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Cream of the West Flour

the hard wheat flour that is guaranteed for bread

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

WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Ugh!" said Nat, expressively, making a comical grimace.

Major Constable, turning his bronzed face and kindly dark eyes upon the willful little figure, laughed. He always treated her more or less as a child. So did Alice, for that matter.

"So Adonis isn't a favorite of yours, Miss Natalie?"

"I hate him!" said Nat, promptly.

Alice's blue eyes went from my face to hers, and she laughed teasingly.

"And after the poor fellow's coming all the way from Jamaica, too, and getting so horribly seasick! It's too bad, Nat. And now he stays here just freezing himself to death, and hating England and the English with all his might. You might find it in your heart to pity the poor martyr, at least."

"I don't then," Nat returned, ungraciously. "He need not have troubled himself. Nobody asked him to come, any more than any one wants him to stay. I'm sure I didn't."

"What a thing it is to be sought after!" quoted Miss Deeping, satirically; and then we all laughed.

"Who is Adonis?" Rosa Thrale queried, looking from one to another, perplexed, as well she might be. "Does he belong to Whittleford, Mr. Chavasse?"

"The fates forbid!" I ejaculated. "He belongs to Jamaica, Miss Thrale, and has a mighty poor opinion of England after it as Alice was saying. His name is Raby St. George."

"Oh, what a love of a name!" the young lady cried, clasping her hands, enthusiastically. "And an Adonis in to the bargain, too! Alice, you must tell Miss Orme to hand him over to me—I left my sweetheart at home. Adonis will do to keep my hand in. Don't you think so, major?"

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me—I left my sweetheart at home. Adonis will do to keep my hand in. Don't you think so, major?"

The major had no chance to say what he thought, for the door opened to admit St. George just at the moment. Inwardly I concluded that he had been giving himself a toast at the ball fire, for he was not blue now, and his handsome face made such a very obvious impression upon Miss Thrale that I could not help wondering what "my sweetheart" left at home would say to it, and decided that the young lady certainly meant to "keep her hand in" if possible.

I do not think any of us, with this exception, were glad to see the young man, and Nat, gave him a reception so very chilling that it would have been rather more complimentary had she left him unnoticed altogether; but his entrance did not check the talk and laughter that was going on.

Presently in came madame, with the pale governess in close attendance, as usual; then luncheon was brought in, there being no other place in which to eat it, and at its conclusion the visitors rose to go—that is, the two girls and the major, for St. George showed no signs of budging, seeming perfectly unconscious of the many sideways glances which Miss Rosa shot at him from her bright eyes. It was not until she was in the hall, into which we had all unceremoniously crowded that Alice suddenly turned round to speak to my mother.

"Oh, madame, I declare I was nearly forgetting! I have such a rattle of a head. Father wants to know whether, if you would not mind the trouble, you would drive over and call at the rectory to-day? He says he must see you about the school-festival; and the time is getting so short."

The rector, I must say, was laid up

with a sharp attack of gout—the consequence of too much Christmas jollification, old Dizarte said. Madame hesitated and looked doubtful.

"I really hardly know, my dear; I am so terribly busy, you see, in consequence of this tiresome ball. Is it very important?"

"I think so, or father would not have asked you. Do try to come, madame!" Alice slipped her fur-topped glove within my mother's arm with one of her most coaxing smiles. "The drive will do you good. You are only overting yourself; and, if you do that, how will you play the grande dame to Daleshire in general at the ball? Besides, Nat is dying to see my dress, she says."

This last artful clause conquered madame, as the young lady had probably expected, although I have no doubt that my mother would have contrived to comply with the rector's request without it. But of course, if Miss Nat wanted a thing, she must have it; and madame promised to be at the rectory as early in the afternoon as possible.

The point gained, Alice and her cousin went off, with Major Constable in attendance; madame rustled away toward Batterbin's domain; mademoiselle following her, and I turned about to look for Nat.

She was standing by one of the deep windows, shrinking back against its cushioned ledge, her hands locked in front of her and her face flushed while with would-be indifference she stared out of the window. For St. George was standing in front of her, talking eagerly—I might say fiercely, though his low, soft tones were too well under control for me to hear what he said. That she was meditating a dash past him, and would make it at the first chance that offered, I could see, and I hesitated as to whether I should interfere or not. But then he suddenly caught her hand in his with a gesture which was quite as much a threat as a caress, and that was enough for me. I was not going to have Roger's sweetheart plagued if I knew it, and I called out, loud enough to make both start:

"I say, Nat, hadn't you better see about getting ready if you are going? I don't suppose madame will belong."

