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white flour with which your Mother makes such perfect bread. With this famous BEAVER FLOUR, you can make the most delicious cake, biscuit, rolls and pastry. There is no surer way to a man's heart.

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is made from the finest wheat that can be grown, being a scientific blend of Ontario Fall Wheat and Manitoba Spring Wheat. In this way, we secure a flour that makes not only more wholesome and nutritious cake and pastry, but more delicate and appetizing bread. For both uses, BEAVER FLOUR is unrivalled.

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The Contested Marriage.

An ivory tablet attached to the lower part of the frame informed the gazer that the picture was a copy, by permission, of the celebrated portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of Sir Harry Compton, Baronet. They were confounded, overwhelmed, bewildered. Sir Harry, they found, had been killed about eight months previously in a steep chase; and the castle and estates had passed, in default of direct issue, to a distant relative, Lord Emsdale. Their story was soon bruited about; and, in the opinion of many persons, was confirmed beyond reasonable question by the extraordinary likeness they saw or fancied between Violet's son and the deceased baronet. Amongst others, Sir Jasper Thornley was a firm believer in the identity of Henry Grainger and Sir Harry Compton; but unfortunately, before the assertion of the sisters that the portrait of Sir Harry was young Grainger's portrait, the real or imaginary likeness of the child to his reputed father, and some score of letters addressed to Violet by her husband, which Sir Jasper persisted were in Sir Harry's handwriting, though few others did (they had, I saw at a glance, was a disguised one), nor one title of evidence had been able to procure for love or money. As a last resource he had considered the case to me, and the yulpine sagacity of a London attorney.

I suppose my countenance must be what is called a "speaking one" for I had made no reply to this statement in words of a case upon which I and a "London attorney" were to ground measures for wresting a magnificent estate from the clutches of a powerful nobleman, and by "next assizes" to—when the lady's beautiful eyes filled with tears, and turning to her child, she murmured in that gentle, agitating voice of hers, "My poor boy!" The words I was about to utter died on my tongue, and I remained silent for several minutes. After all thought I, this lady is evidently sincere in her expressed conviction that Sir Harry Compton was her husband. If her surmise be correct, evidence of the truth may perhaps be obtained by a keen search for it; and since Sir Jasper guarantees the expenses—I rang the bell. "Step over to Cursitor Street," said I to the clerk as soon as he entered, "and if Mr. Ferret is within, ask him to step over immediately." Ferret was just the man for such a commission. Indefatigable, resolute, sharp-witted,

and of a ceaseless, remorseless activity, a secret or a fact had need be very profoundly hidden for him not to reach and fish it up. I have heard solemn doubts expressed by attorneys opposed to him as to whether he ever really and truly slept at all—that is, a genuine Christian sleep, as distinguished from a merely canine one with one eye always half open. Mr. Ferret had been for many years Mr. Simpkins' managing clerk; but ambition, and the increasing requirements of a considerable number of young Ferrets, determined him on commencing business on his own account; and about six months previous to the period of which I am now writing, a brass door-plate in Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, informed the public that Samuel Ferret Esq., Attorney-at-Law, might be consulted within.

Mr. Samuel Ferret was fortunately at home; and after a very brief interval, made his appearance, entering with a short professional bow to me, and a very profound one to the lady, in whom his quick gray eye seemed intuitively to espy a client. As soon as he was seated, I handed him Sir Jasper's letter. He perused it carefully three times, examined the seal attentively, and handed it back with—"An excellent letter as far as it goes, and very much to the point.

You intend, I suppose, that I should undertake this little affair?" "Yes, if, after hearing the lady's case, you feel disposed to venture upon it."

Mr. Samuel Ferret's note-book was out in an instant; and the lady, interrupted by a syllable from him, retold her story.

"Good, very good, as far as it goes," remarked undismayed Samuel Ferret when she concluded; "only it can scarcely be said to go very far. Moral presumption, which, in our courts unfortunately, isn't worth a coat. Never mind. *Magna est veritas*, and so on. When, madam, did you say Sir Harry—Mr. Grainger—first began to urge emigration?" "Between two and three years ago."

"Have the goodness, if you please to hand me the baronetage." I did so "Good," resumed Ferret, after turning over the leaves for a few seconds. "Very good as far as it goes. It is now just two years and eight months since Sir Harry succeeded his uncle in the title and estates. You would no doubt soon have heard, madam, that your husband was dead. Truly the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; and yet such conduct towards such a lady"—Ferret intended no mere compliment; he was only giving ut-

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terance to the thoughts passing through his brain; but his client's mounting color warned him to change the topic, which he very adroitly did. "You intend, of course," said he, addressing me, "to proceed at law? No rumble-tumble through the spirituous courts?"

"Certainly, if sufficient evidence to justify such a course can be obtained."

"Exactly: Doe, demise of Compton versus Emsdale; action in ejectment, judgment of ouster. Our friend Doe—madam—a very accommodating fellow is Doe—will, if we succeed, put you, in possession as natural guardian of your son. Well, sir," turning to me, "I may as well give you an acknowledgment for that cheque. I undertake the business, and shall, if possible be off to Leeds by this evening's mail. The acknowledgement was given, and Mr. Ferret, pocketing the cheque, departed in high glee.

