



Do You Bake Your Own Bread?

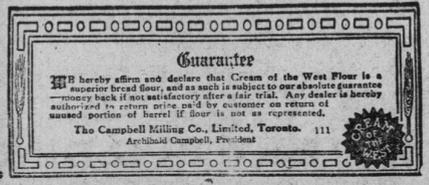
Everyone who bakes bread should know about my Cream of the West Flour.

I guarantee absolute satisfaction and I won't take money for less. A crust, brown, crisp and sweet; a crumb, white, light and even. Get a barrel and bake a batch or two.

Cream of the West Flour

the hard wheat flour guaranteed for bread

If you don't have success with your bread after a fair trial bring back the flour left over and your grocer has our authority to refund full purchase price.



R. G. ASH & CO., St. John's, Wholesale Distributors

Beautiful Cynthia;

OR

Victory After Many Defeats.

CHAPTER III. A BOY'S PRIDE.

Burridge nodded. "Yes, it was that mix of Drayle's," he said; and there was just a kind of malignancy in his tone. "She's the most troublesome girl in the village; always in mischief and drawing others into it. From what Sampson tells me, she made an unnecessary fuss over a bit of a girl-and-boy larking; in fact, she was playing to the gallery, or, rather, to Master Darrel. He's young, and didn't see through her, of course; and,

being impulsive and quick-tempered like—

"Like his father," said Sir Anson, with a smile and a nod. "You're right, I'm afraid, Burridge."

"He took up her quarrel, much to her delight, I've no doubt. She must have enjoyed herself. She's like that father of hers, and wants watching. I've no doubt, he's grinning over the affair at this moment; for he bears neither you nor me any good will; and it will be nuts to him to know that your son and my son have knock-

ed each other about for the sake of his girl."

Sir Anson's face flushed, and he rubbed his chin. Burridge paused to let his words soak in, then said, in a casual way:

"I wrote the other day, making him another and an increased offer for his land. He declined it, with his compliments."

Sir Anson grunted. "I felt sure he wouldn't accept," he said.

Burridge gazed before him thoughtfully and with a perfectly vacuous countenance for a moment or two; then he said, rather to himself than to Sir Anson:

"I wonder why he clings on so? The land is poor, and he does nothing with it, and we've offered him twice its value. You'd think that he would be glad of a chance of providing for that young she-cat of his. What's the reason, I wonder?"

"Pride," said Sir Anson laconically. Burridge shook his head. "I'm not sure," he said meditatively. "Drayle doesn't strike me as being the kind of a man who would sacrifice a large sum of money for the mere sake of holding on to a stretch of moorland. I wonder whether he has any ulterior motive?"

"What other motive can he have?" asked Sir Anson, in surprise.

"That's what I don't know," said Burridge slowly; and now again his eyes grew hard and keen. "Drayle is a shrewd man, though he plays the part of philosopher. I've got my eye on him, and I shall watch him very closely. They tell me that he has been clearing out the stream course that runs at the bottom of the moor; I shouldn't be surprised if he diverted it."

"He can't!" exclaimed Sir Anson quickly, up in arms at once. "It's illegal. I can stop him; and I will do so. You will serve him with a writ." He sprang to his feet and paced up and down angrily. "I won't have it! You tell him, Burridge, that I'll bring an action at once."

Burridge watched, with a twitch of his mouth, his agitated client, and the faintest gleam of satisfaction flashed in the blue eyes.

"Quite so, Sir Anson," he said. "I'll look into the matter; but we mustn't be over-hasty; we must proceed carefully and not exceed our rights; we don't want Drayle to crow over us. You may leave the matter to me and rest assured that I will protect your interests."

He rose and buttoned his coat; then, as if suddenly remembering another subject, said casually:

"The interest on Trevycott is overdue, Sir Anson."

Sir Anson cooled down in a moment. "Eh, what?" he said, uneasily. "Overdue, is it? Tut, tut! I had quite forgotten it. I suppose you can arrange for it, Burridge? Eh, what?"

"Oh, yes, Sir Anson," Burridge replied. "I merely mentioned it."

"That's all right," said Sir Anson, with a sigh of relief, as he dismissed the matter from his mind with his usual facility. "Must you go? A class of wine?"

Mr. Burridge declined, took up his hat and left the room. There was no one in the hall, and he paused, with his hat crushed in his big hand and looked round with a vacuous gaze.

The Court was a very fine building, and the hall might be described, without exaggeration, as magnificent; at any rate, it is one of the finest in the Kingdom and consistent introduction to the beautiful rooms which open out of it.

