



"\$6. less for Flour! How did it happen?"

"I used BEAVER Flour last year. It makes so much more Bread and Pies and Cake, that I did not have to buy so much of it."



DEALERS—Write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grain and Cereals.

R. GASH & CO., St. John's, Sole Agents in Newfoundland, will be pleased to quote prices.

# Uncle Bob's Fortune.

"Well! the fact is, I'm only down—and he stopped short; the realization of his circumstances held him dumb."

"I shall see you again, I trust." And with a charming smile, the lady disappeared.

For a moment Jack surveyed his suit with a face glum as thunder. Then, all at once he shot off into the hotel whither his lady had vanished, and explained the circumstances to the proprietor, who generously allowed him to occupy a private room while his clothes were drying.

Then again he stroved out to the sea-front, looking a trifle frowny in his soaked-and-dried suit, when he came bolt upon his rescued lady, trim and neat and happy, in a delightful summer costume.

"Ah! I thought I should run across you again. Now let me thank you in more becoming terms."

And that was the prelude to an afternoon the like of which Jack Truman had never before spent in his hitherto aimless and butterfly existence.

By tea-time, it is safe to say, he was completely captivated, heart and soul and body, by the charming stranger—and charming she certainly was, in manner as in appearance.

After tea, they sat for a while on the promenade, Jack who had purchased a periodical, idly turned the pages, and then began to fill in an answer to the usual weekly competition, which for a joke he signed and handed to his companion.

But it wasn't the "freak" answer she looked at; it was the name that caught her eye.

"Jack Truman! I've got a cousin named Jack Truman! And," looking at the scribbled address, "good gracious! Why—"

Jack looked at her open-mouthed.

"What! Are you Cousin Jess?"

"Yes; Jessie Stern. I'm staying here for a few days."

"I should never have known you, Hooro!" And he jumped up and wildly threw his hat up into the air.

"And I've got to marry you. Well, it beats the penny novelettes into its shoes."

Cousin Jess blushed scarlet.

"I'm willing," broke in Jack, as he resumed himself, and extended an arm in the direction of her waist.

She returned no answer, though her face and manner said she was anything but unwilling.

"And we've got to share the fortune—when we get it," laughed Jack, whose after-conduct suggested the idea that Cousin Jess was quite sufficient without the fortune. Then the minutes passed all too quickly.

She accompanied him to the station, and his last words after the parting kiss, were:

"If you would know how good the best Brandy can be, buy HINE'S Three Star Brandy."

Guaranteed Twenty Years Old

T. Hine & Co. are the holders of the oldest vintage brandies in Cognac

D. O. ROBLIN, of Toronto, Sole Canadian Agent JOHN JACKSON, RESIDENT



er now spoke about nor thought of. One evening, when the outlook had begun to assume a rather serious aspect, the unusual postman's knock brought them to the door with a rush. A letter, dropped through, and Jack tore open the envelope.

"Is it a job?" timidly asked his wife, trembling with anxiety and hope.

"Job? No!" returned Jack, in a maze, as he handed Jess the note that had been forwarded from the old address.

"If Mr. Jack Truman has complied with the conditions imposed in Mr. Robert Blake's will, his intimation to that effect will greatly oblige the undersigned, who has a further communication to send."

N. WEST (Matron).

Inverwick Nursing Institution.

"Hooroo! It's the fortune after all, Jess!" And he caught her in his arms and hugged her with delight; then sat down, and wrote off:

Conditions complied with three months ago. Shall be glad to hear from you at once.

And the next day brought the answer with a covering note from the matron, explaining that the testator had bound her under a promise to forward the further communication six months after the first—only if his wishes had been carried out. Off came the cover, and they read together:

Dear Nephew and Niece,—If you have complied with the conditions as stated, then I gladly invite you to enter upon the possession bequeathed in my last testament. And that is—my hearty and sincere good wishes and blessing on your union. It is not much to leave—not a very tangible or valuable fortune, as some count value; but, nevertheless, one that I trust you may grow to appreciate more with the passing days.

