



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. G. ASH & Co., Wholesale Distributors, St. John's

The Snake Scotched Justice Done.

(Continued)
CHAPTER XXI.

"Quite so, sir," said Gibbon, respectfully. "I beg your pardon, sir. I hope I haven't disturbed you."

"No, not at all, Gibbon," responded Talbot, with an amiability as marked as it was strange.

"Burnt 'em. But he can't burn everything!" said Gibbon, as he went back to his room. "He can't burn everything," and he patted his breast coat pocket, in which lay the grimy pocket-book for which Mr. Talbot Denby had committed murder.

If Veronica had been in love with Ralph before, she was ten times more in love with him now. As she paced slowly up and down her room, forgetting her late sprain, she told herself that no man had ever behaved more unselfishly, heroically. He had looked like a knight of old, sacrificing self at the altar of his love; he had spoken words that always force a woman's admiration and devotion; his voice rang in her ears, sentences here and there haunted her, filling her with pride for him one moment and causing her misery next.

Because she, Veronica Gresham, of the world, knew that same world too well to deceive herself. The poor lover who leaves his mistress that he may go and win the fame and fortune

NATURE'S LAWS.

Nature's laws are perfect if only we obey them, but disease follows disobedience. Go straight to Nature for the cure, to the forest; there are mysteries there, some of which we can learn for you. Take the bark of the Wild-cherry tree, with mandrake root, Oregon grape root, stone root, queen's root, Moorroot and golden seal root, make a scientific, glyceric extract of them, with just the right proportions, and you have

DOCTOR PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

It took Dr. Pierce, with the assistance of two learned chemists and pharmacists, many months of hard work experimenting to perfect this vegetable alterative and tonic extract of the greatest efficiency.



Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

which will enable him to claim her is a common object of the novel; and he always comes back with the afore-said fame and fortune and—marriage bells reward him; but in real life the man's sacrifice and striving generally end in failure; the course of true love runs so roughly that it ends over the precipices of despair.

She knew that the odds were a thousand to one that she should ever see him again. She had accepted his sacrifice, his relinquishment of her at the time, because he—and the cynical, stony-hearted earl—were too many for her. But now, as she thought it all out in her own room, she grew hot with shame and self-reproach.

She was a woman and she had allowed the man she loved to sacrifice himself; had let him go out into the world to fight a well-nigh hopeless fight, had taken the heart out of his bosom and sent him away, friendless and poor, all the poorer for the loss of that heart. It was all he had, and she had stolen it.

And while he was struggling and fighting an unequal fight, the forlorn hope, she was to remain at the Court, lapped in luxury and slothful ease. She was a pretty kind of woman! Why, she was a disgrace to her sex. As she pictured the days, the life she must lead in that great, stately house with its palatial rooms, its army of servants, with, for sole companion, the proud, heartless old man who had stepped in, and wrecked her life's happiness with a few cynical phrases, her spirit rose in revolt. Surely no true woman could be so base, so thankless for a good man's love as to spend her days like a lap-dog, while her lover went out into the desert of despair!

She felt that she could not appear at dinner, could not face the earl with his half-lowered, scornful, and watch-

ful eyes, the keen regard of Talbot Denby, so she had sent the excuse of a headache, and spent the dinner hour over a cup of tea sweetened by the bitterness of her thoughts.

Now, your true woman never thinks in vain, and presently Veronica discovered two facts; first, that she could not live without Ralph; and second, that she must see him before she went, if only to tell him that she could not exist without him and—

—Oh, could she go so far as to beg him to take her with him!

While she was pondering the problem Goodwin came up from the servants' hall with some lace in her hand. "I've had the misfortune to upset some coffee over this collar, miss," she said. "I think if I were to take it to Mrs. Mason at once she might be able to get it out; she's very clever at such things."

Veronica gave her permission to go, and the coast was thus clear for Veronica; she could steal down to the hut and see Ralph, and—the rest must be left to chance. She waited until Goodwin had gone half an hour, then threw a golf cape over her shoulders and drew the hood over her head; if she should be seen she would probably be mistaken for one of the maids.

