



I'm the Cream of the West Miller, and I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll guarantee your next batch of bread

I WILL guarantee it to rise away up out of the pans, and make as delicious bread as you ever tasted. The loaves will be the biggest and most wholesome you ever baked with the same amount of flour. I'll guarantee it or you get back the money you paid for the flour! Now see:

Go to your grocer and buy a barrel of Cream of the West Flour. Take it home and bake it up.

Give it a trial. Give it a couple of trials. Your oven or yeast might not be just right the first time.

Now when you give it a fair trial, if you honestly feel that you have not

had splendid satisfaction with Cream of the West Flour, return the unused portion of barrel and get your money back.

Just tell the store man your bread didn't come out right and you want your money back as guaranteed.

It's not the grocery man who loses. It doesn't come out of his pocket. It is the Campbell Milling Company, Limited, of Toronto, who pay, and they are satisfied to pay if you'll be satisfied to try Cream of the West Flour.

Ask your store-keeper about this guarantee. He knows. He will tell you. Try a barrel.

Cream of the West Flour

The hard wheat flour that is 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 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 II.

In His Power.

Elizabeth smiled, and the dimple in her left cheek made her smile bewitching.

"Are you sure that you would like milk?" she asked. "I can bring you some at once, or, what is better still, you can come to the dairy, and drink it there. But you can have something else, if you prefer it."

"Enchanting," cried Lord Ottershaw. "Warm milk from the cow! I hope it is not indigestible."

"I hope not," said Elizabeth. They walked together across the lawn, and he eyed her narrowly. At first he had certainly taken her for a farm woman, or some domestic, but he was quick to see that he had made a mistake, only it amused him to pretend that he had not.

"I suppose you girls will have lots to do to-day," he observed.

"Lots," said Elizabeth. "We all worked as hard as we could yesterday and the day before and the day before that. If you come through this way, sir, I will take you to the dairy."

"It is a long time since I visited a farm," said Ottershaw. "I think I shall have to look up some of my own. The atmosphere distinctly appeals to me. It is all so peaceful—and rural."

"You must be hungry," said Elizabeth.

The dairymaids were at work and she called to one of them and told her to bring some bread.

"Will you sit down here?" she added, turning to Ottershaw. "I shall be back directly."

He watched her walk toward the kitchen, where she intended to deposit her basket of mushrooms, and he thought he had never seen anything more charming than the way she moved.

She made altogether a delightful picture in her faded pink cotton gown and her coarse straw hat. He had been quick to note the glint of gold in her hair, and he gave a strong tribute of admiration to the healthy white of her skin.

He actually drank the milk when she brought it, though he made a little face over it, and he ate the homemade bread with relish.

"I was hungry," he said to Elizabeth, as she came back to follow him. "Thank you so much for your hospitality. I suppose your mistress allows you to give a little milk and bread to a beggar?"

"I am my own mistress," said Elizabeth, "and I hope you will stay to breakfast, Lord Ottershaw, when I shall give you something more substantial and appetizing."

"I say," said Ottershaw, as he followed her into the garden again out of the farm courtyard, "I hope you don't think me a lunatic!"

Hair Stops Falling, Dandruff Disappears 25c. "Danderine."

SAVE YOUR HAIR! BEAUTIFY IT! INVIGORATE YOUR SCALP! DANDERINE GROWS HAIR AND WE CAN PROVE IT!

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or a loose or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you will actually see new hair, fine and downy and first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine now will immediately double the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it

through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and prove to yourself to-night—now—that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all.

"No," said Elizabeth, smiling; "you see, I have heard a good deal about you, and I have been given to understand that you are rather an irresponsible person, Lord Ottershaw."

"Now, who has been telling tales about me, I wonder? Not Henry, I am sure; Henry is far too much in love to remember even that I exist. By the way," added Ottershaw, quickly, "am I talking to the bride of to-day?"

"No," said Elizabeth, "nothing so important. I am only the bride's sister."

"Oh," said Ottershaw; "then I have heard about you. I believe I am a little afraid of you, Miss Forsyth; you are a very wonderful person, so I am told. Farm your own farm, milk your own cows, manage everything marvelously; a very wise and practical young lady."

"I don't know who has been telling tales about me," laughed Elizabeth; "but whoever it is, they have flattered. I am only a very commonplace individual, I assure you."

Ottershaw, under very ordinary circumstances, would have said something very pretty and charming, but though they were chatting in this light and easy manner, there was an element of dignity, a touch of coldness in Elizabeth's geniality that he respected, even while he resented it.

"You have a delightful home," he said; "I had a great fancy to see this old-fashioned farm, where my kinsman's love story has been written. It is so strange to realize that Henry is going to be married. It was not altogether idle curiosity that made me a trespasser. As a matter of fact, I expected to have been off and away from your property before anybody could catch me. Do you usually get up so early, Miss Forsyth?"