Vacuous as the glance seemed, it took in every detail, the carved panels, the stupendous fireplace of white marble, the oriel stained window, the men in armor, the antique cabinets, the family portraits by great English masters, the stand of arms and trophies, everything.

Mr. Burridge looked at them all, and appraised them in the keen mind which worked behind those simple-looking eyes of his. The butler entered from the back hall, and Mr. Burridge said snavely:

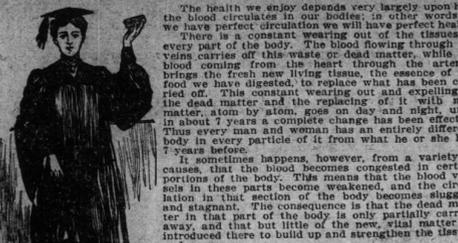
"How do you do, Priestly?"

"Very well, I thank you, sir; hopia! you're the same," responded Priestly, with episcopal dignity, as he went to the door and stood beside it in proper attitude.

"Good day, Priestly," said Mr. Burridge, passing out.

"Good day to you, sir," responded

LOCAL TREATMENT FOR WOMEN'S DISORDERS



The health we enjoy depends very largely upon how the blood circulates in our bodies; in other words, if we have perfect circulation we will have perfect health. There is a constant wearing out of the tissues in every part of the body. The blood flowing through the veins carries off this waste or dead matter, while the blood coming from the heart through the arteries brings the food we have digested, to replace what has been carried off. This constant wearing out and expelling of the dead matter and the replacing of it with new matter, atom by atom, goes on day and night, until about a greater or less extent the change has been effected. Thus every man and woman has an entirely different body in every particle of it from what he or she had 7 years before.

It sometimes happens, however, from a variety of causes, that the blood becomes congested in certain portions of the body. This means that the blood vessels in these parts become weakened, and the circulation in that section of the body becomes sluggish and stagnant. The consequence is that the dead matter in that part of the body is only partially carried away, and that but little of the new vital matter is introduced there to build up and strengthen the tissues.

This condition invariably exists in all cases of female disorders. The dead matter retained in the circulation, which should have been expelled, causes irritation and inflammation of the delicate membranes, and oppresses the nerve centres. This condition is the cause of the grievous physical and mental suffering which accompanies female troubles.

To obtain relief it is evident that the first thing to do is to get rid of the dead matter which is being held in the circulation. If this dead matter is allowed to remain there a species of blood poisoning will result and nature will endeavor to get rid of it by forming ulcers, tumors, etc.

The above explanation will also show why ORANGE LILY is so successful in curing this condition. It is applied directly to the affected organs. Its curative elements are absorbed into the congested tissue, and from the very start the dead matter begins to be discharged. A feeling of immense relief, both mental and physical, accompanies it, and the improvement is constant and positive. This feature of the expelling of the dead matter is always present and is so marked as to be amazing.

The case described in the following letter is not exceptional.

Dr. Cooney, I am thankful to say, your wonderful remedy, I have suffered for 17 years, but not so bad until 3 years ago. Then I had a doctor, who told me I had a tumor, and could live no more than a year. If I went through an operation I would not live through it. A year later I sent for him again, and he gave me up to die. My husband came home and threw a slip of paper to me with Mrs. Currah's address and told me a lady had advised him to write to her for a treatment that would cure me. I said it was too late, that I would die anyway. I could not let a rescue without hurting me. Then the first doctor told me I was worse than a leucop, until 7 tumors had been expelled, 3 brought away one tumor. Others followed, until 7 tumors had been expelled, 3 brought away one tumor. Others followed, until 7 tumors had been expelled, 3 brought away one tumor. Others followed, until 7 tumors had been expelled, 3 brought away one tumor.

The above letter is published with Mrs. Lewis' permission. All letters received are treated as being strictly confidential, but occasionally some patients feel as if they are treated as being secretly confidential, but occasionally some patients feel as if they are treated as being secretly confidential, but occasionally some patients feel as if they are treated as being secretly confidential.

FREE TRIAL OFFER
I will send, without charge, to every reader of this notice who suffers in any way from any of the troubles peculiar to women, if she will send me her address, enough of the ORANGE LILY treatment to last her ten days. In many cases this trial treatment is all that is necessary to effect a complete cure, and in every instance it will give very reliable relief. If you are a sufferer, you owe it to yourself to your friends to take advantage of this offer and get cured in the privacy of your home, without doctors' bills or expense of any kind. Address: MRS. FRANCIS E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

For Sale by Leading Druggists Everywhere.

