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That's the condition that goes with every barrel Cream of the West Flour. It's a fair, square guarantee, and I want you to take it to mean just what it says.

Cream of the West

the hard wheat flour guaranteed for bread

Give Cream of the West a fair, square trial. If you don't have satisfaction in baking bread, you'll get satisfaction at your grocer's. We guarantee one or the other. Cream of the West is a superior bread flour. Improve your home-made bread by using it.

The Campbell Milling Company, Limited, Toronto
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, President

R. G. ASH & CO., St. John's, Wholesale Distributors

ALL FOR RICHES.

CHAPTER IV.

GOLDIE'S SECRET.

When Mrs. Mellen returned to Goldie's room, she found her in a deep sleep. Thinking the steep would be more benefit to her than medicine, she retired, saying to herself:

"I will let her sleep now, and if she is not better in the morning, we will have the doctor."

"As the clock was striking twelve Goldie awoke."

The moon had left the side of the house where Goldie's chamber was, but the snow and the stars made it quite light there.

Goldie sat up in bed and looked out upon the trackless fields. Then she arose and dressed herself as if for a journey, putting on her thick warm shawl and hood to match. A little bundle of clothing was next arranged, and a photograph of Frank Whitney placed in her bosom, carefully wrapped in a fine linen handkerchief. Then Goldie went to the chamber door and listened. All was still. She went softly down the stairs and paused at the door leading into the bedroom where her father and mother slept.

A few bitter tears fell from her eyes as she thought of the fearful deed she was about to commit; but she forced her heart to be calm, and went into the room. The moonlight shone brightly into that small bedroom, and falling upon Mr. Mellen's head, touched every silver hair with tender glory.

Goldie stooped to kiss his dear cheek, and one bright tear fell through the moonlight upon his brow. The sad-hearted girl went out as softly as she had entered, nor paused until she stood without the door. Once there, she glanced up at the low roof and wide chimneys, and sighed as she thought how she should long for a glimpse of her childhood's home ere she saw it again.

Finally she moved on through a thicket of saplings, in the centre of which lay a deep, dark pool.

There was some fanciful legend connected with this spot, and the more superstitious believed that the spirit of a murdered wife took possession of everything that was cast into the pool, as nothing could ever be recovered which had once disappeared beneath its slimy waters. But more common-sense people said that it was probably one of those muddy pools which draws everything into its slimy bed, and as anything fell into its waters it sunk

PARALYZED COW CURED

By Douglas' Egyptian Liniment

Here is a remarkable case that came up on the farm of Mr. D. E. Perry, Violet, Ont., as described by himself:

"One of my cows was so badly paralyzed in the back and hind legs that she could not walk. I tried nearly every remedy that I could hear of but none of them proved to be any good. My neighbors told me there was no use doing anything more for her but I determined to give Douglas' Egyptian Liniment a trial for luck. It worked wonders, for after using two bottles the cow was completely cured."

Egyptian Liniment seems almost to work magic in all kinds of stiffness, soreness, sprains, rheumatism and similar troubles of man and beast, as well as on cuts, burns, scalds, sores, barber's itch and other skin troubles. If you have a bottle of Egyptian Liniment on hand you are prepared to deal quickly and effectively with a good share of the troubles that come up in the home or in the stable. 70 cts. at all dealers. Free sample on request. Douglas & Co., Napanee, Ont.

deeper and deeper, beyond the possibility of recovery.

Beside this pool Goldie knelt and prayed, lifting her troubled eyes to Heaven.

"Father of all, if Thou canst deign to notice a poor, unhappy creature like me, send a messenger to my heart to guide my steps aright. What shall I do? Shall I throw my body into your dark pool that never gives up its dead? Help me, oh, Heaven!"

CHAPTER V.

GOLDIE'S ESCAPE.

At Farmer Mellen's they were early astir upon the morning following the flight of Goldie. Mr. Mellen had just entered the kitchen with two pails of milk, which he was depositing upon the dresser, when his wife came hastily down the stairs, exclaiming:

"Father! father! for patience's sake, where can Goldie be? I went up to her room the very first thing, and her bed is cold, and she hasn't nowhere to be found!"

With this hasty speech, the woman sank half fainting upon a chair.

"Don't be scared, mother. Goldie is all right," replied her husband, although his voice trembled a little in spite of himself. "I'll go and hunt her up, he continued washing his hands at the sink."

"If anything has happened to her, I shall never forgive myself! She was very sick last night, and I know then I oughter had the doctor. From what she said then, I was afraid she was a little 'out', and— Oh, dear! let's go up again. I feel just as if she had got up and strayed away, kinder outer her head. Go quick, father!"

Farmer Mellen needed no urging. Some unseen presence seemed to assure him of the hopelessness of his search; but still he blundered on up the stairs to Goldie's room. The quick eyes of the mother saw the drawers of the bureau open, and she exclaimed:

"It is just as I was afraid. She was stricken with a fever, and thinking that she was a-going on a journey, she packed up her things and stole away. Folks is dreadful cunning' when they is fever crazy. See! she has took her new lamb-wool stockin's an' her new plaid dress. The blue tippet, too, is gone. For mercy's sake, father, run out in the yard an' see if you can't track her! The thought of that child a-wadino' through this snow, an' sick with a fever, is enough to drive anybody crazy!"