As she went she tried to rehearse what she would say to Ralph; but she might as well have spared herself the trouble, for in answer to her knock it was Burchett who had her "come in," and, entering somewhat hurriedly, she saw that he was alone.

He rose at her entrance and stood gravely waiting for her to address him.

"I left something behind me in the arbour this afternoon," she said, with a mixture of pride and humility. She thought, "It was my heart I left!" "Do you know—did Ralph say that he had found anything—a bracelet?"

"No, miss," replied Burchett; "he did not."

"Where—where is he?" asked Veronica, trying to speak with indifference and to keep the aching misery from her voice, though she knew that it looked out from the eyes which she kept almost concealed by the hood.

"He has gone," replied Burchett.

"Gone! Do you mean gone away?"

Where?"

He shook his head.

"I don't know for certain, miss," he said, grimly. "I don't think he knows himself. He left in sore trouble—he raised his eyes to her face for a moment, then bent them on the floor again—"In sore trouble. They say that hearts don't break nowadays; but

if they do, then—"

A sob escaped her, strive how she would to check it.

He stopped and, with rough delicacy turned aside.

"Do—do you know if he had any money?" she asked, when she could command her voice.

Her hand was pressed hard against her heaving bosom as if her own heart were threatening to break.

"Yes," said Burchett. "His wages and—and a little more."

"Which you gave him?" she said, with a woman's quick intuition. "That—that was good of you, Burchett. But you—you liked him."

"Yes, I liked him," he said. "I'd grown to like him too well to see him as he was without being sorry for him."

"Oh, if he had stayed!" broke from her as if she could not help it. "Burchett"—her voice faltered and broke—"I am to blame—No, I cannot tell you! But—but if you can help me find him—where he has gone—if you could send him a message—Do you think you could?"

The tears were in her eyes and her voice.

Burchett shook his head gloomily. "No, Miss Veronica. He said something about Australia; but he may change his mind. And as to a message—" He shook his head again. "No, I've no means of doing so; and, if I had—"

He paused significantly and the blood rushed to her face.

"You wouldn't? Ah, but you don't understand! And I can't tell you! Good-night!" she paused still. "I'm—I'm glad you liked him and gave him the money, Burchett. Good-night!"

She had gone before he could speak, and, with the rough delicacy he had already displayed, he did not follow her to the door.

She walked quickly through the clearing and had gained the spinney adjoining the lawn when she heard footstep. She stopped, and her hand went up to her cheek and drew it more closely round her as she stepped behind a bush. The footstep was crossing the lawn, and presently she saw Talbot's tall, thin figure emerge from the shadows. It did not seem to her at all extraordinary that he should be taking an after-dinner stroll, and, waiting until he had passed, she went on, skirting the spinney, and keeping out of sight. But suddenly she was aware of another presence, and, looking round, she saw Gibbon edging his way from bush to bush and tree to tree. She was rather surprised, but only momentarily, for she concluded that he was going to meet one of the maids—probably Goodwin; and after again waiting for a moment or two she went on her way and reached her own room.

Its luxury, the costly furniture and hangings, the finicking and as costly

SOME WORKING GIRLS LOSE TOO MUCH TIME

Two Girls Tell How To Avoid It.

There is nothing that teaches more than experience. We therefore quote from the letters of two girls who suffered and were restored to health. The same remedy is within reach of all.

Brooklyn, N. Y. — "Prior to taking the first bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I suffered agony every month, but after your wonderful medicine had been taken a while I felt a little better, and after taking seven bottles of it I feel that I can truly say I have no more pain or inconvenience."

"As I am out in the business world as a stenographer, I come in contact with many girls, and when the opportune moment arrives I tell them about the Vegetable Compound and I know that quite a few are taking it."—HELEN CANBY, 566 Dean St.

Another Girl's Experience.

