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.

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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.

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CREAM OF THE WEST

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

A True Diamond

CHAPTER IV.

An Early Scholar.

"Lady Dove wants you to do lessons with me. But we can't afford masters. Mother and Cecil teach me."

Toney pulled a long face, and then laughed with that clear silvery laugh of hers.

"You had better say 'No;' Pups never found any one who would teach me! I can't bear sitting still for long, and if I come Trick must come too, and he's already gone at Mr. Hales' heels, hasn't he?" Toney flung back her curly hair and looked up at Mr. Hales, whilst Silvia took off little Minnie to the kitchen.

Mrs. Hales' face showed a mixture of amusement and surprise which she tried in vain to conceal.

"I'm am afraid we have already accepted," said the Vicar, smiling.

"That's a pity. Why did you do it without seeing me?"

Mrs. Hales' sweet face smiled now in good earnest.

'You see, Lady Dove's money will help us with Amy's schooling.'

'Is Amy another of you?'

'Yes another of us. My youngest sister, who is at school,' said the Vicar. 'Mother, I must go now. I have a good deal to do before luncheon.'

'Perhaps I had better go too,' said Toney, starting up and looking at a large gold watch stuck in her waistband. 'I shall have to run all the way. Do you know if Aunt Dove is puncual? I don't think uncle looks punctual; but you can't tell from outsids looks, can you?'

Silvia came back this minute.

'Minnie is eating some bread and jam; but she is still anxious about being in time.'

'I'll take her back, then,' said Toney, 'she can eat as she walks along, and I'll run. Good-bye; it's very kind of you to—— No, I don't know if it is. I'm afraid you've only done it for the money,'

Mrs. Hales took the girl's hand

'I am afraid we did not think of that. You are right, Miss Whitburn; but——'

'I expect,' said Toney, 'you'll repent; but I've warned you. Still, you look rather jolly. Trick, come along I wonder if you'll let Miss Crump come sometimes? She's very badly educated, she says.'

'Miss Crump?' Mrs. Hales hardly knew the poor companion except by sight.

'Oh, don't you know her? She's rather sleepy. Wants waking up in fact; but she's nice inside I expect. Do you know, she put such nice primroses in my room and picked them herself.'

'I'll go part of the way with you, Miss Whitburn,' said the Vicar, and in another moment the strange cavalcade started towards the village school. Minnie still munching bread and jam, Trick with an eye on the vicar's heels, and Toney, with one eye on him and another on Minnie's jam, for fear it should go on her pinafore.

CHAPTER V.

A WILD COLT.

Sir Evas had said family prayers; and the long row of servants was filing and rustling out, when Toney ran in, looking very red in the face, and almost too much out of breath to speak.

'Oh, dear, Uncle Dove, have you done?'

'Antonia,' said Lady Dove, horified, 'where have you been? After breakfast you must come with me and listen to the time-table which I have drawn out for you. You will see that we have prayers at twenty minutes past nine.'

'Time-table!' said Toney, going up to Miss Crump, who, pale and frightened, was wondering what punishment would be found for such an irregularity on the part of the new comer. 'But what's the use of a time table, Aunt Dove, I'm not a train!'

Sir Evas' face broadened perceptibly.

'I have not shown it yet to Miss Antonia,' murmured Miss Crump 'When I went to her room she had gone.'

Toney now pressed a very audible kiss upon Miss Crump's pale cheek, and passed on to deposit another on her uncle's tanned countenance.

'Good morning, Uncle Dove! No one told me about family prayers; at least, if they did, I've forgotten. But I ran all the way! Good morning, Aunt Dove, it's just a glorious morning, and one wants to sniff it up all the time.'

Lady Dove's face only partly expressed what she felt, as she slightly turned her reluctant cheek towards "this dreadful girl," this being the title she silently gave her.

"Sniff what up, Antonia? What an expression! Pray do not use it again."

"Oh, the smell of the ground, you know. Each land seems to have its own smell. Australia doesn't smell like England at all. I expect that is what Pup—papa meant when he said he wanted a sniff of the old country so badly again."

"Very extraordinary! Sit down and begin your breakfast. Miss Crump, will you cut some bread and butter for Antonia?"

