



Look at the Wheat!
There's a deal to know about wheat. If I didn't select the wheat I couldn't guarantee the flour. Cream of the West Flour comes from Cream of the West Wheat. And it certainly does make good bread!

Cream of the West Flour
the hard wheat flour guaranteed for bread

You just try it. If it doesn't give you right down satisfaction your grocer pays your money back. That's the guarantee with barrel.

The Campbell Milling Company, Limited, Toronto
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, President

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

Beautiful Cynthia;

Victory After Many Defeats.

CHAPTER XXV.
THE SLEEPING POWDERS.
They fell into silence, reached the lawn landing stage, and went up to the chalet. Notwithstanding her refusal to share Percy's misgivings respecting Aunt Gwen's health and his fear of her sudden taking off, Cynthia was conscious of a vague uneasiness on Lady Westlake's account, and when she had taken off her outdoor things she hastened to her aunt's room, with the unacknowledged desire to see with her own eyes that Percy's melancholy suggestion was groundless.

As she passed the sitting room she glanced in, to see if Lady Westlake was there. She was not, but Percy was standing at the writing table with the dispatch box at his elbow.
"Do you know where Aunt Gwen is?" she asked, in the doorway.
He looked around slowly, and began to turn over the stationery in the pigeon-holes.
"In her room, I think," he replied. "I am looking for a large envelope," he added.
"There are some in the bottom drawer," she said. "Here they are."

Psoriasis All Over Body

Doctors Said Incurable, But Now There is No Sign of Disease, Thanks to Dr. Chase's Ointment.



Mde. N. Massey.
Psoriasis is one of the most dreaded of itching skin diseases. It is a sort of chronic eczema. The itching it causes is almost beyond human endurance, and doctors are accustomed to give it up as incurable.
But here is a case that was given up and pronounced incurable. The result proves that Dr. Chase's Ointment almost works miracles in curing the worst form of itching skin disease imaginable.
Mrs. Nettie Massey, Concession, Ont., writes:—"For five years I suffered with what three doctors called psoriasis. They could not help me, and one of them told me if anyone offered to guarantee a cure for \$50.00 to keep my money, as I could not be cured. The disease spread all over me, even on my face and head, and the itching and burning was hard to bear. I used eight boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I am glad to say I am entirely cured, not a sign of a sore to be seen. I can hardly praise his ointment enough."
The soothing, healing influence of Dr. Chase's Ointment is truly wonderful. Eczema, salt rheum, barber's itch, ringworm and scores of such torturing ailments are relieved at once and as certainly cured if the Ointment is used persistently. Mothers find Dr. Chase's Ointment invaluable in preventing and curing the skin troubles of babies, such as chafing, irritations of the skin and baby eczema.
Dr. Chase's Ointment, 50 cents a box. All dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

She went to the desk and pulled out the drawer, and, as she did so, Percy drew the dispatch case toward him, as if to take it out of her way.
"Oh, thanks—thanks! So kind of you," he murmured.
Cynthia went out, and he settled himself at the desk, as if to write; but he wrote nothing, and presently he drew the case toward him softly, and examined the lock. There was a minute dab of wax on the upper part of the keyhole. And as he saw it his lips drew together with an expression of satisfaction, for the wax, which he had dropped there, could not have remained there if the dispatch box had been unlocked.
Cynthia passed on, and met Parsons in the corridor with the post bag.
"It's late, miss," she said, as Cynthia took it.
She opened it and took out the contents eagerly. There was nothing for her, and, with Lady Westlake's letters and newspapers in her hand, she went on to her ladyship's room.
The maid, who was tidying up, told her that Lady Westlake was at that moment coming up the garden to the house, and Cynthia seated herself by the window and took the wrapper from the Times.

She turned it over listlessly, indifferently, and was putting it down, when her eyes caught the heading, "The Frontier War," and she read the paragraphs that followed, and which stated, with the curtness of a telegraphic message from "our own correspondent," that the expeditionary force which had been dispatched to punish and subdue the insurgent tribesmen had started; and it gave the names of the corps that formed the expedition.
This piece of intelligence roused but a faint and transient interest in Cynthia, and she laid the paper down. She had heard nothing of Darrel, nothing whatever of his movements, and was consequently ignorant that he was one of the Rexford Fusiliers who were marching upon the Afridis.
She was soon lost in the reverie which always took possession of her when she was alone—and not seldom when others were present—and she was awakened from it by the entrance of Lady Westlake.
"Oh, you've got back," said her ladyship. "Where's Percy? I want him to answer some letters for me."
"He is in the sitting room," said Cynthia. "Shall I write them for you?"
"No, let him do it," snapped the Griffin. "He may as well do something useful for his bed and board; he's getting soft and sleepy with idleness."
She stumped, with the aid of her stick, to the sitting room, and found Percy busy writing; he had heard her approach.
"Oh, you're here," she said, ungraciously. "I want you to answer

