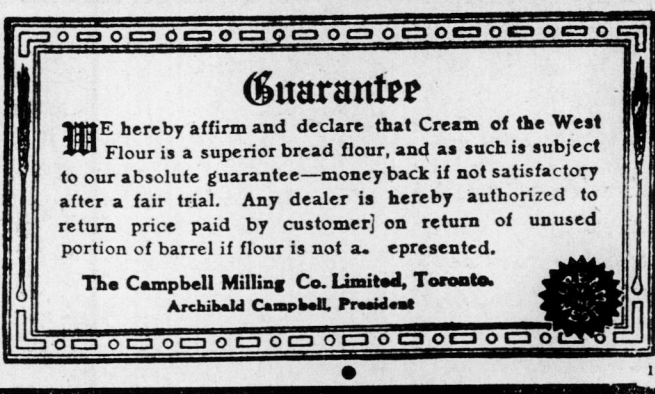


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If rightly used Cream of the West Flour will make the lightest, flakiest, most nutritious bread you have ever tasted. If you haven't tested it order a barrel next time you go to the grocer's.

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The Snake Scotched Justice Done.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued.)

Lynne Court is in the centre of that part of Devonshire which has not yet been blessed—or cursed—by a railway; the nearest station is ten miles distant; and, in consequence, all the district is remote and, if not melancholy, slow. It is a beautiful country, and as varied as beautiful. At one mile she may easily imagine oneself in the loveliest part of Surrey, at the next the wide stretching moorland is absurdly Scottish, and but a mile or two farther it is possible to come upon a valley which is Switzerland on a small scale.

Veronica had grown to love every inch of it; and now she was going to be mistress of a part of it; for the dower house and estate of Waynford was but ten miles from Lynne Court.

"To-morrow I'll go over and look at it," she said to herself. "How sordid and selfish that sounds! Riches corrupt most minds. I remember that copy-book heading. Am I already corrupted, I wonder? Am I different to the girl who stood, not so very long ago, before the great earl, shaking with nervousness and yet quivering with the proud determination not to show it?"

THE BLESSING OF MOTHERHOOD

Healthy Mothers and Children Make Happy Homes

Motherhood is woman's highest sphere in life. It is the fruition of her dearest hopes and greatest desires; yet thousands of noble women through some derangement have been denied this blessing.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong. This is evidenced by the following letters which are genuine and truthful:

London, Ont.—"I wish to thank you for the benefit I received by taking your famous medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Before my baby was born I was so ill I could not stand long or walk any distance. I had to lie down nearly all the time. After I took your medicine I felt like a new woman. I could work from morning till night and was happy and well. I certainly think it relieves pain at childbirth and recommend it to every woman who is pregnant. You may use this testimonial if you like. It may help some other woman."—Mrs. FRANK CORRIN, 132 Adelaide St., London, Ont.

Brooklyn, N.Y.—"I was ailing all the time and did not know what the matter was. I wanted a baby but my health would not permit it. I was nervous, my side ached and I was all run down. I heard that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was good and took the medicine. I have now a beautiful baby and your Compound has helped me in every way."—Mrs. J. J. STEWART, 299 Humboldt St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

ago, before the great earl, shaking with nervousness and yet quivering with the proud determination not to show it?"

She looked backwards to the eventful morning of her arrival at the court and saw herself as she was, thin and pale, in her poor cheap, plain black dress; and then recalled the face and figure which the pier-glass had reflected this morning as Goodwin put on the costly, perfect-fitting habit.

"Yes, I am different," she thought. "How could I help being so!" After awhile she left the road and struck across the moor, and giving her mare its head, raced over the short, springy heather. Suddenly she saw two small objects moving in front of her. At first she thought they were rabbits, then she saw that they were a fox terrier and a puppy. Mama was sitting on her haunches proudly watching the antics of her offspring, and when she heard the mare she looked up and gave a short yelp of warning to the puppy.

