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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.
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The Snake Scotched Justice Done.

CHAPTER XIII.
(Concluded.)

She helped Veronica down and paused a moment at the drawing-room door to see Mr. Talbot Denby's start of surprise and admiring glance as he came forward and offered his arm.

"Uncle has been telling me of your accident, Veronica," he said. "I can't tell you how sorry I am! I do trust you are no longer in pain, and that you will soon be well again."

He bent over her with an anxious expression in his dark eyes, and when he had taken her to the couch, seated himself beside her, still looking at her with an intent interest. She noticed vaguely that he had said "Uncle" instead of "My uncle" or "Lord Lyndborough," as he had been wont to do.

"Oh, no; I am no pain now. In fact, I can walk well enough; but Doctor Thorne insists upon my not doing so. I have a shrewd suspicion that he is something of an old woman."

"No, no; he is quite right," he said,

defending the doctor eagerly. "You cannot be too careful, Veronica. Directly I heard of your accident I felt that I must come down—"

Veronica regarded him with surprise.

"Uncle wrote and told me about it," he explained.

"Oh, but I'm afraid you have left London—the House—Wasn't it very inconvenient?"

He smiled as a man smiles when he puts aside the suggestion of sacrifice.

"I should have come however inconvenient it may have been; but I had no difficulty in pairing; and, though I was to have spoken to-night—Ah, well, there are plenty of men who will be glad to take my place! I know you would find it dull, and I thought I might cheer you up, perhaps."

They went in to dinner; he put a stool in place for her foot, and all through the elaborate meal he devoted himself to her, talking in the low, insidious voice of the man who strives to soothe while he interests, his dark eyes seeking and holding her with a new and effective expression of deference and the desire to please.

The earl sat and watched them in silence, his pallid face impassive enough, his keen eyes veiled by their lowered lids; but the shadow of a smile flashed over the inscrutable features when Talbot, on Veronica's rising, sprang to his feet and offered her his arm to the drawing-room.

When he returned to the dining-room the earl had gone; and Talbot sank into a chair, poured out a glass of port and, lighting a cigarette, fell to thinking deeply.

"She's a beautiful woman," he mused, not realizing that, like most gamblers, he was insensible to beauty of any kind. She'd fill the position admirably—she runs this place well—and there's the money. Yes; I hate marriage, but—I'll do it!"

When he went into the drawing-room again Veronica looked up from her chair with a smile which he might well have construed as one of welcome and pleasure; for she had been trying to tell herself that he was handsome and amiable and distinguished, and that—that she was overcoming her old dislike for, and distrust of him.

He sat down beside her and exerted himself to amuse her; and, of course, he succeeded; for Mr. Talbot Denby was a good talker when he pleased, and he had the knowledge of his world at his finger-tips.

He told her stories of the great people she had read of or heard of from the Saintsbury and other friends, and he contrived so to speak of them as if she belonged to his set, and when he referred to politics he managed with infinite skill to convey to her the impression that he was one of the wire-pullers rather than one of the puppets, and gradually, with the most perfect art, he gilded to a personal note.

Insensibly Veronica grew interested; for there is nothing more flattering to a woman of mind and sense than to be made the confidant of a man who looms largely in the public eye.

"I suppose you are very ambitious?" she said, as she leaned back and fanned herself slowly.

He made a little deprecatory gesture with his long, white hands.

"Yes, I think I am. I imagine most men are. Oh, yes, I am ambitious, and sometimes I think—but I am afraid you will deem me egotistical, Veronica—"

"What were you going to say?" she asked, ignoring his modest appeal.

"Well, I was going to say that I think I might succeed, if—if the thing were worth fighting for."

"But isn't it?" she asked. "I thought fame and power were always worth having."

"Ah, yes," he murmured. "They

are if—one has someone to share them with. They are empty and unsubstantial baubles, just baubles of air, if one is alone, is working for oneself only. And I am alone, you know, Veronica."

He bent forward, his hands clasped on his knees, his dark eyes on her face. She could scarcely fail to understand him, and the colour would have risen to her face if she had not fought to keep it down.

"But so many great and successful men are unmarried—that is what you mean, do you not?—and they think it worth while."

"Ah, yes, but they are of different temperament and nature to me," he said, in a low voice. "No success would mean much to me unless it were sweetened by the approval, the acceptance of—of someone I cared for. Given that someone, I am convinced that I could rise to any height. I can imagine no happiness greater than that which would fall to me in laying my triumph at the feet of the woman I loved."

Veronica shut her fan slowly and seemed absorbed in getting the folds right.

"I think I will go up now, if you will please ring for my maid," she said.

He rose slowly.

"So soon! Ah, but yes! you are tired; not in pain, I hope and trust! No? I am glad! Will you come for a drive with me in the morning, Veronica?"

She inclined her head.

"Thanks. I shall be very pleased."

He gave her his arm to rise, and helped her with impressive care towards Goodwin, and his long fingers closed over hers tightly as he bade her "good-night." But, notwithstanding the pressure, his hand struck cold, and it seemed to send a chill through her.

CHAPTER XIV.