Firstly, with additional dignity, adding, almost before the departing visitor had got out of earshot—"Lor, 'ow I 'ate that man!"

Mr. Burridge slouched and shambled, like a thin elephant, down the drive; but at the bend he turned, and looking back at the great house, licked his lips, very much as a big dog might do at the sight of a particularly succulent bone, which he was compelled to leave—for the present.

CHAPTER IV.
BOY-AND-GIRL LOVE.

Her rescue by Darrel Frayne, and the most striking incident in her hitherto uneventful life, Cynthia's mind naturally dwelt upon it; and as she went to school the next day, she kept a look out for Darrel, though no one would have suspected her of doing so.

For, like most of her sex, she possessed the valuable faculty of seeing what was going on around her while apparently keeping her eyes straight.

She wanted to meet him, this son of the great Sir Anson who had the impudence to dislike her father, so that she might look as if she didn't see him. For she was determined that he shouldn't have the chance of avoiding her. And she was quite disappointed for that reason, and perhaps others of which she was not conscious, when the day passed without her coming across him.

It should be mentioned that, although rather absentminded over her

Keep Your Liver and 30 Feet of Bowels lean With Delicious "Syrup of Figs."

Primitive folks did not need laxatives. They lived outdoors, ate plenty of fruit, and all of their food was coarse. We modern people are different. We exercise too little, eat little fruit, and our food is too fine—too rich.

We simply can't have our ten yards of bowels clogged up, liver choked with sour bile and stomach full of foul effete matter and feel well. It means that the food and waste retained in the stomach and thirty feet of bowels ferments—decays. The decay creates poisons, gases and acids, and these poisons are sucked into the blood through the very ducts intended to suck in the nutriment. Then we have sick headache, become dull, bilious, tongue coated, nervous, meals don't digest, and we feel miserable all over. So we must make our choice.

We must live like primitive folks, else we must take artificial means to move the excess bile and waste matter on and out of the system.

The safest, most harmless and effective stomach, liver and bowel cleanser and regulator for men, women and children—is delicious Syrup of Figs, which doesn't irritate, gripe or weaken. Its effect is the effect of fruits. It is composed entirely of luscious figs, senna and aromatics. Don't think you are drugging yourself. Syrup of Figs can be constantly used without harm.

Ask your druggist for "Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna," and see on the label that it is prepared by The California Fig Syrup Company. This is the only genuine—old reliable. Refuse with contempt, the so-called Fig Syrup imitations sometimes offered to deceive you.

She did not stop, but her pace grew slower. Darrel went after her briskly, flinging his cigarette away.

"How do you do?" he said.

"Oh, it's you!" returned Cynthia, with affected surprise.

"Yes; I thought you didn't see me," he responded complacently. "Seen any more of that fellow? I hope he hasn't bothered you again."

"Oh, no," said Cynthia. She had stopped now; but she gazed with a preoccupied air at the surrounding scenery. But, of course, she had looked at his face, and as she saw the remains of the marks of the combat, she felt her mood melting toward her preserver. Besides, it was evident that he had not intended to cut her, that he meant to be friendly, notwithstanding the quarrel between his father and hers.

"Ah, I don't suppose he will," said Darrel. "If he does, you tell me, and I'll give him another hiding." He looked at her meditatively; she really was a nice sort of girl; he had been rather bored before she came up, and he now felt like talking. "I say, are you in any particular hurry? Come down to the stream for a minute or two; there's an awful lot of young trout in it; they're too young to catch of course; but it's rather jolly to see them darting about."

Cynthia hesitated. She wanted very badly to go with him; but with the instinct of her sex, she wanted to be pressed to do so.

"Come for a minute or two," he said, "and I'll walk up the hill with you afterward."

With an air of faint reluctance, Cynthia turned, and they went down to the stream.

"You sit down and keep quiet," he said; "we've startled them, but they'll come back again." He dropped full length beside her, his chin in his hands, his eyes screwed up as he peered into the clear water. "Here they come!" he said in a whisper.

Of course, Cynthia bent forward, and the young trout, startled, fled again.

"There! you've driven them away!" he said. "It's a funny thing, but girls cannot keep still for two minutes together. Oh, it's no use waiting. They won't come back for ever so long." He sat up and took out his silver cigarette case and lit up, with a fine air of familiarity with the operation.

