

ONTARIO WHEAT + MANITOBA No 1 HARD



BEAVER FLOUR

YOU can make a bigger and better loaf of bread with "Beaver" Flour than with any Western Wheat Flour.

Of course, there's no comparison between Ontario fall wheat and western wheat. Bread made of Ontario flour alone is immeasurably superior to that made of western wheat in texture, fineness, whiteness and flavor.

It is true that western wheat flour makes a big loaf—but it is heavy, tough, full of holes and uninviting both in appearance and flavor. "Beaver" Flour has the delicacy of flavor—the fineness

of texture—the snowy whiteness of the best Ontario fall wheat, with the strength of Manitoba wheat flour.

Because "Beaver" Flour contains both Ontario fall wheat with a little Manitoba spring wheat to increase the strength.

"Beaver" is the original blended flour—a product of science and patience—perfected after years of testing.

If you want real home-made bread with the real home-made flavor—if you want light, delicious Pastry, Cakes and Pies—use "Beaver" Flour, best for one, best for all.

DEALERS—Write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals.

THE 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 XXXII.
(Continued.)

He, too, had been terribly shattered by the fall, but strange to say was still alive, and he lay with his bruised and battered face half covered with bandages, and so death-like that but for the occasional flickering of his eyelids he had all the appearance of a corpse. Doctor Campbell who was kneeling beside him, administering restoratives, looked up and uttered a sigh of relief.

"Glad you've come, my lord!" he said, in a hushed voice. "He is still alive; he has spoken—just a word. The spine—it is a marvel that he should have lived; he cannot last long. Something seems to worry him, to be on his mind—"

They looked down at the death-stricken man with silent awe. It was evident that his mind was not at peace, for he moved his head from time to time restlessly, and his lips opened, but only with a moan. After awhile Lord Sainsbury was admitted and went to the earl's side and watched like the rest.

"Cured the Piles,
That I Know"

It is not pleasant to think of the dreadful suffering caused by this wretched disease, but it is satisfactory to know that there is a cure, for all who will avail themselves of it, in Dr. Chase's Ointment.
Mr. Dan Stewart, Gabarouse Lake, N.S., writes:—"For about two years I had itching piles. Last summer I was working in a lobster factory, but had to give up and go home because the suffering from piles was so great. I was two weeks in bed, and my doctor could help me very little. One night I suffered such agony that I did not know what to do. Next day I wrote for a sample of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and this did me so much good that I ordered a large box, and was entirely cured by its use. That was six months ago, and there has been no return of the trouble. Dr. Chase's Ointment is a sure cure for piles. That I know."
Dr. Chase's Ointment is a positive cure for itching, bleeding and protruding piles. Get a box at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Suddenly Gibbon's eyes opened and, drawing a long breath, he looked round.

"The earl—a magistrate!" he gasped.

Lord Sainsbury came to the bedside and bent down.

"The earl is here. I am a magistrate, too. What is it you want to say, my poor fellow?" he asked.

Gibbon tried to raise himself, but of course, could not do so.

"He—he did it," he said in a voice strangely mechanical and calm. Indeed almost indifferent. "Put—put me on my oath—there's—there's witnesses here, aren't they?"

"Administer the oath!" said Mr. Selby, in a low and eager voice. "For God's sake, be quick, my lord! You do not know how much depend—"

The oath was administered, and, after a painful effort, the dying man managed to gasp out in broken sentences, which would have been inaudible if Lord Sainsbury had not knelt beside him and almost put his ear to the bleeding lips:

"He did it—my master, Mr. Talbot. I followed him to the woods and saw him try and steal the pocket-book—"

"Pocket-book? What pocket-book?" muttered Mr. Selby to himself as he bent over the dying man.

"They fought for it, and Mr. Talbot stabbed him. Then—when he'd gone for the spade—I took the pocket-book from the body. It's—it's—feel in the breast pocket of my coat—"

Mr. Selby felt and clutched the precious document, and Gibbon drew a long breath of relief.

"I've—I've carried it there ever since. I—I know why he did it. I've read the certificates. He—he knew that Ralph Farrington was the earl's son—he wanted to rob him. But—with a twist of the battered lips—"I—I spoilt his game. You'll—you'll find his clothes—his dress clothes—in my box—they're all stained and soiled with the mould. He gave 'em to me—the—the fool!—and they're just as—as he left 'em!"

His voice died away and he struggled for breath; then suddenly he went through the awful scene on the viaduct, repeating almost every word that had passed as if he and Talbot were still face to face.

gambling place. He was a bad lot, a thorough bad lot. Worse than me—jail—jail—bird as I was!"

There was a silence for a moment or two, in which the horrified group about him avoided one another's eyes; then the broken, gasping voice went on:

"Ah, would you—I can see it in your face! There's murder there, as there was the night you killed the man! But I'm—as strong as you, Mr. Talbot! You can't force me over. It's death, death! But I'm strong! Oh, God, I'm going! But not alone! No, no! If I go you shall go with me! I'll hold you as the devil himself 'll hold you when he's taking you to hell with him! I'll hold you—Ah, God, we're over!"

He tried to rise, his arms were flung out and embraced the empty air with a spasmodic, an awful gesture, the white face was convulsed with a hideous hate and almost as hideous a terror; and when the arms fell they still seemed to strain at some object between them.