Farmer Mellen had not waited to hear the words of his wife. He had gone first to Belle's room, and finding her dressed to go downstairs, told her that Goldie was missing. Belle turned a shade paler when she comprehended the truth; but she said:

"Don't be alarmed; you'll find her out in the barn feeding the turkeys or fooling over the horse. She is not far away, I'll venture to say. I'll go down and get breakfast while you look her up."

"I tell you, Belle, something's wrong," replied the farmer, hurrying down the stairs two steps at a time.

In the back room he met Tim, bringing in the remainder of the milk.

"Tim, did you notice any tracks in the snow when you went out this morning?" asked the anxious father.

"No, sir. There was a little flurry o' snow about two o'clock this morning, sir, and it covered up all the tracks, sir, I made last night, sir, when I went to the post office, sir, for Miss Goldie, sir," replied Tim.

"Then pursuit is useless!" groaned the unhappy father, wiping great drops of sweat from his brow.

"Why, sir, was there anybody round the house last night, sir? I hope nobody didn't break in, sir, and steal nothin', sir?"

"Hush, Tim! Goldie's gone!"

"By crimps! exclaimed Tim, setting the pails of milk down; 'Goldie's gone, and y u didn't know it? What's got her?"

"Harness the best horse into the sleigh, Tim, and bring him to the door. Then harness the other one, and go down town for the doctor. Goldie was taken with fever last night, but as she slept heavy, we didn't see how bad she was. Get the doctor here, and I'll have Goldie home if she's within ten miles of here. Now, be quick, Tim!"

Going into the kitchen, Farmer Mellen took from a little cupboard a demijohn containing "Old Medford." He turned out a stiff half tumbler put in as much hot water, and drained it at a single draught.

"Have something to eat before you start," said Belle, setting a chair at the table.

"No, no! I can't eat a mouthful. Here's the horse; keep up a good heart, mother. I'll find her before I come back," hurriedly replied Farmer Mellen.

"You must get the hot water and blankets ready. Like as not we'll find her half froze by the road. Get everything ready for her!" shouted the old man, as he stepped into the sleigh, and applied the whip to the mettlesome horse.

Totally unused to such treatment, the fiery beast dashed away at a fearful rate; and Tim, following close behind, could scarcely manage to keep them in sight.

Finally they neared the village, and as Farmer Mellen had paused to ask every one he met if they had seen Goldie, Tim had nearly overtaken him.

When opposite the doctor's house, that worthy came out, and, on hearing the farmer's account of the matter, accompanied Tim back to the house.

Mr. Mellen continued for a while his search after poor little Goldie, but finding no trace of her, returned nearly heartbroken to the farm. A few minutes later, several of the neighbors who had been assisting in the search were seen coming toward the house.

They gathered in a little knot in the farmyard, and the sad-hearted farmer went to meet them.

"You haven't got any track of her?" he asked despondently.

The men averted their faces, and one of them answered:

"No, sir."

"You won't mind my asking the question, Mr. Mellen. You don't suppose the little gal's made away with herself, do you?" asked a bluff old farmer, who was known to have

A BROKEN-DOWN SYSTEM.
This is a condition (or disease) to which doctors give many names, but which few of them really understand. It is simply weakness—a break-down, as it were, of the vital forces that sustain the system. No matter what may be its causes (for they are almost numberless), its symptoms are much the same: the more prominent being sleeplessness, sense of prostration or weariness, depression of spirits and want of energy for all the ordinary affairs of life. Now, what alone is absolutely essential in all such cases is increased vitality—vigour—vital strength & energy to throw off these morbid feelings, and experience proves that as night succeeds the day this may be more certainly secured by a course of the celebrated life-restoring tonic.

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LIGHTEED UP AFRESH,
and a new existence imparted in place of what had so lately seemed worn-out, "used up," and valueless. This wonderful medicine is purely vegetable and innocuous, is agreeable to the taste and suitable for all constitutions, and conditions, in either sex; and it is difficult to imagine a case of disease or derangement, whose main features are those of debility, that will not be speedily and permanently benefited by this never-failing recuperative essence, which is destined to cast into oblivion every ailment that has preceded it for the wide-spread and numerous class of human ailments.

THERAPION is sold by Chemists throughout the world. Price in England, 2/6 and 4/6. Purchasers should see that the word "THERAPION" appears on British Government stamps in white letters on a red ground affixed to every package by order of His Majesty's Home Office, and without which it is a forgery.

THERAPION may now also be obtained in Bazaar (Toronto) form.

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Dr. Bovel's Iron Tonic Pills will prove a veritable "God-Send" to you

Women with their delicate organization are subject to many troubles and constant anxieties. Dr. Bovel's Iron Tonic Pills give them appetite, strengthen the stomach and other organs, tone up their shaken nerves and benefit their system generally.

