



## Delicious Bread or Your Money Refunded

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 XXXVII.

I met the expressive look in her large light eyes, and knew that my own answered them. I too lowered my voice in saying—  
"Do you know, then, Virtue?"  
"Yes, sir," she returned, quietly.  
"I know. I knew long ago that Miss Natalie loved Doctor Yorke—before Mademoiselle Valdin came. I used to watch her—being so fond of her, you see," she added, in apologetic explanation—"and I soon found out. She used to flush up and look so bright when he came, and I have seen all the light go out of her face when he went away. Oh, I couldn't help seeing, sir, any more than you could!"  
So this strange quick-eyed damsel had found that out too, it seemed; and I was rather astonished at her penetration, knowing how small her opportunities for exercising it must have been.  
"Look here, Virtue," I began—"madame isn't aware of all this, you know, and—"  
"I must not say anything to make her think so," she supplemented, composedly. "Oh, no, sir; I understand that of course!" Then, dropping her voice again—"Did you notice what she is holding, Mr. Ned?"  
"No; I didn't see that she was holding anything. What is it?"  
"Those flowers of Dr. Yorke's, sir—those that he sent her for the ball, you know. I picked them up after she trampled on them that time, and put them into water again. They disappeared afterward, and I thought

she had thrown them away; but she must have hidden them somewhere. She has had them there—all old and faded as they are—all the time, and never puts them down for a moment. I moved them this morning, thinking they were in her way perhaps, but she gave a scream as loud as if I had hurt her, and snatched them back again."  
"Did she say anything?" I asked curiously.  
"No sir. I hoped she would cry then, but she only lay there pressing them tightly to her, and kissing them, I think."  
I gave one more glance toward the bed, with that desolate, heart-broken little figure stretched upon it, but here was no movement there, and with a nod to Virtue I went softly out of the room and down-stairs, going to the morning-room, where I had left my mother.  
It was pretty late in the afternoon—almost dark, in fact—but I saw by the fire-light the traces of tears upon madame's handsome face, and knew that she had been crying. It was no until I had stood by her for a little while that she looked up and asked me how Natalie was now. Mademoiselle sat by the window, knitting away mechanically in what little light there was; but her eyes were never raised from her busy needles.  
"Just the same, mother," I answered. "She would not speak a word and hardly seemed to know when I spoke to her."  
"I can not understand it," my mother said, sadly, using her handkerchief without any reserve at all. "Her utter prostration is a complete mystery to me!"  
It was not to me, but just then

## For Dandruff, Falling Hair, or Itchy Scalp—25c. "Danderine."

SAVE YOUR HAIR! DANDERINE DESTROYS DANDRUFF AND STOPS FALLING HAIR AT ONCE—GROWS HAIR, WE PROVE IT.  
If you care for heavy hair, that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous you must use Danderine, because nothing else accomplishes so much for the hair.  
Just one application of Knowlton's Danderine will double the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff; you cannot have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair

was not the time to say so. Madame went on—  
"She must have cared for that unhappy man, after all, Ned, although I was absolutely certain that she did not."  
I shook my head.  
"She didn't care for him, mother."  
"But she behaves as though she were completely heart-broken," observed madame, wiping her eyes again.  
"And no wonder, poor little thing!" I thought, my heart sinking at the recurrence of a fear which had haunted me ever since the tragedy—that if things were not quickly cleared up as regarded Roger Yorke, she—little figure stretched upon it, but here was no movement there, and with a nod to Virtue I went softly out of the room and down-stairs, going to the morning-room, where I had left my mother.  
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ing, and Virtue had not heard from him as to his new place of abode. All this, in fact, the girl had told my mother with plentiful tears and sobbings on the day when the inspector's suspicions had first fallen upon her, vehemently declaring that, if she did but know where to find her brother, so that some one could go to him, they would very soon see that she had not stolen Miss Natalie's jewels to give to him, poor fellow! This madame now corroborated as I repeated it, obviously very little to the inspector's satisfaction.  
Mr. Blake had mentioned Miss Orme's governess, Mlle. Valdin. Would he like to see her?  
No; it appeared that the inspector had intended to ask a question or two, but perhaps, all things considered, it would be well not to trouble the lady at present. As to the jewels, he was sorry that Mr. Chavasse should have fancied that he had either traced them or had a fresh slew to the thief. He regretted to say that so far he had not the least. With that he bowed himself out and took his departure, and madame and I went back to the morning-room.  
Mademoiselle was not there. I do not know that I should have noticed that, if in crossing to the fire I had not managed to catch my foot in the great heap of knitting which I had seen her let fall as I left the room—a piece of clumsiness which nearly threw me forward on to my nose. The noise I made in recovering my balance made madame look round, and she inquired languidly what that was.  
"Only this blessed knitting!" I answered, stooping to pick it up. "If I have got it into a tangle, I can't help it. Mademoiselle shouldn't make a trap of it. I wonder where she is?"  
"Perhaps she has gone to sit with Natalie," my mother suggested, indifferently.  
That I knew she had not, since Nat could not bear the sight of her—a fact of which it struck me the astute governess was well aware.  
"Perhaps she has one of her headaches," I suggested. "She looked pretty pale just now, I thought."  
"Did she? I did not notice; but then I am really too much worried and upset to notice anything properly," madame declared, almost irritably. "I hope she is not ill, poor thing! But really it is difficult to judge, for she never complains unless she is absolutely obliged; and it is not like her to drop her work about like that. Is that Styles in the hall, Ned? Ask him where she is."

