

Crinkley and tempting!



You'll never know how delightful a pie crust can be until you've made some with Rainbow Flour.

It blends deliciously with the filling—proves for all time that a pie crust wasn't designed merely to protect the goody inside.

You'll gladly let them judge your pie by its crust when you begin the use of Rainbow Flour.

Why not tomorrow?

In using Rainbow Flour for pastry, more water (added slowly) is required and less flour.

RAINBOW FLOUR

MAKES GOOD BREAD



Your grocer has it in 7-lb., 14-lb., 24-lb., 40-lb. and 90-lb. bags and in barrels



Canadian Cereal and Flour Mills Limited, Toronto, Canada
Makers of Tillsen's Oats—Rainbow Flour—Star Flour

ALL FOR LOVE.

CHAPTER VIII.
LADY BETH'S SECRET LOVE.

During the ensuing week, Mr. Russell met Philip in Boston, as they had agreed. He showed marked improvement during even the few intervening days, and was full of enthusiasm in view of his brightened prospects and the hope of getting once more into active business. Philip had taken a room for him adjoining his own at Young's Hotel, and here they matured their plans and then proceeded at once to carry them out.

Both Mr. Russell and Miss Prue had written Beth of Philip's visit to them, and of his business proposition to her father, speaking of him in terms of highest praise and expressions of profound gratitude for his generous aid at this critical time. Miss Prue particularly dilated upon the attractions of the young man, upon his splendid physique, his fine face, his noble bearing and cultured manners, and, above all, upon his almost filial sympathy with her brother in his recent trials.

Beth began to be a little ashamed of herself for her cowardice in running away from him, and regretted,

now that it was too late, that she had not braved the meeting which she knew must come, sooner or later, now that he had become her father's partner in business. She could not fail to appreciate Philip's great generosity and his delicate way of coming to her father's support. He had not offered to lend him money at a stated amount of interest; he had begged for an opportunity to go in to business for their mutual benefit, staking his capital against the long experience of the elder man.

She realized that he was the same noble fellow, splendidly matured, whom she had adored during her childhood, and whom she still worshipped in the secret recesses of her loyal heart, if the truth were known. But—and with this thought the proud little head was haughtily crested, and a defiant color flamed her cheeks—to him she had only been a "freckle-faced little fright" whom he had tolerated and patronized because of the few good qualities she possessed; but whom he had repudiated as unworthy to be contemplated as his lifelong companion. Yes, she knew she would have to meet him in the near future, but he should never suspect her attitude, nor what it had cost her to write that letter, begging him to release her from the proposed marriage as set forth in Miss Crawford's will; neither the sense of sickening

despair that had nearly prostrated her when he had almost unquestioningly acceded to her request.

She wept and grieved in secret as the old wound was thus reopened, yet at the same time she longed, while she dreaded, to see Philip again; to see how the grand promise of his youth had been fulfilled, to hear his dear voice, touch his hand, and look into his clear, honest eyes, but nothing of this heartache was apparent. When she was with her friend, Muriel Armstrong, or the gay couple about her, no one suspected that she had a care or sorrow in the world—not even the recent reverses of her father, seemingly, clouded the brightness of her life.

Muriel and her husband had known more regarding her state of mind in connection with Philip during the years of his absence than any one else save herself. Yet she seldom spoke of him, even to Muriel, who was her confidante on most matters. This persistent silence, however, when his name was mentioned, was of itself significant. Ted had, of course, told his wife of that unfortunate conversation under the beech tree; hence they had understood her refusal either to write to or discuss Philip, her rejection of his picture, and her emphatic "no" when they suggested that she send him one of herself. They were straws which told them a great deal. Sometimes Muriel attempted to sound her with reference to the outcome of Miss Crawford's sentimental plans, but Beth would quickly dispose of the subject by saying it was too absurd to talk about, that she had no idea of ever marrying Philip, and that—flippantly quoting a popular slang phrase—"she didn't care a rap about the money."

After the marriage of Ted and Muriel she was much at their home, and their friendship strengthened with their years of intercourse; and, as Philip also occupied a very warm place in their hearts, they nursed a little scheme upon his return, to reunite these long-separated lovers (?), to bring about their marriage, and save their fortune at the same time.