"Perhaps not quite so early," answered Elizabeth; "but this is not an ordinary day." She was smiling, but as she did so, a sorrowful expression passed into her eyes, and he caught the sound of a sigh.

"Henry Garland is the best fellow in the world," he said, involuntarily. "How he has escaped matrimony all these years, I don't know, for I think he will be an ideal husband."

Elizabeth's cheeks flushed a little. She understood what was meant by this speech, and she felt grateful to him.

"If I did not know and trust Sir Henry," she said, "there would be very little sunshine for me this morning."

"Is your sister, then, so much to you?" asked the man. He put the question half jealously.

"She has been all my life," answered Elizabeth. "You may perhaps understand this when you see Lil."

"I always wanted a sister or a brother," said Ottershaw; "though," he added, quickly, "it is very mean of me to say that, for I have been blest with the most wonderful any man could have had."

Elizabeth gave a sigh. "I am half afraid I must leave you, Lord Ottershaw," she said. There were signs of movement in the house. The servants were bustling about. Windows were being thrown widely open—she was wanted indoors.

"I need not ask you to make yourself at home," she added with a smile; "please go where you like in this small domain."

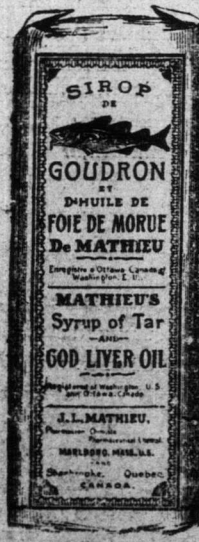
"Thank you," said Ottershaw and he took off his hat.

Once again she noticed how good he was to look at, how easy was his bearing, and how he came, and yet how simple he was dressed. It was her first experience of a man of fashion. Sir Henry had a refined and military air, but he was not elegant as Ottershaw was, and the charm of this younger man was all his own.

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Cannot be cured with ordinary soothing syrups. The disease must be attacked at the root to eradicate the irritation of the lungs, heal the wounds and strengthen the respiratory organs. The composition of

MATHIEU'S SYRUP of Tar and Cod Liver Oil and other Medicinal Extracts marks amongst all other remedies as the true specific for the diseases of the throat, the bronchial tubes and the lungs. Here are a few conclusive proofs:



AGAINST HEADACHE there is no remedy so active as Mathieu's Nerve Powders which contain no opium, morphine or alcohol. 25 cents per box of 18 powders.

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Best City Doctors Failed, But Cure Was Effected by Use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.



Mrs. A. T. Smith. You apply Dr. Chase's Ointment for eczema and feel the benefit as if by magic. It may take some days to get the sores cleaned out and the healing process fully established, but from day to day you can see the old trouble gradually disappearing and know that you are getting rid of it.

Mrs. A. T. Smith, 1 St. Charles St. Montreal, Que., writes:—"I had eczema on my leg for four years, and tried many remedies and doctors in Montreal and Boston, without any benefit. I used three boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment and was cured completely. This was three years ago. Since then I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for irritations and eruptions of the skin, and it easily got rid of them with two or three applications. Dr. Chase's Ointment is a wonderful preparation."

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"I always wanted a sister or a brother," said Ottershaw; "though," he added, quickly, "it is very mean of me to say that,

that both Henry and my mother would be a little hurt with me, I determined to get to Warmminster by hook or by crook. That is why I have been bicycling in the dawn. It was deliciously cool in the country roads."

He put out his hand, and Elizabeth let hers rest in it for a moment. She was disposed to be very kind to him now, only because she knew how pleased Lil would be at his unexpected arrival. Otherwise, though she was alive to the charm of his appearance, she fancied he was a good deal alive to this himself, and Elizabeth could have no sympathy for a vain man.

"It will be only au revoir," said Ottershaw.

He walked away with a swinging movement, picked up his bicycle, and was gone almost directly.

When Elizabeth turned and went into the house, she found Mrs. Griffin arrayed in a white wrapper, giving all the help she could.

"I heard you go down stairs at an unearthly hour," she said, as she kissed Elizabeth; "I suppose you could not rest. Anyhow, you look fresh enough; you might be one of your own rosebuds, drenched in dew. Are you going up to Lil?"

Elizabeth shook her head.

"No; she never wakes very early, as she told me not to go to her till eight o'clock. We will have breakfast alone together. Aunt Willy always has her breakfast in her room."

"I'll be bound she does," said Mrs. Griffin, "with every sort of fattening food. Now, what shall we do, Beth?"

"You might come and help me with the presents," said Elizabeth.

And so for the space of an hour they worked busily, setting all Lil's gifts on tables, arranging all the cards of the donors in their proper places. There was a goodly array, and the jewelry alone was worth looking at.

Mrs. Griffin stooped over the table that held these treasures.

"I must say," she said, "that Ottershaw has a pretty taste. This old emerald pendant, with its six strings of old pearls, is a really charming thing."