"All right, doggie!" said Veronica, smiling; and she was drawing the mare out of the way when the horse started and shied at something on the off side, and was nearly upon the puppy. The next moment a man rose from where he had been lying, and with a movement of amazing rapidity rushed under the horse's legs, as it seemed to Veronica, and caught the wee mite up out of its peril.

It was so neatly, so audaciously done, that Veronica's breath came sharply, and the colour rose to her face.

"Oh, thank you!" she said, quickly. "Is it hurt?" "Not in the least," he said. "Down old girl!" to the mother, who leaped up at her puppy yapping imploringly and anxiously.

"I am glad," said Veronica. "I was afraid I had ridden over it; indeed I should have done so if you had not snatched it up in time. Let me have it, please!" He handed her the soft little mite, and, of course, she pressed it to her cheek, and then gave it back to him.

"It was my fault," he said, holding the puppy to him and cooing it, evidently with the approval of the mother, who had thrown herself down at his feet and was gazing up at puppy and man with complacent pride. "I was asleep on the heather and your horse shied at me. I'm sorry, and hope you'll forgive me."

Veronica inclined her head. She was trying to keep her surprise from revealing itself in her too expressive eyes; for though the man's voice and tone and bearing were those of a gentleman, he was dressed like a laboring man; a gamekeeper, was her first thought. He was strikingly good-looking, with short, crisp brown hair and lashes almost too long for a man; but they were the only touch of femininity about him; for the rest of the face was masculine enough, and his form was eloquent of strength and ease that accompanies it.

"Well, there is no harm done," she said. "I suppose the doggie and its barn belong to the cottage over there."

"He raised his hat—she noticed that he raised it instead of touching it—and was moving away with the puppy still in his hand, when he hesitated and said:

"I beg your pardon; can you tell me the way to Lynne Court?"

"Yes," replied Veronica. "If you follow the road, that way," she pointed with her whip, "you will come to the south lodge. I have just come from the Court."

"Perhaps you'd know then—Oh, but of course you wouldn't; it's absurd of me," he broke off with a smile, a smile which lit up a face that had vaguely struck Veronica as rather a sad one.

"What is it that I might know?" she asked, unconsciously; for there was something magnetic in the light that had beamed in his eyes and the flash of the white teeth under the tawny moustache.

"Oh, I spoke on the spur of the moment; it was absurd, as I said; but I was going to ask you if you knew whether they wanted a gamekeeper at the Court. Of course you don't!"

"No, I don't," admitted Veronica, rather proud of her guess at his calling; "but they would tell you at the head keeper's lodge. Don't go in the direction I pointed out, but strike across the moor until you come to a small wooden gate. The keeper's house is in a clearing just beyond it."

He looked across the moor uncertainly, and she added:

"If you'll come with me a little way, I'll point it out."

"Thank you," he said, respectfully enough, but again without the servants' touch of the hat; and as he walked beside the mare he eyed it with open criticism and approval.

"You are a stranger?" said Veronica.

"Quite," he replied. "I was never here until this morning. I walked over from Halsery, where I heard that I might get a berth at Lynne Court."

There seemed to be no more to say, and the pair went in silence across the heather to the road. Suddenly he glanced at his right hand, down which a small stream of blood was running slowly. He whipped it behind him and, wiping it stealthily, kept it hidden.

"That is your path," said Veronica, pointing with her whip; "you cannot fail to see the gate."

"Thank you very much," he said. "I'll just take the dogs over to the cottage. Thank you. Good-morning."

He raised his hat again, and was going on, when the Lynne carriage came round the bend of the road, and Lord Lynborough called to the coachman to pull up.

"Veronica!" he said, interrogatively as he looked from her to the young man.

Veronica rode up close to the carriage, and bending down so that she could speak in a low voice, said:

"This man—I nearly rode over the puppy—he saved it—quite wonderfully—he was right under Sally's feet! He is enquiring for the Court—wants a situation as gamekeeper—it was an awfully plucky thing of him, really."