Veronica lay awake that night for some time, trying to interest herself in Talbot's career and to persuade herself that she did not dislike him as much as she did; indeed, that she rather liked him. At any rate, he had succeeded in diverting her mind from—from dwelling upon—other persons, and she felt rather grateful to him.

He appeared at breakfast looking handsome and distinguished in his suit of light-grey tweed, and he greeted her with an anxious enquiry after her foot, and hoped that she was well enough to go for a drive.

When Veronica came down dressed for the outing she found a low phaeton and a pair of ponies waiting.

"I ordered this because you will be able to get into it easily," he said. "Will you drive, or shall I?"

"Oh, I'll drive—if you don't mind; I hate being driven."

As he handed her the reins he

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grew rather silent, and Veronica's thoughts were beginning to stray in their usual direction; but presently he broke the silence with a suddenness which made her start.

"Veronica," he said in a low voice full of simulated earnestness, "I had an object in asking you to drive with me this morning. I wanted to speak to you on a subject which is of the greatest importance to me—to both of us."

She thought he was going to consult her about something connected with the estate, and she gave a slight nod and glanced at him for a moment.

"Do you remember what I said last night?" he went on in the same low voice. "Do you remember that I told you how ambitious I could be if I had someone to work to, strive for?"

"Yes, I remember," she said, with a faint surprise, but no suspicion of what was coming.

"I spoke involuntarily," he continued; "something impelled me to do so—no doubt it was the interest you were so kind as to show in my career; but though I spoke on the spur of the moment, on impulse, I told the truth. Veronica, I feel my solitude, my loneliness, very acutely; and I have felt it very much more than I have hitherto done since my last visit. Do you remember me telling you how much you had—improved. The word is, I know, not devoid of offence; but I can find no other. I had not seen you for some time and—Veronica, do you know that you have grown into a very beautiful woman?"

Veronica's face flushed and she looked at him quickly, with amaze-

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dismissed the groom with a nod.

"Is Grimes not coming?" said Veronica.

Talbot shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, no. Is it necessary? One can talk so much more freely without a man close on one's back."

She assented with a careless gesture, and they drove off. The ponies were fresh, and Veronica was fully employed for a time in keeping them in hand; and Talbot as he sat there beside her, with the agony of anxiety and uncertainty of a lover, but with the cold calculation of a man who wishes to assure himself that he is choosing the right moment. When the ponies had settled down he talked of the country, and matters pertaining to the estate, in the manner in which he had talked to her last night, then he

ment and consternation. What was he going to say?

"No man could see you without being moved by your beauty, by your grace, by the charm of your manner. That it should affect me is not to be wondered at; it was only natural that I should realize, quite suddenly, if you will, that I had long admired you, long learned to love you without suspecting it."

Veronica's hands tightened on the reins and she looked straight in front of her. It was her first proposal—though, yes, he was proposing—and, though it did not send the delicious thrill through her which is felt by the woman who listens to words of love from the man to whom she has given her love, her heart beat quickly and she felt confused and bewildered.

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"I love you, Veronica," he went on, his keen, hard eyes noting the sudden blush, the tremor of the exquisite lips. "I have loved you for months without knowing it; but now my heart has declared itself, has made itself heard with an imperative force, and I must speak."

He paused, not ill satisfied with himself; and indeed he did not make love badly. He was fluent of speech—far too fluent for your real lover, whose heart is on the quake, whose whole soul is in terror lest he should fail—and his voice was low and earnest, if a trifle cold, though he simulated well the warmth of passion. His dark eyes dwelt on her face for a moment with keen scrutiny, then dropped, as if with self-depreciation and doubt.

"I fear you will think me very abrupt and—sudden, Veronica; that I have taken an unfair advantage of you; but my love must plead for me. One cannot always choose the time and place; one is driven by the impulse of one's heart."

She did not speak, did not turn to him with the blush and smile which he felt he had a right to expect; but he knew that she was proud, that she would not yield too readily, and he told himself that he must be patient with her.

(To be continued.)

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LOVE

BY RUTH CAY

A man who was a regularly disagreeable, selfish and unreasonable in his treatment of his wife, used to assure her frequently that she mustn't mind what he said or did, she must remember that he really loved her all the time.

Think of his darling to use the word "love" for that kind of a feeling. Of course he did care something for her in a selfish way, but think what a weak feeling it must have been to be at the mercy of his every mood. It was weaker than his desire to vent his temper, it was weaker than his love of self, it was weaker than his wish to have everything about the house just as he liked it. And yet he called it "love." What a travesty on real love!

Another woman has been made miserable all by her husband's eternal worrying about her safety and her health. All her life she has been denied pleasures of every kind because of his anxieties. As she looks back and sees all the happiness she has needlessly missed, she says sadly, "If my husband had been half so anxious for my happiness as he has been for my health and safety I would have had a very different life." He says it is all because he loves her so very much. Save the mark! If she is ill he is

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After washing a china silk dress, do not hang it out to dry at all, but roll it up in a cloth for half an hour to absorb most of the moisture and then iron on the wrong side.

A novel filling for pillows to serve as backers on a divan is the cork dust that comes as packing for fruit. It should be washed and dried in the sun before putting into the pillows.

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