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A True Diamond

CHAPTER VII.

Taken to Task

"This is my business rig out. You see, uncle, I'm already dead tired of this old park of yours. Come into the village and show me which are your cottages and where your Kanakas live. Pups knew all the settlements and so do I, and I like to hear their stories, and to know the names of the babies, and all that of that."

"My dear Toney, your thirst for information and your energy are appalling."

"Pups said 'Don't rust.' Now, uncle, if you don't mind my saying it—I don't want to hurt your feelings, because I've a real regard for you."

"Thank you, Toney."

"You aren't brave enough, uncle. Just now, for instance, you didn't agree with Aunt Dove at all; but you just sat by consenting as it were. Real mean. However, apart from that, I've a true regard for you, and I want you to let me be a help to you."

"Oh, Toney! I doubt your great capability, that's the worst of your offer."

"Yes, I expect you do. Pups didn't. But anyhow I want something more lively than the park. How many cottages have you?"

"Oh, half the village, or more than half is mine."

"And the other half?"

"Lewis Waycott owns the other half. The man you introduced Miss Crump to," and Sir Evas laughed again. "It was a good joke!"

"Well, it's not so bad."

"So bad! He thinks a great deal of himself, and his aunt dotes on him."

"Relations are partial. I expect in time Aunt Dove will get partial to me. She isn't so yet, is she?"

"Oh, she'll be all right," said Sir Evas, swallowing an untruth with pretty good grace.

"Now let's cut across here. We can get into the village much quicker this way."

"How did you find it out?"

"Oh, I've been round the park already."

"No, not right round. You haven't had time, Toney."

"But I did! I hurried a bit," and remembering her gallop, Toney laughed, but kept her counsel, whilst Sir Evas thought she was drawing a long bow.

"It's rather dewy now. Have you got boots?" he said.

"Boots! Oh, no! I don't wear boots, uncle, or stays, or—"

"Ahem!" said Uncle Dove, looking another way.

"You see, one must grow up as God made one, mustn't one?"

"It's preferable, certainly; but I thought ladies—"

"You're very behindhand, uncle. Now tell me about the poor people. How many families have you?"

Sir Evas was speaking in a general way, a good landlord; but as to knowing anything about particulars, he never had gone into small details indeed his wife did all the scolding and the evictions which she thought were necessary.

"I'm not certain, and then you know Woods does all the details. He's a good agent. He deals with the farmers, for otherwise life wouldn't be worth having. Repairs and all kinds of things you know nothing of, Toney."

"But I do, and drains too. Pups was awfully particular about drains. He said that when he knew it, the drainage of this village was a disgrace to civilization."

"Bunkum! He knew nothing about it."

Toney changed the conversation. "Uncle, how soon shall you consider my education with Mr. Hales finished?"

"I suppose it depends how much is begun."

Toney laughed uproariously, and Trick, thinking there was some good joke going on, barked in concert.

"Well, you see, I'm ignorant. There's no doubt about it, and you can't make up for lost time. It's a law of nature. Pups used to say—I'm sure there's a nest in this little plantation, I must look," and she dashed in, leaving Sir Evas to turn over many things in his mind. He, like Miss Crump, felt suddenly the brighter for the presence of this extraordinary young person. Ah! if he only had a child of his own. A boy to succeed him, or even a girl to care about him. When Toney returned, Sir Evas was slightly melancholy. Toney having strangely quick sympathies discovered this, though she could not guess the cause.

"Are you down in the mouth, uncle?"

"Eh, no, of course not. Now, Miss Harum Scaram, here is a still shorter cut to the village. Do you see out yonder? Those woods are the happy hunting ground of poachers. My me: have no end of trouble with them."

Toney's eyes brightened. "How I should love to join them!"

"Join them?"

"Well, yes. It must be no end exciting, and I could teach Trick to go and fetch anything. Don't speak loud about it. It's in his blood; his uncle was an awfully clever poacher. But are they your men, uncle?"

"No, Waycott's folk. They take advantage of having known of our family feud."

"And do your men poach on Mr. Waycott's land? If so, you're quits."

"Rascals! No, a country gentleman and a magistrate must never wink at law-breaking."

"I expect you're not fair to them somehow."

