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If rightly used Cream of the West Flour will make the lightest, flakiest, most nutritious bread you have ever tasted. If you haven't tested it order a barrel next time you go to the grocer's.

### Cream of the West Flour

the hard wheat flour 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—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 a. e. presented.

The Campbell Milling Co. Limited, Toronto.  
Archibald Campbell, President

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

# Beautiful Cynthia;

## Victory After Many Defeats.

CHAPTER XVIII.  
**OFF TO THE FRONTIER.**

Darrel was not surprised. He remembered incidents, quite small incidents, which had occurred in the past—scraps of conversation between his father and Mr. Burridge, certain covert insolences which Burridge had occasionally displayed. There also flashed across his mind at that moment the words, the threats, Sampson had tipsily uttered outside the Savoy, Lady Westlake's taunt of "impecunious baronet." He was not surprised, but his gorge rose at the thought of Burridge's duplicity, the complete and skillful way in which his poor father and he had been engulfed by that voracious boor.

Poor Darrel knew nothing of business, but he had sense enough to put the question:

"You mean that you hold the mortgages on the Court and the estate."

### Psoriasis All Over Body

Doctors Said Incurable, But Now There is No Sign of Disease, Thanks to Dr. Chase's Ointment.



Mds. N. Massey.

"Psoriasis is one of the most dreaded of itching skin diseases. It is a sort of chronic eczema. The itching it causes is almost beyond human endurance, and doctors are accustomed to give it up as incurable.

But here is a case that was given up and pronounced incurable. The result proves that Dr. Chase's Ointment almost works miracles in curing the worst form of itching skin disease imaginable.

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The soothing, healing influence of Dr. Chase's Ointment is truly wonderful. Eczema, salt rheum, barber's itch, ringworm and scores of such torturing ailments are relieved at once and as certainly cured if the Ointment is used persistently. Mothers and Dr. Chase's Ointment invaluable in preventing and curing the skin troubles of babies, such as chafing, irritations of the skin and baby scum.

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ly: "but I didn't understand; I didn't pay any attention. I see now that I was wrong in not doing so. You wish to talk with your father? Pray do so; I will leave you."

"Oh, it's nothing much," said Sampson. "Don't go, Mr. Frayne—Sir Darrel. The place doesn't belong to us—yet."

Darrel started as if he had been stung, as, indeed, he had.

"You are right," he said, "it does not. For to-day, at least, this house is mine. Be good enough to leave it, both of you."

With white face and flashing eyes he pointed to the door.

The old man scrambled to his feet; he was a servant, and servile at heart. He felt the bonds of his servitude inclosing him at that moment; he stood with bowed head for a moment, then moved toward the door; but, warmed by the whisky, Sampson's blood was up, as he would have put it; he laid his hand on his father's arm and stared insolently across the elder man's bent figure at Darrel.

"So you're going to ride the high horse, are you?" said Sampson. "Go in to carry it with a high hand, eh? You're ordering us out of the house, as if we were dogs, cattle? All right! We're going; but it won't be for long; we shall be back soon, and we shall come back as masters. There's an end of you and your lot, and you may thank your stars that we've given you as much rope as we have done; we could have kicked you out long ago, if we'd liked, couldn't we, father?"

"Hold your tongue, Sampson!" growled Burridge.

"Oh, it's all very well," retorted Sampson; "but who's going to stand his impudence. I won't, at any rate. Let him know his place. He's our debtor; he owes us more money than he can pay. He ought to recognize the fact that we've held our hands for years, for years; that, so to speak, he's been living on us, actually living on us. You may stare, Sir Darrel, but it's true enough, and you can put it in your pipe and smoke it."

Darrel's hand fell to his side, and he sank into his chair. Perhaps the sight of his humiliation touched Burridge. For he pushed Sampson toward the door, and looking back at the bent figure in the chair, muttered: "Another time, Sir Darrel, another time. Go out, Sampson."

The door closed on them, and Darrel, free to indulge his misery, let his head fall upon his arm, and gave way to his anguish; but not for long. He was young, and he was a Frayne. His manhood called to him in no uncertain voice, and he responded to it.

