

BEAVER FLOUR

WHEN IT COMES RIGHT DOWN TO QUALITY BLENDED FLOUR MAKES THE BEST BREAD IN THE WORLD



"BEAVER" FLOUR is made of choicest Ontario Fall Wheat, with enough Manitoba wheat to add "strength" to the dough. This special blend gives the flavor, food value, baking qualities, strength and quantity, as no other one flour can.

When it comes right down to quality and quantity, "Beaver" Flour makes better bread and pastry—and more bread and pastry—than any western wheat flour.

You have only to use "Beaver" Flour once to prove all this to your complete satisfaction.

DEALERS—write us for price on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals. 137

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.

The Snake Scotched —AND— Justice Done.

CHAPTER XIX.
(Continued)

As Oatway fell, Talbot got to his feet and stood staggering, the knife-red now—still grasped in his hand. For a while he stood panting heavily, his eyes fixed straight before him, as if he were still only half conscious of what had occurred; then his eyes fell to the motionless figure at his feet, his white set face went livid, and his mouth worked convulsively. He looked from the knife to the still form with his hands clutching the bracken, its hideous face, all drawn and distorted, faintly showing, and back again to the knife. He could scarcely realize it. Had he really stabbed the wretch? He had felt for the knife, opened it, dealt the blow mechanically. He must have hurt the man, perhaps seriously. A nuisance! There would be a fuss now! The brute deserved it, of course; but the consequences! He must get him up, bring him to, help him home.

He went to Oatway and stirred him with his foot.

"Get up!" he said, hoarsely. "Don't lie there—shamming. Get up! You brought it on yourself—you struck me, you fool!"

The man did not move and Talbot with a mixture of irritation and disgust, bent down and turned him over. In doing so he saw a deep, wet stain on the side of the figure. He shrank

back and glanced at his hands—they were wet—red! He bent lower, looked hard at the face—how white it was, how still—and calm!—then thrust his hand inside the waistcoat.

The next instant he had started to his feet with a low cry.

Great God! It was incredible, but the man was dead!

He felt for the heart again, felt through the blood that had welled from the wound. There was no movement. The man was dead! And he—he, Talbot Denby, had killed him, was a murderer.

A deathly sickness, an actual physical sickness, came over him, all the strength seemed to leave his limbs and he staggered to a tree, groping for its support with his hands as if he had gone suddenly blind. He leaned there, shaking as if with cold, for some minutes, trying to look away from the hideous object stretched out there in the bracken; but his eyes were drawn to it as if by some hideous fascination. A hundred times he muttered to himself:

"His own fault, his own fault! It was in self-defence—if he had not struck me—His own fault, curse him!"

Then a terrible lethargy seemed to be stealing over him, as if he were losing the power to move, to leave the spot; but he fought against it, tried to force himself to realize that he was in danger. Danger of the hangman!

After a time he succeeded in casting off the awful apathy. He must think, think! He must not remain there, covering like a coward, must not wait to be caught in these shambles. What should he do? The man was dead. Well, well, he thought, impatiently, as if he were striving to work out a formula, when a man was dead he must be buried. Yes, yes, buried! That was it, of course! He

must have been mad not to think of that at once!

He drew himself up with a shudder and looked round. Gibbon was almost as still as the dead man, and he held his breath as he watched, and waited. He knew what was passing in his master's mind as well as if it were an open book; indeed, the white, livid face was eloquent enough for anyone to read.

Talbot, with his teeth set, his lips open and his eyes glaring with the horror that possessed him, stole towards the body; but as he approached his courage failed him. He could not look again until he had found some place to hide it. He looked round. At a little distance was one of those pits which gamekeepers dig for purposes of concealment when they are watching for game or poachers; near it stood a pile of faggots which had been thrown there years ago and would, in the ordinary course, probably remain in the same spot until they rotted. He came back and hunted for the knife, found it, and began to dig at the bottom of the hole; but he soon convinced himself that it would take too long to deepen the pit with so ineffectual a tool. He rose, struck a match, and looking at his watch, then got his cap and set off with something between a run and a walk through the wood in the direction of the Court.

