Make it a point to buy original bags or barrels

THIS TRADE-MARK ON BAG OR BARREL IS THE ASSURANCE OF GOOD BREAD AND PASTRY

BEAVER FLOUR FOR FAMILY USE T.H. TAYLOR CO.

Make it a point to look for this Trade-Mark on every bag and barrel you buy

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

AT THE BAR OF ANOTHER WORLD

THE MARCH ASSIZE.

THE jury were not disposed to retire. After communing together for a few minutes, one of them stood up and delivered the verdict; it was *Guilty!* The judge assumed the crowning badge of the judicial potenttae—the black cap; and the clerk of arraigns asked the prisoner at the bar, in the usual form, if he had anything to urge why sentence of death should not be passed upon him.

Poor Harvey! I durst not look at him. As the sonorous words fell on his ear, he was grasping nervously with shaking hands at the front of the dock. He appeared stunned, bewildered, as a man but half-awakened from a hideous dream might be supposed to look. He had comprehended, though he scarcely heard, the verdict; for one instant, the voice which but a few years before sang to him by brook side, was ringing in his brain, and he could recognize the little pattering feet of his children, as sobbing and clinging to their shrieking mother's dress, she and they were hurried out of court. The clerk, after a painful pause, repeated the solemn formula. By a strong effort the doomed man mastered his agitation; his pale countenance lighted up with indignant fire, and firm and self-possessed, he thus replied to the fearful interrogatory:—

'Much could I say in the name, not of mercy but of justice, why the sentence about to be passed on me should not be pronounced; but nothing, alas! that will avail me with you, pride-blinded ministers of death. You fashion to yourselves—out of your own vain conceits do you fashion—modes and instruments, by the aid of which you fondly imagine to invest yourselves with attributes which belong only to Omniscience: and now I warn you—and it is a voice from the tomb, in whose shadow, I already stand, which addresses you—that you are about to commit a most cruel and deliberate murder."

He paused, and the jury looked in to each other's eyes for the courage they could not find in their own hearts. The voice of conscience spoke, but was only for a few moments audible. The suggestions that what grave parliaments, learned judges, and all classes of "respectability" sanctioned, could not be wrong much less murderous or cruel, silenced the "still, small" tones, and tranquilized the startled jurors.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge with his cold, calm voice of destiny, "I cannot listen to such observations; you have been found guilty of a heinous offence by a jury of your countrymen after a patient trial. With that finding I need scarcely say I entirely agree. I am as satisfied of your guilt as if I had seen you commit the act with my own bodily eyes. The circumstance of your being a person who, from habits and education, should have been above committing so base a crime, only aggravates your guilt. However, no matter who or what you have been, you must expiate your offence on the scaffold. The law has very properly for the safety of society, decreed the punishment of death for such crimes: our only and plain duty is to execute that law."

The prisoner did not reply: he was leaning with his elbows on the front of the dock, his bowed face covered with his outspread hands; and the judge passed sentence of death in the accustomed form. The court arose, and a turnkey placed his hand upon the prisoner's arm, to lead him away. Suddenly he uncovered his face, drew himself up to his full height—he was a remarkably tall man—and glared fiercely round upon the audience, like a wild animal at bay. "My lord," he cried, or rather shouted, in an excited voice. The judge motioned impatiently to the jailer, and strong hands impelled the prisoner from the front of the dock. Bursting from them, he again sprang forward, and his arms outstretched, whilst his glittering eye seemed to hold the judge spell-bound exclaimed, "My lord, before another month has passed away, you will appear **at the bar of another world,** to answer for the life, the innocent life, which God bestowed upon me, but which you have impiously cast away as a thing of naught and scorn!" He ceased, and was at once borne off. The court, in some confusion, hastily departed. It was thought at the time that the judge's evidently failing health had suggested the prophecy to the prisoner. It only excited a few days' wonder, and was forgotten.

The position of a barrister in such circumstances is always painful. I need hardly say that my feelings were of a very distressing kind. Conscious that if the unfortunate man really was guilty, he was at least not deserving of capital punishment, I exerted myself to procure a reprieve. In the first place I waited privately on the judge; but he would not listen to no proposal for a respite. Along with a number of individuals—chiefly of the Society of Friends—I petitioned the crown for a commutation of the sentence. But being unaccompanied with a recommendation from the judge, the prayer of our petition was of course disregarded: the law, it was said, must take its course. How much cruelty has been exercised under shelter of that remorseless expression!'

I woud willingly pass over the succeeding events. Unable to save his life, I endeavoured to soothe the few remaining hours of the doomed convict, and frequently visited him in the condemned cell. The more I saw of him, the deeper grew my sympathy in his case, which was that of no vulgar felon. "I have been a most unfortunate man," he said to me one day. I feel as if deserted by God and man; yet I know, or at least would persuade myself, that Heaven will one day vindicate my innocence of this foul charge. To think of being hanged like a dog for a crime at which my soul revolts! Great is the crime of those imbecile jurors and that false and hard-hearted judge who thus, by an irreversible decree consign a fellow-mortal to a death of violence and disgrace. Oh, God, help me—help me to sustain that bitter, bitter hour!" And then the poor man would throw himself on his bed and weep.

