Too Great
A Temptation
For A Healthy Child
To Resist—
BISCUITS
made from Purity Flour are light, nourishing and palatable. Good for both young and old.

"More Bread and Better Bread."

Western Canada Flour Mills Co
Limited
Mills at Winnipeg, Goderich and Brandon

PURITY FLOUR

A Million a Minute

A Romance of Modern New York and Paris

By Hudson Douglas

(Continued)

"Damnation! What a fool I was. He must have kidnapped her. I wasn't bothering much about him—I thought he was too late to do any harm. I must get after him at once. I saw him and that scoundrel with the black beard at a door in the Impasse de Paradis. I'll try that first. I'll shoot him like a dog if——"

He hurried into his bed-room, muttering threats, and came back charging a revolver.

"Put that thing down," said O'Ferral in his stearnest voice, his back against the door whither he had sprung in quick precaution.

"Listen to me, Steve, or I'll lock you in here till you learn sense. Where's this Impasse de Paradis? Explain the thing coherently and we'll sort it all out by degrees. Your methods will only make it worse."

Quaintance looked at him with a puzzled scowl, but that soon cleared before the correspondent's steady eyes, and he related the circumsatnce of which the others were still in ignorance.

"Well and good," said O'Ferral judiciously. "Now sit down for two minutes while I change my clothes, and then we'll take a casual squint at the Impasse de Paradis. Understand plainly that you and I are taking the thing up together at this stage, and don't let me hear you move hand or foot till I come back to you."

His masterful tone did not fail of effect on his friend's fevered mind.

"You're very good, O'Ferral," Quaintance said much more calmly. "Excuse me. I must be a bit on edge, I think."

He pocketed his weapon and sat down, gripping the elbow-rests of his chair so that great dents showed in the leather. It was the worst that had befallen yet to think that actual harm might have come to his lost duchess through him.

O'Ferral reappeared without undue delay, and to him as commander of the expedition Cornoyer addressed a modest request that he might be permitted to join in.

"I don't want to butt in," he said, "but I might be useful if there were a row."

"Glad to have you with us," replied O'Ferral. "Come on. We'll get a cab by the way."

It had been dark for nearly an hour before they set out, and, when they reached the street, it was raining. They drove to the Place St. Michel, and from there made their way to the Impasse.

"Cut into the Blue Rabbit and ask the proprietor if he's seen anything lately of an American called Stephen Quaintance," the correspondent commanded of Cornoyer, who had been telling him of their encounter with that imposter there. "You know the old fellow well enough to find out anything he can tell."

But Cornoyer came back almost immediately shaking his head.

"He hasn't been in since we left this morning," he reported. "A week ago he used to be about a good deal, and ran up a score which he settled yesterday evening."

They went on down the Impasse, and Quaintance pointed out the postern in an angle of the blank wall at its blind end. O'Ferral looked back, but there was no one visible. He pulled a little electric torch from his pocket and scrutinized the key-hole carefully.

"Someone been out and in quite lately," he said. "We'll have a look at the front of this building."

They travelled round to the lane on which it abutted, empty at that hour and gloomy on a wet night with nothing in view but the grim frontage of the lofty old dwelling-house, standing with shuttered windows, the last of its kind on that site. A weatherbeaten board lacking most of its pristine whiteness announced that it was to let, furnished, for a term of years, and that the keys might be had from the bakery at an adjacent corner.

"Get the keys," O'Ferral ordered, and Cornoyer was off on the instant. He was intensely interested in the proceedings, and filled with admiration for their leader's detective methods. The correspondent recalled him.

"Got a gun?" that gentleman asked.

"Well, you'd better make a bee-line for the nearest armory and lay in a working six-shooter at the same time. We shan't require to use it, of course, but it might have a good moral effect."

Cornoyer came hurrying back, with the news that the keys had been granted no later than that forenoon to a man who answered in every respect to his description of the soi-disant Stephen Quaintance. They would probably not be returned for three or four days, since that individual had required them for that length of time with a view to taking some measurements.

"H'm!" said O'Ferral. "Steve, I think we've struck the scent first throw-off. But we'll have to break in, unless you'd prefer to do things legally, which would take longer."

"Don't lose a moment," Quaintance whispered. "If she's in that villain's hands, O'Ferral, her life's not safe for the next few hours."

"True for you," assented the correspondent, under his breath. It had not struck him before that the situation was such a grave one. Much might happen in a few hours where there were ten millions at stake.

"We'll try the back first," he directed. "Come on round again."

