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

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

109

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

The Snake Scotched —AND— Justice Done.

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued.)

Now, as Veronica had gone up the bank, offended pride glowing in her eyes—brought there by Talbot's almost insolent question—and a strange wild tumult raging in her heart—caused by the touch of Ralph's lips—a girl darted from behind a clump of trees and ran to her with hands clasped and her fair, rather weak face all amove with fear.

"Fanny!" exclaimed Veronica, in rather displeased voice.

Fanny Mason panted for breath and, wringing her hands, looked from Veronica to the stream.

"Oh, Miss Veronica—they're—I'm afraid they're going to fight!"

Veronica turned in time to see Talbot raise his stick. Fanny uttered a low cry and was about to run down to the two men; but Veronica grasped her arm, and held her, murmuring in a tone of command:

"Be silent!"

Fanny, gasping and trembling, of course obeyed, and the two girls, so nearly alike in age, so totally different in station and character, stood and looked on at the little scene below. Veronica did not gasp or tremble, but the clear, healthy pallor of her lovely face grew of a warmer tint; and as she saw the outcome of the struggle, her eyes flashed and a long breath came from her parted lips: she was fighting with the sense of triumph which made her heart grow warm and every vein throb. Was it not the woman who thronged the Colliseum in the days of old when men fought in the arena for their lives? There are still women who, gentle though they may be, love a fight—so long as it stops short of bloodshed.

"Come!" she said to Fanny, almost swinging her around and actually drawing her away. "Why are you so frightened?"

Fanny began to whimper shamefacedly.

"I'm—I'm always frightened when there's fighting, Miss Veronica," she said, "and—and I saw they were going to quarrel by the way Mr. Talbot spoke to you and walked up to Mr. Ralph."

"Oh! so you were behind the trees—watching?" said Veronica.

The girl shrank from the scornful gaze of the clear, violet eyes.

"Not—not watching, miss," she faltered. "I happened to be in the wood, and—and I like to see Mr. Ralph fishing, he's so—so—"

"Skilful," suggested Veronica, with a little smile of scorn. You know him very well, I suppose?" she added, indifferently, but with a shame that began to creep into the place of triumph that only a moment or two ago had filled her face. There was another girl who was "interested" in Mr. Farringdon. But that was natural and proper enough: laundry maid and the gamekeeper were on a level; she—

"Y-es, miss," said Fanny, slyly avoiding Veronica's gaze. He—he came to our cottage the first day he came, to bring back the puppy and get his wound dressed."

"His wound? Ah, yes!" breathed Veronica. "Come on. Why are you looking back?"

"To—to see if they are going to quarrel again, miss. Fanny breathed a sigh of relief. No; Mr. Talbot's gone! I'm so glad He—he looked so fierce. Not that he'd have hurt Mr. Ralph: he's so strong and— Wasn't it splendid the way he caught Mr. Talbot's arm and broke the stick! Oh, miss, I do beg your pardon! I'd forgot that Mr. Talbot is your ladyship's cousin"—the people about the place could never understand why all the family had not titles—"and that of course you'd rather he beat."

Veronica bit her lip. "There is no 'of course' about it, Fanny. I think they were both foolish and both deserve to be beaten. I suppose Mr. Talbot thought that the young fellow was poaching; you see, he did not know he was the new gamekeeper."

"Yes, miss," said Fanny, doubtfully, and, with an upward glance at the haughty face, she sighed. "Yes, miss. It—it must have been that; for why should he want to quarrel with Mr. Ralph, him as is so quiet and honest spoken?"

"Why do you say 'Mr. Ralph?' asked Veronica, with a touch of sharpness in her voice. "Why don't you call him "Ralph Farringdon?"

Fanny hesitated for a moment, her weak mouth half open. "I don't know, miss. Mother and me always call him "Mr."; he's so like a gentleman. Mother says that even the gentlemen of the Court—oh, I beg your pardon, miss!—couldn't speak better or have nicer manners."