these." She threw a couple of letters on the table, almost in front of him.
"Certainly, dear Aunt Gwen," he responded suavely.
She told him what she wanted written, and, with her keen eyes watched his thin face with its secretive expression.
"Thanks," she said, when he had finished. "Very charmingly expressed. You have the knack of saying unpleasant things in a nice and apparently pleasant fashion."
"It runs in the family, Aunt Gwen," he said suavely.
She grinned at the neat hit. Then eyed him sharply. It was not often Percy indulged himself with a retort to her sarcasms. She did not guess at the carefully hidden irritation that tortured him like a skin disease.
"Did you get that tonic?" she asked suddenly, as if attributing his unwonted rebellion to his ill health.
He shrugged his shoulders and smiled.
"No, dear Aunt. To tell the truth, I forgot your kind suggestion, and if I had thought of it I should not have had the temerity to visit the local chemist."
"Humph!" she said. "I suppose you don't sleep well?"
"Why should you think that?" he asked, casually.
"Because I heard you walking up and down your room last night," she retorted, with a grin. "I was awake myself. I often am, but that's only to be expected of a woman of my age and habits." He shot a glance at her; it was almost as if she had overheard his conversation with Cynthia. "Sir Alfred gave me a prescription a little while ago. I think I've got it somewhere. Wait here. I can't have my rest broken by a person perambulating up and down like a restless animal in a menagerie."
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"Better get a couple of dozen powders made up," she said; "some for both of us."
"Certainly," he said. "I will go down to town after lunch."
When she had gone out again, he took the prescription from its envelope and listlessly read it; and as he did so he raised his brows, for it contained an unusually large quantity of a drug which was not only of a poisonous character, but dangerously so.
He reflected for a moment or two; it was evident that Sir Alfred was acquainted with the fact that Lady Westlake took soporifics frequently, and had therefore felt warranted in prescribing so large a dose of this drug—a dose which would have probably proved fatal to one unaccustomed to taking it.
His brow was furrowed by thought as he bent over the prescription, and presently his lips drew straight, his eyes grew hard and keen, and the pallor of his face was broken by a hectic flush. He stretched out his hand for a pen, his eyes still on the paper, and, having got hold of the pen, kept it poised above the sign indicating the quantity of the dangerous drug.
Once, twice, thrice the point of the pen touched the sign as he hesitated. Then, with the perspiration standing on his blanched forehead, he delicately altered the writing, so delicately

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ALL DRUGGISTS.
By prescription.
ANTISEPTIC THROAT TABLETS
These are simple, effective and antiseptic. Of your druggist or from us. 50c. in tin.
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With labored speech and elegant courtesy, Percy stated that the prescription was drawn up by a famous physician, as the assistant would see, and that he—Percy—knew nothing about its ingredients. And he added that the lady for whom it was intended had often taken the powders.
The man, after a flood of rapid French, shrugged his shoulders, requested monsieur to honor him by taking a seat, and disappeared behind the usual partition.
(To be continued.)

these." She threw a couple of letters on the table, almost in front of him.
"Certainly, dear Aunt Gwen," he responded suavely.
She told him what she wanted written, and, with her keen eyes watched his thin face with its secretive expression.
"Thanks," she said, when he had finished. "Very charmingly expressed. You have the knack of saying unpleasant things in a nice and apparently pleasant fashion."
"It runs in the family, Aunt Gwen," he said suavely.
She grinned at the neat hit. Then eyed him sharply. It was not often Percy indulged himself with a retort to her sarcasms. She did not guess at the carefully hidden irritation that tortured him like a skin disease.
"Did you get that tonic?" she asked suddenly, as if attributing his unwonted rebellion to his ill health.
He shrugged his shoulders and smiled.
"No, dear Aunt. To tell the truth, I forgot your kind suggestion, and if I had thought of it I should not have had the temerity to visit the local chemist."
"Humph!" she said. "I suppose you don't sleep well?"
"Why should you think that?" he asked, casually.
"Because I heard you walking up and down your room last night," she retorted, with a grin. "I was awake myself. I often am, but that's only to be expected of a woman of my age and habits." He shot a glance at her; it was almost as if she had overheard his conversation with Cynthia. "Sir Alfred gave me a prescription a little while ago. I think I've got it somewhere. Wait here. I can't have my rest broken by a person perambulating up and down like a restless animal in a menagerie."
As she went out, Percy pushed with his foot the dispatch box, which he had set down against the other side of the desk, still farther out of sight. Lady Westlake returned in a few minutes, and dropped a piece of paper in front of him.
"Better get a couple of dozen powders made up," she said; "some for both of us."
"Certainly," he said. "I will go down to town after lunch."
When she had gone out again, he took the prescription from its envelope and listlessly read it; and as he did so he raised his brows, for it contained an unusually large quantity of a drug which was not only of a poisonous character, but dangerously so.
He reflected for a moment or two; it was evident that Sir Alfred was acquainted with the fact that Lady Westlake took soporifics frequently, and had therefore felt warranted in prescribing so large a dose of this drug—a dose which would have probably proved fatal to one unaccustomed to taking it.
His brow was furrowed by thought as he bent over the prescription, and presently his lips drew straight, his eyes grew hard and keen, and the pallor of his face was broken by a hectic flush. He stretched out his hand for a pen, his eyes still on the paper, and, having got hold of the pen, kept it poised above the sign indicating the quantity of the dangerous drug.
Once, twice, thrice the point of the pen touched the sign as he hesitated. Then, with the perspiration standing on his blanched forehead, he delicately altered the writing, so delicately

that a magnifying glass would have been required to detect the changed figure.
He slipped the prescription in his breast pocket, and went down to lunch; but it appeared that he had little or no appetite. And in answer to the Griffin's sarcastic banter he remarked casually that he had a headache.
"Oh, you'll be all right after you have had a dose of Sir Alfred's sleeping powder," she said.
"I am sure I shall," he said, with cheerful gratitude; adding, as he turned to Cynthia: "Aunt Gwen has been so good as to give me an infallible remedy for insomnia."
He left the chalet soon after lunch, but he did not walk straight down to the town. It seemed as if he were possessed by a restless kind of indolence, for he wandered down the road to the water, and then up again to the cathedral.
The organ was playing—it happened to be the afternoon of the weekly recital—and he sauntered in, stole into one of the pews, and listened, or seemed to listen, to the grand, solemn music; and with it still surging in his ears, mingling with his thoughts, haunting him in an irritating way, he walked slowly back to the town and entered the well-known chemists.
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