The earl glanced with his weary, half-closed eyes at the young man. "All which means that you want me to reward him; but perhaps you have already done so. No?"

Before she could interpose he had taken a sovereign from his pocket and had beckoned to the man.

"Here is something for you," he said.

The young fellow had come up close to the carriage, but as he caught the glint of the coin he drew back, his tanned face became the colour of brick dust, and he said, hotly:

"What the devil do you mean—Then, as if ashamed of his outburst, he bit his lip and smiled grimly. "I beg your pardon, but—I don't understand why you should offer me money, sir."

At the closed sight of his face and the sound of his voice, his lordship started slightly and leant forward, his dark eyes flashing keenly for a moment; the next he dropped back and, regarding him listlessly, put the sovereign back into his own pocket.

"Drive on, Mathews," he said impassively.

Veronica, her face almost as red as the young man's, held up her whip. "One moment, Lord Lynborough," she said in a low voice. "Does—does he quite deserve this?"

The man had turned away, and the

earl looked up at her with his faint, impassive smile.

"You seem hard to please, Veronica," he said, wearily. "If the fellow's too proud to accept money—"

He shrugged his shoulders. "He asked for work, employment, not money, my lord," she said.

"Call that fellow back, Grimes," said his lordship, in exactly the same tone.

The footman called "Hi!" and the young man looked over his shoulder, hesitated, then came back with obvious reluctance.

"You want a situation as gamekeeper, my man?" said his lordship. The young fellow nodded.

"I do, sir."

"It's his lordship, the earl," whispered the footman, warningly. (To be continued.)

The best variety of post cards in the city at Stafford's Drug Store.—318.1f

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ST. JOHN, N.B., Jan. 10, '07. Fillmore & Morris, Amherst, N.S. Dear Sirs,—We telegraphed you to-day to ship immediately 5 Gross Mathieu's Syrup. We hope you will send it promptly, but if you are not able to send the whole amount at once, please send us some as our stock is getting low. NATIONAL DRUG & CHEM. CO.

ORANGEDALE, C.B., Aug. 7, '08. Blacking & Mercantile Co., Ltd., Amherst, N.S. Dear Sirs,—We have nothing but good to say of Mathieu's Syrup and can conscientiously describe it as the most popular and successful Cough Medicine we handle. Owing to the absence of any drug store in this vicinity there is a great variety of proprietary medicine sold in the course of the year, and Mathieu's Syrup pre-eminently leads in its own class. Yours sincerely, D. MARTIN.

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J. J. ST. JOHN.

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

9291.—A COMFORTABLE DRESS PROTECTOR.



Ladies' Apron. For house or home work, and all duties where an apron is a necessity, this design will be found very satisfactory. It is easy to make, readily adjusted, and simple, graceful and pleasing. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Suitable materials for any of these patterns can be procured from AYRE & SONS, Ltd. Samples on request. Mention pattern number. Mail orders promptly attended to.

9302.—A CHARMING FROCK FOR THE YOUNG MISS.



Girls' Dress with Gored Skirt. Striped percale with trimmings of white pique is here shown. The design is effective in tub silk, gingham, corduroy, voile, poplin, challie, and all other seasonable materials. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 5 yards of 27 inch material for the 12 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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Hr. Grace Notes.

As already appeared in the Telegram, the Sagona grounded on the bar on Saturday morning. The accident cannot be accounted for but on such a dark night a very little deviation would cause trouble. With the assistance of the Fogota, Prospero and Ethie, she was successfully taken off yesterday morning, apparently none the worse for her little rest on terra firma.

Mr. R. M. Duff and his son Mr. Maxwell Duff, of the Bank of Nova Scotia here, returned on Saturday from a very enjoyable round trip on the Prospero.

A special train to Carbonara last evening with a large number of friends of the C. C. C. who were anxious to visit them at their camp, North River. The train returned at 10 p.m.