Nat was across the hall and halfway up the stairs before the words were well out, and St. George wheeled round, muttering a word which sounded the reverse of proper as far as I could hear it. But, as he looked away again, there was an expression

of such intense baffled misery upon his face that the thrill of pity which I had felt more than once or twice since that first night touched me sharply. He began to say that he would go now, and to ask me to make his excuses to Mme. Chavasse; but I stopped him by saying: "Whittleford I'll come with you, if Whittleford I'll come with you, if you like. I have to get a book from Poinsett."

"I thought you were going with the ladies?"

"Oh, they can pick me up at the rectory. I'd sooner walk there—it's a jolly day for a tramp."

"Then I shall be glad of your company," he said, though I believe it was a fib.

But I knew that he liked me after a fashion, having seen, I suppose, that he certainly need not trouble himself to be jealous of me. So he stood by the hall fire until I should be ready, and I went upstairs to change my coat. But at the end of the corridor, almost hidden by the thick curtains which swept round her little figure as she stood with her elbows on the sill and her chin on her hands, I almost tumbled over Nat. She turned round with a cry as I cannoned against her.

"Almost came to grief that time!" I said, laughing and recovering my balance; then, dropping my voice that it might not by any chance reach the ears of Raby St. George, standing warming himself below—"I say, Nat, was Adonis saying to you just now?"

"Oh, the usual thing"—she shrugged her shoulders impatiently—"what he always says whenever he gets the chance, and what he always contrives to make me understand without saying anything at all! He made me listen to-day, somehow. Oh, Ned, if he would only go away!"

"Well, so he will directly," I said, consolingly. "He'll never be fool enough to stay when he sees the game's up, you know. Don't bother yourself, it can be only for a day or two now. And, Nat, I wouldn't drop upon the poor chap too much if I were you."

"Are you going to take his part?"—and she flashed a rapid glance of wonder and suspicion at me.

"Of course not—you know better than that! I only mean that I can't help feeling sorry for him, after all. He's awfully found of you."

"Yes, I know that," she conceded, but with anything but a grateful face, whispering close to my ear as she had done all along. "Has he gone, Ned?"

"No, I'm going to walk into Whittleford with him—I want a book from Poinsett. I'll go round to be picked up at the rectory, you tell madame."

"All right—only, whatever you do, don't bring him to be picked up, too."

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MOIR'S CHOCOLATES

she returned, and with that ran along the corridor and into her room, closing the door behind her.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A very gloomy-faced silent companion I had on the long chilly tramp to the village—indeed I do not believe that St. George spoke a word at all. I remember that I had half a mind to give him a hint about Roger, and so send him packing if possible; but we were in the High Street, in front of Bover's window, full of saddies and dog collars, before I had quite made up my mind whether I should speak or not. I parted with him gladly enough, and ran up to get my book from the Reverend Titus; but, when I came down with it, at the end of five minutes or so, St. George still stood on the pavement with his hands in his pockets.

"I have been thinking that I owe a call at the rectory," he said, not looking at me as he spoke. "Mr. Deeping asked me to call there when I met him at the Mount. I may as well walk there with you."

"All right," I returned, knowing well enough that he wanted to go there only to catch another glimpse of Nat. "But it's of no use going just yet. Madame won't be there for the next hour most likely. I have to go on to the Lodge. Major Constable has a lot of books of Indian poetry he promised to lend me this morning, and I said I would look in for them to-day. Come too, if you've nothing better to do. He'll be glad to see you."

We went. Major Constable, sitting smoking by the fire in his snug little "living-room, with his big mastiff at his feet, gave us the warmest of welcomes, and produced a tall bottle of some uncommonly hot Indian cordial, of which he made us drink some—to keep the cold out, he said. Talking about that and the books of Indian poetry took up more time than we knew, and I started up at last as the major's clock chimed, declaring that I should miss the carriage at the rectory, and have to tramp back to Chavasse, books and all.

(To be Continued.)

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