



# Beaver Flour

**IS A Pastry Flour**

Beaver Flour makes the lightest, flakiest, tastiest Pie Crusts you ever tasted. Beaver Flour makes the most delicious Cakes, Buns and other Fancy Pastry. And Beaver Flour makes the whitest, most nutritious Bread. Beaver Flour is the family flour for all kinds of baking, as good for Pastry as for Bread, and best for both. Your grocer has it, or will get it for you.

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 Newfoundland, will be pleased to quote prices

## At the Eleventh Hour!

CHAPTER XV.  
Myrtle's Resolve.

He looked at her in something like wonder, noting with a secret heart-pang how delicately wan and spirituelle her illness had left her, how white her cheeks, how large and lumpy the sad brown eyes once so starry bright with laughter. They looked more used to tears than to joy.

"Uncle Jack, will you help me to break the engagement?" she pleaded, and he groaned.

"Lynette, you must be crazy! You are the most envied girl in the country just because you are going to marry Graham Prentiss, yet you talk of breaking the engagement and putting a good name to shame. Fly on you for a feckle girl!"

"Not feckle—never! I never pretended to care for him, and you all know it. Oh, Uncle Jack, I pray you to help me get free!"

"You are the silliest girl alive! How can you break it off now, and the wedding only a week off? What reason could you give? None that would satisfy anybody! Why, I could never look a decent man in the face again if I let you flit Graham Prentiss so shamefully! Don't say another

## DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Canifton, Ont.—"I had been a great sufferer for five years. One doctor told me it was ulcers of the uterus, and another told me it was a fibroid tumor. No one knows what I suffered. I would always be worse at certain periods, and never was regular, and the bearing-down pains were terrible. I was very ill in bed, and the doctor told me I would have to have an operation, and that I might die during the operation. I wrote to my sister about it and she advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Through personal experience I have found it the best medicine in the world for female troubles, for it has cured me, and I did not have to have the operation after all. The Compound also helped me while passing through Change of Life."—Mrs. LEXIE BLAIR Canifton, Ontario.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to suffering women.

injustice, ingratitude, and ill-judgment on the young girl's part.

"Why, if her poor father were alive to-day, it's the very match he'd give his two eyes to see her make, I know," he mused, trying to satisfy his conscience with respect to the dead after Lynette's reproachful little thrust.

Still, when he looked at his niece's pale, impassive face, and coupled her brief menace with her expression, it made him terribly restless. He said to himself:

"There's danger in her eye, and she means to do something. What is it she's up to? Does she intend to run away, or drown herself, as she used to threaten when she was a little one?"

He did not know how awfully, perilously near she had been to that temptation that bleak day when Myrtle had found her alone on the river's brink and drawn her away from it with loving words and fond caresses.

He was glad at heart that he had written to Edgar to come home, for he had a vague hope that the brother could "manage" her better than he or Gillian. Edgar knew the desirability of the match, and wished for it. Perhaps he could bring the willful little beauty to reason. He ought to get an answer to his letter to-morrow, or perhaps Edgar would come himself. He hoped so, for in Lynette's present mood delays were dangerous.

"And the marriage only a week off!" he mused. "Dear knows, I wish it was done with and the girl off my hands, safe on her wedding journey. One thing I know, I wouldn't be a guardian to another girl for all the money in Greenbrier County."

With which secret sentiment he followed her into the house after she had leaped from the buggy unaided, angrily disdaining his proffered hand.

The dogs ran into the hall yelping with joy at her return, the old cat mewed gladly, and rubbed her sleek gray sides against her skirts, the kittens frisked with joy, the negro cook beamed like a full moon—every living thing was glad to see her, except the two women, Mrs. Lewis and Vida, who looked up carelessly as she entered.

"So you're back at last!" Mrs. Lewis said maliciously.

"Just in time, Lynette," said Vida. "Graham's aunt sent over this morning to invite you to come and see the fine new furniture he has sent from Cincinnati."

Although the girl was ordinarily as gentle as a young fawn, her uncle knew that a quick temper and a strong will slumbered beneath her seeming repose, and that when driven to desperate straits Lynette was capable of desperate things.

Once, when denied some childish desire, she had taken what Aunt Jill called a tantrum, and fiercely threatened to drown herself in the river unless gratified. The woman, delighting in breaking the girl's temper, had been disposed to defy her, but Uncle Jack had wisely interferred.

"Best not try for I know the Lewis temper better than you do. The Lewises away back were Indian fighters, you know, and they have a spirit that can't be tamed. Best let Lyn have her own way this time, for I see danger in her eye," he said, with real uneasiness.

So the woman's mean spite had to be held in abeyance this time, and Lynette's very reasonable desire was granted solely through her uncle's fear that she would really throw herself into the beautiful river, as she had threatened. He knew well that the child's life was made unhappy by his wife's unkindness, but he could not involve himself in lasting warfare for his niece's sake, so he weakly shut his eyes to much that he would have hated to witness, and contented himself with interfering when things got too bad to be borne, and he saw in Lynette's speaking eyes that indefinable something that meant desperation, or, as he phrased it, "danger."

