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

## WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER VII.

"You don't know?" she echoed. "No, I'm sure you don't, or I should expect you to swoon for sympathy, I thought Ned would, but he didn't. Imagine the most awful thing you are capable of conjuring up, and then double it."

"What a little goose you are, Nat," I interposed, seeing that Roger was by this time staring at her in a puzzled fashion. "It's nothing, Yorke—only that—"

"Only," Nat struck in, stopping me— "only—mind, Doctor Yorke—only that I am to have a governess—that is all. Who would complain of that?"

"What for?" asked Yorke, bluntly. "To make me miserable, of course"—with a pout. "She is sure to do it. How would you feel if some one tried to send you off to school again? How

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Mahoningtown, Pa.—"For three years I suffered untold misery every month, and had to stay in bed the first two or three days. I also had a displacement and other ailments peculiar to women. I became so weak and run down I could scarcely walk across the floor."



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would you like it, do you think?" Yorke had no time to say how he thought he would like it, for just then madame's stately figure appeared, and he further end of the Lady's Walk. Evidently she was looking for us. Nat laid her finger on her lips, and we advanced to meet her.

"I am glad you have come, Doctor Yorke," madame said, giving Roger a more gracious reception than she usually vouchsafed to him. "I am afraid your patient is not quite so well. As it was so late, I feared we should not see you. Natalie, my love, may come in; it is getting chilly."

"I will stay here until you have done with Batterbin, Yorke," I said. "I want to speak to you. Don't be long—there's a good fellow."

The three walked away, and I fell to pacing the Lady's Walk until Yorke should come out again. Batterbin could not have been in much of a strait, for in a few minutes Roger was beside me again.

"Well, that's over," he said, "and as it is my last visit, I suppose I may take it easy for a little while."

"Nothing dangerously wrong with the poor old dame, I hope?" I questioned. I was fond of Batebin; she had nursed and petted me when I was a youngster.

"Oh, no, although I daresay she suffers a good deal! Rheumatism is no joke."

"By the way," I said, thinking of it suddenly, "to speak of another rheumatic patient of yours, how's old Wilde—on his legs yet?"

"Pretty near," returned Roger, shortly. "He won't be himself again for some time yet, though."

"He has better luck than he deserves in being pulled round at all," I said. "How's Lotty?"

"All right, I suppose," answered Yorke, lighting his cigar. "By the way, speaking of her, what is that is up with that fellow, young Flood?"

"Nothing that I know of. What do you mean?"

"That's just what I can't tell you. But, judging by appearances, it will be long enough before he gets the Wayside Cottage. Hasn't he any work to do?"

"As much as usual, I believe—why?"

"Then it's a pity he doesn't do it. So far as I can see, he spends all his time lounging about by old Wilde's place. Go when I will, the fellow is slouching about there. A sulky-looking customer he is, too," added Roger. "I must have got into his black books somehow, for he scowled

at me like a demon this morning, and was hardly civil when I spoke to him."

"He wants a knock on the outside of his thick head, to put a little politeness into it," I returned; "but he was always about the sulkiest fellow in Whittlesford."

"It's more than sulkiest that is wrong with him now. I declare"—and he laughed—"that, if I were at all of a nervous turn, I should fancy that he'd come stealing up behind me one of these dark nights, and give me one on the head. He looks capable of it."

I thought suddenly of the day when I had driven to the station to meet Natalie Orme, and had seen Phil Flood standing on the edge of the path of common, staring at old Wilde's cottage. I recalled the fierce scowling anger which had sat upon his dark face then, and understood Yorke's meaning plainly enough. With that expression on his face, he did indeed look desperate enough for anything. But what I meant by looking as he did I did not know in the instant, and, saying so, we changed the subject. Roger and I could always find plenty to talk about.

It was fully half an hour later; the moon was high, and we were leaning in the little gate beneath the horse-chestnut again, when he threw away the end of his smoked-out cigar, and said he must go.

"Bid Miss Orme good-night for me," he said, moving off; then he stopped suddenly, and turned back. "By Jove I forgot! I had a special message to deliver to her from Miss Deeping."