He arose, a little shaky, but supported by a firm resolution. The blow had been a crushing one, but he would not consent to be crushed. His ancestral home, the home he had loved so dearly, was passing, had already passed, from him; he was an intruder in the house in which he had thought himself master; he was, as Mr. Burridge had said, penniless. But his youth and his strength and the girl he loved remained to him.

Then suddenly he remembered the most crushing blow of all. Cynthia also had gone; there was absolutely nothing left.

Instantly he asked himself the question: Had she known, before she wrote her letter dismissing him, that he was ruined? His whole soul recoiled from the thought. Cynthia, his old playmate, whose pure, innocent, unworldly heart he thought he

could read as if it were an open book, to jilt him, throw him off, because he was a poor man!

It was impossible; he knew her too well. And yet she might have heard of his ruin. Lady Westlake might know of it; in his drunken fury Sampson had spat out his venom very plainly that night; she might have heard him. And yet, if she had, how, to account for her acceptance of his love, for her promise to marry him, her refusal of Northam?

He paced up and down in a whirl of confusion, one moment accusing Cynthia of mercenary worldliness, the next acquitting her.

But suddenly he realized that whether Cynthia were true or false, were actuated by base motives or simply obeying the dictates of her heart, the separation between them was final. For how could he ask her, permit her, to marry a penniless man! She was lost to him forever; he must accept her letter of dismissal.

He dined that night with the quiet state habitual at the Court; but he ate little and drank less. Priestly hovered about him with a kind of paternal affection; the other servants eyed him commiseratingly.

Darrel considered it incumbent upon him to acquaint the old man with the changes which were about to take place. As Priestly, having put on the dessert, was about to leave the room with his usual deferential bow, Darrel said in a voice which he endeavored to keep steady:

"I ought to tell you, Priestly, that I am going to leave the Court, that I shall not come back. I—I think it will be said. Of course, your wages, and the others' wages, will be paid."

Priestly—he had been in the service of the Fraynes since boyhood—peep, footman, valet, butler—caught his breath with a kind of sob.

"Oh, Mr. Darrel!" he gasped. "I beg your pardon—Sir Darrel—it isn't true, sir, is it? They are saying—"

"That I am ruined," said Darrel quietly, but with something like a sob in his own voice. "I'm afraid it's true, Priestly. Mr. Burridge—"

"Don't you mention that man's name to me, sir," broke in Priestly agitatedly. "It's all his doings. I've had a suspicion for a long time—"

"I'm afraid there were grounds for your suspicion, Priestly," said Darrel. "But we won't talk of it; what's the use? I am sorry to part with you, Priestly—but I'm going myself. I shall never come back."

He held out his hand. Priestly took it, and the tears, that did not disgrace the old man's manhood, ran down his cheeks.

He was devoted to the family, had been fond of Sir Anson; but the love of Priestly's heart had been spent upon the boy whom he had held in his arms as an infant—Darrel's mother had placed him there—and the thought of Darrel's ruin was an agony to this faithful servant; but he was a well-trained servant, he knew that he must not give way to his grief, and, after wringing Darrel's hand in mute agony, he went out of the room.

(To be continued.)

## Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9568.—A NEAT FRÖCK FOR MOTHERS GIRL.



Girls' Dress with Dickey and with Two Styles of Sleeve.

Blue chambray with blue and white striped percale for trimming is here shown. The design will also look well in white linen embroidered in self or contrasting color, or in crepe, voile, corduroy and other seasonable materials. The closing is at the side in front, and the waist may be worn without the dickey. The long sleeve with band cuff, may be used, while for a cool summer dress the shorter sleeve may be preferred. This design offers many possibilities in style and trimming, and is easy to develop. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 40 inch material for a 10 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9547.—A NEAT AND SIMPLE MODEL.



Child's Play Dress.

This charming little dress is easy to make, and suitable for percale, chambray, gingham, linen, flanne, or galathea. It is cut with kimono sleeve, and has tucks over the front, forming a box plait. The dress may be worn with or without the belt. It makes an ideal play or beach dress, for warm days. The round neck is finished with a band that may be of contrasting materials, together with the tabs and belt. Tan colored chambray with red linene for trimming, or cadet blue linene with white for contrast would be very effective. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4, and 6 years. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 40 inch material for a 4 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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