"What is it, Styles?" my mother asked, quietly.  
"You are wanted, madame, if you please. It is Inspector Blake; he wants to see you directly."  
Madame passed out at once. I stopped the old man as he was about to close the door.  
"What is the Inspector after, Styles? Do you know?"  
"Not quite, Mr. Ned; but from something he said I fancy he has found it all out, sir."  
"Found it all out?" I repeated, excitedly, making a spring at him and clutching him by the arm. "Be careful what you are saying, Styles! If Blake can prove the Doctor is innocent, he shall have a thousand pounds down to-morrow, as sure as my name is what it is! What did he say? Quick!"  
"Why, bless you, Mr. Ned," cried the old man, blankly, releasing his arm, while mademoiselle's knitting, rolled in an unheeded heap on to the ground, "I don't mean that! You have got hold of the wrong end of the stick, sir, worse luck! It was about Miss Natalie's diamonds and things I meant. I think he's found out who took 'em. And he said he would like to speak a word with you, and with the French lady too—if you please, ma'm'selle," he added.  
Too savage at my sudden hope and disappointment to wait and see if mademoiselle was following, I left old Styles with his last words hardly uttered, and hurried across to the library. The Inspector might have something to say about Yorke, after all, although I knew that it was not likely. And it was not so, I found. To the inspector the stolen jewels and the substantial reward attached thereto were far more interesting than the misery which had fallen upon all who cared for Roger Yorke. And old Styles was altogether wrong in fancying that the thief was run to earth. For Blake, I found, still clinging obstinately to his belief in the guilt of Virtue Dent, had come to ask if either my mother or I knew the address in London of that luckless scapegrace brother of hers—just to clear the ground a bit," as he phrased it.  
No, my mother did not, nor did I and moreover, I did not believe that Virtue knew either. Blandly questioned by the inspector as to why I thought so, I told him. Ben Dent had told his sister on the day of the robbery, when she had gone to see him at Bridgely Norton, that he meant on account of his poverty and fill-luck in general to move from the lodgings which he was then occupy-

## Twitching of the Nerves

A Distressing Symptom of Nervous Exhaustion Cured by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.



Mrs. John McKellar, 11 Barton street east, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I was injured some years ago, and that left me with a broken-down nervous system. I could not sleep, and suffered from twitching of the nerves and disagreeable nervous sensations. I then began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and can say that I never used any medicine that did me so much good; in fact, I am entirely cured of my old trouble. The Nerve Food not only strengthened the nerves, but also built up my system in every way." Under date of Aug. 29, 1912, Mrs. McKellar writes, confirming her cure, and states that she has had inquiries from many people who had heard of the great benefits she obtained from Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50. All dealers, or Edman—Hates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

## I Will Stake This Medicine Against Your Time

A Few Days Will Be Sufficient to Prove That You Are Curable



DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT who will stake medicine to anyone free of charge.