"I think so. The fellow has cheek enough for anything."

"Whew-ew!" whistled Roger. "I should think so, if it comes to that! Well, by Jove!"

He looked as if he were about to whistle again, and evidently had another explosive ready, when a sound higher up the lane startled us, coming from the direction of Whittlesford, the sharp, quick trot of a horse. We both knew who it was; and in another minute the tall thin figure of the master of Holmeade, mounted on his tall thin horse, swept by swiftly. He did not see us, standing there in the shadow of the horse-chestnut. Roger's blue eyes flashed a look after him that was not particularly pleasant.

"I was thinking, Ned," he said, speaking with a flush of red on his sunburned cheek and a laugh which sounded rather forced, "how vastly I should enjoy pitching that fellow over the hedge yonder, and then rolling him into the ditch on the other side. Good-night!"

(To be continued.)

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I've got it here somewhere, I know. You must give it to her for me, Ned."

"All right! Hand it out."

He began to turn out his pockets, and finally produced a plink envelope bearing Nat's name scrawled in Alice's large sweeping hand. I took it.

"Any message, Roger?"

"No, only that. It's nothing very particular, I think; but Alice threatened me with vengeance if I forgot. Mind you don't!"

"Not I. Nat shall have it directly I get in. How are they all at the rectory?"

"Famous—all but Mrs. Deeping, of course. Alice meant to come round herself to-night, she said, but they had visitors—Major Constable."

"Who?" I asked, for the name was strange to me.

"Why, surely you know the man who has taken the Lodge?" cried Yorke, "or at any rate, you have heard of him?"

"Of course, I had heard of him. The Lodge was a nice comfortable place, although not a very big one, close to the rectory. It belonged to Roxborough Chase, but the earl let it. It had been empty for a long time until a week or two before, when it was announced that a gentleman had taken it—a retired Indian officer, it was believed. But until Yorke mentioned his name, I had forgotten all about Major Constable."

"What sort of a man is he, Yorke?" I asked, curiously.

"Oh, a regular battle-scarred veteran, bronzed and bearded! Nice fellow, though. He has lost his left arm. You will like him I think. He quite took my fancy. He seems in high favor at the rectory."

"And Miss Alice was flirting with him, as usual," I said, laughing.

Miss Deeping's perfectly cool proceedings in that line of business always amused me. She would have flirted with me to keep her hand in. Yorke laughed too.

"Not yet awhile, I think. She was devoting most of her energies to the snubbing of Fraser Froude."

"Froude?" I echoed. "Oh, he was there, was he? That's the reason he didn't turn up here, I suppose?"

"Here?" Roger repeated, in surprise. "He doesn't often come here, does he?"

"Pretty well every day since he took up coming at all, for some reason best known to himself. We shouldn't absolutely break our hearts if he withdrew the light of his countenance though. Madame doesn't care for him, nor Nat either, whereat the gentleman chafes, or I'm mistaken."

"What do you mean?" asked Yorke, sharply.

"Just what I say. Of course it sounds absurd—he's old enough to be my father, for one thing; but I really do believe that she is the magnet. If not, who is?" He's hardly in love with Valla, I suppose?"

"Do you mean to tell me, Ned Chavasse," cried Yorke, folding his arms on the gate to look at me more closely, "that Fraser Froude has the impudence to come here after Natalie Orme?"

"I think so. The fellow has cheek enough for anything."

"Whew-ew!" whistled Roger. "I should think so, if it comes to that! Well, by Jove!"

He looked as if he were about to whistle again, and evidently had another explosive ready, when a sound higher up the lane startled us, coming from the direction of Whittlesford, the sharp, quick trot of a horse. We both knew who it was; and in another minute the tall thin figure of the master of Holmeade, mounted on his tall thin horse, swept by swiftly. He did not see us, standing there in the shadow of the horse-chestnut. Roger's blue eyes flashed a look after him that was not particularly pleasant.

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(To be continued.)

Here and there a strong character defiant as to custom and precedent appears. But most of us take the two lumps of sugar in our coffee which convention prescribes.

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A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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