"Oh, yes, miss; that is, rather often I—I see him passing of an evening when he's going his rounds and sometimes he comes in, and sometimes he just leans on the gate and talks in his pleasant way. You see, miss, he's quite a stranger, and he may be glad to have a chat; and he's friendly because mother saw to his wound— a nasty gash it was!" Fanny shuddered and closed her eyes so that she did not see the flushing of Veronica's face.

"Of course, very natural," she said, with an excessive indifference. "Perhaps, Fanny, it will be as well if you say nothing of—of what we have seen this morning."

"Oh, no, miss, certainly not!" responded Fanny, "and I only hope Mr. Ralph didn't see me—us; he wouldn't like to think as we'd been watching him. He's particular, and sure. Oh, I'm so glad they didn't fight! Aren't you, Miss Veronica?"

"Very," said Veronica, drily. "Now, run home, Fanny. Oh, by the way, I want some old lace washed, and I should like to see you about it before I send it. Will you come up to me to-morrow morning?"

"Oh, yes, miss, and thank you!" exclaimed Fanny, with a delighted smile, for a visit to Miss Veronica always meant a cast-off dress or some dainty article of clothing. But the smile faded as she went towards the cottage. Why had Miss Veronica taken such a sudden fancy to fly-fishing, and what was Mr. Ralph doing to her wrist? It looked—it looked to Fanny as if he were actually kissing it; but that was too absurd of course; she must have been mistaken. After all, where she was standing was a long way off. Of course, it was absurd, she told herself, but her fair brow was still puckered with a doubtful and questioning frown.

The girls had walked slowly, and Veronica found Talbot lounging beside the earl's Bath chair, in which, wrapped in furs, he had been wheeled to the sunniest part of the terrace. As Veronica was passing them, her eyes fixed straight before her, she heard the earl say:

"Oh, he's a kind of protege of Veronica's. "Don't like his manner?" 'Discharge him?' My dear Talbot, if we discharged every servant whose manner we didn't like we should be left to wait upon ourselves, clean our own boots, and protect our own game. What the devil has a keeper to do with manners?"

Talbot bit his lip. "I told the fellow he was to go," he said, suavely enough; but the earl looked from under his shaggy brows at him with a grim smile.

"My dear Talbot you really mustn't trouble yourself with the servants—yet. You will find it bad enough when you are obliged to do so! I have a fancy—a foolish one, no doubt—for employing and discharging my own servants, or having it done by the proper persons. In this case, Burchett will—Who's that crossing the lawn?" he broke off, shading his keen eyes with his hand.

Talbot frowned. "The fellow himself," he said, with an affectation of indifference.

"Ah! Call him!" said his lordship.

Reluctantly, Talbot sauntered to the head of the steps and called to Ralph in a voice that he sincerely trusted would not be heard; but Ralph's ears were those of a scout, and he looked up and came towards them. Veronica, from where she stood hidden from the two men in the stone door-way, saw that Ralph's face was perfectly calm and serene, fancied, indeed, that she detected, even in that distance, a faint smile of humour in the eloquent eyes.

Ralph came up the steps and stood waitingly, his eyes fixed on the earl's, which peered at him angrily.

"So, sir," he said, sternly, in his thin, clear voice, "you are pleased to be insolent, it seems!"

Ralph's gaze did not falter from the earl's or turn to Talbot, who stood behind the chair eyeing him with a haughty displeasure which was only thinly divided from hate.

"Who says so, my lord?" he saked.

The earl leant forward suddenly and gazed at him still more intently.

"Do you bandy questions with me, sir?" he said. "My nephew, Mr. Talbot, here, complains of your manners."

"I'm sorry, my lord," said Ralph, quietly. "I think Mr. Talbot has made a mistake. I was never insolent but once; that was when I was a boy: I suppose it was the licking I got then that taught me not to try it again. I fancy Mr. Talbot took me for a poacher; and of course that's enough to upset the temper of any man, especially a gamekeeper."