For, nephew, in Jess you will have found a gem of a wife, and

At the Yarmouth Y. M. C. A. Boys' camp, held at Tusket Falls in August, I found MINARD'S LINIMENT most beneficial for sun burn, an immediate relief for colic and toothache.

ALFRED STOKES, General Secretary.

Then, with faces aglow with curiosity and excitement, they read together:

Dear Nephew and Niece,—If you have followed my wishes as expressed in my testament, then you will have received my second communication, which was to be forwarded six months later.

If you have benefited—if my sincere good wishes and blessing have worked any good (and, as a student of human nature, I somehow think they will have done) then my "fortune" will not have been bequeathed in vain. It will have done more than could have been accomplished by money, which Jack's wasteful hands, and without experience, would only have squandered, and thus have worked the greater evil.

However, anticipating that you have each in a measure benefited, I have left instructions for the material part of my "fortune" to be paid to you eighteen months after my decease—i.e., at a period when you will have learnt the value of honest labour, and probably at a period when you will all the more appreciate hard cash.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

ROBERT BLAKE.

And out of the letter dropped a cheque, made out in both names jointly, for £2,000.

They looked at each other. Neither spoke. But Jack's face shone and Jess's eyes glistened. And if neither said anything, both thought the more, and the thoughts of each ran in similar channels.

"Good old Uncle Bob! The best uncle that ever was! May the earth rest lightly upon him!"

"Well!" burst out Jack, and he looked at Jess.

"Well!" answered Jess, as she gazed at Jack.

And somehow neither laughed. The myth had at last exploded, and he had inherited the fortune. But—and he lightly kissed her to hide his vexation.

But this strange "inheritance" had an almost immediate effect on the two. For Jess it gradually converted into a more thoughtful woman, always ready and on the look-out for opportunities; and Jack from that day on "bucked up," and set about looking for work with the resolution of a man who meant to succeed.

And he did succeed. By degrees, born of untiring energy, temporary work came his way, which eventually led to a permanency. And with fixed habits and settled routine, he developed along the lines shrewdly foreseen by the astute old uncle.

As the months passed, no more happy and contented couple could have been found in the country. True, the wife's savings had almost entirely disappeared, and Jack's earnings were barely sufficient for necessities; but no matter, each reciprocated in warm affection and thoroughly understood the other. And when, in the course of time and nature, the baby came, they were, in the words of the

old saw, "As happy as the day is long."

One delightful summer evening, as Jack arranged the basket-chair to enable mother and child to catch the fleeting gleams of the western sun, the realisation of his happiness broke upon him in a flood.

"O Jess! What should I do with you—and the baby? But for that seaside trip and," harking back, "but for Uncle Bob, we should never have known each other. Oh, that fortune! Ha! ha! 'Twas the most splendid fortune ever left by man, far exceeding the value of rubies." And he caught her in his arms, and then grabbed at the baby in a manner that threatened to suffocate him.

The postman's knock suddenly caused an interruption, and Jack brought in a letter addressed in a hand that somehow seemed familiar.

Wondering, he broke the seal, and took out first an open note, that ran: Jack Truman, Esq., Barton's Hill.

Dear Sir,—According to the instructions of the late Mr. Robert Blake, your uncle, I now enclose, eighteen months after decease, his last message to you, and with this message my obligation finally ceases—I have the honour to remain, yours obediently.

N. WEST (Matron).

He handed it to his wife, took out the letter.

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## UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to June 16th, 1911.

Table listing unclaimed letters with columns for names, addresses, and dates. Includes entries like 'Aylward, Bridie, retd.', 'Duffitt, Elizabeth, care Dickenson', etc.

## SEAMEN'S LIST.

Table listing seamen with columns for names, ship names, and agents. Includes entries like 'Barrett, Arthur', 'White, George S.', etc.

Advertisement for New Cabbage, Sinclair's Spare Ribs, and Per SS FLORIZEL. Includes text: '200 Crates Choice NEW CABBAGE, 25 Tierces Sinclair's SPARE RIBS.' and 'George NEAL JAMES STOTT.'

Large vertical advertisement for 'The LAST Chance! The FINAL Call!!' featuring a portrait of a woman and text: 'The People's Common English, or Medicine... DR. PIERCE THE ONE REMEDY...'