Tishomingo, Okla. — "I am a stenographer and book-keeper, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved my life. I am enjoying the best of health now, but I was suffering from female troubles and painful periods, and would have backache, headache and fainting spells. If any woman would like to write to me I will gladly answer her letter and tell her what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—MRS. MATTIE COPENHAVER, Tishomingo, Okla.

knickknacks, the expensive piano, the watercolours and richly bound books jarred upon her overwrought senses. Yes, she was a lap-dog, a sybarite while Ralph, the man who loved her was a wanderer on the face of the earth. Pride! Where was her pride if she could endure such a life of self-flaunt? No pampered dependent could own less pride, be more sordid than she—if she consented to accept Ralph's sacrifice and went on living at the Court.

Without waiting for Goodwin she undressed herself and went to bed. But she could not sleep, for there was a kind of fever, the fever of self-dislike, of self-reproach, added to her heartache at the loss of Ralph and she tossed to and fro restlessly. Suddenly she smelt the smell of fire as if clothes were burning. She sat up and listened, and heard a door opened. Was the house on fire? She rose and opened her own door slightly, and heard the few words that passed between Talbot and his man. A before, when she had seen Talbot in the grounds, it did not seem to her extraordinary that he should be burning things at that time of night. He was fond of hard work, and when at the Court, often sat up late writing o-

reading. She went back to her bed satisfied with Talbot's explanation, and lay with wide-open eyes recalling Ralph's face, Ralph's voice. The dawn came, and as the bird's began to sing, her misery, accentuated by her sleepless night, became unendurable without some action. She would go down to breakfast presently—the breakfast with its numerous dishes, its elaborate service, the stately attendance of the butler and footman—would have to live, through the day—ah, Heaven, how many days!—in hopeless watching, with no news of Ralph, no assurance that he was even alive.

(To be continued.)

Wash Day.

BY H. L. RANN.



Wash day is a gloomy anniversary which falls on Monday. It also falls on anybody who happens to get in the way, especially caustic husbands who come home and kick about the bill of fare.

The reason wash day comes on Monday is because it is usually preceded by Sunday, which is used by people to store up enough rest and religion to last them during the remainder of the week.

Wash day begins at four o'clock in the morning and winds up along about noon with an exchange of aspriting peasantries by the entire cast. Very few people are able to extract the dust from a large family washing without repining at a high altitude.

There are two kinds of washing—white and buff. The former is produced by chasing the clothes up and down the corrugated bosom of a zinc tub board, after they have been anaesthetized, anamathetized and pasteurized. This treatment turns out a wash that will make every neighbour in the block turn to a pale greenish pallor.

Buff washing is the kind which is produced during a strike in the laundry. It consists mainly of surplus bluing, half erased peach stains and long, horizontal welts in the shirt bosom.

Whenever a buff washing is being out on the line, women who assail their clothes with bar soap and muscle will utter disparaging remarks about it at the dinner table.

One of the nicest features, about wash day is that nobody wants anything to eat except the head of the house, and he is invited to rummage through the pantry and fatten up on the succulent doughnut. The patience of man under such harrowing circumstances is something marvellous, and yet how few men express their real emotions.

Some women employ their husbands on wash day. This is a humiliating practice and ought to be made legal grounds for divorce. What could be more pathetic than the sight of a strong, red-blooded man with high ambition and eloquent sideburns, wig-wagging back and forth in tune with a washing machine and being sprayed with suds and perspiration? This is not man's sphere, but devotion to his wife and fear of the consequences drive him to it.

Without waiting for Goodwin she undressed herself and went to bed. But she could not sleep, for there was a kind of fever, the fever of self-dislike, of self-reproach, added to her heartache at the loss of Ralph and she tossed to and fro restlessly. Suddenly she smelt the smell of fire as if clothes were burning. She sat up and listened, and heard a door opened. Was the house on fire? She rose and opened her own door slightly, and heard the few words that passed between Talbot and his man. A before, when she had seen Talbot in the grounds, it did not seem to her extraordinary that he should be burning things at that time of night. He was fond of hard work, and when at the Court, often sat up late writing o-

reading. She went back to her bed satisfied with Talbot's explanation, and lay with wide-open eyes recalling Ralph's face, Ralph's voice. The dawn came, and as the bird's began to sing, her misery, accentuated by her sleepless night, became unendurable without some action. She would go down to breakfast presently—the breakfast with its numerous dishes, its elaborate service, the stately attendance of the butler and footman—would have to live, through the day—ah, Heaven, how many days!—in hopeless watching, with no news of Ralph, no assurance that he was even alive.