A few minutes of your time for a few days and I will demonstrate to you without expense to yourself, that I have a medicine that drives Uric Acid poison from the system and by so doing cures kidney trouble, bladder trouble and rheumatism. I don't ask you to take my word for it, but simply want you to let me send you some of this medicine so that you can use it personally. I am trying to convince sufferers from these diseases that I have something far better than the usual run of remedies, treatments and such things, and the only way I can demonstrate that fact is to send you the expense of compounding the medicine and sending it out free of charge and you will not be asked to pay for this gift nor will you be under any obligations. All I want to know is that you have a disease for which my medicine is indicated, as it is not a general medicine, but is specifically adapted to the treatment of uric acid troubles. If you notice one or more of these symptoms you need this medicine and I will be glad to send you some of it if you will write me the numbers of the symptoms you have, give your age, and your name and address. My address is Dr. T. Frank Lynott, 101 Franklin Building, Toronto, Ont. You promise me nothing; you pay me nothing for it. All I ask, so there shall be no mistake, is that you send me the numbers of your symptoms or a description in your own words, and that you take the medicine according to the directions I send you. It is my way of getting publicity for my medicine so that it will become widely known. You will agree when you have used it that it dissolves and drives out uric acid poison. It tones the kidneys so that they work in harmony with the bladder. It strengthens the bladder so that frequent desire to urinate and other urinary disorders are banished. It cures chronic rheumatism and pains immediately. It dissolves uric acid crystals so that back and muscles no longer ache and crooked joints quickly straighten out. It reconstructs the blood and cures so that you soon feel healthier and more vigorous, sleep better and eat better and have energy throughout the day. It does all this, and yet contains nothing injurious and is absolutely innocuous for according to law.

Sufferers from these dreadful and dangerous diseases can surely afford to spend a few minutes each day for a few days to demonstrate to their own satisfaction if they are curable, especially when you consider no expense is involved, and I willingly give you my time and my medicine. All any fair-minded afflicted person wants to know is if a certain thing will cure him or her, and here is an opportunity to find out without cost, obligation or importunate loss of time. THESE FEW DAYS may be the turning point in your life. All who are interested enough to write me for the free medicine will also receive a copy of my large illustrated medical book which describes these diseases thoroughly. It is the largest book of the kind ever written for free distribution, and a new edition is just being printed. I will also write you a letter of diagnosis and medical advice that should be of great help to you; but in order to do this I must know that you need my medicine. Write me the numbers of the symptoms that trouble you, and your age, and I will promptly carry out my promises. Show an inclination to be cured and you will be.

### These Are the Symptoms:

- 1—Pain in the back.
- 2—Too frequent desire to urinate.
- 3—Burning or obstruction of urine.
- 4—Pain or soreness in the bladder.
- 5—Prostatic trouble.
- 6—Gas or pain in the stomach.
- 7—General debility, weakness, dizziness.
- 8—Pain or soreness under right rib.
- 9—Swelling in any part of the body.
- 10—Constipation or liver trouble.
- 11—Pain or soreness under left rib.
- 12—Pain in the neck or head.
- 13—Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
- 14—Pain or swelling of the joints.
- 15—Pain or swelling of the muscles.
- 16—Pain and soreness in nerves.
- 17—Acute or chronic rheumatism.

It was Styles, as I knew by his short heavy steps and the fashion in which he puffed and blew as he went. Going to the door, I called him, and he presented himself in the doorway. Madame put the inquiry. Did he know where Mlle Valdin was?  
I think his reply astounded us both equally.  
"Mademoiselle has gone out, madame," he said, respectfully.  
"Gone out!"  
It was no wonder that my mother echoed the words. Why, it was pitch dark now, and one of the most comfortable evenings I could remember—bitterly cold, with a cutting east wind, and sleet falling fast—and mademoiselle—with an awful cold in her head, by the way—had gone out in it!  
(To be Continued.)

ing, and Virtue had not heard from him as to his new place of abode. All this, in fact, the girl had told my mother with plentiful tears and sobbings on the day when the inspector's suspicions had first fallen upon her, vehemently declaring that, if she did but know where to find her brother, so that some one could go to him, they would very soon see that she had not stolen Miss Natalie's jewels to give to him, poor fellow! This madame now corroborated as I repeated it, obviously very little to the inspector's satisfaction.  
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## Feel Badly To-Day? Cascarets To-Night.