"But where have you been?" said Sir Evas, looking at Toney, whose beautiful fresh color was a sight which did one good. Her very simple Norfolk jacket and short skirt seemed to be costume exactly fitted for her, though hardly the attire a fashionable girl would have chosen to wear.

"I went to see my new tutor," said Toney, laughing. "Aunt Dove, it's rather a good plan of yours to send me off with him every morning. I should be sure to get into mischief here. I always want something to do."

"Humph!" said Sir Evas. He was wondering whether it was a very good plan, for, as it was, the situation between Lady Dove and Mr. Hales was decidedly strained, to say the least.

"Miss Crump, dear, did you expect me to remain in bed all that time? asked Toney, turning round to the silent companion, who was seldom addressed at meals, and indeed preferred to be unnoticed.

"After a journey I thought, Miss Antonia, that—"

"Oh, don't! what a horrid name—I'm Toney. Uncle Dove has agreed to call me so."

"You have agreed, Evas, to that dreadful name?" said Lady Dove looking up from her plate. "Antonia, I always like the strict truth. Your uncle has done nothing of the kind."

"Oh, but he did when—" Toney paused, remembering that she mustn't preach, and Sir Evas coughed uncomfortably. "Well, now I know my way about, Aunt Dove, I can take your messages; I do hope you'll make me useful."

"There are some people coming to tea this afternoon, Antonia. I shall expect you to come in and help me to entertain them. And now, if you please, do not let us hear so much of your voice."

Toney blushed a little, but resolutely pursed up her lips very tightly making such a comical face that even poor Miss Crump smiled, and Sir Evas tried to look another way.

"Evas, Lord and Lady Carew are coming this afternoon. It is very important to secure his interest if you mean to stand for the County Council, so pray be in to tea. Lady Carew's good opinion goes a long way with her husband."

"I am not surprised," said Sir Evas absently.

"She thinks she is quite a leader of Society. Such a vain, stuck-up person. Miss Crump, I want you to go out and tell Simpson to send in his best flowers this morning. You must arrange the vases so as to make them look their best. My flowers are never so well done as Lady Carew's. But first, where is Antonia's time-table? Come into my sitting-room, if you please, Antonia."

Antonia did not answer. Lady Dove looked up sharply.

"I expect girls to answer me, Antonia, when I speak to them."

"I am glad of that, Aunt Dove. I really did want to, but you said just now my voice was not to be heard, and it is like bottling up a volcano. It quite suffocates one. Do you know that feeling, Chum dear?"

Miss Crump fled in order to avoid further questioning, for Lady Dove's face boded no good to her this morning.

"Can you ride, Toney?" half whispered Sir Evas, as he followed the ladies, "because there is an old pony that you might have if— I want to ride over to one of my farms before tea."

"Ride!" said Toney.

"You must learn," put in Lady Dove. "Sir Evas wants a companion when he potters about, and any one can stick on Selim."

"An old pony, Aunt Dove?" said Toney, laughing. "Shall I be able to keep on at all, do you think?"

"I really don't know how far your ignorance goes," was the severe answer. "Now, come here, Antonia—Miss Crump!"

Lady Dove's sitting room was Miss Crump's chamber of the Inquisition. Many and many a sad hour had she passed in it; but at that moment she felt even more nervous than usual. The words of her new mission rang in her ears. She must see that Miss Antonia kept her time-table; but how could she? The idea was like a terrible nightmare weighing her down.

"Miss Crump, if you please, will you read the time-table?"

Toney sat down very demurely on the edge of a chair; but her quick eyes wandered about the room noticing all that was there. Miss Crump's voice sounded very melancholy as she read out:—

"To rise at seven. To be down at eight o'clock. To practice for an hour on the pianoforte—"

Toney jumped up.

"Aunt Dove, that seems too long; I mean for your sake, I don't mind much. I don't know my notes, I can only stump about on the keys with one finger; but I'll do that if you like, only Pups, who was musical, said my practising would drive him into a lunatic asylum."

Lady Dove gasped!

"You don't know your notes, Antonia!"

"No. You see, I've no ear, and it is really a great mistake to teach music to girls who can't, however much they try, distinguish one note from another. Now, isn't it?"