Cornoyer was deeply delighted when he produced from his pocket a bunch of thin keys, with one of which he almost succeeded in forcing the lock. But he finally had to admit himself baffled, and drew back a little to stare fixedly up at the high blank wall.

"I'm lightest. I'll try if Newman—Quaintance will give me a back."

"You'll have to look sharp about it, then," O'Ferral advised. "If we're caught in the act it will mean the lock-up for the lot of us. We haven't even the shadow of an excuse, unless you want to give the whole show away, Steve."

"We'll try it and see what happens," said Quaintance. "Wait, here's some one coming!"

They flattened themselves, faces inward, among the shadows, but the footsteps they heard turned into the brasserie at the far corner. No further sound was audible.

Quaintance braced himself at his full height against the wall. Cornoyer clambered on to his shoulders and straightened himself on firm footing.

"Allez! Vite! he whispered, jumping swiftly and surely. Quaintance had set his teeth while the boots hit into his shoulders as the other made his spring, but uttered no sound.

"Where is he?" he asked stepping back to look up.

"He's over the wall," answered O'Ferral. "You did that stunt very neatly, Steve."

An instant of expectation followed, and they heard a dull, grating wrench. Then silence for two or three minutes which seemed interminable till that was broken by a quick creak and a heavy body fell from above at the back of the door. The door opened, noiselessly, which proved that the hinges had recently been oiled, and they pushed hastily in as a couple of pedestrians came round the corner toward them. O'Ferral closed it behind him, and they waited with beating hearts, but those steps also ceased suddenly.

"How did you get in?" he asked Cornoyer, casting the light of his lamp cautiously about him.

"There is a small skylight above. It's bolted inside but I dug the glass out of its frame. I set it back in place as well as I could before I let go."

"Looks all right from here," said O'Ferral in a whisper and took his thumb from the battery button. "Boots off now, boys. We must tread delicately. Take open order, and don't tumble over each other."

As soon as they were thus prepared against accident, they set off, the correspondent leading the way, which took them through the covered passage into the kitchen.

The door from there to the hall-way was closed and it creaked as they opened it. They stood listening intently in the pitch darkness, until they were fairly sure that no one had heard, before moving on. It was eerie work, and each felt glad that the others were there.

The rooms opening off the hallway were empty of all save faded furniture, ghastly of shape in its ragged coverings, but showing no trace of having been touched for years. They crept upstairs, and, on the floor above, found a locked door which they could not open. O'Ferral motioned to them to pass on in the meantime, and mounted another flight, where there were once more only empty rooms. third and fourth afforded no more encouragement, and the lamp's faint gleam showed that one more would take them to the top of the house.

There were only two doors on that flat, and one stood ajar. It led to a box-room. The other was locked, and the key had been taken away. O'Ferral put his ear to the keyhole, but could hear nothing.

"House seems to be empty," he whispered to Quaintance, who held up his hand got down on his knees, and listened for anything the floor might have to tell. He stayed thus for quite a minute before he got quietly to his feet again.

To be continued.)

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
BACKACHE
DIABETES
NUMBER 23 THE PRICE

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

SHEPHERD CHECKED FROCKS THE FAD.

One of the spring features is the simple little frock or polonaise of shepherd check material, made all in one piece and trimmed with black—these checked frocks being invariably in black and white effects. The costume shown is of checked mohair and the revers of black satin, and rows of jet buttons add the required touch of character and snap. The low collar and jabot of lingerie fabric are also distinctive style features for spring.

A SAD DAY FOR HOMEVILLE

Taking up a daily paper published in a quiet, orderly little city of homes, where naught but peace and gentleness and thrifty industry have lately reigned, we have just come upon a sinister notice, displayed i nthe local columns. We shall not name the city where this notice appears, because it is the last town which we should care to hold up to any sort of reproach. We shall call the place Homeville, because it is a town that is thoroughly representative of the best class of eastern small cities, and shall publish the notice just as it appears:

SALOONS TO OPEN TOMORROW.

Tomorrow will see the opening of saloons in the city after a year of no license. licenses are at the city hall ready to be given out to holders on the payment of their license fees.

A melancholy tomorrow that, for Homeville!

A melancholy tomorrow, first of all, for the women and children of the town. A whole year they have known peace, because the doors were closed out of which there once came to them disgrace, and want, and hunger and horror. For a year they have been free from the constant menace of a brute beast returning to the household in the place of a loved man or boy; for a year they have felt secure from blows, and from things that were worse than blows. But tomorrow—the saloons will open again; and that means that misery and disgrace are once more let loose upon them. Could there be a sadder announcement for the women and children of Homeville?