391 Flora St., Winnipeg, Man.
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Dear Sirs:—
"My system was all shattered from overwork. Compound syrup of hypophosphites, and other remedies did not do me any good.

I took two boxes of your Pills and they worked marvels. I cannot tell you how grateful I am.

I recommend them to every person who is Pale, Pallid, Sickly and run down. Also Anaemic, where the blood is thin, weak and watery. When the blood is loaded with poisonous impurities, when there is inherited blood taints, when fatigued and weak."

Yours truly,
MRS. CHARLES THOMPSON.
Dr. Bovel's Home Remedies are sold by all dealers. Ask for them. If not obtainable through your dealer within a reasonable time, send 25c (in stamps) to us for any article you require. Bovel Mfg. Co'y, St. John's, Nfld.

had a daughter who was disappointed in love and committed suicide.

A gray, ghastly pallor settled down upon Farmer Mellen's features. It was evident that the thought suggested was as new as it was painful. He stepped forward hastily, then exclaimed:

"God knows! You stay here while I go down to the pool. If I should find anything there, I'd rather be alone!"

There was a depth of agony in the man's voice that touched his hearers, and more than one rough hand was drawn hastily across sympathetic eyes, as the men watched the heavy step of the father, and feared with him to find a trace of Goldie there.

To be continued.

NEW BOOKS.

Sept. Magazines and Fashion Books.

MAGAZINES.
The Strand, Wide World, Cassell's, The Pall Mall, The Lady's Realm, The Novel, Nash's, Windsor, The Captain, Fry's Magazine, Pearson's, The New Magazine, Boy's Own, T. P.'s Magazine, Family Herald Magazine.

FASHION BOOKS.
Weldon's Ladies' Journal, with 6 cut-out paper patterns, 10c.; 12c. post paid.
Fashions for All, with 5 cut-out paper patterns, 10c.; 12c. post paid.
Harrison's Dressmaker, with 7 cut-out paper patterns, 10c.; 12c. post paid.
Illustrated Dressmaker, with 2 cut-out paper patterns, 5c.

Weldon's Children's Fashions, with patterns of girls' autumn set (4 to 8 years), 5c.
Ladies' Companion, with cut-out paper patterns; stories, hints on dress-making, etc., etc., 15c.; 17c. post paid.

Juvenile Dressmaker, with cut-out paper patterns, 5c.
Weldon's Home Milliner, with patterns of lady's hat and child's Quaker Bonnet, 5c.

Garrett Byrne,
Bookseller and Stationer.

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MEDIUM,
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Here's an out and out straight business proposition that will certainly interest everybody who wears shoes. In order that we may make room for our Fall stock in short order, we will now offer our trade a uniform discount of

One Fourth Off of Our Regular Prices.

All our Footwear for Men, Women, Boys, Misses and Children of all sorts must go. Reductions here are always genuine, plain, fair and square.

\$4.00 Shoes Selling at \$3.50
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And so on throughout the stock.

NOTHING PLAINER, CLEANER OR STRAIGHTER.

Hardly see how you can afford to miss this sale, for it would be like throwing away money.

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We've Stirred the Town

The Man who likes a graceful well as a comfortable shape to his boots or shoes, will do himself a good turn by turning his feet in this direction. Our Men's Fine Boots for Fall wear, at

\$2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00 to 6.00.

We have never seen duplicated at the price, in any other store hereabouts. Splendid, Comfortable, Good Looking, Perfect Fitting, Conservative Paced Footwear. SEE OUR WESTERN WINDOW.

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WE ARE THE ONLY complete House Furnishers in the city. We carry everything that you can wish for to fit your home from cellar to attic. Everything here, no matter how cheaply sold, is of a worthy quality, is up to date in style, is handsomely finished and splendidly constructed. Among the many lines carried here can be found a complete assortment of.

U. S. PICTURE & PORTRAIT Co.,
Complete House Furnishers.

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TUESDAY IS BARGAIN DAY

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LARACY'S

Corset Girdles, 18 to 24 in., a fine girl's corset, 7c. on Tuesday.
Men's Grey Sweater Coats, 65c. on Tuesday.
Boys' Knickerbockers and Suits, 1-5 off on Tuesday; a 75c. knicker, 60c.; a \$1.50 suit, \$1.20; a \$2.50 suit, \$2.00 and so on.
Cotton Blankets, 80c. a pair on Tuesday.

Everything in the Crockery, Glassware and Dry Goods Department reduced on Tuesday at

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345 & 347 Water St., opp. Post Office.

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FRESH EGGS,
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New York, Oct. 2.—The steamer Lapland, which arrived yesterday, sighted on Friday afternoon, flying the signal "short of provisions, starving," the schooner-yacht Cornet, owned by Rev. Frank W. Sandford, leader of the Holy Ghost and Us sect of Shiloh, Me.

The Lapland supplied her with a boat load of provisions, but the

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Women's Fine White Cashmere and short sleeves—JOB—quantity \$1.25 each. These are worth \$2.00.

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