But the parting with his wife and children. What pen can describe that terrible interview! They knelt in prayer, their wo-be-gone countenances suffused in tears, and with hands clasped convulsively together. The scene was too harrowing and sacred for the eye of a stranger. I rushed from the cell, and buried myself in my lodgings, whence I did not remove till all was over. Next day James Harvey, a victim of circumstantial evidence, and of a barbarous criminal code, perished on the scaffold.

* * * * * *

Three weeks afterwards, the court arrived at a popular city in the west of England. It had in the interval visited another assize town, and there Judge A——had left three for execution. At the trial of these men, however, I had not attended. So shocked had been my feelings with the mournful event which had taken place at—that I had gone into Wales for the sake of change of scene. After roaming about for a fortnight amidst the wild solitudes of Carnarvonshire, I took the stage for the city which I knew the court was to visit, and arrived on the day previous to the opening of the assizes.

"Well, are we to have a heavy calendar?" I enquired next morning of a brother barrister on entering the court.

"Rather light for a March assize," replied the impatient counsel as he bustled forward. "There's Cartwright's case—highway robbery—in which I am for the prosecution. He'll swing for it, and perhaps four or five others."

"A good hanging judge is A——' said the under-sheriff, who at that moment joined us, rubbing his hands, as if pleased with the prospect of a few executions. "No chance of the prophecy yonder coming to pass I suppose?"

"Not in the least," replied the bustling counsel. "He never looked better. His illness has gone completely off. And this day's work will brighten him up."

Cartwright's trial came on. I had never seen the man before, and was not aware that this was the same person whom Harvey had incidently told me he had discharged for theft: the truth being, that till the last moment of his existence, that unfortunate man had not known how much he had been a sacrifice to this wretch's malice.

The crime of which the villain now stood accused was that of robbing a farmer of the paltry sum of eight shillings, in the neighborhood of Ilfracombe. He pleaded not guilty, but put in no defence. A verdict was recorded against him, and in due form A—— sentenced him to be hanged. An expression of fiendish malignancy gleamed over the haggard features of the felon as he asked leave to address a few words to the court. It was granted. Leaning forward, and raising his heavy, scowling eyes to the judge, he thus began:—'There is something on my mind, my lord—a dreadful crime—which, as I am to die for the eight shillings I took from the farmer, I may as well confess. You may remember Harvey, my lord, whom you hanged the other day at——'

'What of him, fellow?' replied the judge, his features suddenly flushing crimson.

To be continued.

IN 1898

The London Lancet, after a careful examination of

Scott's Emulsion

reported that "the preparation fulfills ALL the requirements and presents ALL the conditions of a very satisfactory emulsion. In appearance and consistency it is not unlike cream and under the microscope the fat globules are seen to be of perfectly regular size and uniformly distributed. So well has the oil been emulsified that even when shaken with water the fat is slow to separate. The taste is decidely unobjectionable and the Emulsion should prove an excellent food as well as a tonic."

We believe no other preparation of Cod Liver Oil has received such weighty commendation and if the same high authorities were to examine it now they would find it even finer, more digestable, more palatable and more satisfactory in every way; in fact, SCOTT'S EMULSION has so long been the one satisfactory and perfect Emulsion that it is accepted as the standard by medical practitioners all over the world, by the public and by hundreds of imitators, for it is the one and only Emulsion imitated.

The imitations are in name only for no other preparation of Cod Liver Oil is so pure, so perfect and so beneficial.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

has become the world's Standard Body-Builder because of the perfect purity of its ingredients, its absolute freedom from ALCOHOL or any other harmful substance and because the results from it are uniform and far greater than from any other preparation.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Asthma Catarrh
WHOOPING COUGH CROUP
BRONCHITIS COUGHS COLDS
Vapo-Cresolene.
ESTABLISHED 1879
A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, without dosing the stomach with drugs. Used with success for thirty years.
The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat, and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. Cresolene is invaluable to mothers with young children and a boon to sufferers from Asthma.
Send us postal for descriptive booklet. 310
ALL DRUGGISTS
Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat. They are simple, effective and antiseptic. Of your druggist, or from us. 10c in stamps.
Cures While You Sleep
Vapo Cresolene Co.
Leeming-Miles Bldg.
MONTREAL

THIS IS THE FLOUR FOR YOU MADAM!
SELECTED HARD SPRING WHEAT
ROBIN HOOD FLOUR
SASKATCHEWAN FLOUR MILLS CO. LTD.
MOOSE JAW, SASK.
56 LBS ROBIN HOOD

If You Can Afford to use the BEST buy Robin Hood Flour

"The Flour that is different."

If you do you will find that the cost of ROBIN HOOD is smallest after all.

The bigger loaf is one difference.

Easier assimilations of the bread is another difference.

The sweeter flavor is a third difference.

There are other points of difference. Any one of them worth the extra cost.

THE Saskatchewan Flour Mills Co., Ltd.

Moose Jaw - - Sask.