"Not fair! Hullo, look at that man. There's a hand-dog look about him as he stinks along which makes me think he's up to some mischief."

"He's got a nice shaped face," said Toney, triumphantly.

"Nice shaped face! Really, Toney! Well, here's the village. Which way are we to turn up, please?"

"To your cottages, of course. Oh, uncle, there's my little girl."

The child had also seen Toney and ran towards her, holding out her arms, intimating that she would like another ride on the young lady's back.

The cottage door stood open, and the father, just back from work, was smoking a pipe. He touched his cap to the landlord and the young lady, but to his surprise the latter stooped down, and in another minute his child was pick-a-back on Toney's shoulders.

"Oh, Mr. Thomas, here's Sir Evas come to see you! He wants to pay a call on you. Your little girl came too soon to school this morning, and I gave her a ride."

The comfort of Mr. Thomas' cottage depended on his daughter Mary, aged twelve, who was now preparing his supper. The place looked untidy and the children uncared for. Since his wife's death Mr. Thomas had taken to drink and took little interest in his children. At this moment he sincerely wished that his Minnie had not been too early for school, and that the young lady would not be so very kind as to bring his landlord to his cottage. Mr. Thomas had

a conscience which was uneasy about many things.

Mary Thomas stood quite still with her mouth open and her cheeks turning bright red. Sir Evas had never crossed the cottage threshold before. Indeed he only followed Toney now because he had not the presence of mind to leave her.

Toney, however, appeared quite unconscious of any awkwardness in the situation.

"Well," she said, depositing Minnie on a chair, "have you got a chair for us?"

Mary rushed to a wooden seat and rubbed it with her head and her apron, hardly knowing what she did, or which was which.

Mr. Thomas stood still too, holding his pipe in his hand and looking another way.

"Well, Mr. Thomas, if you can't see to your little girl getting to school in right time, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm going to school myself to-morrow morning, and I'll come this way and bring Minnie along with me."

"Nonsense, Toney," muttered Sir Evas.

"Oh, but you see, the poor child cried so and was so unhappy, and it's dreadful for children to cry. It's a sin to let them!"

"It was most Mary's fault, miss," said Mr. Thomas, sheepishly. "I be away before the little 'un goes."

Here Mary began to whimper audibly.

"Father sold our big clock."

Sir Evas coughed and Toney laughed.

"Of course it's awkward with no wife to look after your children," said Sir Evas kindly.

"Ah, yes, sir; when my poor missus was alive things went straight, they did."

"And father didn't go out of evenings, did you, father?" put in Mary, still sniffing; but this revelation was not what was required of her, for her father immediately suggested she should put Minnie to bed, and Sir Evas rose to go.

Toney was quite subdued for a little while after they left the village, then she remarked:

"Of course, he must marry again, uncle. Do you know of a nice woman who would do for him?"

"Good gracious, Toney! What will you say next? I am not going to turn into a—"

"But they are your own people, uncle! Well, I'll look one up another day."

"I think, Toney, it's getting late," said Sir Evas; "I mustn't be late for dinner. Let's turn into the park again. I hope you will like your studies to-morrow with the Vicarage people."

"You bet! Of course I shall, uncle. We'll soon get to understand each other. Mr. Hales is a downright man. He's the same front and back."

"Front and back?"

"Yes, don't you know; not like society people."

"You are a severe judge, Toney."

"Well, I can't go about with my eyes shut, can I? Oh, dear! I hope poor Crumpet is released, uncle; she has a dull life of it. Would you like to be Aunt Dove's companion? Gracious stars! I forgot, you are her companion!"

Sir Evas coughed. He found this a useful resource for filling up gaps, for it gave him time to think about his answer.

"Miss Crump has no home, and is paid for doing her light duties."

"Light duties! You just try for one day, uncle! You wouldn't call them light duties then. I'll tell you first—"

"Pray don't! We must hurry on."

"Well, then, I'll tell you another day. I say, Uncle Dove, suppose Crumpet has a day out given to her soon, and you and I go shares in doing her things! Gracious stars! It would be fun! Now, let us three have a run. I can beat Trick. I wonder if you can?"