To do him justice, that was why he was eager and anxious to see his beautiful niece well married. He argued to himself that with a husband and home she would be out of her aunt's power, therefore happier than she could ever hope to be at Blooming Meadows.

The match with Graham Prentiss was so desirable that it made him frantic to see Lynette's opposition. He could see no reason in it at all, when the master of Bonnie Braes was so rich and desirable in every way, his estate adjoining Blooming Meadows, so that when Edgar came to his own, the brother and sister might, if they chose, live neighbors all their lives.

Uncle Jack thought he was trying to do the right thing in trying to hold Lynette to the match, and her rebellion aroused in him a keen sense of

## WHY OWN

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Lynette did not answer only by a cold little nod, and, sinking into the first chair with a tired little sigh, removed her hat and jacket. The black puppy sprang up and implanted a surreptitious kiss on her cheek, and the kittens swarmed over her, mewling with joy at the caressing touch of her little hands.

John Lewis beckoned his wife out slyly to confide to her his apprehensions over Lynette.

"She said she would make me sorry. You'll be sorry for this Uncle Jack," were her very words. Now do you think she meant anything? Her eyes had that danger look in 'em, and Gillian, what would we do if she drowned herself?" he complained anxiously.

"Do? Why, nothing. We can't help it if she turns foul, and you know it," she answered curtly.

"But we'd better keep an eye on her, hadn't we?" meekly.

"Who's to watch the silly piece, pray? My hands are full of work all the time on this big place, with only one hired woman."

"There's Vida, she ain't naught to do."

"Well, she pays her board. John Henry; don't forget that. Still, she might be willing to do you a favor. I'll mention it to her; but I dare say you're just uneasy over nothing, just like a man."

Vida readily agreed to her aunt's wish.

"Though it will be hard to do, seeing that Lynette hates me like poison," she said.

"Oh, you can sort of make up with her now—'tend you're sorry that you and her ain't got along so well together as might be. 'Twill be to your advantage to make a friend of her, anyhow, now, for she'll stand high in the county as the mistress of Bonnie Braes," advised Vida's aunt.

It was true, and she knew it. Had she not weighed all these advantages herself when angling so vainly to catch Graham Prentiss? Even yet she felt sore, and angry, and envious, hating Lynette for the witching beauty that charmed men's eyes and hearts.

Pursuing her scheme for vengeance, she had thought and thought until her brain burned, but she could settle on no plan to punish Myrtle Dare for her contemptuous exposure of her sly schemes to win Belcourt, so she decided at last to wait till Edgar Lewis came home, and try to poison his mind against the brave girl.

"They love each other. I saw it before he went away, or I should have tried to catch him myself, he was so very handsome," she mused. "But wait till he comes home to his sister's wedding! Won't I make him believe that Myrtle Dare loves the very ground that Stephen Belcourt walks on? Oh! I'll make mischief between them, sure!" vowed the vindictive girl.

Then she set herself to wheedle Lynette in her most gracious fashion.

"Only think, Lynette, you have but one more week at Blooming Meadows! Then we shall lose you forever; but I dare say you will be glad to leave us," half sadly.

Lynette answered, with irrepressible bitterness:

To be continued.



## Only 7-8 of an Inch.

The Great Yale-Harvard boat race is an event which evokes much interest in Collegiate circles in the United States, and is watched very closely by the great Colleges on the other side of the "water." Some years ago one of the crew that was beaten, when the college race took place, with a mind mathematically inclined figured out just how Yale had beaten his own crew. To his surprise he found it had been a battle of fractions. Yale had only pulled away from Harvard seven-eighths of an inch for every boat's length rowed and had won by a full boat's length.

Success and lack of it in advertising is often separated by only fractions. There are many reasons, of course, why it is so; and while our experience in the newspaper business has shown us the many reasons why advertisers have failed, it is not our intention to dilate thereon at present.

What we want to say, however, is that the "Evening Telegram" is the best advertising medium in Newfoundland, and that its success in bringing business to its patrons through its advertising columns has been demonstrated time and again. IT IS IN THE LEAD and—unlike Yale—is ahead of its nearest competitor by many "boats lengths."

## Bovril and Virol.

Fresh Supplies by S.S. Rappahannock, August 4th.

**BOVRIL:**  
1 ounce bottles,  
2 ounce bottles,  
4 ounce bottles,  
8 ounce bottles,  
16 ounce bottles.

**VIROL:**  
SMALL,  
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75 barrels NEW POTATOES.  
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40 baskets Fresh TOMATOES.

AND JUST IN.  
100 barrels Choice APPLES, LOWEST PRICES.

sept. 6. **GEORGE NEAL.**

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