



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

Beautiful Cynthia;

Victory After Many Defeats.

CHAPTER XXXVII.
REPENTANCE.

Darrel and Cynthia made a pretense of eating; and presently Lord Spencer came down. His face looked gray and worn in the sharp morning light, and he stood in the doorway, glancing from one to the other hesitatingly.

"Wants to see Cynthia alone," he said, huskily. "You don't mind, do you?"

Darrel assigned assent with his hand, and Cynthia followed the unhappy father up the narrow stairs. He opened the door, stood back to allow her to enter, and without a word, closed the door on her. Percy was propped up in bed; and as she saw his face, prepared as she was, Cynthia was startled and horrified by the change in him. She knew at the first glance that he was dying. He kept his eyes fixed on her, and stretched out a thin and wasted hand; but before Cynthia could take it in her warm one, he drew back.

"Better wait," he said, in a hollow voice; "wait until I have told you. It was good of you to come. But I knew you too well to be afraid that you would refuse. Sit there—where I cannot see your face. I'm dying, Cynthia. And I'm glad. I will tell you why."

Half an hour later Cynthia came

down stairs. Her face was white, her eyelids were swollen with weeping, and there was a tense look in them which made Darrel spring to his feet and hurry to her side. Lord Spencer stood silent with his head on his breast; but he raised his eyes and scanned Cynthia's face for a moment, then drew a long breath and nodded. Cynthia went to him and took his hand.

"What—what can I say!" she sobbed brokenly.

"Nothing," he responded, hoarsely. "That's best!"

And she knew how he spoke wisely. He went with them to the door, and as the cab started Cynthia saw him standing on the steps, his head still drooping, his once jaunty figure like that of an old man.

Darrel held her hand, and she cried quietly. He said nothing, asking no questions, and she did not speak; but when they were alone in their room at the hotel, she hid her face on his breast, and a shudder shaking her, whispered:

"Darrel, I can't tell you. I can't, I can't!"

"All right, dearest," he said soothingly. "It must be the one secret between us. I won't guess."

"No! no! no! You must not even guess!" she implored him. "What—what he told me—oh, poor wretched

WOMEN TAKE NOTICE!

A man cannot understand the torture and suffering many women endure uncomplainingly. If the majority of men suffered as much pain and endured with patience the weakening sicknesses that most women do, they would ask for immediate sympathy and look for a quick cure.

Many women have been saved from a life of misery and suffering by turning to the right remedy—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—a remedy which is safe to take because containing no narcotics, alcohol or injurious ingredients. It is an alternative extract of roots, made with pure glycerin, and first given to the public by that famous specialist in the diseases of women—Dr. R. V. Pierce, of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. LIZIE M. HESSINGER, of Lincoln, Neb., 339 7th St., says: "I send a testimonial with much pleasure so that some suffering woman may know the true worth of your remedies. I was a great sufferer from female troubles but after taking one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which a friend advised me to take, I found myself very much improved. After taking three more bottles, and using two boxes of Dr. Pierce's Lotion Tablets, I found myself on my way to recovery. I was in poor health for five years but now I am cured."

"I hope all women suffering from female weakness will give Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a fair trial."

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules.



ALL FOR LOVE.

CHAPTER I.
BETROTHED BY WILL.

"Well, my Lady Beth, I have a letter from Philip. He writes that he will sail on the Lusitania the fifteenth of next month, and upon his arrival will give himself the pleasure of coming directly to see us to renew his acquaintance with old friends, and to ascertain your convenience regarding a certain important event which is expected to occur some time within the next six months. I hope, dear, you are prepared to give him the welcome he has the right to expect."

As he ceased speaking, the Honorable Silas Russell put down the letter he had been reading and beamed across the daintily spread breakfast table upon the no less dainty little lady, clad in white, sitting opposite him, who was, at that moment, pouring her father his second cup of coffee.