(To be continued.)

The Country Mother.

The splendid racial heritage given our nation in the past by the noble character, faithful affection, courage and strength in facing hardships, and the high ideals of its country mothers is in grave danger of rapid extinction through the lack of a true vision on the part of the daughters of to-day.

I have no sympathy with a "back-to-the-farm" agitation which does not include as its chief end the making of that farm a more convenient healthful home than the city can possibly provide for the same outlay. I have no sympathy with any eugenic movement which does not tend to make country motherhood so rich, so wonderful, so healthily joyous and natural that the city woman's barrenness shall seem by contrast a stale and joyous poverty. But after all, the ideal will be realized only to the extent and the rapidly with which the mothers and daughters of to-day themselves catch the divine fire and pass it on to their sons and daughters as the most noble end in life to hope for, to pray for, and to work for.

—Willet M. Hays in Woman's World for September.

BROKE HIS LEG. — There arrived by the S. S. Prospero last night from Tilt Cove a boy named Johnstone, who was brought in the ambulance to the General Hospital for treatment. Some few days ago the lad accidentally broke his right leg.

LEARN TO BE A BARBER AT HOME FOR \$2.00.

Can you beat this offer? A trade everyone should know. For those who cannot enter a Barber College we are making this great offer.

For the above sum we will send you, post paid, three of the greatest books ever written on Barbering, which tell you in simple words how to become a Barber at home.

We have only a limited number of these books, so do not hesitate but write at once.

Money refunded within ten days if you are not satisfied.

T. I. PATTERSON,
P. O. Box 2202,
Montreal Que.
j27,8,11

LARACY'S WEEK END BARGAINS.

Men's Black Ribbed Worsted Socks, at 25c pair.

Women's Black Ribbed and Plain Cashmere Stockings, at 25c pair.

Each of above lines are worth 35 and 40c pair.

LARACY'S

345 & 347 Water St., opp. Post Office.

Griffin's

Best Crown
Riveted Scythes.
American
Clipper Scythes.
Canadian
Excelsior Scythes.
B. Y. Grass
Hooks.
Waterloo
Scythe Stones
American
Scythe Stones.
Scythe Snaths.
Hay Rakes.
Hay Forks, etc.

Bowring Bros., Limited.

Hardware Department.

"HEINZ" GOODS, Fresh and New.

Chili Sauce,
Tomato Ketchup,
Walnut Ketchup,
Indian Relish,
Mustard Dressing,
Red Kidney Beans,
Spiced Salad Vinegar,
White and Brown Pickling Vinegar,
Tomato Soup,
Sweet Onions,
Sweet Pickles,
Jars Peanut Butter,
Jars Grape Fruit Marmalade,
Jars Grape Jelly,
Jars Currant Jelly, etc.

All these first-class goods we sell at lowest possible prices, reducing our profits to a minimum.

JAMES C. BAIRD.

There are Just as Many Kinds of Tea

As there are different kinds of people, some good, some indifferent, some indifferent good, and some indifferent bad.

Teas are the same way.

We have great patience and skill in selecting tea. The people we cater to demand the finest tea in the country and we realize that it is up to us to provide it. Hence "STAR" at 40c lb.; for 5 lb. parcels 10 per cent discount allowed. Sole Importer

C. P. Eagar

President WHITE HO



We have now in stock the VERY BEST SHOES Latest Styles, manufactured These Shoes are for me

PR

\$4.50, 5

One pair s

F. SMA
THE HOME OF

The Following

are known through

Unvarying O
Delight

Sold Wholesale

Chester, Lotu
Forest, Loma

Fresh Shipments exp
Trade.

Now is the cheap
Teas are up again
Send your order
any time this fall.

HARVE