

CHAPTER XVII. BAD NEWS.

"Father!" The doctor shook his head. "He is unconscious" he said. Darrel looked up at him beseech ingly. "Is he-is he very much hurt? he asked hoarsely. The doctor, deeply moved, for he had brought Darrel into the world, laid his hand on the young man's shoulder

"He is very badly hurt, Darrel," h said. "My poor boy, there is no hope.'

Darrel dropped his face on his father's arm. The minutes-were they hours?-dragged along slowly. Oc-

casionally the doctor and the nurse

ministered to the dying man. The intense silence, the darkness the room held Darrel in a terribl which it semed to him h spell, from would never awake. They tried to persuade him to go downstairs to get some food: but he mutely refused to leave his father.

Presently the nurse whispered something to the doctor, and they bent over the still form with renewed

sigh. "Not-not the best, Darrel," he gasped, with laboring breath. "I have peen-a fool. But forgive me, Darrel, and-don't-forget me!" They were poor, reckless, careless Sir Anson's last words. His hands closed tightly on Darrel's; then the

"He is coming to," said the docto "You will not excite him, Darrel?" The dying man opened his eyes, a gleam of intelligence cleared their dullness; he saw and recognized his beloved son.

"Darrel!" he said faintly, with a last effort. "Darrel! You have come. It's all up, dear boy. I've got my call. It was the young mare-not her fault -don't-don't-shoot her. A good horse."

he fought for breath, then he breathed ly listened to Burridge's droning painfully. "Oh, Darrel, my boy-1'm voice, with its almost childish, afraid-I'm afraid- Forgive me, Darrel! Oh, my poor boy!"

His eyes were full of the anguish the Court, and was surprised at seeof self-reproach, of dread, not of ing him there before him in the room. death, but of life, Darrel's future "Is there anything else to be done?" the asked listlessly. life.

"Oh, don't, father!" pleaded Darrel "No, Sir Darrel," replied Burridge;

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still fancying that he could hear his father's voice, his step, as he crosse the hall, followed by his dogs. All the funeral guests had gone Darrel had stolen into the library to indulge grief "in solitude for a short time. He looked up, but was scarcely

born to squander money, some t take care of it and save it. I make every allowance for Sir Anson." "You make every allowance," said Darrel, scarcely believing his ears Was the man mad to talk in this tone f disrespect of his dcad employer! "It was the Irish blood in him. uppose." went on Mr. Burridge, ap render parently unmoved by Darrel's indig nation. "Anyhow, I did my best to put the drag on, but I didn't succeed; o cne could have succeeded. Sir An son was resolved upon rushing downholds the mortgages, to whom do we hill, though I told him what the end would be. And, of course, it's come now, and equally, of course, you've got to hear the brunt of it, I'm afraid heavy face, his glance shifted from Sir Darrel.". Darrel began to have a faint glimlip. ner of the meaning of the man's words. He drew himself up, set his ingly. face, and said quietly: "I wish to know," said Darrel "You are trying to tell me somequietly. thing, some bad news, Mr. Burridge?

ridge, with a shake of his shoulders Will you speak straight out, please?" R G. ASH & CO., St John's, Sole Agents in "Yes, it's better," said Burridge. and a twist of his pendulous underlin with a nod of his heavy head. "The "it's I."

or stamps. his brows were drawn, as if by physical pain; but his lips were tightly PATTERN COUPON.

set, his eyes were fixed steadily, un-Please send the above-mentioned flinchingly on the man who had been pattern as per directions given below. his and his father's secret foe, the No an who had been undermining them Size....

for years; and there was no weakness Name in the gaze, no appeal, no sign of sur-Address in full:-

"This is bad news-for me, Mr Burridge," Darrel said at last. "You say that I am penniless, that the estate, everyhing, is mortgaged? Who N.B.-Be sure to cut out the illus-

tration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern can-not reach you in less than 15 days. Price 10c. each, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address: Telegram Pat-tern Department. owe all this money, the money you say I cannot pay?" A reddish flush stained Burridge's

> side to side; he moistened his thick EVERY OFFICE MAN "It doesn't matter," he said hesitat-Should enquire about my handy, labor saving,

filing devices, at the "Well, if you must," replied Bur-

earliest opportunity Details gladly supplied An absolu. ly new line.

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