"My Lady Beth" had colored violently, during her father's remarks, while a tremor, threatening for a moment to upset the contents of the cup she was holding, seized her; then her scarlet lips were suddenly compressed into a straight, resolute line, her graceful shoulders were squared aggressively, the pretty head, with its shining pompadour of fine brown hair, in which there was a vivid touch of auburn, crested itself with an air that suggested the revival of an unpleasant old-time memory. She shot a quick, searching glance at her father; then her white lids fell as she deliberately and silently dropped two cubes of sugar into the steaming coffee, and passed the cup to him.

The man frowned slightly as he received it, and at the same time scanned the downcast face of his daughter. He set his cup carefully beside the plate, and stirred its contents meditatively for a moment or two.

"Well?" he at length observed in a tone of inquiry.

Again the bright head was crested, and the long-fringed lids flew up, revealing a pair of blazing dark blue eyes that looked straight into his.

"What kind of welcome has Philip the right to expect?" she demanded in repressed tones.

"Why, the kind a fellow ought to have from the girl who is going to marry him," replied Mr. Russell, growing restless beneath the steady gleam of the danger signals opposite him.

"Father, I am not going to marry Philip Walton." The assertion was made in a tone of finality there was no mistaking.

An expression of blank astonishment swept over the face of the man, while a dull, red flush slowly mount-

ed to his brow. "Why, Lady Beth! We—I have always expected—" he began somewhat incoherently.

"Yes, papa, I know it has been expected and assumed in the family, ever since Philip and I were children, that we should be married as soon as I reached my twenty-second birthday; but such assumptions were mistaken, and such expectations will be disappointed," sentimentally declared her pretty ladyship.

"But—but—think of your Aunt Eliza's fortune—"

"Oh, if I could be allowed to forget it! It has been the bugbear of my life," interposed the girl impatiently. "What a sentimental old goose Aunt Eliza must have been anyway, to have made such a will in this enlightened century," she went on with curling lips. "I know she loved Phil's father when she was a girl, and was heartbroken when she was cut out by her dearest friend. Then she transferred her affections to Philip, and made an idol of him—at least after his mother's death—until I appeared upon the scene, when, loyally demanding that she should not entirely ignore her own kin, she concocted this preposterous scheme of dividing her money between us, provided we would marry each other, and in this way accomplish her purpose to unite the houses of Crawford and Walton."

"I suppose you know what will become of the money if you don't fulfill the conditions of the will?" gravely observed Mr. Russell, an expression of keen anxiety sweeping over his face.

"Yes, it is all to go to the Board of Foreign Missions. Well, the heathen may have it and welcome. I'm not going to be the sacrificial lamb offered upon the altar dedicated to Hymen by a lovesick old maid," tartly retorted Lady Beth.

"And Philip would also lose his half by your refusal," said her father, "and"—referring to the letter lying near him—"it seems that he is returning prepared to do his part toward preserving it in the family."

"Well, if he is avaricious enough to lend himself to such a mercenary scheme I'm sorry for him, that is all I have to say about it," was the pert response.

"I'm not so sure that the money is the main object of his avarice, little girl," Silas Russell fondly and pointedly returned.

A wave of hot color swept to the brow of the "little girl."

"You forget I was only a freckle-faced little fright with red hair and an absolutely unbearable temper when Philip went away, hence a very unattractive bride in prospect for any one," she flashed back at him. "Don't look so shocked, daddy dear," she suddenly interposed, breaking into a silvery laugh, but with a mocking light in her great blue eyes, "for it was true, even though I was your darling daughter, and I heard him say it."

(To be Continued.)

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by the pangs of indigestion or the torments of Dyspepsia a man is unfitted for work and a burden to himself. The cure is difficult and may not be rapid unless you take Prescription "A." Two or Three bottles will strengthen the digestive organs and enable them to assimilate food, etc.

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"What dirty hands you have, Johnnie!" said the teacher. "What would you say if I came to school like that?"

"I wouldn't say nothin'" replied Johnnie. "I'd be too polite."

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