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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

Beautiful Cynthia;

Victory After Many Defeats.

CHAPTER XXV.
THE WILL.

"But—Cynthia, Miss Drayle!" said Percy, with a gesture that was almost one of indignation. "I expected—everyone expected—that she would have the largest portion of Lady Westlake's estate. She was her aunt's adopted daughter."

Mr. Lorton shook his head and significantly touched the will he held in his hand. Percy wiped the perspiration from his pallid brow.

"It—it can't be!" he exclaimed, in a low voice. "It is unjust, monstrous! The will—surely it is not valid. My aunt's intentions were well known—it was a kind of promise, when she adopted Cynthia, that she should be provided for."

Cynthia laid her hand on his arm, with a touch half grateful, half repressive.

"Aunt Gwen had the right to do as she pleased," she said, almost inaudibly.

"When was this will made?" demanded Percy, almost fiercely.

"The will was drawn in our office on March the tenth last," replied Mr. Lorton. "It was true it was incomplete, then, for Lady Westlake insisted upon certain blanks being left in the deed. The blanks were filled in by her on the twelfth of June in this year."

Cynthia drew a quick breath; it was the date Lady Westlake had threatened to turn her out of the house, the date of the violent scene

between her aunt and Darrel. She understood how those blank spaces had been filled in with the name of Percy Standish instead of Cynthia Drayle—understood that though her aunt might have intended to alter her will in Cynthia's favor she had postponed doing so until it was too late.

"I cannot but suppose that it is all right—valid," he said thickly. "but I need not say, Cynthia, that I refuse to accept—that I must—in—upon your receiving a share, the half—"

Cynthia rose, her face crimson; but she touched his arm again and smiled faintly.

"No, Percy," she said. "But we will not speak of it, discuss it any further, just now. You will come in to the dining room, Lord Spencer, Mr. Lorton?"

Both men looked at her as she led the way, the lawyer with a compassionate expression, Lord Spencer with an admiration which shone quite plainly in his dull, blood-flecked eyes, and thick, pursed lips.

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ORANGE LILY is a certain cure for all disorders of women. It is applied locally and is absorbed into the suffering tissues. The dead waste matter in the congested region is expelled, giving immediate mental and physical relief. The blood vessels and nerves are toned and strengthened, and the circulation is rendered normal. As this treatment is based on strictly scientific principles, and acts on the actual location of the disease it cannot help but effect a cure of all forms of female troubles, including delayed and painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, etc. Price, \$1.00 per box, which is sufficient for one month's treatment. A Free Trial Treatment, enough for 14 days, worth 35c, will be sent free to any suffering woman who will send the her address. Enclose 3 stamps and address WRS. FRANCES E. CURRAM, Windsor, Ont.



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think the will is a very unjust one, unjust to Cynthia."

Lord Spencer nodded, his lips pressed together.

"You're right," he said, with a twist of the lips. "It's a cursed shame. But you'll do the straight thing, as you said—what?"

"Certainly sir; certainly," assented Percy quickly. "Shall we go on? I—I want to get home, to rest."

He linked his arm in his father's, but Lord Spencer, instead of pressing his son's arm to his side sympathetically, drew his own arm away, and, still avoiding Percy's face, said curtly and distinctly:

"I'm going to the club," and marched off, with his head bent, his shoulders rounded, as if he were escaping from an unpleasant companion.

Percy stood motionless where he had been left, and looked after his father; and as he looked a hectic flush came into his face, a gleam of something like terror shot into his eyes and remained some moments.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

Cynthia stood at the door of the great, shabby drawing room—which the new owner of Westlake House, Mr. Percy Standish, intended decorating, with the rest of the house, in the latest art fashion—waiting till her boxes were brought down, under the immediate directions of the faithful Parsons, who had, by dint of tearful entreaties, persuaded Cynthia into taking her to the cottage.

Ten days had elapsed since the reading of the will, and Cynthia's plans had been made, even as she listened to Mr. Lorton's dry voice and learned that she was not the heiress to Aunt Gwen's vast fortune.

She would go back home. How sweet the unaccustomed word sounded! For though she had been surrounded by luxury, neither Westlake House nor the chalet had spelled "home" for her; she would go to the beloved and hallowed little house on the Summerleigh hill, and wait for her father.

For she had just heard that he was making for England, that his wanderings were drawing to an end, and that he could no longer endure the longing for a sight of his little Cynthia.

No one can tell how the reading of his letter, read by her through a mist of tears, cheered and encouraged her. She looked round the room she was leaving, perhaps for the last time, and felt almost ashamed that no pang of regret accompanied the farewell glance.

Aunt Gwen had promised her a life of ease and luxury, and she had kept her promise up to the day of her death. But Cynthia knew now that she was leaving that life behind her, that it had brought little happiness.

"Everything is ready, miss," said Parsons, who was a trifle excited and inwardly marveled at her young mistress' calm. "I want one more label, miss, if you'd be so kind as to write it."

Cynthia took the label to the desk, and was addressing it when someone entered the room, and she heard Lord Northam's voice:

"Cynthia—Miss Drayle!"

She started and looked up at him as he stood close beside her, and his huge hand closed over hers with a close pressure. He was breathing hard, as a man who has run some distance breathes, and his eyes were fixed on her compassionately and gravely.

"I've just come back," he said, drawing a chair forward and seating himself, his body bent toward her. "Stella—with Alicia; she's been queer. Only heard the news the day before yesterday. Came at once. I'm sorry."

Cynthia turned her eyes away. It was the first real friend she had seen since Aunt Gwen's death, and the tears rose at the pity in his voice, at his attitude, the expression of his face. She knew that he was talking to give her time, and she remained silent as he went on:

"Beastly slow train, or I should have been here before. You are going away?"

"Yes," she said, quickly. "I am going home. I am so glad to see you, but my train—"

"I know. All right; I won't keep you. I'll go with you to the station. It's true, then, that—that the old lady—"

Cynthia smiled gravely as she helped him out:

"Yes, Aunt Gwen left most of her money to Percy; but she did not forget me—she was too kind to do so—and I have quite a fortune; a thousand pounds."

Northam did not swear—at least audibly—but his eyes grew dark, and he stared over her head for a moment or two in silence.

"Why did she do it?" he asked at last, and in quite an impassive voice. "But it doesn't matter."

"No, it doesn't matter," echoed Cynthia, with another smile, "for my father—I have just heard from him—is coming home, and I am going there to wait for him. I am sorry Lady Alicia has been ill. Is she better? It is nothing serious, I hope?"

(To be continued.)

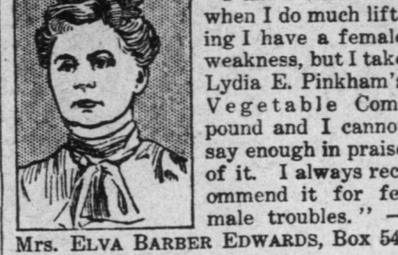
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Hindsboro, Ill.—"Your remedies have relieved me of all my troubles. I would have such bearing down misery and cramps and such weak, nervous, dizzy spells that I would have to go to bed. Some days I could hardly stay up long enough to get a meal.

"The doctor's medicine did me no good so I changed to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and got good results from the first bottle. I kept on taking it and used the Sanative Wash with it, until I was well again. I think every woman who suffers as I have, could take no better medicine."—Mrs. CHARLES MATTISON, Box 58, Hindsboro, Ill.

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The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as those above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stranger—it has stood the test for years.

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