ROBIN HOOD FLOUR IS DIFFERENT

Etiquette in the Jungle

Sir Frederick Treves on How to Meet a Lion.

The etiquette to be adopted when a tourist meets a lion in the jungle is described humorously by Sir Frederick Treves, the famous surgeon, in his fifth book of general interest, which is entitled "Uganda for a Holiday" and was published recently, price 9s., by Messrs Smith, Elder, and Co

Sir Frederick explains in his preface that he visited this part of Africa with the outlook of an "unspecialized traveller"—of the man who merely seeks "somewhere to go to."

"The tourist coming to British East Africa is sure to inquire as to the line of conduct that should be observed when a lion is encountered by the way," writes Sir Frederick. "In answer to such inquiry I was told that the etiquette suitable for the occasion was the following: If the lion when met with is walking in the opposite direction to the tourist, the animal should be allowed to continue his walk without comment. If, however, the lion stops and stares at the tourist it is proper that the tourist should 'Shish' the animal away, as he would an obtruse goose on a village green. Should the lion be unmoved by this expression of annoyance the tourist is advised to throw lumps of earth at the obtuse creature. If, after this, the lion still fails to realise that he is de trop, the tourist is recommended to walk away from the spot with such dignity as the strained position demands."

Sir Frederick Treves has several other things to say about the animals of the world. "The rhinoceros is the embodiment of blind conservatism," he writes. "Its hide is impenetrable, its vision is weak, while its intellect is weaker. It has, however, two marked qualities—combativeness and sense of smell. It is aroused to its maximum energy by the presence of anything that is new. This object need not be a thing that is aggressive or inconvenient. Its offensiveness depends upon the fact that it is unfamiliar.

"When a rhinocerous smells a man he will charge him with maniacal violence, although the man may be merely sitting on a stool reading Milton. The massive beast will dash at him like a torpedo or a runaway locomotive, simply because the smell of him is novel. Actuated by this insane hate of whatever savours of an innovation the rhinoceros has charged an iron water tank on the outskirts of a camp and has crumpled it up as a blacksmith would an empty meat tin.

"A conservative rhinoceros with a senile dislike of anything new once charged a train on the Uganda Railway, but with no more serius results than the tearing away of the footboard of a carriage. As regards the rhinoceros in this case, it appeared surprised that a thing composed, as it had imagined, of flesh and blood could be so hard. It went off with an additional grievance and an increased swelling of the head."

Shocking Crime

IN SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 14.—Beaten beyond semblance to a human form, the body of an aged woman was found to-day in a vacant lot next to the Savoy Theatre, in the centre of the business district in this city. John Knapp, a former convict, is in jail charged with the murder. The murdered woman was identified as Mrs. Julia Cary, aged 85 years. Identification was made by Mrs. Lowe matron of the city prison, who said Mrs. Cary had been in prison a number of times for petty offences. Detectives found Knapp standing in front of a stable where he is employed, not far from the place where the body lay. He was placed under arrest and in his room in the stable was found a wooden weight smeared with blood, and knotted gray hair. Some of Knapp's discarded garments were covered with blood, and the collar and waist of the coat he wore when arrested were spotted with bloody finger prints. A trail was discovered over which the woman had been dragged from the stable to the lot where the body was found. Knapp is 57 years old and has a criminal record having served 13 years in the Folsome Penitentiary for the murder of James Quinn, of Humboldt, Iowa, in a gambling quarrel.

London, Nov. 12.—The Times editorially, again dwells on the probability of the King and Queen visiting the Overseas Dominions and says that with the accession of King George the Empire enters a new and more auspicious era; and that he has responsibilities to the Empire which can be fully discharged only by personal contact. It is therefore right and seemly that His Majesty should contemplate holding courts in the Dominion.

ALL THE FISH FACE FOR
Mustad's Hooks.
They are the right shape and best quality.

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.

8720.

A Practical Apron.

A serviceable work apron such as the one here shown, not only protects the entire dress, but is very becoming as well. It may be made with very little difficulty, and the ease with which it may be slipped on and off is a feature that will recommend it at once to the busy housewife. The bib is cut circular and slips on easily over the head requiring no pins or buttons to hold it in place. A generous size pocket is a useful addition that will be appreciated by the wearer. Such a garment as this could be successfully made from linen, gingham, madras and percale. The medium size will require 3⅝ yards of 36 inch material for the making. Sizes for small, medium and large.

A pattern of this illustraton will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

8804.

A Practical Model showing New and Attractive Ideas.

This comfortable model has several excellent features, but its strong point is the centre back closing that extends to the lower edge of the skirt, and is a great saving of trouble in laundering. The waist may be finished with a standing collar, or with the sailor collar. Deep shoulder plaits give breadth and lend fulness to the design. The skirt may be plaited or gathered. The design is adapted for woolen materials, and also for ginghams, chambreys, percale or repp. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 years. It requires 4 5-8 years of 24 inch material for the 8 year 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 10 cents each, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address: Telegram Pattern Department.

BROWN'S Nautical Almanac,

Harbor and Dock Guide and Daily Tide Tables for 1911.

GARRETT BYRNE, Bookseller & Stationer

Telegram Ads. Pay