



Delicious Bread or Your Money Refunded

Every Barrel Cream of the West Flour Guaranteed for Bread

Yes, madam, I am the Cream of the West miller. I know what Cream of the West is. It's a strong flour. It has extra bread-making qualities, and I'll guarantee great, big, bulging loaves of the lightest, whitest, most wholesome bread.

Cream of the West Flour

the hard wheat flour that is guaranteed for bread

Tell your grocer you want to try Cream of the West. Buy a barrel subject to the guarantee. Tell him we expect him to refund your money if the flour fails to do as we claim. He won't lose a cent. We will reimburse him in full. Show him this paper with the guarantee. It is his authority to pay you back if you ask him.

Guarantee

WE hereby affirm and declare that Cream of the West Flour is a superior bread flour; and as such is subject to our absolute guarantee of money back if not satisfactory after a fair trial. Any dealer is hereby authorized to return price paid by customer on return of unused portion of barrel if flour is not as represented.

The Campbell Milling Company, Limited, Toronto.
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, PRESIDENT

R. G. ASH & Co., Wholesale Distributors, St. John's

A Terrible Tangle

CHAPTER VII.

HIS FELL PURPOSE.

He had never yet tried to fix with himself the time when this fair creature had commenced to be to him the one thing desirable in life. How often he had watched her moving about her domain. How often had his heart beat with a passion that would not be controlled by wisdom as he had lurked in the shadows and seen her figure pass through her old pretty home?

How many times he had ground his teeth with resentment when Elizabeth had passed him on the roadway, turning her eyes from him as from something hateful and objectionable.

And now she was his! She was actually and absolutely his! It seemed almost incredible to him. He studied her face carefully.

How she had changed this

last week! Even her youth seemed to have gone from her, and the delicate roundness of her face seemed vanished. This was no the proud, high-spirited grande dame who, walking, or driving, or riding, had always impressed him with her superiority.

As he saw her lying there so still, so white, so helpless, a frown contracted his brows.

It seemed to him that he was looking once again on his brother's dead face. There had been something young and girlish in Basil's expression as he had lain in that last sleep.

Barostan moved about the room uncertainly.

He knew, and had known from the beginning, that Elizabeth was not the culprit.

He knew that that letter, that had brought Basil back from Germany on the very night before Lil's marriage, had never been written by Elizabeth.

David Barostan had not studied this woman, had not made it his business to know all that passed with the two sisters, without realizing, when the first mad fever of anguish had pass-

ed, that it was not Elizabeth who had driven his brother to take so desperate a step.

But her devotion to Lil, her loyalty to her sister, angered him so furiously that, with that other longing burning in his heart, he resolved to let her carry her sacrifice to the bitter end.

And he had been in such haste to secure her, he had been so determined that no outside person should come between them, that he had shaped the events of the moment to suit himself.

Ruin had been coming slowly but surely to Glen Farm for the past year or two. How he had staved off the evil day he hardly knew. Assuredly Basil had never known to what straits his brother had been reduced. For Basil there had always been money; everything that his heart had desired had been given to him; and, indeed, when first the knowledge of what was passing with his brother and Lil reached David Barostan, his one thought—his one aim, had been to provide Basil with enough money to satisfy the requirements of the future.

It had given him a kind of bitter satisfaction to realize that there was his love-making between Elizabeth's sister and his brother. He knew her well enough to be convinced that it would be most displeasing to her, and, so much had his pride suffered in Elizabeth's treatment of him, that he had grown gradually to live only to make her sorry in some way or other.

And yet this hour, as she lay helpless and unconscious and in his power, that should have been a time of absolute triumph for him, found him moved to something like pity for her.

They had been travelling all day, ever since the hour when, in a lonely London church that seemed more desolate because of the crowded neighbourhood in which it had stood, their marriage had been celebrated.

Throughout this past week he had treated her much as a slave master might have treated a new and valuable purchase.

He had haunted her. He had not given her one hour of freedom, and he had carried his will with her simply because he had

Stockings.

BY H. L. RANN.



Stockings are a variety of shifting scenery with which people decorate the sidewalks, hotel corridors and street cars. They are worn on both feet with careless abandon, which sometimes becomes so careless as to cause demure citizens to gasp in three or four different colors.

Stockings were introduced into this country by the Pilgrim Fathers, who brought over several pairs in the Mayflower and wore them from the knee down in order to circumvent the frost and terrify the American Indian. These stockings were about two inches thick and open at one end, thereby different from the modern stocking, which opens at both ends after fifteen minutes wear.

The first type of stockings spoken of in history is the kind worn by such noted Romans as Julius Caesar, Scylla and Charybdis. This consisted of a link of colored bicycle tape wound around the leg in a graceful spiral coil, giving the wearer the striking aspect of an energized barber pole. This stocking was done away with by an edict of Tiberius Caesar, who was a knock-kneed monarch and tried to introduce long pants at the court of Rome without success.

The silk stocking used to be considered a great luxury, and when a woman got a pair of them it was the sole topic of conversation from the main street bridge to the Fair grounds. Now, however, for 25 cents a pair of silk stockings can be had which will hold together the greater part of a day without breaking down in more than three or four joints. After a silk stocking has been darned it looks about as tidy as a pair of re-roofed overalls.

Stockings come in different lengths, all of which begin to unravel from the top and yawn at the heel the second day out. It is a embarrassing experience to go in to get fitted for a new pair of shoes and have the salesman expose to the light of day a large, undarned opening in the right stocking, through which the big toe peeps shyly. This a common failing of neat-silk hose, which is always falling apart at the crucial moment.

TWO WOMEN.

Mrs. Becker at the Prison—Mrs. Rosenthal Pities Her.

New York, Nov. 2.—As former Police Lieutenant Becker was taken to Sing Sing a window of the warden's office framed a woman's tear-stained face as he marched off the evil day he hardly knew. Assuredly Basil had never known to what straits his brother had been reduced. For Basil there had always been money; everything that his heart had desired had been given to him; and, indeed, when first the knowledge of what was passing with his brother and Lil reached David Barostan, his one thought—his one aim, had been to provide Basil with enough money to satisfy the requirements of the future.

Mrs. Becker was allowed to see her husband through the steel screen of his cell door before she departed, but was forbidden entrance. She purposes to make her residence in Ossining during her husband's confinement, and will be allowed to visit him daily, but not to enter his cell.

Mrs. Rosenthal, the widow of the murdered man, in an interview, says:

"I am not vindictive, nor do I like to see suffering, but I believe the verdict against Charles Becker is a just one and that he ought to pay the penalty. For Mrs. Becker I am sincerely sorry. I am not sure whether she wants my sympathy or not, but nevertheless she has it. She is apparently a brave woman who believes, blinded by love, her husband is innocent. I pity her from the bottom of my heart.

"But I wonder if she ever thinks of me and the loss that I have suffered. My sorrow is as great as hers. And as for our positions, Mrs. Becker's husband has at least made some provision for her, so she is not likely to be in want. I am forced into the position of making a living for myself."

Nearly five years ago Miss Nora Lee of Louisville, Ky., threw a tightly corked bottle containing her name and address into the Ohio River. Recently she learned that it had been picked up off San Diego, Calif. It is supposed the bottle passed down the Ohio, into the Mississippi and through the Gulf of Mexico, then across the Atlantic, Indian and Pacific Oceans before it was finally washed up on the Pacific Coast.

held over her a threat of what would fall upon Lil were she to thwart him.

(To be continued.)

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Every LADIES', MISSES' and CHILD'S COAT in our store

Greatly Reduced in price.

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