

BEAVER FLOUR

COSTS LESS - IS BETTER - AND GOES FURTHER THAN ANY WESTERN WHEAT FLOUR.

"BEAVER" FLOUR makes a real home-made loaf of bread, close grained, beautifully white and tempting, with the delicious old-time flavor that "mother's brand" always had.

"Beaver" Flour makes Pies and Pastry that far excel anything made of western wheat flour, and with less shortening. And do you know why? Western wheat flours are strong and absorb much water, but they lack flavor. Ontario fall wheat has the nutty flavor, and pastry-making qualities, but lacks strength. "Beaver" Flour contains the choicest Ontario wheat with a little Manitoba wheat to increase the strength.

The bakers of Toronto and London—the experts at the Agricultural Colleges—and thousands of homes through Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces—have proved that "Beaver" Flour is superior to any western wheat flour and is equally good for Bread and Pastry. Try it. DEALERS—Write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals.

THE T. H. TAYLOR CO. LIMITED, CHATHAM, Ont.

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

The Snake Scotched Justice Done.

CHAPTER XXV.

(Continued)
"He hadn't time," said Talbot, absently. "I—I mean," he added, hurriedly, and with a glance of fear, "that I suppose Farringdon—or whoever did it—struck too quickly for him."

"Just so, sir. There were some pawn tickets and a betting card, a pipe and a little money." "Nothing—nothing else?" The words seemed to leave the white lips as if they were spoken with difficulty. "No—no papers? I—I mean that would help to identify the man?" Grey shook his head.

"No, Mr. Talbot, there were no

papers, nothing of that kind." He waited a moment. "I'll be off, sir; there's no time to waste. It's a heavy job for me, this."

When he had gone Talbot staggered and would have fallen but for the sideboard. His face was livid, and he was shaking like a leaf. No papers! The pocket-book which had been buried with the man: where was that—what had become of it? He clasped his burning head with his shaking hands and tried to think. With difficulty he got a decanter of brandy from the cellaret, poured himself out a glassful, and drank it. The pocket-book had not been found—what was there in that fact to dismay him? It should rather give him courage; for doubtless the thing had fallen from the man's pocket and was still lying hidden in the bracken. But Grey and the detectives who would soon be on the spot would search every inch of the ground. He must be there first: on pretence of assisting them he must search and find the certificates which

would disclose the fact that the accused was the earl's son and heir.
He set his teeth hard and looked about him with a wolfish glare.
"The game's not up yet!" he said, in a defiant whisper. "They'll hang him—the evidence is too strong—they'll hang him, they must!"
"You are Ralph Farringdon?" said the commonplace-looking man who had entered the room in which the happy little group were seated. "I arrest you on a warrant."
There was a moment of silent amazement and horror, then Veronica sprang in front of Ralph as if to protect him, one arm across his breast, the other extended towards the detective. Mr. Saintsbury rose, white with consternation. Ralph was the first to speak.
"On what charge?" he asked, calmly, but in a voice that shook, naturally enough.
"Wilful murder! You are charged with the murder of James Oatway, at Lynne Court, on the night of—"

A cry broke from Veronica's lips, and she flung both her arms round his neck, then she drew back her head and looked him full in the face with a smile.

"You—you are not afraid, Ralph?" she cried, hoarsely.
He smiled down at her as he slowly put her arms from him.
"Afraid, dearest? No! Why should I be? I am innocent!"
The arrest had been made quietly, and as quietly Ralph was conveyed by the night mail to Halsbury. It need not be said that Veronica, George Saintsbury and Ada travelled by the same train. Veronica's calmness and self-possession under the terrible blow amazed even

Grey brought the news of the arrest to the court the next morning, while the earl and Talbot were at breakfast; the old man had come down to breakfast for the first time for many years.
At another time Talbot might have detected the significance of the words, and recognised the threat contained in them; but his mind was off its balance, muddled and obscured by the dull terror that sat upon him, with an oath he strode to the man and struck him across the lips.

"You hound, you are drunk!" he said. "Get out of my sight and don't come into my presence till you are sober again—"

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CHAPTER XXVI.
All the county was in a state of excitement over the "Lynne Court Murder;" but Ralph, in his prison cell, was calm enough.