"Do you like smoking?" asked Cynthia, with interest and curiosity.

"Rather!" he replied. "Why?"

"I thought it was bad for boys," replied Cynthia. "Why do you like it?"

It is a question which puzzles most men; and Darrel may be forgiven for looking non-plussed.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "It's rather jolly, you know. It's soothing and it passes the time; you can't understand unless you've done it."

"Girls don't smoke," said Cynthia.

"Oh, yes they do, some of 'em," he said; "but most of 'em can't stand it. It makes them ill, you know."

He presented the information with so superior an air that Cynthia was nettled; whenever one of the girls wanted to stir her up to mischief, it was quite sufficient to dare her to do something dangerous and desperate.

"I don't believe it would make me ill," she said confidently. "Why should it? I'm as old as you are."

No healthy boy could have resisted such a temptation. Gravely, but with a twinkle in his eye, Darrel opened his cigarette case and extended it.

"Try one," he said; "but mind, don't forget that I warned you."

That was sufficient. Cynthia, who a moment before had no desire or intention of experimenting with the goddess Nicotine, as gravely took a cigarette, and was proceeding to put it between her lips when Darrel arrested the action by crying:

"That's the wrong end! And you must knock it on your hand, like this; it keeps the tobacco together. That's right. Here, I'll give you a light. Don't draw at it like that; pull slowly and softly; that's better."

(To be Continued.)

Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9525. — A SIMPLE COMFORTABLE LOUNGING ROBE.



Ladies' Kimono or Lounging Robe.

White silk and wool crepe cloth was used for this design, with a finish of feather stitching. The model is suitable for silk, lingerie fabrics, lawn or cashmere. It will also develop well in flannellette, iden cloth, or elder-down. The waist and sleeve portions are combined, and the skirt and waist are gathered, in the joining at Empire waist line. The design is easy to develop and will be found comfortable and attractive. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 4 yards of 44 inch material for a medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9532.—A SIMPLE BUT ATTRACTIVE NEGLIGEE.



Ladies' Dressing or House Sack, with Long or Shorter Sleeve.

White handkerchief linen embroidered in blue was used for this design. Lawn, dimity, nainsook, crepe, silk, flannel or flannellette are equally suitable. The model is fitted by shoulder and underarm seams, and closes under the plait in front. The sleeve may be finished in bishop style with a band cuff, or in shorter length with a turn over cuff. The fullness at the waist may be confined by the belt. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a 38 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

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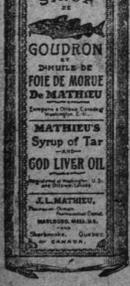
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A Neglected Cold May Cause Consumption.

Thousands of people die every year from the effects of this dreaded disease, which, if treated in its first stages with

MATHIEU'S SYRUP

of Tar and Cod Liver Oil and other medicinal extracts, will cure the diseased lungs and give strength to the patient. **Sold everywhere.**



THOMPSON, N.S., Mch. 29, '06.
Fillmore & Morris, Amherst, N.S.

Dear Sirs.—Yours of the 27th to hand re Mathieu's Cough Syrup, and would say it gives the best results of any cough syrup we have ever handled. The Medicine is all right.

Yours truly,
ARMOUR & MATTINSON,
Port Hawkesbury, C.B., Apr. 3, '06.

Fillmore & Morris, Amherst, N.S.
Dear Sirs.—I rec'd yours of the 27th ult. asking about Mathieu's Syrup. It is an excellent Medicine for coughs, cold and consumption. Please send me another lot of 2 doz. bots. with samples. Etc. closed find \$3.00 the amount of my bill.

Yours truly,
A. F. DICKSON,
SPRING HILL, N.S., April 4.

Fillmore & Morris, Amherst, N.S.
Dear Sirs.—In reference to your inquiry as to the selling quantities of Mathieu's Syrup, we might say that it is of no use whatever for us to keep any other Cough Medicine in stock. When you first began to sell it here, the Druggists did not handle it, and now every druggist in town has it, and we are sure they find a ready sale for it. Mathieu's Syrup is sold by at least 18 Dealers in Spring Hill.

FERRIS & PEEL,
J. L. MATHIEU Co., Sherbrooke, Can.
THOS. MCMURDO & Co., Wholesale Chemists and Druggists, St. John's, Nfld.

MATHIEU'S NERVINE POWDERS are free from opium, chloral and other dangerous drugs and they are supreme against, headache, sick headache, neuralgia, overwork. 25 cts. per box of 18 powders. Prepared by