

Too Great A Temptation For A Healthy Child To Resist—**BISCUITS** made from Purity Flour are light, nourishing and palatable. Good for both young and old. "More Bread and Better Bread."

Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited
Mills at Winnipeg, Goderich and Brandon



A Million a Minute
A Romance of Modern New York and Paris
By Hudson Douglas

(Continued)
"Damnation! What a fool I was. He must have kidnapped her. I wasn't bothering much about him—I thought he was too late to do any harm. I must get after him at once. I saw him and that scoundrel with the black beard at a door in the Impasse de Paradis. I'll try that first. I'll shoot him like a dog if—"
He hurried into his bedroom, muttering threats, and came back charging a revolver.
"Put that thing down," said O'Ferral in his sternest voice, his back against the door, while he had sprung in quick precaution.
"Listen to me, Steve, or I'll lock you in here till you learn sense. Where's this Impasse de Paradis? Explain the thing coherently and we'll sort it all out by degrees. Your methods will only make it worse."
Quintance looked at him with a puzzled smile, but that soon cleared before the correspondent's steady eyes, and he related the circumstances of which the others were still in ignorance.
"Well and good," said O'Ferral judiciously. "Now sit down for two minutes while I change my clothes, and then we'll take a casual stroll at the Impasse de Paradis. Undoubtedly plainly that you and I are taking the thing together at this stage, and don't let me hear you move hand or foot till I come back to you."
His masterful tone did not fail of effect on his friend's fevered mind.
"You're very good, O'Ferral," Quintance said much more calmly. "Excuse me. I must be a bit on edge, I think."
He pocketed his weapon and sat down, gripping the elbow-rests of his chair so that great dents showed in the leather. It was the worst that had befallen him to think that actual harm might be done to his lost duchess through him.
O'Ferral disappeared without undue delay, and to him as commander-in-chief of the expedition Corroyer addressed a modest request that he might be permitted to join in.
"I don't want to butt in," he said, "but I might be useful if there were a row."
"Glad to have you with us," replied O'Ferral. "Come on. We'll get a cab by the way."
It had been dark for nearly an hour before they set out, and when they reached the street, it was raining. They drove to the Place St. Michel, and from there made their way to the Impasse.
"Cut into the Blue Rabbit and ask the proprietor if he's seen anything lately of an American called Stephen Quintance," the correspondent commanded of Corroyer, who had been telling him of their encounter with that impostor through to find out anything he can tell."
But Corroyer came back almost immediately shaking his head.
"He hasn't been in since we left this morning," he reported. "A week ago he used to be about a good deal, and ran up a score which he settled yesterday evening."
They went on down the Impasse, and Quintance pointed out the postern in an angle of the blank wall at its blind end. O'Ferral looked back, but there was no one visible. He pulled a little electric torch from his pocket and scrutinized the keyhole carefully.
"Someone been out and in quite lately," he said. "We'll have a look at the front of this building."
They travelled round to the lane on which it abutted, empty at that hour and gloomy on a wet night with nothing in view but the grim frontage of the lofty old dwelling-house, standing with shuttered windows, the last of its kind on that site. A weatherbeaten board lacking most of its planks whittened announced that it was to let, furnished, for a term of years, and that the keys might be had from the bakery at an adjacent corner.
"Get the keys," O'Ferral ordered, and Corroyer was off on the instant. He was intensely interested in the proceedings, and filled with admiration for their leader's detective methods. The correspondent recalled him.
"Got a gun?" that gentleman asked.
"Well, you'd better make a bee-line for

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



SHEPHERD CHECKED PROCKS THE FAD.

One of the spring features is the simple little frock or polonaise of shepherd check material, made all in one piece and trimmed with black—these checked frocks being invariably in black and white effects. The costume shown is of checked material and the reverse of black satin, and rows of jet buttons add the required touch of character and snap. The low collar and jabot of lingerie fabric are also distinctive style features for spring.

A SAD DAY FOR HOMEVILLE

Taking up a daily paper published in a quiet, orderly little city of homes, where naught but peace and gentleness and thrift industry have lately reigned, we have just come upon a sinister notice, displayed in the local columns. We shall not name the city where this notice appears, because it is the last town which we should care to hold up to any sort of reproach. We shall call the place Homeville, because it is a town that is thoroughly representative of the best class in eastern small cities, and all public notice is to be given to its citizens.

MONTHS OF AGONY

A severe case of Rheumatism Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.
"For many weary months I suffered untold agony. I could not walk, I could scarcely raise myself to a sitting posture. I was under medical care, but in vain. Finally I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they have restored me to my former healthy condition."
This strong statement was made to a reporter recently by Mr. Charles S. Keddy, formerly of Kingston, N. S. Mr. Keddy is a carpenter by trade, and is now able to work every day. He adds: "I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they cured me after other medicines failed. While I was living in Kingston, N. S., I was seized with rheumatism in its most violent form. I was compelled to take to my bed and for months was an invalid. It was so weak that it was difficult for me to raise myself to a sitting posture. It is impossible to tell how much I suffered day and night, week in and week out. The pains were

CHIEF CRAWFORD HERE

Robert Crawford, chief of police of Campbellton, arrived in the city yesterday on the maritime express, bringing with him Angus Dugay, who was captured in Campbellton on Monday after having escaped from the Industrial Home in Crouseville about seven weeks ago. Superintendent McDonald, of the institution, was at the depot and took Dugay direct to Crouseville.