"Eh. Talbot? What? What do you say?" asked the earl.

Talbot Denby forced a smile.

"Perhaps that explains it," he said. "At any rate, I accept the man's apology, sir."

At the word "apology," Ralph's brows went up, and his eyes leapt to the dark one above the chair, then he smiled and looked at the earl again.

"Do I understand that I am to leave, my lord?" he said.

Are the Fly and Mosquito Dangerous?

The fly, with spongy feet, collects the invisible germs of diseases, spreads them over our food and poisons us with typhoid and cholera. The mosquito with its bite injects into our veins malaria and yellow fever. The bacteria of consumption, or grip, are everywhere present for us to breathe into our lungs. The blood which flows through our veins and arteries is our protection. It should contain healthy red and white blood corpuscles—capable of warding off these disease germs. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a blood medicine and alterative made entirely without alcohol, a pure glyceric extract of bloodroot, golden seal, Oregon grape root, queen's root, mandrake and stone root, which has enjoyed a good reputation for over forty years. The refreshing influence of this extract is like Nature's influence—the blood is bathed in the tonic which gives life to the blood—the vital fires of the body burn brighter and their increased activity consumes the tissue rubbish which has accumulated during the winter.

M. MAGUIRE, ESQ.

"About forty years ago while in Newark, New Jersey, I had chills and fever," writes Mr. MICHAEL MAGUIRE, of National Military Home, Kans. "I went to Kansas City and in the spring of 1877 the chills and fever returned. Doctors and everything I tried failed to do me good. Finally I saw Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery advertised. I took one bottle of it and the chills vanished. In about a year afterward I felt them coming back so I got another bottle and have never had any symptoms of fever or ague since. That is all of twenty years ago, for I had the chills about twelve years before I started to take Golden Medical Discovery.'"

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are for liver ills.

WOMAN ESCAPES DREADFUL OPERATION

How She Was Saved From Surgeon's Knife by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mogadore, Ohio.—"The first two years I was married I suffered so much from female troubles and bearing down pains that I could not stand on my feet long enough to do my work. The doctor said I would have to undergo an operation, but my husband wanted me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's VegetableCompound first. I took three bottles and it made me well and strong and I avoided a dreadful operation. I now have two fine healthy children, and I cannot say too much about what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—MRS. LEE MANGES, R. F. D. 10, Mogadore, Ohio.

Why will women take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

The Ladies of St. Johns May Now Grow Beautiful Hair.

McMurdo & Co. backed up by the manufacturers of SALVIA the Great Grower, guarantees, it to grow hair.

SALVIA destroys Dandruff in ten days.

The roots of the hair are so nourished and fed that a new crop of hair springs up, to the amazement and delight of the user. The hair is made soft and fluffy. Like all American preparations SALVIA is daintly perfumed. It is hard to find an actress who does not use SALVIA continually. A large bottle for 50c. 2

That Corn Will Go for Good

It will be ended forever in 48 hours, if you use a Blue-jay plaster.

The pain ends instantly when you apply it. Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In two days it comes out, root and all.

No soreness, no discomfort. Nothing else known does what Blue-jay does.

That's why millions use it. You will never let corns disturb you when you find this out.

Nor will you ever pare them. Paring takes off just the top of the corn. And a slip of the blade means infection — sometimes a dangerous one.

The right way—the easy way—is to end them completely with this famous Blue-jay plaster. Prove it today.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (152)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

Thought Selfishness.

BY RUTH CAMERON.

When we speak of selfishness, we are apt to think first of selfishness about material things, but the more I study human nature, the more I become convinced that this is the least common and the least harmful kind of selfishness. There are so many other kinds of selfishness that spoil more happiness than this variety! For instance, there is the selfishness of the person who is never amiable unless he holds the centre of the stage; the selfishness of the person who is generous enough about material things, but inordinately greedy about having his own way; the selfishness of the person who allows a tendency, such as a habit of worrying, to spoil half the family happiness; and then there is thought-selfishness.