How could he be otherwise with Veronica's example before him and with the consciousness of his innocence to uphold him?
Mr. Saintsbury had engaged Mr. Selby, the sharpest lawyer in the district, and he had an interview with Ralph a few minutes before the examination.
"I may as well say at once that I am sure you are not guilty, Mr. Farringdon," he said; "but I ought to point out to you that the evidence is very strong. It was most unfortunate that you should have dropped your knife on that particular night, and more unfortunate still that you should have been seen with the deceased and been heard quarrelling with him."
"Not quarrelling," said Ralph. "Besides, one does not stab the man one happens to have a few words with; and if I had done so I should scarcely have been such an idiot as to bury him! I could have said that he was poisoning and that I killed him in a fair fight!"
The door opened as he was speaking and Mr. Whetstone and Burchett entered. Ralph turned swiftly to meet the latter and held out his hand, then paused and drew it back. Mr. Burchett seized it and rung it, resigning it to Mr. Whetstone reluctantly. Mr. Selby looked on keenly.
"You two evidently share my belief in his innocence," he said.
"Yes, Mr. Selby," said Whetstone, with quiet confidence; while Burchett did not think it necessary to speak. "I came to see if I could do anything; but you are here, and all that can be done will be, I know."
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In Wages or Profit

health, sooner or later, shows its value. No man can expect to go very far or very fast toward success—no woman either—who suffers from the headaches, the sour stomach and poor digestion, the unpleasant breath and the good-for-nothing feelings which result from constipation and biliousness. But just learn for yourself what a difference will be made by a few doses of

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Tested through three generations—favorably known the world over this perfect vegetable and always efficient family remedy is universally accepted as the best preventive or corrective of disorders of the organs of digestion. Beecham's Pills regulate the bowels, stir the liver to natural activity—enable you to get all the nourishment and blood-making qualities from your food. Assure as you try them you will know that—in your looks and in your increased vigor—Beecham's Pills

Pay Big Dividends

The directions with every box are very valuable—especially to women. Sold everywhere, in boxes, 25c.

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Psoriasis is another name for chronic eczema. It is the worst form of this dreadful itching skin disease. Once eczema has reached this stage it is usually considered incurable. Mrs. Nettie Massey, Consecon, Ont., writes:—“I thought it my duty to tell you the great benefit I received from using Dr. Chase's Ointment. For five years I suffered with what three doctors called Psoriasis. I doctored with three different doctors, with no good results, and one of our noted doctors told me if any one offered to guarantee me a cure for \$50.00 to keep my money in my pocket, as I could not be cured. ‘The disease spread all over me, even on my face and head. The itching and burning was hard to bear. At last my brother read in the paper about Dr. Chase's Ointment as a healer. I used 8 boxes, and I am glad to say I am entirely cured, not a sign of a sore to be seen.’”
Dr. Chase's Ointment, 50c a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

"He is in Halsbury gaol, my lord," said Grey, after he had given an account of the arrest. "Mr. Slocombe, from London, who took him, says that he was astonishingly calm, and, of course, declared his innocence." "Of course," said Talbot, who still looked white and haggard. The earl glanced at him sharply.

"I'm inclined to think he's right. Is that all, Grey?" for the inspector seemed to hesitate.

"Er—I think I ought to say, my lord, that Miss Veronica is at the Roebuck Hotel at Halsbury—she and the father and the little girl Farringdon rescued from the fire."

Talbot started, but the earl did not move a muscle, though his eyes grew dark.

"Is that all?"
"The examination is at two o'clock, my lord."

"I will be there, on the bench," said the earl, grimly.

"Surely you will not go, sir," put in Talbot, anxiously. "You are not fit—"

"I will be there," repeated the earl, as he dismissed Grey with a gesture of his hand.

Talbot went upstairs and rang for Gibbon, who came and stood with downcast eyes and hands hanging respectfully at his sides.

"Look out some dark clothes," said Talbot, in the coldly insolent voice with which he always addressed the man. "I am going to the Court to this examination."

"Yes, sir," said Gibbon. He turned to go, then hesitated, and came back. "I was thinking of asking you to let me leave your service, Mr. Denby," he said.

Talbot looked over his shoulder at him.

"Oh, you were?" he said, with a sneer. "Then abandon the thought. I do not intend to let you go. Strange as it may seem, you are of some use to me."

"I was thinking of buying a little public house that's in the market," Gibbon went on, as if he had not heard the refusal. "It is a promising investment, and I have saved a little money. Not enough, of course, but I was thinking you'd be so kind as to give me the remainder. It would be a matter of about a thousand pounds, sir."

Talbot turned on him slowly and with an angry frown.

"Are you out of your mind?" he said, contemptuously, "or

have you been drinking? Get out of my sight you—jail-bird! Ah!" as Gibbon winced an unhealthy red stole into his pallid face. "You'd forgotten that little fact, I suppose? Well, I have not. Let me hear any further of this nonsense, and I'll kick you out and brand you for the felon you are!"
Gibbon wetted his lips with his tongue.
"Don't—don't threaten me, Mr. Denby," he said, almost pleadingly. "I—I don't want to do you any harm—I don't want to say a word—I'll keep my mouth shut as long as I'm alive, if you'll act on the square by me—"

At another time Talbot might have detected the significance of the words, and recognised the threat contained in them; but his mind was off its balance, muddled and obscured by the dull terror that sat upon him, with an oath he strode to the man and struck him across the lips.

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Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

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