Y. M. C. A. BOYS OUTING

Seventeen of the boys of the Y. M. C. A. yesterday enjoyed a pleasant outing under the guidance of E. J. Robertson, physical director of the institution, and John J. McKinnon, boys' secretary. The party went to Indianton and then by the Erie Road to Pleasant Point.

Nervous Women

will find that Nature responds promptly to the gentle laxative effects, and the helpful tonic action of Beecham's Pills

Beecham's Pills
Sold Every where. In Boxes 25 cents.

Some Men Know, But Forget

Money Will Not Buy Health
And until the aches and ills of the food transgressor attack them, the value of pure and wisely selected food is forgotten.

Sometimes it takes a right sharp spell of sickness to prove the close relation of food and health—That Pure Foods mean perfect digestion and pure blood—The true secret of comfort and good health.

GRAPE-NUTS

Is a pre-digested, scientifically prepared food that is readily absorbed by the weakest stomachs, and builds up body and brain.

It has brought thousands of voluntary testimonials from people who have gained health from its daily use.

For Grape-Nuts "There's a Reason"

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, LTD., Battle Creek, Michigan.

DR. ELIOT LEAVES PRESIDENCY OF HARVARD

He Retired Yesterday, After Completing Forty Years Work as Head of Great Educational Institution.

Cambridge, Mass., May 18.—Charles William Eliot laid aside today the robe of office which he has worn with so much honor for forty years as president of Harvard University, and with characteristic simplicity stepped back into private life.

Tomorrow a new hand will grasp the helm of America's oldest educational institution and with Abbott Lawrence Club the advent of President Lowell tomorrow, will noteworthy in the history of Harvard, was unmarked by interruption in the quiet pulchritude of college work.

The passing of President Eliot today and the advent of President Lowell tomorrow, will noteworthy in the history of Harvard, was unmarked by interruption in the quiet pulchritude of college work.

President Eliot presided yesterday at his last meeting with the members of the corporation and today he held his last conference with the members of the faculty. In both instances he spoke a few words of appreciation for the support given him and received their good wishes.

President Eliot is understood to have no plans for the future, beyond those for a quiet summer in Maine.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than EPPSS

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA
Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in 1-lb. and 1/2-lb. Tins.

MONTREALER FALLS HEIR TO EIGHT MILLION DOLLAR FARM

Left Saturday for Washington State to Take Over His Hundreds of Acres of Gold Left by an Uncle.

(Montreal Herald.)
The most excited passenger who has left Bonaventure station within the memory of the oldest member of the passenger staff was Alphonse Gagnon, who started Saturday night for Sand Point, near Bonner's Ferry on the Grand Northern Ry. in Washington State, to take possession of a farm for which he has been offered \$8,000,000.

Up to last week Mr. Gagnon was a hardworking habitant, who cultivated the little farm near St. Agapit, in this province, which his father and grandfather had cultivated before him, without a thought that today he would be numbered among the world's millionaires.

He knew he had an uncle who had gone to Washington State and was in possession of the uncle's address; but correspondence between them had been infrequent since his father's death, and beyond the fact that some time ago gold in pretty large quantities had been discovered on the farm which his uncle had occupied these twenty years, he had little knowledge of his uncle's circumstances.

Last week there came to him two great surprises. The first was on Tuesday, when he received a telegram from a lawyer at Sand Point informing him of the death of his uncle, Pierre Gagnon, who had died childless and left him, as

because of the absence of the warning note, a fact known to every schoolboy—Pearson's Weekly.

For Miss May Chisholm, who is to be one of St. John's June-brides of 1909—and a very popular one—there was a pleasant surprise last evening when a number of her friends called at her home in Middle street and tendered her a kitchen shower. Needless to say there was a jolly time and many good wishes for her happiness were expressed.

A DRINK OF GOLD WATER NEARLY CAUSED HIS DEATH

But Father Morriarty's Treatment Saved Francis Cassidy.

Here is his story—
Burden, York Co., N. B., Dec. 3, 1908.
"At the age of 18, while having on a very hot day, I got thirsty and took a drink from a spring. I was taken suddenly ill, and consulted a skillful doctor, who treated me for indigestion for four months. But I grew worse, got so weak I could not walk, had no appetite, could not digest anything, and lost 30 pounds. I was almost dead, but as a last hope went to Father Morriarty. He gave me two months' treatment, and from the first day I began to recover. Now I am 21 years old and a very strong, healthy man. Only for the Rev. Father Morriarty I would have been a jelly now."

Thousands of people have used Father Morriarty's "No. 11" Tablets for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sick or Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Belching of Wind and other Stomach Troubles, with most satisfactory results.
One "No. 11" Tablet will digest 1/4 pounds of food, so, at your dealer's, or from Father Morriarty Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N. B. 47