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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

A Terrible Tangle.

CHAPTER XII.
David's Messenger.

She lost no time in writing to Beth, and she composed a very touching letter, full of regretful paths, about the silence that had existed between them, and expressing immense satisfaction that things should have gone so well with her sister.

She knew, of course, the exact way to touch Beth, but she prepared herself for a little delay in bringing matters to a satisfactory point. First of all, because she knew that she had Ellen Griffin against her; and, secondly, because the few times that she had caught sight of Beth she had been amazed by the change that had been worked in her sister's appearance, and

BACKACHE NOT A DISEASE

But a Symptom, a Danger Signal Which Every Woman Should Heed.

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If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.



conjectured thereby that perhaps Beth's nature had changed, too.

As a matter of fact, Elizabeth was greatly upset by the arrival of Lil's letter, and could not see her way clearly for some days. The claim on her affection troubled her, and yet remembrance was so clear, and Lil was so different to the Lil she had loved. Winter was advancing, Christmas was drawing near. Her house was practically settled; she had established herself in it. And yet it seemed like a dream to Beth at time to wander through her new home, and realize that she was mistress of so much that was grand and luxurious. Up at the little White Farm, even, the strangest changes of existence had seemed to come in natural fashion.

Here this was all changed. The world began to seek her, and Ellen Griffin assisted the world. Sometime Beth would smile sadly to herself, and sometimes a hot rush of color would come to her cheeks.

"If all these people could know how little right I have to this money," she said to herself no more than one occasion. There was a day in which she did not think of David Barostan, and it was difficult, even for her herself, to analyze her feelings toward this man.

As she sat by the fireside in the smallest of her many beautiful rooms, her servant brought her a note.

"Is there an answer?" asked Elizabeth.

"The person is waiting, madam," said the butler, as he closed the curtains and turned on the electric light, the handwriting was strange to her.

Elizabeth studied the envelope; but by this time she was accustomed to receive unexpected communications. For wealth generally opens the door to a legion of appeals, honest and otherwise.

As the butler paused, she tore open the envelope, and the two letters at the end, "D.B.," caught her eye first.

Coloring hotly, she got up and turned around, standing with her back to the servant while she read hurriedly the note in her hand.

It was that letter which David Barostan had written the night that he had dined with Richard Gooch.

"The bearer of this is a girl whom by mere chance I saved from death. She will bring you this letter if other means that are being tried for her should fail. She seems to me to be a child of sorrow, one who has been sinned against rather than one who sins. I know nothing of her beyond

the bare fact that she is friendless and alone in London. If it lies in your power to help her, I know you will do it; that is why I am giving her these few words."

The strangest sensation took possession of Elizabeth. She could not speak. She could hardly stand for a moment, her heart was in a whirl. This direct appeal from him touched her in a way that nothing as yet had touched her.

After a long pause she calmed herself, turned to the butler.

"I will see this young woman," she said; "bring her here."

Once again she found herself forced to realize how she had misjudged this man in the past, and how great an enemy to himself he had been.

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Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

She was still standing by the fire when the door opened, and the butler ushered in the bearer of that letter.

Obediently a movement of his mistress's head, the servant withdrew.

Elizabeth saw before her a white-faced, poorly clad girl, with something like terror written in her eyes, and ill health and sorrow proclaimed in her general look.

"Come nearer the fire," Elizabeth said, and she stretched out her hand; "don't be frightened, sit down, and tell me something about yourself."

The girl advanced timidly. She did not dare touch the hand outstretched, and sat on the nearest chair.

The luxuries of the room and the beauty of the woman who received her startled her.

"You have been a long time coming with this letter," said Elizabeth, in her softest voice. "I see by the date on it that it was written back in the summer. Why did you not bring it on before?"

"I have been at work, ma'am," the girl said, in a low voice; "a kind friend helped me, father Merton—perhaps you know his name?"

Elizabeth shook her head and then she paused.

"You do indeed look far from being strong," she went on, quietly, and you want to be in a good home, am sure. Fortunately, I am in need of a maid. Would you like to take service with me?"

The girl could not speak.

"I think I shall send you into the country for a little while, to begin with," Elizabeth said, rising and moving across to that small bowed figure—somewhere where you will have very little to do, and where you can breathe the fresh air and get some strength into your limbs. It is a long way from here, up in the north of England? Will you be afraid to go so far?"

The girl put out her hand involuntarily, and then would have drawn it back again, only Elizabeth caught it.

"You can sleep here to-night," she said. "If you have anything that you would like to bring with you, you can go back and fetch it, and to-morrow I shall start you for the North myself, but first I am going to see that you have something to eat."

She rang the bell, and asked for Lily to be sent to her, and when her old servant came Elizabeth conferred the girl to her charge.

"This is a new maid of mine, Mary," she said, "she is going to begin her duties up at the White Farm. She has come to me with a letter of recommendation from Mr. Barostan. I want you to see that she is quite comfortable, and if she needs any clothes, you see that she obtains these things for her before she starts to-morrow. She will sleep here to-night."

When she was alone Elizabeth sat reading through that note many times, and finally she arose and went to her room. There, unlocking an old-fashioned box which contained all those things she most treasured, she slipped this note among them, and when she turned away she found that her face was wet with tears.

That resemblance which she had seen in this strange girl, whose name she yet unknown to her, brought her thoughts back to Lil with a rush.

In her imagination, she pictured Lil in some such plight; she saw her sister pleading through this sorrowful creature's eyes.

"I must answer that letter," she said, to herself, "and I must meet Lil. She will never be to me what she was; but still, we are linked together by all those years, still she is the child that my father bequeathed to me, and I may be of some use to her."

Mrs. Griffin was ensconced in an armchair when Elizabeth got back to her boudoir. Mrs. Griffin had come as usual to spend the evening with Elizabeth, and wore what she was pleased to call a tea gown, in which she had a more severe and eccentric appearance than usual.

But Beth's correspondent did not take her long, she wrote a few words only:

"Dear Lil: If you care to come and see me, you will find me at home to-morrow at five. Your affectionate sister, Beth."

When this was done she carried the letter across and put it in front of Mrs. Griffin.

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