"Take out that hour, Miss Crump, if you please. But don't you draw, Antonia, or paint? Have you no accomplishments?"

Toney shook her sadly, and looked at the ceiling as if she were trying to remember some accomplishment which she possessed, but which she had for the moment forgotten.

"All I know, Aunt Dove, is useful and solid. I can run very well. I could beat most of the boys at running at home, and I shouldn't like to get out of practice; but I had better not mention the other thing I can do, because, well— Suppose I took that hour for running in the park?"

"Antonia! The servants would think we had a mad person in the house, if they do not think so already."

"I'm sorry, but running is really useful. The doctors say it expands the chest, and suppose Uncle Dove fell ill and you wanted to send for a doctor in a hurry—"

"Thank you, but we have servants and horses here. In my youth girls used back-boards, and really, Antonia, I believe that you—wear no stays! Your figure is— I must take you to Oldfield to buy you some lady's clothes."

"I cannot wear them, I expect, thank you all the same, Aunt Dove; and you see, as I'm not to be much seen, it won't matter what my figure looks like. There should be no unnecessary pressure, Pups used to say."

"You are to be seen when it is convenient. Go on, if you please, Miss Crump."

"To be present at family prayers and at breakfast. To go to Mr. Hales at 10.15, accompanied by Miss Crump." Miss Crump blushed at having to pronounce her own name; but Toney was, at this part, convulsed with merriment.

"I'm so sorry, Miss Crump, indeed I am. I was only thinking of you coming with me. I should be there before you had got many yards from the house. Never mind. Any more?"

"Young ladies do not go about unattended. Now continue, if you please, Miss Crump."

When the time-table was finished, Toney seemed to have lost interest in it, and even tried to hide a yawn.

"You can amuse yourself this morning, Antonia alone. I will lend you a skirt to ride in with Sir Evas this afternoon, and at tea I shall expect you to entertain any guest who may not be talking to me. Now I wish to give you your orders, Miss Crump. You can go, Antonia."

Toney started up, once more full of life, and was downstairs and out of doors in a very short time. She had not yet seen all the park, and she had several ideas in her head. But having reached a place of solitude, the young girl stopped at the foot of a noble trio of beech trees. She sat down with her elbows on her knees, and her keen eager face leaning on her rosy palms.

"I want Pups," she muttered several times. "I want Pups, only I promised him not to fret. He said there was such lots to do in the world; but, oh dear, it's a prisoner I am here. It's all so prim and stupid. However shall I live? If I had a heap of money I'd hunt up all the poor relations and give them such an awfully good, jolly time of it, that I would. Trumpet should have her share. Oh, dear, she's lived here fifteen years and she's not dead! She must be very, very tough, and poor Uncle Dove's live longer still here and he's not dead; but they don't either of them look healthy. Pups said people must have scope and live for others to be healthy. Pups, dear, you said you'd know everything about me, and what you most hated in all the world was to see me off my feed and down in the mouth, so here goes. I'll cheer up and just go ahead. Gracious stars! What a nice colt! Suppose I just raced off the blues. There was never a colt yet I couldn't manage. Pups said so."

To be continued.

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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

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How to Have

BY

"Why, oh,
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ple don't enjoy themselves as th
at Gretchen's house, and she
takes half the trouble I do."

We all know that there are
homes where we always seem to
a good time, no matter how simpl
fare or how commonplace the e
tainment provided, and others w
we do not have half the pleasure
though the fare may be sumpt
and the entertainment most ela
ate.

Now, why is it? What makes
party be a success and another
fail?

Well, for one thing, I think
dejected hostess put her finger on
chief mistake when she said
worked herself almost to death
make her party a success. Doubt
that was the very reason why it
nearer a failure. A spic and s
house, an elaborate program and
most delicious fare will not coun
act the depressing influence of a h
ess who tries vainly to hide her a
ety and her weariness under a fo
gaity. Remember that you your
are a part of your entertainment.
original idea of entertaining, an
which has been buried under the c
trap we have piled upon it, is
your guests come to see you. If
can bring cordiality and good ch
and a genuine gaiety to your gues
you will go a long way towards m

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