As Ted had told Philip during their first interview, after the return of the latter, Beth had many admirers and would have received as many proposals if she had allowed the opportunity. As it was, she had been obliged to say "no" to no less than three persistent suitors who continued to flutter around her, hoping that their faithfulness would in the end win the reward they craved. Hence, when Beth went to York Harbor,

where she always visited Muriel in the summer, she at once found herself again in the swim, and as much a favorite as she had ever been, in spite of her father's recent financial reverses.

But that she was not so happy as usual Muriel readily perceived, if others did not. She often came upon her lost in a brown study, a far-away look in her lovely eyes, and upon several occasions she was sure she detected signs of recent tears. One day, having missed her for some time, she followed her to her room and tapped lightly on the door. Receiving no answer, she slipped out upon the piazza and peeped within a window, to see the girl lying prone upon a couch crying most industriously. Muriel stepped over the low sill into the room.

"You must excuse me, dear, for my lack of ceremony," she said in a deprecating tone as Beth sprang erect in her astonishment, "but I surmised something had happened. Lady Beth tell me what has gone wrong."

Beth's face crimsoned upon being discovered.

"Oh, nothing much, Muriel," she tried to say lightly, as she brushed away her tears. "Every one is lovely to me. You spare nothing to give me pleasure, and I ought to be as happy as the day is long."

"Then, why aren't you happy?" gravely inquired her friend.

"Well, sometimes I—I can't help thinking of papa and—wondering about the future—"

Muriel was actually obliged to turn away to conceal the smile she could not control in view of Beth's evident confusion and lame excuses. With her father and Philip submerged in plans for an immediate resumption of business, with Mr. Russell's splendid capacity and experience, together with Philip's record as a successful financier with plenty of capital there was small need of worry on the part of any one regarding the success of the new firm.

"Have you had bad news from your father, Beth?" demurely inquired Muriel, who knew she had not.

"No. Papa writes me that he is improving every day, and is beginning to feel almost like a young man again."

"And Ted tells me he cannot fail to succeed, now that he has money to back him."

"I—I hope he will," said Beth rather absently.

"Don't you think it was fine of Philip to go in with him, and give him just the lift he needed?" Muriel was beginning to lose patience with the girl's apparent indifference to this evidence of Philip's staunch friend-

Could Not Digest His Food

Suffered For Years From Indigestion Until Cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.



Mr. J. D. S. Barrett.

If you suffer from chronic indigestion, forget about the stomach and pay attention to the condition of the liver and bowels. Ten to one that is where the real trouble lies.

The liver gets sluggish and fails to filter the bile from the blood, the bowels become constipated and the whole digestive system is upset.

As to cure, you cannot do better than to read of Mr. Barrett's experience with Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. "There is no treatment so prompt and thoroughly effective," writes Mr. J. D. S. Barrett, Nelson, B. C., and formerly of Twillingate, Nfld., "as this. For several years I was a great sufferer from indigestion. The least bit of food caused me considerable trouble and often I could scarcely eat a meal a day. The many remedies I tried proved futile until in 1906 I began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and after using about eight boxes I was completely cured. Since that time I have not been troubled with indigestion, which I consider a great blessing. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers or Edmondson Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Matchless BEECHAM'S PILLS

The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents.

ship, for she had never voluntarily referred to it in any way.

"Ye-s," Beth admitted, but she flushed crimson again and turned to look out of the window to hide it.

"Don't you approve of what he has done?" queried her friend, beginning to be perplexed by the state of her mind.

"I think it was very generous and noble of him," said Beth with some show of warmth.

"Well, then, with your father well and prosperous, with nothing of a financial nature to worry about, with nothing to hinder you from having the best time of your life down here with us, what were you crying about, My Lady Beth?" Muriel demanded, her resolute tone indicating her determination to find out.

"Forgive me, dear, I'm sure you must think me ungrateful," Beth said contritely, "but I believe I'm out of sorts. I think I'll go home to Aunt Prue—"

"Indeed you'll not go home to Aunt Prue," interposed Mrs. Armstrong, looking thoroughly startled; "at least not until after our grand party a week from Tuesday. Why, Beth, you know I've depended upon you to help me through with that. I tell you what I think," she went on rather sharply for her. "I believe you're grieving over that old affair, that silly speech Phil made to Ted just before he went away, and his return has brought it all up afresh to you, and you are living it over again. I declare, I've a mind to send for him to come straight down here, make you two settle it once for all, and be friends again. He never meant a word of it, and it is nonsense for you to let it spoil your life as you have."