Gibbon lay quite still until the sound of his master's footsteps had died away, then he rose and, walking gingerly, approached the corpse. The upturned face, with its sightless eyes, was enough to strike terror into the faintest heart, but Gibbon looked down at it unmoved and untouched. He was not thinking of the murdered man, but the murderer, and his soul was steeped in malignant satisfaction. Suddenly he remembered that Mr. Talbot was trying to steal something when the man awoke and the struggle began. What was it? As gingerly as he had walked, he knelt down, opened the coat, and saw the pocket-book.

He reflected for a moment.

Mr. Talbot would be back presently—he knew that—and would miss the book. Well, he would think it had dropped out during the struggle. As delicately as Talbot could have done it, Gibbon drew out the pocket-book and transferred it to his own pocket; then he went back to his old place and, making himself comfortable, quite comfortably, waited. He had not long to wait. Talbot had gone to

a tool shed at the end of the garden and he came back, running now, with a spade over his shoulder. Working with the feverish haste and demonic energy of a gold-digger, he deepened the pit, paused to wipe the sweat from his livid face, then went towards the corpse.

He lifted it with the strength with which a madman is credited, and lowered it into the pit. After he had covered the body and filled in the pit he set to work at the pile of faggots, tearing at them with hysterical fury, and piled them over the grave. His strength still seemed superhuman, and Gibbon noticed that this delicate, dilettante master of his lifted and carried the heavy bundles of wood as if they were straw. When he had finished this part of his task, Talbot set to work and arranged the bracken, and so successfully that an unobservant eye would not have detected that any of it had been disturbed.

Then Gibbon saw him stop suddenly and start. He had remembered the pocket-book! He had buried it with the corpse! His face worked, his eyes grew distended with the horror of fear and doubt; then he drew a long breath. After all, it was for the best. At any rate, he could not—he could not dig the body up again!

He straightened his back, aching with the unusual exertion, and looked down at himself. His hands were stained with earth and blood. There was a red mark on his cuff and on his shirt-front; his evening shoes were scratched and dirtied. He regarded these evidences of his crime with a kind of dogged despair and drew a long breath.

"He's clever; but how'll he get 'em clean?" thought Gibbon, and he grinned. "What will he do with 'em?"

Talbot threw himself down at the root of a tree and covered his face with his hands. He was worn out, exhausted, body and mind and spirit. He had committed a murder, and disposed of the body in so short a time that a jury would have found it difficult to credit the performance, and now the reaction was setting in. For some minutes he remained absolutely motionless; but he rose at last and, shouldering his spade, went slowly, not hurriedly, towards the Court, as if, now the tension was relaxed, he had become indifferent.

Gibbon waited for a while, then he also rose from his lair, and running, but stealthily, reached the house.

Talbot cleaned the spade carefully and placed it in the shed in the position in which he had found it, then stole across the garden and up to his room.

Mention has been made of the "chilliness" of the Denby family. Talbot inherited it, and a fire was always ready laid in his room. He was chilled to the bone, and, when he entered the room, he mechanically looked at the fire-place, and as mechanically took out his match-box, and lighting the fire, drew a chair to it and covered over it.

He saw the dead man's face in the flames, heard his death-cry—that awful "low-bred, mongrel" cry—in the crackling and hissing of the wood. When he got warmer he began to undress. The dead—his dead—was still with him, and he felt as if he were unclothing a corpse. He caught sight of the red spots on his shirt-front and cuffs, and he stood still, his heart beating thickly. In another moment the shirt was on the fire.

As he watched it burning there came a knock at the door. His heart seemed to cease beating, and his knees shook together. He slipped on his dressing-gown, and going to the door, opened it. Gibbon stood there, respectful as usual, but with a slightly anxious look in his colourless eyes.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, impassively, "but I thought I smelt a smell of burning."

Talbot distorted his face into a smile.

"Burning? Oh, yes, I was waked, and I have been going through my correspondence, Gibbon. I've been burning some letters; that is what you smelt, no doubt."

(To be continued.)

