



Do You Bake Your Own Bread?

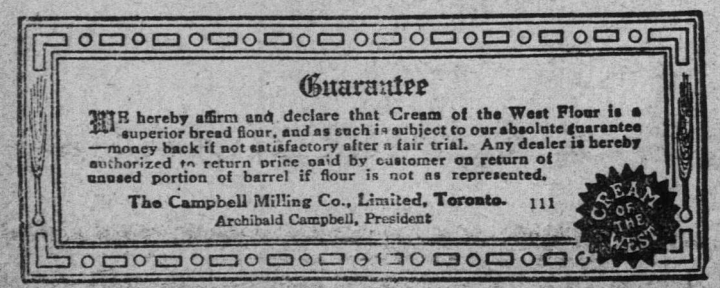
Everyone who bakes bread should know about my Cream of the West Flour.

I guarantee absolute satisfaction and I won't take money for less. A crust, brown, crisp and sweet; a crumb, white, light and even. Get a barrel and bake a batch or two.

Cream of the West Flour

the hard wheat flour guaranteed for bread

If you don't have success with your bread after a fair trial bring back the flour left over and your grocer has our authority to refund full purchase price.



G. ASH & CO., St. John's, Wholesale Distributors

Beautiful Cynthia;

Victory After Many Defeats.

CHAPTER XIII. A LOVER SPEAKS.

Cynthia nodded at Northam. "I've tily two left," she said brightly, and a trifle wistfully. Oh, why did not artel come!

"Give me one of them," said Northam, "though I warn you, I dance like bear on hot bricks, or an elephant lth chilblains."

"I'll give you the first," said Cynthia.

He put his initials on her program; id she was presently borne off by a jung attaché. Lady Alicia looked ter her and whispered quickly, as r own partner approached.

"Don't dance with her. Take her t onto the balcony."

Northam scowled and bit his musche; but he knew that it was good lvice.

The attaché had his dance; it was e dance of his life, and he boasted t when he was an old man. Cynthia was standing by him, fanning erself with a jeweled fan which Lady Westlake had given her, when her art gave a great leap; Darrel had nerged from the crowd at the enance.

There were many good-looking men there that night; but in her eyes no man looked handsomer, nicer—it is the woman's expressive word—than her old playmate.

Her heart beat apprehensively, her color rose and fell as she saw him locking distractedly round the crowded room. She wanted to cry out: "Here I am, Darrel! I am waiting. Oh, be quick!"

He disappeared, came into sight again, saw her and made for her straight, actually pushing some persons aside. He was looking pale and anxious; but a sudden change came into his face as he saw her. She lifted her eyes—all at once her lids seemed heavy—and looked up at him questioningly, but with welcome in them.

"I am late," he said; "there was a court-martial. Thought I should never get away. Have you a dance left? Oh, Cynthia, don't tell me they are all gone!"

"I've one, this one," she said, in a low voice; it seemed to her as if her speech were difficult.

He put his arm round her instantly.

A WONDERFUL REMEDY



Orange Lily is daily curing the most obstinate cases of Female Disorders. Falling of the Womb, Leucorrhoea, Painful and Suppressed Menstruation, etc., etc., are all of them relieved from the start by its use, and a few weeks' or months' treatment accomplishes a complete cure. This remedy is a positive scientific preparation, and is based on the discoveries of Pasteur and Lister. It is an applied treatment; that is, it is not taken internally, but is applied direct to the suffering parts, and it therefore acts with all the certainty of the known laws of chemical action. As it comes in direct contact with the diseased tissue, its antibiotic and nerve-food properties cannot help have a beneficial influence. It is what is claimed for it that I will send, absolutely free, a 35c box to every suffering woman who will write for it. Address, NICE, COURTESY, WINDSOR, ONT.

For Sale by Leading Druggists Everywhere.

And led her among the other dancers. The Surrey Regiment are famous for their waltzing. Darrel waltzed divinely, and she gave herself up to the ecstasy of the poetry of motion. They danced as if they were one; he held her firmly, she felt secure in his arms. His breath moved the tendrils of her hair, she could feel his heart beating against her bosom.

The music died away softly like a sigh. They stopped, and her eyes were lifted to his heavily, surcharged with something that made the passion swell in his heart till it seemed nearly bursting.

"Come—come outside, anywhere," he said thickly.

She looked a little frightened. For there was that in his voice which tells a woman that a man is suffering for her.

Almost blindly, he led her through one of the ante-rooms to the palm house. There were several couples there. He sat down doggedly beside Cynthia and waited until they were alone. Then he turned to her, with his hands outstretched, his face white, his lips quivering.

"Cynthia!" he said brokenly. "Oh, Cynthia!"

She waited, trembling, as he was trembling. Her heart, her soul, was stealing from her, going out with a shameful willingness to meet his. She tried to smile, to turn away from him; but the smile died away, his eyes held hers; her face grew almost as white as his, her lips as tremulous.