And now for the men and boys—what kind of news does the notice in the paper bring them? There is not one of them that has reached the understanding age who does not know in his heart that through the saloon's open door he can walk straight into loss of employment, loss of reputation, loss of the peace of the family and the fireside, loss of love, loss of hope, loss of courage, loss of soul. And yet, because the saloon is there, and its open door beckons with its promise of goodfellowship and hilarity, and the allurement of the passing pleasure of the cup, many know that they will enter, and that afterward they will sink, and suffer, and hate themselves and be hated. Is there any good news for them in this?

No; for the whole community the reopened saloon means waste, degradation, crime. In cold dollars and cents the awful cost can be computed from Homeville's past experience. So many thousands spent for what is at the best mere hurtful self-indulgence; so many thousands diverted to sorrow and shame that would else go into homes and the comfort and welfare of wives and mothers and sisters and babes; so many thousands taken straight away from the elevation, progress and happiness of the community, and given over to the peopling of jails and almshouses and insane asylums. Every man knows now that the moment the drink begins to pass over the counters of the saloons, fresh seeds of tuberculosis, and insanity, and nervous exhaustion, and delirium, and all manner of diseases to which alcohol predisposes the body, are being sown, as well as of moral death.

When mothers and daughters and old fathers are glad to see the spectre of devastating war stride in where peace has been; when the death cry of a strong man slaughtered in his prime is a sweeter sound than the laughter of a babe; when the rattle of the gallows drop is more pleasing to the ear than the sound of the church bells across the valley on a Sunday morning—then and not a moment sooner, will that fateful announcement, "Saloons to open tomorrow," be a happy one for the people of Homeville.

MONTHS OF AGONY

A Severe Case of Rheumatism Cured By Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"For many weary months I suffered untold agony. I could not walk, I could scarcely raise myself to a sitting posture. I was under medical care, but in vain. Finally I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they have restored me to my former healthy condition."

This strong statement was made to a reporter recently by Mr. Charles S. Keddey, formerly of Kingston, N. S. Mr. Keddey is a carpenter by trade, and is now able to work every day. He adds: "I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they cured me after other medicine failed. While I was living in Kingston, N. S., I was seized with rheumatism in its most violent form. I was compelled to take to my bed and for months was an invalid. I was so weak that it was difficult for me to raise myself to a sitting posture. It is impossible to tell how much I suffered day and night, week in and week out. The pains were like piercing swords. I had medical attendance, but it failed. Then I tried medicines advertised to cure rheumatism, but with the same result—money wasted. One day when hope had almost gone a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I told him my experience with other medicines, but he assured me that these pills would cure rheumatism, so I sent for a supply. After using a few boxes I was able to leave my bed, and from that on my restoration to health was rapid. I am now as well as ever I was, and have not had the slightest touch of rheumatism since. The change they have wrought in my case is simply miraculous, and I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to any one suffering from any form of rheumatism."

Rheumatism is rooted in the blood. Rubbing the aching limbs with liniments and outward remedies cannot possibly cure it. You must get the rheumatic acid out of the blood and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the one sure medicine to do this, because they actually make new blood. That is why these pills cure anaemia, headaches and backaches, neuralgia, indigestion and the secret ailments that make miserable the lives of so many women and growing girls. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CHIEF CRAWFORD HERE

Robert Crawford, chief of police of Campbellton, arrived in the city yesterday on the maritime express, bringing with him Angus Dugay, who was captured in Campbellton on Monday after having escaped from the Industrial Home in Crouchville about seven weeks ago. Superintendent McDonald, of the institution, was at the depot and took Dugay direct to Crouchville.

Formerly a member of the force in this city Chief Crawford visited the central police station last night and was warmly welcomed. He said that the two boys, William Gaunie and John Copeland, charged with breaking into a store in Campbellton and stealing about $5, have elected to be tried under the Speedy Trials Act. They will appear before Judge McLatchy in Dalhousie today.

Chief Crawford will return to Campbellton this morning.

Y. M. C. A. BOYS OUTING

Seventeen of the boys of the Y. M. C. A. yesterday enjoyed a pleasant outing under the guidance of E. J. Robertson, physical director of the institution, and John J. McKinnon, boys' secretary. The party went to Indiantown and then by the ferry E. Ross to Pleasant Point.

Dinner was carried along and this was cooked on the bank near Milford in Indian fashion. A swim was enjoyed and after dinner sides were chosen and a game of base ball was played, after which followed a brisk walk up the river and some exciting fun on the rafts. On their way back they went through Randolph & Baker's mill, after which return was made to the city. The boys were so delighted with their experience that they are already planning for another outing on May 24.