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a good deal of personal exertion on her part. She never had any time to herself during the day; but in the evening, after her supper, she had three hours of blessed peace, during which, if she were not too sleepy, she cut and altered, sewed and trimmed. It must be owned that Miss Crump had not got rid of the feminine weakness of wishing to dress in the fashion. She did not wish to attract notice by dressing dowdily, she said, and this was certainly one of her reasons; but the love of finery lies lurking in many an unlikely breast. It was strong in Miss Crump's nature. When Lady Dove retired to bed she liked Miss Crump to read to her whilst her maid brushed her hair. During this time she liked a serious book, or what she called a "light sermon."

It must be appropriate and calming. Perhaps, at night, Miss Crump's voice was more dull and wearisome than usual, or she, Lady Dove, was tired. Be this as it may, her ladyship invariably fell asleep over this light sermon, but she requested her companion not to stop even if she did "doze off for a moment."

This was the only channel in which the artistic sense of the little companion could flow, that sense which, in a greater or less degree, everyone possesses.

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It tells of Serious Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys—Try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

You can stop a headache with powerful drugs. But it is not generally wise to do so.

A headache almost always warns you of derangements of the digestive system, the liver, kidneys or bowels.

Awaken the liver to healthful action by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and you not only free yourself of headache, but remove the cause which will soon lead to more dangerous results than headache.

Pains are the result of poison in the system and, whether you have headache, backache or aching limbs, you can be almost sure of relief and cure by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

They are wonderfully prompt, as well as definite and thorough in action. You can depend upon them, no matter how long-standing or complicated your case. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box; all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

The elderly cousins were very much afraid that Anne Crump would some day expect them to give her a home, and considering their slender income, this idea must never be encouraged.

Miss Crump did not altogether look forward to having her solitude disturbed by Toney. She had become accustomed to the dull working-time and rather enjoyed it; she especially enjoyed contriving to make an unfashionable dress like a new one.

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The Young...

BY RUTH...

It isn't wholly the younger sister's fault. It never is entirely the person's own fault when he or she is spoiled. In this case it's partly the older sister's mother or father that's to blame. The older sister, went to a business college straight from grammar school, or if she was fortunate enough to go to high school, she had to wear old clothes and crimp and go without right and left, because father was the only wage-earner in the family then, and the ordinary man's wages are not supposed to really support a family under present-day conditions. If she managed to stay the whole four years, she was probably graduated in a white waist and linen skirt, and didn't go to the class dance because she couldn't have a pretty gown.

Younger sister, on the contrary, goes through high school as a matter of course and probably goes to college, too. Nor does she have to scrip and nod without things, the reason of the contributions to the family purse now made by older sister, or perhaps by two or three older sisters or brothers, financial conditions in the family are much improved, and younger sister does everything her wealthier friends do. She takes vacation trips; she goes to all the functions; she has pretty gowns and all the expensive little accessories such as shoes and stockings to match. She says she "must have them" and big sister, remembering her own pang over the lack of such things, is the first to agree as to the stern necessity for them.

And so it goes. All that the older sisters lacked the younger must

Why Have "N..."

This is the reason why women have "nervous, cloudy and uncertain, impulses lag and the like flying messages throughout limbs and frames women will lay the cause of the trouble to some felt it. It is a headache, a backache, a nervous uncontrollable nervousness, something must be wrong naturally says, but all the time the real womanly organs. In some cases out of ten the woman should take rational treatment for its cure, mention of the delicate special organs of the system.

Dr. Pierce, during a long period of practice from medicinal extracts of active roots, without the use of such cases. After using this remedy he put it up in form of Dr. Pierce's Favorite easily procurable, and it can be had at any store.

Mrs. LILA B. HAWKINS, of Zions, Va., writes for two years—most of the time was not able to Female weakness was my trouble and I was getting the Prescription, and used the 'Lotion Tablets,' Doctor Pierce's wonderful medicines."

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Spinal Cord Injection to Save a Thumb.

What would have been pronounced a miracle cure a very few years ago has just taken place at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The patient, a young country hand, had fallen off a London tramway car, inflicting a slight flesh wound on his thumb. The deadly lock-jaw germs ever lurking in the London street dust found their way into the wound, and ten days later the early symptoms of stiffness and pain in the jaw muscles showed themselves.

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