No Headache, Biliousness, Sluggish Liver, Constipated Bowels or Sour Stomach by morning.

No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish intestines—you always get the desired results with Cascarets and quickly too.  
Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable another moment; put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, grassy stomach, backache and all other distress; cleanse your inside organs of all the poison and effete matter which is producing the misery.  
Take a Cascaret now; don't wait until bedtime. In all the world there is no remedy like this. A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. No more days of gloom and distress if you will take a Cascaret now and then. All druggists sell Cascarets. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a good, gentle, cleansing, too.

## Vessel COAL.

IS THE BEST COAL!

The sch. "Wilfrid M." arrived to-day with 380 Tons Double Screened North Sydney Coal.

Send your orders whilst vessel is discharging. MULLALY & CO'Y.

## Dissecting Live Poetry.

A critic takes a dissecting knife and cuts up in the Cornhill, some modern verse to see exactly what the poets mean. "Prosaic view of poetry," he calls it.  
He declares that most people are deterred from such operations by pity. They say "had poetry dies soon, and it is unnecessary or even cruel to flog dead things."  
Here are two of his post-mortems: "Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life' has splendid purpose, and its simplicity is beyond praise; but there are two stanzas which run thus:

Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us,  
Footprints on the sands of time.  
Footprints that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing may take heart again.

Now, when in fable, fiction, or history did even a sailor sailing over the main, or open sea, ever see sand without a feeling of horror, whether the sand had, or had not, footprints on it? Half the shipwrecks of history and fiction have been on sand, and to those who know something about sailing or about stories of the sea, and spells shipwreck; so that those who love Longfellow much, but love the sea more, had better dip their pens deeply in the ink and blot out the solemn main before they venture to re-read this poem. Even then matters are not much improved.

"A consummate master of fiction named Daniel DeFoe did once describe the sensations which a forlorn and shipwrecked brother, named Robinson Crusoe, when he saw a footprint in the sand. Did ever any man, woman, or child feel sensations at the thought of Homer, Shakespeare, Julius Caesar, or even Longfellow, similar to the sensations which Robinson Crusoe felt at the sight of that footprint in the sand? Turn these eight lines round and round, right side up and inside down and the more irrefragably nonsensical they appear. Being nonsense, they ought never to have been written. Strange to say, if these two fatuous stanzas are omitted, the 'Psalm of Life' is not only intelligible, but is an unmistakable, invulnerable, poetic masterpiece."  
"Matthew Arnold once wrote a poem which is more musical than most of his poems, and is much admired. It is entitled 'Requiescat,' and runs thus:

Strew on roses, r. ses,  
And never a spray of yew;  
In quiet she reposes,  
Ah! would that I did too!

Her life was turning, turning,  
In noise of fest and commo,  
But for peace her soul was yearning,  
And now peace lays her round.

## The Best Way To Bake Fish.

Clean, dry and stuff the fish with one of the stuffings given below; grease the pan well, put two broad strips of cotton cloth across the pan before you lay the fish in (with these you can lift the fish out easily and without breaking); use salt pork or clear drippings to grease the pan. Sprinkle the fish with salt, pepper and a little flour, dot with very small bits of butter. Have the oven very hot, and bake the fish with the liquor that is in the pan. Constant basting is essential. Some cooks put a little water in the pan, but the juice from the fish and the fat from the pork will be sufficient. Medium-sized white fish will bake in one-half hour.

### Stuffings For Baked Fish.

Cracker Stuffing. One cup of cracked crumbs, one level teaspoon of salt, pepper to taste, two teaspoons of chopped parsley, four tablespoons of melted butter. Moistener all with one-half cup of warm water and add one egg well beaten. This will make stuffing for a four-pound fish.  
Onion Stuffing. One egg beaten light, one tablespoon sweet chopped fine, one tablespoon minced onion, pepper and salt to taste, one cup of dry bread crumbs. Mix all together, stuff the fish, sew or tie up and bake.  
Oyster stuffing. One cup of bread crumbs, two cups of oysters. Roll the oysters in the crumbs, sprinkle with salt and pepper to taste. Rub the inside of the fish with soft butter, fill the fish with oysters, fasten up and bake.



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