICAL DESIGN.



Ladies' Night Dress with Flat Trimming or Rolling Collar. Flannel, flannellette, cambric, muslin, mousook dimity, crepe, or silk are all appropriate for this design. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 6 3-8 yards of 36 inch material for a Medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9760.—LADIES' WORK APRON, SLEEVE PROTECTOR AND CAP.



The three useful articles comprising this set were made of percale. Excellent fit is given to the apron by the seams in the front that extend from the shoulders to the lower edge, and by darts at the sides. The straps are arranged over the shoulders fastening pockets are a useful feature, although to the belt in the back. Two large they may be omitted. The sleeve protectors extend from the wrist to the elbow, and are full enough to accommodate the dress sleeve underneath. The pattern is for the dusting cap may also be utilized for a bathing cap, using oiled silk for the making. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. For the Medium size apron and sleeve protectors, 4 3/4 yards of 36 inch material will be required and 3/4 yard for the cap. Gingham, sateen, butcher's linen, chambray and Holland can be used for the making. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

No
Address in full:—
Name

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern can not reach you in less than 15 days. Price 10c. each, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address: Telegram Pattern Department.

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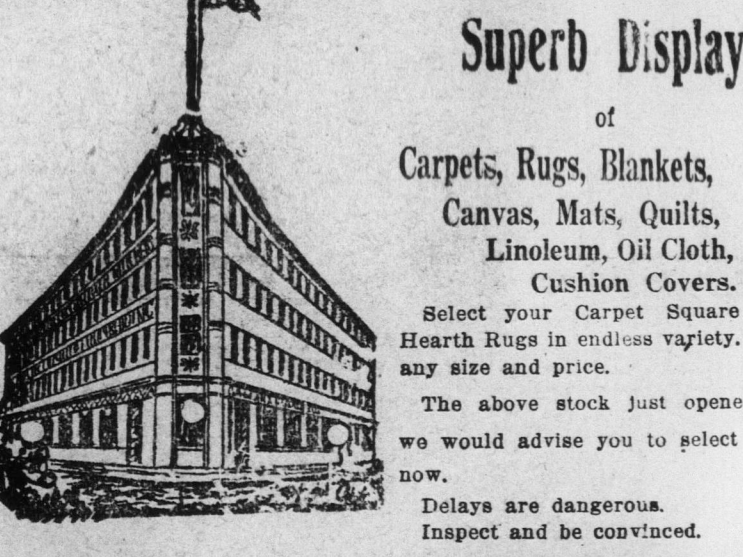


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