"Cynthia!" he panted: "I love you! Cynthia, dear, I love you! Oh, Cynthia, what do you say? I tell you I love you. I've always loved you, Cynthia, speak to me!"

CHAPTER XIII. "FOR LOVE'S SAKE."

Cynthia's heart beat so fast that she could not speak. She was overwhelmed by a joy, a happiness which seemed almost too great for her to bear. It was as if she had suddenly been lifted from this vulgar commonplace world into an ether transfused with a heavenly light, in which she floated, with Darrel's arm round her. The music sounded as if it were far away, the brilliant throng were but shadows; she and Darrel were alone in a world of their own, a world in which there was nothing but an exquisite joy.

In all her life, happy though it may be, for a woman there stands out one supreme moment, that in which she hears from the lips of the man she loves the passionate avowal of his love for her.

Cynthia could not speak, though she wanted to tell him how much she loved him; but she laid her hand into his and drew near to him, so that her cheek touched his shoulder.

With scarcely a glance round he gathered her to him, crushing all her dainty finery, and gave her actually the first kiss she had gotten from him.

"Oh, Cynthia, Cynthia!" he murmured; "and you love me—you beautiful creature! How wonderful it seems. When—when did it begin? When did you first think you cared for me?"

It is the first question the accepted lover puts; he wants to know, to be told, that he had been loved for a long time, that he and she had been drawn toward each other, kindred spirits, from the beginning of things—that their union has been immutably decreed by a benevolent Providence.

Cynthia gave a little laugh that was more like a happy sigh.

"I don't know," she whispered. "Perhaps from the very first; but I didn't know then. I was too young then, wasn't I, Darrel? But I think—I am sure—that I loved you before you—you thought of me. You remember you often scolded me because I couldn't do things like a boy—indeed, you were often quite rude, sir."

"I must have been a little beast," he muttered, indignant with his past self.

"And I daresay you forgot me," she went on, a little pensively. "You see, you had so many things to think of, getting into the army, and all your friends. But I had not forgotten you. I often thought of you, Darrel. And when I saw you in the Park, quite grown up, quite a man, but still the same Darrel somehow, I knew, by the way my heart jumped, by a little warm feeling that came over me that

Remember, dearest, we are pledged to one another—you are mine!" he went on hurriedly, as the young man, catching sight of her, broke into smiles of satisfaction and relief and came toward them. "I will see Lady Gwen to-morrow—you write to your father."

"To-night, before I go to bed," she whispered. "Oh, Darrel, shall I see you again before we go? If not, it is good night, good night, Darrel, dear!"

He managed to press her hand amid the folds of her dress, then she was carried off, and he was left to scowl at the decent young fellow, who was now radiant, for was he not going to dance with the beautiful Miss Drayle?

Darrel hung about the ballroom for some hours, a delightful and yet a painful time, for though it was a joy to watch his beautiful darling, to catch the love that beamed from her eyes, as she passed, it was a torture to watch her in other men's arms.

As the guests began to take their departure he hung about the entrance to the ballroom, hoping to get a word with her, but she was engaged to the very last dance, and was always surrounded by a circle of admirers. He saw Northam standing by her side, and once he caught sight of Lady Westlake beaming quite benevolently upon Northam and Cynthia.

The Griffin gave him one finger when he took his leave; and it must be confessed that Darrel felt his heart sink as she scowled at him when he said good night and assured her that he had spent a delightful evening.

He was, of course, staying the night, or what remained of it at his rooms in Bury Street. But, late though it was when he reached them, he did not go to bed until he had written to his father. He told Sir Anson that he had met Cynthia Drayle again, that he loved her, and had proposed to her.

He explained that she was the ward of Lady Westlake, and hinted that no doubt her ladyship would require—indeed, insist upon—a handsome settlement.

With the frankness which existed between them, with the confidence of an only and well-loved son, he assured his father that Cynthia had grown into a most beautiful woman, that he loved her with all his heart and soul, and that if he didn't get her there would never be any other woman in the world for him.

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Fashion Plates.

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

9529. — A Dainty Little Dress for Mother's Girl.



Girl's Dress with or without Yoke and Collar, and with Long or Shorter Sleeve.

This design offers many possibilities. It may be made in low neck style, with or without the bertha, or with high neck, and again, in round neck with the yoke. The model is suitable for all dress materials, for silk, lawn, linen, chambray, gingham, galatea or percale also for cashmere, voile, crepe, and albatross. As a pretty party dress it could be made of soft nainsook or lawn, with bertha of embroidery, or lace trimmed. Challie or dimity, or figured lawn, would be equally effective. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 44 inch material for a 6 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9568. — A SIMPLE CHARMING DESIGN.



Girls' One Piece Dress in Empire Style.

Blue crepe de chine embroidered in self color is here shown. The dress is simple but pretty and graceful, and will be easy to make. It lends itself readily to the soft materials, now in vogue. It is suitable for voile, for nainsook and other lingerie materials, and will look well in challie or cashmere. The sleeve is "set in." The dress is made with underarm seams and back seam only, and may be finished with or without a collar. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 yards of 36 inch material for a 10 year size.

