



I'm the Cream of the West Miller, and I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll guarantee your next batch of bread

I WILL guarantee it to rise away up out of the pans, and make as delicious bread as you ever tasted. The loaves will be the biggest and most wholesome you ever baked with the same amount of flour. I'll guarantee it or you get back the money you paid for the flour! Now see:

Go to your grocer and buy a barrel of Cream of the West Flour. Take it home and bake it up.

Give it a trial. Give it a couple of trials. Your oven or yeast might not be just right the first time.

Now when you give it a fair trial, if you honestly feel that you have not

had splendid satisfaction with Cream of the West Flour, return the unused portion of barrel and get your money back.

Just tell the store man your bread didn't come out right and you want your money back as guaranteed.

It's not the grocery man who loses. It doesn't come out of his pocket. It is the Campbell Milling Company, Limited, of Toronto, who pay, and they are satisfied to pay if you'll be satisfied to try Cream of the West Flour.

Ask your store-keeper about this guarantee. He knows. He will tell you. Try a barrel.

Cream of the West Flour

The hard wheat flour that is guaranteed for bread

Guarantee

I 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. C. ASH & Co., Wholesale Distributors, St. John's

THE BELLE OF RUBYWOOD.

CHAPTER IV.

And Farmer Holt wiped the pin out with a sweep of his hand and resigned himself to his after-dinner nap.

Muriel, from the little latticed window of her own little bower of a room, leaned her head upon her hands and looked down the vale. She was thinking in an aimless, purposeless, dreamy sort of way, of the newcomer at the Holme, and wrapping round him, girl-

Muscles Useless Without Nerve Force

Perhaps you are not quite clear on the relation of the nerves to the rest of the body. Through the nerve fibres which extend through countless branches to every nook and corner of the human system is conveyed the motive power which operates the various organs.

There could be no breathing, no beating of the heart, no flow of the digestive fluids, no action of any muscle or organ of the body without nerve force. Consequently, when the nervous system becomes exhausted there is complete collapse of the body, the different stages of which are described as nervous prostration, locomotor ataxia and paralysis.

The time to use such restorative treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is when the headaches, sleeplessness, indigestion and other warning symptoms first appear. A few weeks' persistent treatment is then sufficient to revitalize the wasted nerve cells and restore health and vigor.

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like, a glamor gotten from the pathetic narrative of the old shepherd.

"How lonely he must feel! How sad! His mother and father just dead, his estate lost, and himself alone and friendless among strangers.

In this mood, Mr. Vandike, tripping with the gait of a Hyde Park dandy up the well-kept gravel path, was no very welcome to her.

But Muriel was all good nature as well as unsophisticated innocence, and she gave him a pleasant little nod and smile in answer to his sudden start and evident glances of artistic admiration.

"Now, really, Miss Holt, it is too bad! I really think you do it on purpose! Every time I see you it is in an attitude of grace and witchery. You are provoking enough to send an artist mad. If I could paint you as you lean there, framed in that delicious cranky old window, I should make my fortune."

"I am very sorry, and I beg you will forgive me, Mr. Vandike, though I don't in the least understand what you have done. Is it a compliment? You must put them in broader—light and shade, as you say over your pictures. I am not a fine London lady, you know."

"But you are the finest country girl I have ever seen, Miss Holt."

"Thank you," said Muriel composedly, but with a merry smile. "That's much nicer. I can understand that. What does some one say, a compliment is? 'A falsehood wrapped in counterfeit truth.' You should remember that definition, Mr. Vandike. 'A falsehood wrapped in counterfeit truth!'"

He laughed with her, and rather louder. She held up her finger.

"Hush! father is asleep; please do

not wake him; he enjoys his nap after dinner so much."

"Nap after dinner!" exclaimed the exquisite. "Did ever any one hear of such a thing. In the middle of the day, too. Why, Miss Holt, it's perfectly unnatural!"

"Oh, no, it's not! Look at that cow here, and the two pigs, and the calf, and there's a bird asleep, and every-

thing is asleep after dinner except foolish people. I ought to be asleep."

"Thank you," said Mr. Vandike; "that's a pretty plain conge. Did you mean it?"

"What's the queer word conge? Let me think. I have learned French, you know; but I have forgotten it. Oh, no, I didn't mean you to go; but if you stay you must not talk, and you must not smoke, because father doesn't like tobacco in the daytime; and you mustn't walk about, because you will crunch the gravel and make too much noise; and you mustn't do anything!"

Mr. Vandike laughed softly, then sighed.

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"I shall never get you serious, Miss Holt," he said.

"Come and see me when the puddings don't turn out right. I shall be serious enough then; and now good-by"; and she raised her hand to the latch of the window.

"Stop a minute!" said Mr. Vandike. "Do you know that Mr. Wynter Leigh has come?"

"Yes," said Muriel, almost impatiently.

She was beginning to be angry with herself for being so interested in the stranger, and angry with all who heightened that interest.

With the window closed, and the picture vanished from the frame, there was nothing for Mr. Vandike but to beat a retreat, and this he did, sighing.

Tea at Rubywood was perhaps the most comfortable and enjoyable meal for the day.

Farmer Holt dined early, at half-past one, napped afterwards, strolled round the farm, and came in at half-past five ready for a substantial tea of cold ham, eggs, strawberry jam—whole strawberries, luscious and irresistible, not an indistinguishable pulp of sweetness—and piles of fresh-buttered bread.