In the busy preparation for the Military Ball held in honor of the Highlanders on Friday night the members of the British Band were forgotten. Lapse of memory is becoming a very common complaint, but is, as the public are aware, pronounced excusable by some of the highest officials in the land.

The Highlanders left for home by this morning's train, after a very pleasant week spent in the Bay. These annual visits of the Highlanders are much enjoyed by our citizens, as we trust they are by the lads themselves.

The service at St. Andrew's Church yesterday was very hearty and the pastor, Rev. F. S. Coffin, delivered two very instructive and eloquent sermons. At the morning service the Highlanders attended in full force. Miss Strang and Miss Herder each sang a very pleasing solo, while Miss Ross, also of St. John's, took charge of the organ. At the evening service solos by Miss Strang and Mr. Collis added special interest to the occasion.

King Edward Brigade paraded to Christ Church yesterday morning, and after service they joined the Highlanders in a march through town. The two brigades looked very well as they marched through the streets headed by the pipers.

Mr. T. C. Makinson came down from Brigus yesterday in his motor boat Flora. He was accompanied by Mrs. Makinson and the children. They returned in the afternoon.

The Archibald Boot and Shoe Factory is now closed down for two weeks, the object being to give the hands a rest, and to make everything ready for a big rush preparing for fall work.

Several tourists who were on the S. S. Sagona, took advantage of the delay to take in everything of interest in Harbor Grace. They were very much pleased with all they saw here, and predict for this town a large number of summer visitors when the beauties and advantages of Harbor Grace become known.

The fishery about here is up to the present a failure. Fishermen were hopeful of a "spurt" on caplin, but as that failed to last, chance will be with squid. There is yet sufficient time left to secure a good voyage, and we all wish that the fish will soon strike in large quantities.

CORRESPONDENT. Hr. Grace, July 22, '12.

Notes From Caplin Cove.

Many have been the changes in our little settlement since last summer. During the past year many homes that were cosy and cheerful have been bereaved and have become desolate; for the monster "death" has paid many visits and has taken the dear ones from the families. First in our little harbour "Kettle Cove," about

A BROKEN-DOWN SYSTEM. This is a condition or disease to which doctors give many names, but which few of them really understand. It is simply weakness—a breakdown of the vital forces that sustain the system. No matter what may be its causes (for they are almost numberless), its symptoms are much the same: the more prominent being, sleeplessness, sense of prostration or weariness, depression of spirits, loss of energy for all the ordinary affairs of life. Now, what alone is absolutely essential in all such cases is increased vitality—Vitality.

VITALITY STRENGTH & ENERGY To those of these morbid feelings, and experience more certainly secured by a course of the celebrated life-restoring tonic—

THERAPION No. 3 than by any other known combination. No matter how long it is taken in accordance with the printed directions accompanying it, will the shattered health be restored.

THE EXPIRING LAMP OF LIFE and a new existence imparted in place of what had so lately seemed worn-out, "used up," and valueless. This wonderful medicine is purely vegetable and innocuous, is agreeable to the taste either sex; and it is difficult to imagine a case of those of debility, that will not be speedily and positively benefited by this never-failing restorative essence, which has been certified in the most authoritative manner by the highest medical authorities.

THERAPION is the principal constituent of the famous "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," and is sold by all druggists and chemists. Beware of cheap imitations. The name "Therapion" appears on British Government Stamp (in white letters on a red ground) and is never omitted by order of His Majesty's Home Office, and without which it is a forgery.

Therapion may now also be obtained in Drugges (Tasteful form).

For S. Bea E.

the 29th of March, three were drowned by uping, their vessel had demie the "men" snatched from

Shortly after came to the hon and took away covering the joy. Mrs. Cull was 51 a husband and died and one of their sad loss. er and is greatly ren, friends and about the 15th of beloved son of W. er, after a very snatched from the 14 years old amosis.

Lastly on July Reynolds after a hose passed to she was 70 years old lady, being ever since her yo hand, three daugh and friends to mo

The Loyal Or