It was that last variety that started me philosophizing on this subject. By thought-selfishness, I mean the habit of being ungenerous with one's thoughts.

I know a man who has very interesting thoughts. He has a keen sense of humour, an unusual fund of information—really talk, I mean, not just say the absolutely necessary things—he almost always has something interesting to say. But unless he is in a very gracious mood, he will often sit perfectly silent, ignoring the conversation, and thinking his own interesting thoughts to himself.

Now I believe that that man is selfish when he does this. He owes the world the benefit of his intelligence, and he is just as stingy and miserly when he sits there hoarding his thoughts as the miser counting his gold.

This man is an exaggerated example of this type, but I know a great many men and women who are thought-selfish in one way or another. There is the man who eats his breakfast in stolid silence broken only by occasional requests for more food. His wife tries to draw him out but he is absorbed in his own thoughts. There are many things which he might say that would give her something to think about during the day, but he is simply too lazy to put his thoughts into words.

Then there is the son or daughter who comes home at night from an interesting day at school or work, with half a dozen things in his or her mind that would interest or divert the house-bound mother, and yet does not take the trouble to tell them to her.

The man who does not credit other people with a sense of humor, and so smiles to himself when anything amuses him, is another member of this species. No one has a right to keep anything cleanly amusing to himself. Pass it on "The poor old earth must borrow its mirth," you know. If you have any to lend, do not be miserly with it.

The man who reads the morning paper and does not pass on the bits of news (that he thinks would be interesting to his family, certainly is thought-selfish, and also the person who gets a letter and does not communicate those parts of it which are communicable and of general interest.

Uncommunicative people are often praised and admired. To be sure, the person who chatters continually about nothing is a bore; but the person who has something to chatter about and doesn't chatter is also a bore; and what is more than that he is selfish. Don't you think so?"

Ruth Cameron

The Bishop's Shooter

One of the most popular Bishops in B——accepted an invitation of a wealthy peer devoted to sport. During his stay the Bishop had arranged to consecrate a new church in the neighborhood. With this ceremony in view, he brought down his pastoral staff, which for convenience and security, unscrewed into three parts, and was kept in a neat case.

On the morning of the ceremony, staff and case were missing. Anxious inquiry was fruitless; consternation deepened. Suddenly, one of the head servants asked to have the case once more described. The Bishop complied though a little ruffled by this time.

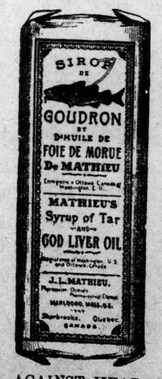
"Oh, I thought it was your gun, sir," came the electrifying answer. "I sent it to the gun-room to be cleaned."

CHRONIC BRONCHITIS

Cannot be cured with ordinary soothing syrups. The disease must be attacked at the root to eradicate the irritation of the lungs, heal the wounds and strengthen the respiratory organs. The composition of

MATHIEU'S SYRUP

of Tar and Cod Liver Oil and other Medicinal Extracts marks it amongst all other remedies as the true specific for the diseases of the throat, the bronchial tubes and the lungs. Here are a few conclusive proofs:



PORT GREVILLE, C.B., Dec. 27, '09.
Blacking & Mercantile Co'y, Ltd.

Dear Sirs,—Please ship by next express, if possible, 3 doz. Mathieu's Syrup. It is the best Cough Mixture on the market. Yours truly,

W. STERLING.

CHURCH POINT, July 31, '08.
Blacking & Mercantile Co.'y, Ltd., Amherst, N.S.