George H. Waring, of this city, is now second engineer of the steamer Havana running between Boston and New York.

Nervous Women
will find that Nature responds promptly to the gentle laxative effects, and the helpful tonic action of
Beecham's Pills
Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 25 cents.

Some Men Know, But Forget

Money Will Not Buy Health

And until the aches and ills of the food transgressor attack them, the value of pure and wisely selected food is forgotten.

Sometimes it takes a right sharp spell of sickness to prove the close relation of food and health—That Pure Foods mean perfect digestion and pure blood—The true secret of comfort and good health.

GRAPE-NUTS

Is a pre-digested, scientifically prepared food that is readily absorbed by the weakest stomachs, and builds up body and brain.

It has brought thousands of voluntary testimonials from people who have gained health from its daily use.

For Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, LTD.,
Battle Creek, Michigan.

READS THE BOOK
"The Road to Wellville" Pointed the Way.

Down at Hot Springs, Ark. the visitors have all sorts of complaints, but it is a subject of remark that the great majority of them have some trouble with stomach and bowels. This may be partly attributed to the heavy medicines.

Naturally, under the conditions, the question of food is very prominent.

A young man states that he had suffered for nine years from stomach and bowel trouble, had two operations which did not cure, and was at last threatened with appendicitis.

He went to Hot Springs for rheumatism and his stomach trouble got worse. One day at breakfast the waiter, knowing his condition, suggested he try Grape-Nuts and cream, which he did, and found the food agreed with him perfectly.

After the second day he began to sleep peacefully at night, different than he had for years. The perfect digestion of the food quieted his nervous system and made sleep possible.

He says: "The next morning I was astonished to find my condition of constipation had disappeared. I could not believe it true after suffering for so many years then I took more interest in the food, read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," and started following the simple directions.

"I have met with such results that in the last five weeks I have gained eight pounds in spite of hot baths which take away the flesh from anyone.

"A friend of mine has been entirely cured of a bad case of indigestion and stomach trouble by using Grape-Nuts Food and cream alone for breakfast.

"There is one thing in particular—I have noticed a great change in my mental condition. Formerly I could hardly remember anything, and now the mind seems unusually acute and retentive. I can memorize practically anything I desire."

DR. ELIOT LEAVES PRESIDENCY OF HARVARD

He Retired Yesterday, After Completing Forty Years Work as Head of Great Educational Institution.

Cambridge, Mass., May 18.—Charles William Eliot laid aside today the robe of office which he has worn with so much honor for forty years as president of Harvard University, and with characteristic simplicity stepped back into private life.

Tomorrow a new hand will grasp the helm of America's oldest educational institution and with Abbott Lawrence Lowell will rest the guidance of the doctor, the young lawyer and the young business man in his educational career.

The passing of President Eliot today and the advent of President Lowell tomorrow, while noteworthy in the history of Harvard, was unmarked by interruption in the regular pulsation of college work. A tall, dignified figure with well-poised head, grave face and kindly eye, simply gave place to one of short, athletic build, alert in countenance and eye. Next fall the university will fittingly honors its new head by a formal induction into office.

President Eliot presided yesterday at his last meeting with the members of the corporation and today he held his last conference with the members of the faculty. In both instances he spoke a few words of appreciation for the support given him and received their good wishes. Although his responsibility has ceased, in closing his professional career at the age of seventy-five President Eliot finds himself in demand as a public speaker. In a week he will go to the middle states as a guest of the Association Harvard Clubs at Cincinnati and to deliver an address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at the University of Missouri.

Pending his annual departure for his summer home at Northeast Harbor (Me.), he will continue to live in the president's house at Cambridge. It is expected that he will have many calls to speak at public gatherings, although it is understood that he desires to avoid such engagements, at least for the present.

Upon his return from Maine, late in the fall, he will occupy an estate on Brattle street, in this city, not far from the Longfellow and Lowell houses. The residence is an old one, but is in progress of complete renovation. It is not large, but it will accomodate the retired president and his wife and be ample for their social requirements.

President Eliot is understood to have no plans for the future, beyond those for a quiet summer in Maine.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than
EPPS'S
A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.
COCOA
Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in ½-lb. and ¼-lb Tins.

MONTREALER FALLS HEIR TO EIGHT MILLION DOLLAR FARM

Left Saturday for Washington State to Take Over His Hundreds of Acres of Gold Left by an Uncle.

(Montreal Herald.)

The most excited passenger who has left Bonaventure station within the memory of the oldest member of the passenger staff, was Alphonse Gagnon, who started Saturday night for Sand Point, near Bonner's Ferry on the Grand Northern Ry. in Washington State, to take possession of a farm for which he has been offered $8,000,000.