That night just as they sat down to tea, in came Mr. Heatherbridge. He looked shyly at Muriel and hesitated. Indeed he was intruding; he knew he was, indeed!

But the farmer gave him a genial and marked welcome, and very shyly he sat down between father and daughter and unfolded his news.

"I've been on to Hopwood, Farmer Holt," he said, "and I've seen a most uncommon sight."

"What's that?" said the farmer. "A pig-headed lady or a double-tailed heifer?"

"Neither," said young Heatherbridge, "but a pair of steam engines." Farmer Holt held steam, and the machinery it sets in motion in utter contempt and abhorrence.

"Uncommonly ugly sight," he said curtly.

"Maybe," said young Heatherbridge, "and certainly they weren't handsome to look at, but if they do all they say they'll do, why they're wonderful things. There were plowing, reaping, and threshing machines, and I cannot tell you what else—"

"Rubbish!" interrupted Farmer Holt. "Don't you be took with their outrageous notions! Your father would have snapped his fingers at 'em as I do mine."

And the farmer did snap his fingers and loudly.

Steam! Steam plows, and harrows and flails, and mowers! Nonsense! It's downright wicked! What d'ye think Heaven sent strong men and women into the world for, if it wasn't to till the ground and sow and reap the crops? If it had been meant that we should go puffing across the fields with a couple of iron elephants, raring and roaring, blowing out smoke and dropping coal and cinders, we should 'a' had a first-class set of steam engines created for us. It's downright wicked."

"Well," Heatherbridge said slowly, and evidently reluctant to run counter to such a strongly expressed opinion of his hoped-for father-in-law, "well, I daresay you're right; it's only reason; no doubt we should have had 'em created, as you say. But there they are, and a great fuss they're making. There was quite a crowd around them."

"I know," said Farmer Holt, nodding his head. "I heard of them, but starting at monstrosities."

"I don't disgrace myself going and seeing young Leigh there," said Heatherbridge, still on the theme and staring at the fire.

"Oh, you did, did you? Now I do hope we ain't got one of those crack-brained, harum-scarum, new-notioned chaps down among us. I hate 'em like poison. Staring at the machines, was he? Pretty thing he goes and buys one or two and drags 'em up and down the avenue! There are two large ruts deep enough to bury an ox in a'ready."

Young Heatherbridge opened his mouth to speak, when the door opened and Jane put in her head to say that Mr. Leigh wanted a word with Farmer Holt.

"Show him in, girl," said the farmer, and Jane, stepping aside, there entered Wynter Leigh.

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Scottville, Mich.—"I want to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done me. I live on a farm and have worked very hard. I am forty-five years old, and am the mother of thirteen children. Many people think it strange that I am not broken down with hard work and the care of my family, but I tell them of my good friend, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and that there will be no backache and bearing down pains for them if they will take it as I have. I am scarcely ever without it in the house."

"I will say also that I think there is no better medicine to be found for young girls. My eldest daughter has taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for painful periods and irregularity, and it has helped her."

"I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tell every one I meet that I owe my health and happiness to your wonderful medicine."

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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy for woman's ills known.

Mr. Heatherbridge rose, as did Farmer Holt.

Muriel sat still a moment, then, in country fashion, dropped a little state-ly courtesy, and drew a chair forward for the visitor.

Farmer Holt shook hands with the newcomer, and Mr. Heatherbridge did the same.

"That's my daughter, Mr. Leigh," said Farmer Holt, waving his pipe with pardonable pride at Muriel, pale and beautiful as a white rose.

Mr. Leigh, bowed gravely, and smiled almost as gravely.

"I have had the honor of meeting Miss Holt before, sir," he said, seating himself. "At the stile in the lane."

"Oh, it was you," said the farmer, "was it? She said she thought I was."

Mr. Leigh looked at Muriel and Muriel, for no earthly reason blushed.

Then Mr. Leigh opened up the business of his visit. As he spoke he turned his face to the light, and Muriel, who could con his face without being observed, decided that it was a handsome one, notwithstanding its gravity and its sadness. It was pale and there were dark shadows, as of tears, beneath the eyes, but the eyes themselves were fine, deep, frank, and earnest ones, and the mouth, though firm almost to obstinacy, was well curved pleasing.

"I came at this unseasonable hour, Mr. Holt, to ask you a favor," he said as quietly as he had spoken in the lane. "Your cattle have broken down the hurdles at the end of the avenue and got into my straw yard. My man has sorted them out as best he can, but as mine are new purchases and I am not sufficiently familiar with them, I thought it only right to wait-up and tell you."

(To be continued.)

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THERAPIUM.

The preparation is unquestionably one of the most genuine and reliable Patent Medicines ever introduced, and has, we understand, been used in the Continental Hospitals by Ricord, Kossan, Jobert, Velpeau, Malgouyres, the well-known Chiégué-nac, and indeed by all who are regarded as authorities in such matters, including the celebrated Allen and Ross, by whom it was some time since uniformly adopted, and that it is worthy the attention of those who require such a remedy we think there is no doubt. From the time of Aristotle downwards, a potent agent in the removal of these diseases has like the famed philosopher's stone been the object of search of some hopeful, frivolous minds, and far beyond these powers, if such could ever have been discovered—of transmuting the baser metals into gold is surely the discovery of a remedy so potent as to replenish the failing energies of the confirmed man in the one case, and in the other so effectually, speedily and safely to expel from the system without the aid, or even the knowledge, of a second party, the poisons of acquired or inherited disease in all their protean forms as to leave no taint or trace behind. Such is

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