Beth was on her feet now, with blazing eyes and clinched hands, though her face was as white as the linen of her gown. Muriel's shaft had gone home.

"Muriel, you shall not!" she almost gasped. "If you do, I will not see him, and I shall take the very next train I can get back to Aunt Prue's."

Before she ceased, Muriel's arms were around her and she was smiling fondly down upon her. "Well, then, will you behave yourself, you silly child—promise to stay until after my party, and try to be happy?" she demanded playfully.

"Yes—if you will promise," said Beth.

"Well, of course Ted wants Philip to come for a while, and he asked me this morning to set a time soon; but I'll promise to delay his visit with us until after the party." Muriel returned, with a lurking gleam of mischief in her eyes, but Beth was too much relieved to notice the slight emphasis she had laid on the word visit.

"Now, cheer up, and come down to help me amuse our guests," she went on brightly. "There is poor Paul Lambert, who is absolutely forlorn whenever you disappear from the scene. Why don't you marry him, Lady Beth, and end his misery? Aunt Eliza's fortune, which has been such a bone of contention, can't hold a candle to the pile he is ready to lay at your feet, and he is such a fine fellow, too."

But Beth only tossed her pretty head without deigning any reply to this chaff, and began to rearrange her somewhat disordered toilet preparatory to going below. She was not caught off her guard again, but throwing herself into the spirit of the season, kept the social ball rolling with a vigor that could not fail to satisfy the gayest butterfly of them all.

Muriel, however, was suspicious of her, for now and then she thought she detected a look of weariness in her eyes, and a peculiar whiteness about her mouth, which made her fear that Beth was not quite happy, and Paul Lambert certainly was not, as he patiently followed in her wake without receiving any encouragement, or opportunity to press his suit.

(To be continued.)

LIPTON'S TEAS!

Largest sale in the world. Best value in the market for the consumer.

RED LABEL40c. per lb.

YELLOW LABEL46c. per lb.

In 1/4, 1/2 and 1 lb. double air-tight bags, and in 5 lb. patent air-tight decorated tins.

Lipton, Limited, growers of the Finest Tea the world can produce in Ceylon and India. Lipton's have been awarded for the pure quality of their Tea the following first-class honors:

3 GRAND PRIZES

and

5 GOLD MEDALS,

and the highest and only award given for Tea at the Chicago Exhibition. No other tea can show a record like that. Try a 1/4 lb. Red Label for 10c. It is the best value you can buy.

HY. BLAIR

Sole Agent in Newfoundland for Lipton, Ltd., Tea, Coffee & Cocoa Planters.

Received Per S.S. Stephano

750 bags Yellow Corn Meal.

HARVEY & Co.

'PHONE 264.

CABBAGE.

Ready for delivery Monday Morning, 200 Crates

Fresh Green Cabbage

Geo. NEAL.

Bananas and Cabbage,

To arrive THURSDAY, 12th June. We are now booking orders for same. Our prices are always right.

BURT & LAWRENCE,

Box 245,

14 New Gower St.

Tel. 750.

Remarkable Escape from Starvation off Cape Horn
Extract of letter from DAVID JAMES (Master, of the late barque "Colonia," of Glasgow).—Having lost our ship on Staten Island, on the 5th of July, and having saved neither effects nor provisions, we were then compelled to travel over the island for ten days, subsisting on nothing but shell-fish and seaweed. On the 15th of July we came across another shipwrecked party of seventeen, the surviving part of the crew of the British ship "Dunsmuir," of Glasgow, fourteen having perished through exposure. Now, the ship was lost on the 23rd of June, and a lot of the cargo, consisting of EPPS'S COCOA, was washed ashore out of the wreck. There was nothing saved except the Cocoa, and we, numbering twenty-five men, were kept alive on it up to the 20th of August, when we were rescued by the steamer "Mercury," of Buenos Aires.

"Too much praise cannot be given to this Cocoa. We had a good stock of it there; we used it in a liquid state for drink; we also baked it on the fire, which kept us alive and warm for 6 weeks on this barren island, situated in a region of perpetual ice and snow."

EPPS'S COCOA
GRATEFUL COMFORTING