Dear Sirs,—Nearly one year ago I had my first order of 'Mathieu's Syrup" from you. It was not known in this country, and I gave samples to several families whom I knew would use it. After a few weeks I began to have a call for it, and trade has increased wonderfully since. I have not the least doubt but that it will soon be the best selling remedy for coughs, colds, etc., on the market. In my store here sales are good and our people ask for it. Several stores in this county now keep it in stock and report sales increasing. I have bought from you since August 16th, 1907, 4 Gross and have only three dozen on hand at this date, and which I am holding for retail trade in my store. Yours truly,

LOUIS A. McLANSON.

AGAINST HEADACHE there is no remedy so active as **Mathieu's Nervine Powders** which contain no opium, morphine or choral. 25 cents per box of 18 powders.

J. L. MATHIEU Co., Sherbrooke, Que.

THOS. McMURDO & Co., Wholesale Chemists and Druggists, St. John's, Nfld.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM
MADE IN CANADA

At the City Hall.

The weekly session of the Council Board was held yesterday afternoon.

A protest was received from Mr. F. Walsh against the barring up of Collier's Lane. Referred to Solicitor and Engineer.

A claim was received from Mr. E. McCormack for damage done his cottage by storm. The Council repudiated the claim as they were not liable.

Mr. D. Baird asked leave to build an iron rail on Circular Road. Granted.

Permission was granted Mr. J. Snow to make repairs to house on Casey St.

Solicitor Morris reported on the ownership of the old railway yard in the East End. He wrote that the Reid Nfld. Co. are the present proprietors of this land under their lease from the Crown. The Crown is the owner of the land in fee simple, and the property will revert back at the expiration of the railway contractors' lease.

Solicitor also reported on the bill of R. A. Squires for expenses in connection with the collection of water rate arrears. The Solicitor said he thought Mr. Squires' charges were legitimate. Ordered that a report on the matters contained in the bill be obtained.

The Sanitary Committee offered several suggestions for the advancement of the Department. It was ordered that any sanitary men found intoxicated during working hours will be instantly dismissed.

Plans of buildings belonging to H. Driscoll, Hamilton Street, and Geo. McGuire, Bond Street, were passed.

Permission was given Thos. Butt to repair house on Maxse Street.

The reports of the Sanitary Supervisor and Health Inspector were read.

A requisition for tulips for Victoria Park was acceded to.

The Engineer's report was read. It dealt with several matters in connection with the laying of new sewers and water mains. He reported the combined water and sewerage main at the head of Field St. as completed. The work on Carter's Hill was commenced. Scott St. sewer and water mains will be finished Saturday. The sewer is

That's

Its extreme whiteness and impal... make a paint that has no equal i... and color.

Brandram's Genuine B.B. W... carries more Linseed Oil, which gives ... covering capacity, and actually make... and better paint.

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MONTREAL, HALIFAX, ST. JOHN, TORONTO

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

This is the age of research and experiment, when all nature, so to speak, is ransacked by the scientific for the comfort and happiness of man. Science has indeed made giant strides during the past century, and among the—by no means least important—discoveries in medicine comes that of

THERAPION.

This 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, Rostan, Jobert, Velpeau, Meissonneuve, the well-known Chassaignac, and indeed by all who are regarded as authorities in such matters, including the celebrated Lallemand, and Roux, 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 down wards, a potent agent in the removal of these diseases has, like the famed philosopher's stone, been the object of search of some hopeful, generous minds; and far beyond the mere power—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 *roué* 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

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY

THERAPION,

which may certainly rank with, if not take precedence of, many of the discoveries of our day, about which no little ostentation and noise have been made, and the extensive and ever-increasing demand that has been created for this medicine wherever introduced appears to prove that it is destined to cast into oblivion all those questionable remedies that were formerly the sole reliance of medical men. Therapion may be obtained of the principal chemists and merchants throughout the world.—*Diamond Fields Advertiser.* KIMBERLEY.

Therapion may now also be obtained in Dragee (Tasteless form.