"The best man, madam, in all broad London," said I in answer to Mrs. Grainger's somewhat puzzled look, "you could have retained. Fond as he seems, and in fact is, of money—what sensible person is not?—Lord Emsdale could not bribe him with his earldom, now that he is fairly engaged in your behalf. I will not say to betray you, but to further his indefatigable activity in the furtherance of your interests. Attempted, madam, he assured, whatever nursery tales may teach, have the very sharpest of them, their points of honor. The lady and her son departed, and I turned again to the almost forgotten case."

Three weeks had nearly glided by and still no tidings of Mr. Ferret. Mrs. Grainger, and her sister Emily Dalton, a very charming person, had called repeatedly; but as I of course had nothing to communicate, they were still condemned to languish under the heart-sickness caused by hope deferred. At last our emissary made his appearance.

"Well, Mr. Ferret," I said, on entering my library, where I found him composedly awaiting my arrival, "what success?"

"Why, nothing of much consequence as yet," replied he; "I am, you know, only, as it were, just commencing the investigation. The Leeds parson that married them is dead, and the old clerk is paralytic, and has lost his memory. If, however, they were both alive, and in sound health of body and mind, they could, I fancy, help us but a little, as Bilston tells me neither the Daltons nor Grainger had entered the church all the morning of the wedding; and they soon afterwards removed to Cumberland, so that it is scarcely possible either parson or clerk could prove that Violet Dalton was married to Sir Henry Compton. A very intelligent fellow is Bilston, and he was present at the marriage, you remember; and a glorious witness, if he had only something of importance to depose to; powder-hair and a pigtail, double chin, and six feet in girth at least; highly respectable—capital witness, very—only, unfortunately, he can only testify that a person calling himself Grainger married Violet Dalton; not much in that!"

"So, then, your three weeks labor has been entirely thrown away!"

"Not so fast—not so fast—you jump too hastily at conclusions. The Cumberland fellow that sold Grainger the house—only the equity of redemption of it, by the way—there's a large mortgage on it—can prove nothing. Nobody about there can, except the surgeon; he can prove Mrs. Grainger's accouchement—that is something. I have been killing myself every evening this last week with grog and tobacco smoke at the "Compton Arms," in the company of the castle servants, and if the calves' heads had known anything essential, I fancy I should have wormed it out of them. They have, however, kindly furnished me with a scroll of introduction to the establishment now in town, some of whom I shall have the honor to meet, in the character of an out-and-out liberal sporting gentleman, at the "Albemarle Arms" this evening. I want to get hold of his confidential valet, if he had one—those go-a-head fellows generally have—a Swiss, or some other foreign animal."

"Is this all?"

"Why, no," rejoined Ferret, with a sharp twinkle of his sharp gray eye, amounting almost to a wink; "there is one circumstance which I cannot help thinking, though I scarcely know why, will put us, by the help of patience and perseverance, on the right track. In a corner of the registry of marriage there is written Z. Z. in bold letters. In no other part of the book does this occur. What may that mean?"

"Had the incumbent of the living a curate at the time?"

"No. On that point I am unfortunately too well satisfied. Neither are there any names with such initials in any of the Leeds churchyards. Still this Z. Z. may be of importance, if we could but discover who he is. But how?—that is the question. Advise? Show our hands to the opposite players, and find if Z. Z. is really an entity, and likely to be of service; that when we want him in court, he is half way to America. No, no; that would never do."

UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to NOV. 14th, 1910.