Electric Restorer for Men
Phosphonal restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores strength and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. Phosphonal will make you a new man. Price \$2 a box, or five for \$10. Sent to any address. The Electric Restorer Co., Cambridge, Mass.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARDEN IN ONE

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.

9844.—A NEAT AND EFFECTIVE GOWN.



Ladies' Dress, with Chemise, (In Raised or Normal Waistline).

Green changeable taffeta with pipings of black satin and fancy buttons for trimming, was used to develop this design. It is also suitable for wash fabrics, for satin or cloth. Blue linen, with stitching or embroidery for a finish, will lend itself readily to this style. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Suitable materials for any of these patterns can be procured from AYR & SONS, Ltd. Samples on request. Mention pattern number. Mail orders promptly attended to.

9845.—A MOST BECOMING MODEL FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



Girl's Dress With or Without Band Trimming.

Brown Chambray, with brown and white Anderson gingham for trimming is here shown. The shaping of the front and the unique band trimming is very effective. This model makes a cool and comfortable summer frock. It is suited to any of the dress materials now in vogue. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 40 inch material for a 14 years size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below

No.

Size

Name

Address in full:—

.....

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

MINARD'S LINIMENT USED BY PHYSICIANS.

Absolutely the Best and Finest looking Alarm Clock ever made. Will ring for ten minutes intermittently or five minutes continuously—which ever way you like. No fear of over-sleeping if you set Big Ben to wake you.

Price \$3.00.

T. J. DULEY & Co.,
The Reliable Jewellers and Opticians.

A NEW SELECTION —OF— FRAMING, Specially for Portraits and Engravings.

The Holloway Studio,
Corner Bates' Hill and Henry Street. Phone 768.

Headquarters!

- Big shipment due Thursday, August 29th.
- 150 barrels Blood Red Apples,
 - 120 barrels Green Cabbage,
 - 200 barrels New Table Potatoes,
 - 50 boxes Red Plums,
 - 25 bunches Bananas,
 - 50 cases Cal. Oranges.

GEORGE NEAL.

"Early William" Apples.

- Due per Florizel Thursday.
- 50 Brels. No. 1 E. Wm. Apples (famous red all over kind.)
 - 50 Brels. No. 1 Duchess Apples.
 - 50 Crates Splendid Red Plums.
- ALSO:
- 150 Sacks New Potatoes.
 - 50 Sacks P. E. I. Turnips.
 - 50 Large Brels. Cabbage.
- Choice goods and prices right.

Edwin Murray

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.

Head Office Toronto.

Capital . . . \$15,000,000 Rest . . . \$12,500,000

A branch of this Bank has been established in St. John's at 222 Water Street, where a general banking business may be transacted.

Savings' Bank Accounts.

Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of \$1.00 and upwards. Careful attention is given to every account. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened and operated by mail, and also may be opened in the name of two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of them or by the survivor.

F. E. DENCH, Manager.

Telegram ads. Give Satisfaction

Thrifty, Pr
BUYER
Quickly Reco
COLLIN
Values
SPECIAL VA
IN LADIE
Americ
Neckwe
The very latest
guaranteed to be
prices in the city
ing the quality an
tiveness. Prices
up.

TWO SPECIALS
GOOD
Bought direct fr
and selling much
value. Regular \$
Price 68c.
2,000 yards of c
just the goods suit
dresses. Colors—
and Black. Regul
Special Price 13c.

COOKING AS
Reg. \$1.10. Special
Reg. 90c. Special

AMERICAN STRIP
NELETT

1 yard wide; free
ing; nice soft goods
yard. Special Price

OUR COTTON B
Range in price from
up.

GIRLS' FLEECE
SHIRTS & DR
Sizes 16 to 34. Price
18c. up.

P.
2

MUZZLE-LOADING



Single Barrel Fowling Gun, \$
\$7.50 to \$12.00; Single Barrel S
Breech, 3-4 bore, 42 to 48 in. l
Breech, 3-4 bore, with extra L
Breech, 7-8 bore, 48 to 52 in. l
40 in. tri. by Hallie and oth
Wholesale Buyers.

Advertise