Up to last week Mr. Gagnon was a hardworking habitant, who cultiveated the little farm near St. Agapit, in this province, which his father and grandfather had cultivated before him, without a thought that today he would be numbered among the world's millionaires. He knew he had an uncle who had gone to Washington State and was in possessionn of the uncle's address, but correspondence between them had been infrequent since his father's death, and beyond the fact that some time ago gold in pretty large quantities had been discovered on the farm which his uncle had occupied these twenty years, he had little knowledge of his uncle's circumstances.

Last week there came to him two great surprises. The first was on Tuesday, when he received a telegram fgrom a lawyer at Sand Point informing him of the death of his uncle, Pierre Gagnon, who had died childless and left him, as the eldest surviving son of Gustave Gagnon, the farm and other properties which were described as very valuable on account of the gold discoveries.

Two days, later, on Thursday, there came a telegram from a Havemeyer syndicate at Bonner's Ferry, making a straight offer of $8,000,000 for the Pierre Gagnon farm.

Alphonse decided to see the farm before selling it. "Maybe it is worth much more," he reasoned, "or the syndicate would not want it.

The two telegrams were answered and the answers brought replies which led him to start at once for Bonner's Ferry and Sand Point. He reached Bonaventure station early Saturday evening and at once took his ticket through by way of Chicago.

The joyous Alphonse Gagnon, who is about thirty years, old, and has a wife and three children, could not refrain from telling the good news while waiting for the night train, and many eyes saw the telegrams from Bonner's Ferry and Sand Point before the Chicago express left here. Mr. Gagnon, who had all necessary documents of identification in his possession, went probably on his last journey in a colonist car, for the gold awaiting him will enable him to adopt a more luxurious mode of travel on the return journey.

COINERS STEAL BELLS

Taken From Church and Jail—Metal of Counterfeiters.

The strange theft of a church bell from the chapter house of Southwark Cathedral the other day was paralleled some few years ago by the mysterious disappearance of the big bell of a famous English jail. It was in its place one evening, and the next morning it had vanished. The affair was kept a secret from the press, in accordance with the traditional policy pursued by our prison authorities, and for a long while nobody knew what had become of the missing article.

Eventually, however, it leaked out that it had been stolen by one of the convicts, with the connivance of a warder. The thief was a professional coiner whose period of detention was on the point of expiring, and his reason for desiring the acquisition of so much good metal is sufficiently obvious to need no explanation.

In all probability the missing Southwark bell was annexed for a similar purpose, although other ends have been had in view in the past by stealers of such articles. There was, for instance, the case of the antiquary who stole the famous St. Killin bell from its place in the tower of Killin Church, in Perthshire.

The vulgar believed that the bell if surreptitiously carried away would extricate itself from the hands of the thief of its own accord, and return home ringing all the way; and the antiquary, when called to account, pleaded that he took the bell in order to prove the falsity of this particular popular superstition. Then there was that "Ralph the Rover" of Southey's well known ballad, who stole the Inchcape bell in order that peaceful merchantmen might be wrecked upon the dreaded reef. He perished himself, with all his crew, because of the absence of the warning note, a fact known to every schoolboy.—Pearson's Weekly.

For Miss May Chisholm, who is to be one of St. John's June brides of 1909—and a very popular one—there was a pleasant surprise last evening when a number of her friends called at her home in Middle street and tendered her a kitchen shower. Needless to say there was a jolly time and many good wishes for her happiness were expressed.

A DRINK OF COLD WATER NEARLY CAUSED HIS DEATH

But Father Morriscy's Treatment Saved Francis Cassidy.

Here is his story:—

Burden, York Co., N.B., Dec. 3, 1908.

"At the age of 18, while haying on a very hot day, I got thirsty and took a drink from a spring. I was taken suddenly ill, and consulted a skilful doctor, who treated me for indigestion for four months. But I grew worse, got so weak I could not walk, had no appetite, could not digest anything, and lost 30 pounds. I was almost dead, but as a last hope went to Father Morriscy. He gave me two months' treatment, and from the first day I began to recover. Now I am 21 years old and a very strong, healthy man. Only for the Rev. Father Morriscy I would have been dead now."

FRANCIS CASSIDY,

Thousands of people have used Father Morriscy's "No. 11" Tablets for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sick or Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Belching of Wind and other Stomach Troubles, with most satisfactory results.

One "No. 11" Tablet will digest 1¾ pounds of food. 50c. at your dealer's, or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 47