With a last effort the wretched man raised his head and, staring straight before him, gasped:

"Together, yes, together! You sha'n't escape! No, no! I'll hang you!—hang you!"

The terrible voice stopped suddenly.

Someone started a cheer, but it was promptly hushed by those who remembered that at Lynne Court lay the dead body of the man they had learned to regard as its future master.

The earl and Veronica entered by the magistrates' door and soon afterwards the public were admitted, and the small court was instantly crammed by as many of the excited and eager mob as could squeeze into it.

All the magistrates were on the bench excepting Lord Sainsbury, who stood in the body of the court talking to Mr. Selby, upon whom all eyes were centred.

Veronica went up to Mr. Selby and held out her hand, both hands indeed.

"Does—does he know?" she whispered, her lovely face all aglow. "Have you told him—what have you told him? They would not let me see him last night or this morning."

Mr. Selby nodded.

"Forgive me, but that was by my orders, or advice, rather. I feared that you would tell him that his innocence had been proved—"

"As it has!" she breathed. "Oh, as it has!"

"Forgive me, Miss Veronica, not yet! There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip—"

(To be continued.)

Doctor Campbell looked up and quickly drew the sheet over the wreck of a face.

"It is all over," he said.

The earl drew Veronica to him. She was shaking and moaning all unconsciously.

"It is all over!" repeated Doctor Campbell, rather quaveringly. "The man is dead."

"And Lord Denby is cleared!" said Mr. Selby in a low voice, which, for all its gravity, had a note of solemn exultation, as he watched Lord Sainsbury close his note-book.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

An enormous crowd collected in the market-place at Halsey, and, some time before the hour on which the court opened, converged in the court-house. The news of the death of Talbot Denby and his valet, Gibbon, and the rumour that the latter had confessed to being an eye-witness of his master's crime had been started almost as soon as Gibbon's last words had been gasped out, and the rumour, confirmed by servants from Lynne Court, having been strengthened into "reliable intelligence," the populace, already intensely interested in Ralph Farrington and his fate, were all ablaze with excitement.

As they surged before the court-house and pressed against the heavy old doors they shouted and yelled, and there were not a few voices actually clamouring for Ralph's release.

The Court was to sit at eleven, and as the hands of the clock were nearly upon the hour, a cry from the mob, for the Lynne Court carriage was seen coming along the High Street. In it were seated the earl and Veronica. It was noticed by the eager mob that they were both in mourning, and that Lord Lynborough was deadly pale; Veronica, too, was pale, but a light shone in her eyes which the crowd which thronged round the carriage was quick to interpret.

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"As it has!" she breathed. "Oh, as it has!"

"Forgive me, Miss Veronica, not yet! There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip—"

(To be continued.)

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NEWEST FALL GOODS
—AT—
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Special offering this week of 217 Ladies' Blouses, newest styles; manufacturers' samples; all made for this season's trade, in White, Black and Fancy, short and long sleeves; all kinds and materials. Note the prices:—

- White Embroidered Lawn45c. up
- Fancy Stripe Lawn39c. up
- Fancy Colored Fabrics59c. up
- Fancy Flannelette59c. up
- Newest styles in Scotch Wincey, worth \$1.80 for \$1.49

LADIES' BLACK BLOUSES
in Sateen, Cashmere, Lustre and Silk; all sizes. Note the Prices:—

- Black Cashmere, worth 95c. for79c.
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LADIES' COSTUME SKIRTS.
12 only, latest styles from the maker, made for this season's trade, in Tweed, Serge and Cloth, from \$1.35 to \$3.60 each. All worth a lot more money.

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All manufacturers' samples; 12 only, assorted shades, from 79c. to \$1.70. A little over half price. Come early and secure first choice.

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105 ORGANS
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 - Winchester Repeater, 12G., loaded with 24 and 26 grains Ballistite and Dupont Smokeless Powder, all sizes shot.
 - Winchester Repeater, 20G., loaded with Ballistite Smokeless Powder, 4, 6 and 10 shot.
 - Winchester New Rival, 10G. BB. to 4 Shot.
 - Winchester New Rival, 12G. Ball to 6 Shot.
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Evening
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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.

9334.—A NEAT BUT STYLISH GOWN.



Ladies' Costume (with Skirt in Raised or Normal Waistline).

Figured foulard in blue and white, with tucked net for chemisette, and Arabian lace for collar and cuffs, was used to make this attractive design. The skirt has a most unique and pleasing back finish, and may be developed in raised or normal waist line. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/2 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 AYRE & SONS, Ltd. Samples on request. Mention pattern number. Mail orders promptly attended to.

9335.—A Dainty Garment for the Hour of Rest.



Ladies' Dressing Sack or Negligee.

White "Jap" silk with Val. lace and edging was used for this pretty model. It is loose fitting, with short slashed sleeves, and a deep collar pointed over the back. Deep tucks give fullness over the fronts. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 2 1/2 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.

PATTERN COUPON.

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

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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.

An American tourist, in pricing tea in a Chinese store in Shanghai, was surprised to find that he could purchase five pounds of a certain kind of tea for \$2, but that if he bought ten pounds the price would be \$5. The American argued with the Chinaman that such an arrangement was ridiculous, but the proprietor of the store insisted that the logic was on his side. "More buy, more rich. More rich, more can pay," he explained.

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