A	Curlew, Wm.	J	Phillips, Mrs. Thos. card.
Ansty & Co., St. John's	Connolly, Mrs. Ellen.	James, Nellie, Lime St.	Hayward's Ave.
Andrews, Miss Eliza	Mulcock Street	Jeffers, care Reid Nbd. Co	Power, Mr., Nagle's Hill
late Gen'l Hospital	D	Jones, W. E.	Power, Mrs., Long Pond Rd.
Alcock, Miss Stella,	Davis, Mrs. Benjamin,	Jones, J. P., card	Power, Master, of George
care Mrs. Cross	Pleasant Street	K	R
Associated Mail Dealers,	Delaney, Miss Beasle,	King, Mary Ellen, card.	Ryan, Jim, late Grand Bank
Duckworth St.	Beasle, Military Road	King, Gower Street	Rankin, Robert, Cabot St.
B	Dickenson, H. W.	Kennedy, Lillie, LeMerchant Rd.	Ryan, Miss Katie, retd.
Baxter, Thomas, late Sydney	Dodge, Miss Mary J.	Kennedy, George, York St.	Rdmond, Michael, late Honne Bay
Bradford, H.	Dudey, Peter,	Kavanagh, Fred W., Leslie Street	Rowe, Mrs. Arthur,
Barter, Jack, card,	Dunlop, James, card	Kavanagh, Martin, Circular Road	Rogers, Miss Abigail,
late Sydney	Evans, Bob, card	Kennedy, Fred, card	Royal, Mrs. John, Cabot Street
Benmore, Jas., late Sydney	Eddy, Miss S., McFarlane's St.	Knowling, Miss A., Henry Street	Roberts, Christopher, 26 Street
Blackmarsh Rd.	Breaker, Henry, care Empire Wood W. Co.	Everett, Wm.	S
Brenton, David, care Mrs. W. Carberry	Ellard, Mr., care Wood's Candy Factory	F	Sanson, Lavinia, Hamilton Street
Biddiscombe, P.	Fisher, Prescott, care John Campbell	F	Sheppard, Miss Mary, card.
Brian, Edward	Bishop, E. M., late Bonavista Railway	Flight, Thomas, late Grand Falls	Sealock, Capt., Cabot St.
Brown, Samuel	Butler, Master Cecil	Fowler, Miss Bride, Power Street	Snelgrove, Miss L., Plymouth Road
Burke, Miss Annie	Butler, Samuel	Fullett, George	Smith, Miss Anna, Maxle Street
Butler, Robert	Blundon, Robert	Foot, Jas., Church Hill	Simms, W. H., Alexander St.
Butler, Azariah, card, Lion Square	Butler, Azariah, card, Lion Square	Forward, F., care Mrs. Brown	Squires, Beaton H., Sumners, Mrs. G., Remie's Mill Road
Bags, Richard	Barron, Wm., card, Barnes' Road	G	Squires, Helena E.
Brantford, A., card	Brantford, A., card	Graham, Mrs. A., late Grand Falls	T
C	Carow, Miss Katie	Grant, Mrs. M., care Mrs. Brown	Taylor, Mrs. Du-an
Clark, Mrs. E. J., card, New Gower Street	Christopher, Miss Lizzie, Gower Street	Grant, James Gardner, Bernard, Flower Hill	Tiler, Peter, card
Courage, Rev. W. R., late Flower Cove	Connolly, Miss Ray, Cornwall Road	Gregory, Mrs. Hawkins, Chas. G. Harvey, Mrs. Patrick Collins, Mrs. Mary A. Connors, Theodore, care McLean's Tannery	Towers, Mrs. Wm. Tomlin, Mrs. Alfred Walsh, Miss Mary, George's Street Walsh, Wm. A., late Bonavista Railway Walsh, Patrick, care Mrs. Martin, Pleasant Street Whelan, Ned, card Williams, George, late Clarendville Windsor, Wm. Whittle, J. Wood, C. R. Woods, J. F.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

A	Glynn, Dick, card.	I	Dean, Geo. B., schr. Lady Napier
Hollett, Capt. T., schr. Almeda	Ellen James	Snow, Capt. Wm., schr. Luetla	Walters, Capt. T. J., schr. Oriental
Crouse, Ambrose, schr. Acadia	Keeping, John M., schr. Fannie Young	M	Evans, Capt. Henry, schr. Pendragon
Moulton, John, schr. Alameda	Kendrick, Capt. J., schr. Glenwood	Lester, J., schr. Martha Edmunds	Peddie, Abijah, schr. Prowl
Charles, Benjamin, schr. A. M. Fox	Kerman, Alex., schr. Gladys E. Whidden	Young, Albert, schr. Minnie E. Strong	Miller, Henry, schr. Susan M.
B	Tobin, George, schr. Grayling	Laurence, Master F., schr. Millie M.	McLeod, John, schr. Strathcona
Sharpe, Wm. John, schr. Brothers	Pilgrim, Albert, schr. Gay Gordon	Taylor, Master F., schr. Madulin	Knighth, schr. Strathcona
C	Yatman, Capt. schr. Clara Smallcombe, schr. Clara	H	Eastman, Wm., schr. Messenger
Hackett, Capt. Jos., schr. Crofton McLeod	Saunders, Capt. Geo., schr. Helena	Jones, John, schr. Minnie E. Strong	T
D	Denigan, Augustus, schr. Dorothy Baird	I	Davis, Capt. Wm., schr. Mauna Loa
E	Taylor, Esau, Ethel B. Clarke Cook, Alonzo, schr. Ethie Bess Pike, John C., schr. Empire	J	March, L., schr. Messenger
Pike, John C., schr. Empire	Morris, Capt. Ed., schr. J. B. Anderson	K	Morris, Robert, schr. Maxwell
	Thorpe, Thomas, schr. Kitchener	N	Reid, Richard, schr. Mary Robb, Stephen, schr. William Pittman, John, schr. X 10 U 8

G. P. O., November 14th, 1910. H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.

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Mr. Ferret I saw was getting into a brown study; and as I had pressing business to despatch, I got rid of him as speedily as I could, quite satisfied, spite of Z. Z., that Mrs. Grainger's chance of becoming Lady Compton was about equal to mine of ascending the British throne some fine day.

Two days afterwards I received the following note:—"Dear Sir,—Z. Z. is the man! I'm off to Shropshire. Back, if possible, the day after to-morrow. Not a word even to the ladies. Huzzah! In haste, SAMUEL FERRET."

To be continued.

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