"Yes, I should say that Lord Ottershaw had a good taste in jewelry and dress generally," said Elizabeth, then she laughed. "Ellen, would it surprise you very much to know that he will be at the wedding?"

"Nothing that Mark does," observed Mrs. Griffin, "surprises me;" then she looked at Elizabeth a little sharply. "But how do you know this?"

"Because he told me so himself," said Mrs. Griffin, "contracted her brows.

"Told you so himself! Has he been here?"

Beth nodded her head.

"When I came back from the meadows, where I went to get some mushrooms, I found a very elegant young man lounging about the garden. I must confess I took him at first for an intruder, and he apparently took me for a dairymaid. He is very good to look at, Ellen."

"What time was that?" asked Mrs. Griffin.

"Somewhere about half-past five."

"How on earth did he get here?"

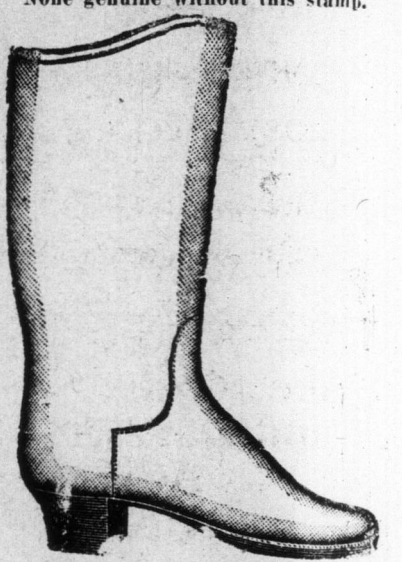
"On his bicycle."

"Well—" said Mrs. Griffin, but she got no further. "I am glad he has come," she said, after a little pause. "I know that it would have hurt his mother if he had not done this. For Agnes Ottershaw has a very tender place in her heart for Sir Henry. Now let us have some breakfast, Beth; I am famished, and I intend to see that you eat something, for you have a tremendous day in front of you."

(To be continued.)

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Hand-made Waterproof Tongue Boot. Also Tongue Wellingtons, Tongue High and Low 3/4 Boots. Measure taken and perfect fit guaranteed.



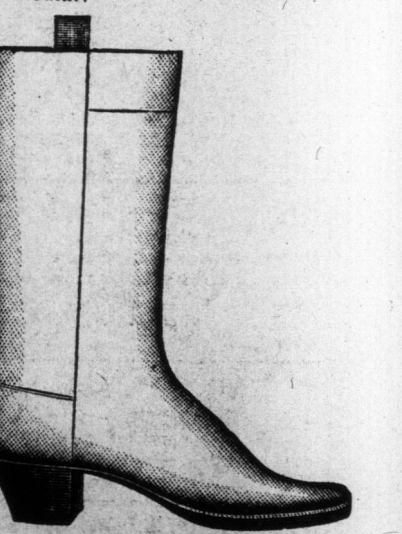
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Boys' Storm Shoes, 8 and 10 inches high, with full Bellows Tongue to top. Just the thing for the boys in wet weather.



Men's Hand-pegged Grain Leather Boots. Price \$2.20. Men's Hand-pegged Bellows Tongue Boots. Price \$2.50. These Boots are guaranteed all solid sole leather, and solid in every particular.



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Take John and Don as Ad

Editor Evening Telegram: Dear Sir:—I will not improve her system, but continues, of thirty years ago. So on the roads in October of in December and the There is practically no and the water running face wears it hollow in Large stones or very cut on one year, and year men have to be put off again—a pure was money.

Sir Edward Morris's better condition of things you have duped us, as you spect to Electric Road B so in respect to the of Branch Railways, etc. when you stand on the to be swept into the anti-clans' political conviction, ter taste of political dejection, will you think tricks which won you ment? Yes, you will.

Where is Road Inspector Bonita? Is he also getting easy? Will it require a ment of an Inspector of to spur that official on? Inspector of Inspectors man not afraid to open The Hon. John Coburn obtain qualifications for an At any rate, John could for culverts.

It was once an honorific Now it is a joke. OF HONOR" amongst much needed order in the present, and less YAP. think so, Mr. P. McG. YAP is talk without it. The talk of politician impress upon their hear are patriots, self-sacrific are bleeding for the who, instead, make

TWO WOMEN

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Stable Compound Their Health—The Statements For

Haliburton, P.E.I.—"I examine me and he said I the womb, so I have been E. Pinkham's Vegetable C it has done me a lot of g bearing-down pains have have gained ten pounds in discharge is all gone, and than I have for a long time woman is foolish to suffer the sake of a few dollars.

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Vegetal has don had be pains, w weak, l lower be not be long end meal. laid on would but wh doctor said I had female tro E. Pinkham's Vegetable Co the only medicine that help have been growing stronger I commenced to take it. I help other suffering women You can use this letter."— LLOYD, New Moorefield, Cla