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Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

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Address in full:—

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern cannot reach you in less than 15 days. Price 10c. each, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address: Telegram Pattern Department.

EVERY OFFICE MAN

Should enquire about my handy, labor saving, filing devices, at the earliest opportunity. Details gladly supplied. An absolute, by new line.

PERCIE JOHNSON

HAD RHEUMATISM IN ALL MY BONES

"Sometimes I Could Hardly Walk!"
2 Boxes of Gin Pills Cured Me



I SUFFERED from Kidney Trouble for five long years. I also had Rheumatism in all my bones and muscles—could not sleep at night—and sometimes could hardly walk. I was treated by some of our best physicians but without relief. I lost over fifteen pounds, was very weak, and friends, who had not seen me for some time, were astonished. One day, I met one of our leading hotel keepers, who had been cured by Gin Pills, and he advised me to try them, so I bought two boxes at my druggist's.

Before I had used one box, I felt a big change for the better, and before the second box was gone, I was completely cured.

I assure you I can hardly believe it for if I had known what I know now about Gin Pills, I would not have spent over one hundred dollars for nothing, when two boxes of Gin Pills cured me.

Anyone suffering from Kidney Trouble or Rheumatism, should never be without Gin Pills.

FUGINE QUEENSLAND,
Chief City Circulation Agent,
"La Patrie" Montreal.

Drive your old enemy out of your system. Be free of pain. Be able to walk and work and enjoy life. Away with pain in the back, Rheumatism, and Kidney Troubles. Take Gin Pills. A few boxes now, will mean ease and comfort for the rest of the year.

Remember, Gin Pills are sold on a positive guarantee to give satisfaction or your money refunded. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. You may try them before you buy them. Sample free if you write the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

made me feel glad, oh, very glad, to see you, that I had cared for you all the time, and that I wanted you to care for me."

"You angel!" he said, gazing at her with rapt emotion. "It was then when I met you in the Park that I knew I loved you, Cynthia. But I was so arrested by the change; you were the same Cynthia I used to play with, and yet quite different. You had grown so beautiful, so— Oh, I can't explain. I suppose it was because you had become a woman, and a very charming one. I wanted you from that moment, dearest, I was frightened out of my life lest I shouldn't get you. You seemed so far above me in every way, and I knew that there must be many other fellows who must admire you and want you; and so there are, no doubt. But you belong to me now, darling—my very own! Are you happy, Cynthia?"

She nodded; indeed, she was too happy to reply. Fortunately, she did not need any words; her eyes, which met his with a frank, girlish confession of love, the pressure of her fingers as they quivered, in his, spoke eloquently enough for her.

"And so you shall always be, Cynthia," he said, with boyish gravity. "I will watch over you all my life and make you happy, or perish in the attempt!"

"It will be an easy task, Darrel," she said, smiling up at him. "I shall only want to be near you, to know that you love me; that will be quite enough."

"I will come round and speak to Lady Westlake to-morrow," he said, after a pause. "I'm afraid she'll cut up rather rough, Cynthia."

"Why should she?" she asked innocently.

"Well, for one thing, I'm afraid she doesn't care very much for me; and I'm perfectly sure she will think that I am not good enough for you. She knows that you could make a tremendous match. Everybody is saying that you were the most beautiful girl at court to-day, everybody is talking about you. At the club they were saying that you would be the belle of the season. It was almost hard to believe that the beautiful Miss Drayle, who had turned all the fellows' heads was the little girl I used to play with down at Summerleigh."

"You are trying to make me vain,

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The Griffin gave him one finger when he took his leave; and it must be confessed that Darrel felt his heart sink as she scowled at him when he said good night and assured her that he had spent a delightful evening.

He was, of course, staying the night, or what remained of it at his rooms in Bury Street. But, late though it was when he reached them, he did not go to bed until he had written to his father. He told Sir Anson that he had met Cynthia Drayle again, that he loved her, and had proposed to her.

He explained that she was the ward of Lady Westlake, and hinted that no doubt her ladyship would require—indeed, insist upon—a handsome settlement.

With the frankness which existed between them, with the confidence of an only and well-loved son, he assured his father that Cynthia had grown into a most beautiful woman, that he loved her with all his heart and soul, and that if he didn't get her there would never be any other woman in the world for him.

(To be Continued.)

Remember, dearest, we are pledged to one another—you are mine!" he went on hurriedly, as the young man, catching sight of her, broke into smiles of satisfaction and relief and came toward them. "I will see Lady Gwen to-morrow—you write to your father."

"To-night, before I go to bed," she whispered. "Oh, Darrel, shall I see you again before we go? If not, it is good night, good night, Darrel, dear!"

He managed to press her hand amid the folds of her dress, then she was carried off, and he was left to scowl at the decent young fellow, who was now radiant, for was he not going to dance with the beautiful Miss Drayle?

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