



## 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. C. ASH & Co., St. John's Wholesale Distributors.

## A MYSTERIOUS QUEST.

CHAPTER II.

A Remarkable Adventure.  
(continued)

But why should it involve mystery? Why should there be no one in the house from whom he could obtain intelligible replies to his queries? Was this merely accident or was it design? The one person he had encountered whose face spoke intelligence and a desire for communication had surprised him so much by the coincidence between her presence and the picture he had painted, that he had been made for the moment powerless, and so lost the one opportunity offered him to make himself acquainted with the true meaning of the adventure which had fallen him. Was this fortunate or was it not? Was this wealthy lady of high position and incomparable taste the friend or art-

lover who had drawn him there? What could be more probable? And yet how greatly was the mystery enhanced if this were the case. He was gazing steadily at the immovable countenance before him when this idea came; and, fascinated as he was by what he saw, there seemed to rise a film between him and it, out of which there slowly grew on his gaze the face of the unknown visitor. Not the face he had put upon canvas and which was at this moment illuminating the dim recesses of his studio, but of herself as she stood there looking at him with a most human contrast with the sumptuousness of her apparel and the dignity of her bearing.

A true face, a good face, with features perfect enough for art, and a smile tender enough to satisfy the most exacting nature. Why did he not thrill before it? Why did not the feeling of contempt which swept over him at its remembrance fill up the void in his heart and make this second recognition of her charms one of promise and unalloyed delight? Because he had seen something more winsome; because she was the Dream, while before him lay the Reality; because his taste and judgment alone awarded to her the palm of beauty, while his heart throbbed to what was pressed in this other face, this other form, which, if dead, had touched a

chord in his nature never sounded before, and, as he began to think, would never be sounded again. The Reality—yes, he had found it. As this belief seized him, he grasped his pencil with avidity. He no longer felt himself held back by doubts. He would draw the picture before him, but as he did so, he would draw another in his mind that should be the basis for his long-hoped-for chef d'oeuvre. Not for the unknown Montelli alone should his pencil fly over the paper, crystallizing into perpetual existence this dream of fading loveliness. He would earn for himself more than the paltry dollars he felt burning in his pocket; he would earn a right to the reproduction of this face, which must henceforth be the expression of his loftiest instincts.

His pencil obeyed his enthusiasm; the features of the sweet unknown began to show themselves upon the broad sheet of paper before him. He was very much absorbed, or he might have taken a look at the old croone seated in her low chair behind him. If he had done so, would he not have lost himself in further questions? Would he not have wondered why she gazed at him so intently, with eyes that were certainly not lacking in earnestness, if they were in candor? And would he not have queried why her glances only left him to travel to the clock, and so, with one quick flash, to the young girl, and back again to him. There was mystery in all this, if he could have seen it, for there was expectation in her look; an expectation that increased as the minute-hand of the clock moved on toward nine; and expectation here meant interruption, and interruption meant—what? The sly face of the croone made no revelations. But he saw nothing behind him. Life, hope and love were all, for the moment, concentrated in the end of his pencil, and not the sound of opening door and hurrying feet could have aroused him now from the dream of creation that engaged him. But there was no sound; all was still; even the mysterious watcher behind him seemed to hold her breath; and when the clock struck, which it presently did, the faint noise seemed to be too much for her aged nerves, for she half rose, and painfully sank back again, clasping her hands with energy, as if to still the beating of her heart. But the artist worked on.

Suddenly there was a change in the room. No one had entered it, and yet it seemed no longer like the same spot. Something strange and unaccountable had occurred; something which caused the moisture to start on Hamilton Degraw's forehead, and the expectancy in the old croone's look to deepen into strong excitement. What was it? The artist, catching his breath, listened. What silence! What an oppression of silence! And yet there it comes again, that soft sigh, so light as to be almost inaudible, and yet, to his ears, so thrilling with promise that he leaped to his feet

like one who breaks some bond asunder.

At the sight of his eagerness, the old croone, who had arisen also, smiles hungrily to herself. If she has heard the sigh also, she shows no anxiety to advance, but stops where she is, content that he should take the precedence, and stand first at the young girl's side. He was there in an instant, and though no signs of life greeted him from the motionless form, he could not tear his gaze away from her face.

"Sweet one," wailed up from his lips, "was that the sigh of your departed spirit grieving it had left a body that could be so loved? Or is life but pausing in these pulses, and will it—"

He does not finish. How can he, when at these muttered and well-nigh incoherent words he perceives the faintest flush of color suffuse the cheeks? Or was it but a fancy? It has fled now, and the breast does not heave. It must have been a hallucination like the sigh. And yet—and yet—those lips seem to be less closely. There is something in the face he has not seen there before. It is not life, and yet, it is not death. Where are her friends? Where is there a physician? Why is he not one instead of being a useless artist? With a cry, he turns to the old croone.

"Help!" he shrieks. "See! her lips are growing red! And look at her hands; they are becoming warm! Now—now, they flutter! The roses on her breast are disturbed! She is not dead! We shall have her again—"

He paused, struck even in his frenzy by the abandon of his own words. "I am a fool," he muttered. "But then the old witch does not understand me. Will she understand what she sees?" And bounding to the old woman's side, he drew her, wondering and chattering, up between the candles, and pointed to the young girl's face. As he did so, he uttered an irrepressible cry; for in an instant he had been gone, the miracle had happened, and two wide, dark eyes, luminous with wonder, stared back into his from amid the wreaths of those tangled locks of hair.

To be continued.

## Niagara Mystery.

UNDERGROUND PASSAGE.

Niagara Falls, Ont., Nov. 20.—Deep interest has been aroused on both sides of the river by a story of an underground passage under the river connecting old Niagara with Fort Niagara and used by smugglers years ago which has been made public by Mrs. Louise Armstrong of Minnesota. The truth of the woman's story will be investigated. When she was a girl and was living at Niagara on the lake, on the American shore a main underground passage led from the old French sally port to the water's edge. From this passage other byways branched off, in these were stored smuggled goods. A like condition she believed existed in Niagara on Lake Ontario. She had been shown the passage on both sides of the river but was compelled to give her word that she would never tell of what she saw for a lifetime at least.

## FREE ADVICE TO WOMEN

Women suffering from any form of illness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established this confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Never has she published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which Mrs. Pinkham has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge needed in your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Mrs. Pinkham, care of Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 30-cent Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

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Buttoned Fronts, Pearl Buttons, First Quality, No Dropped Stitches or Sewed-up Garments. PRICE ONLY 30 cts. EACH.

**Boys' Jaegar Fleeced Shirts and Drawers,**  
FIRST QUALITY, FROM 30c. GARMENT ONLY.

Size 24 inch, 26 inch, 28 inch, 30 inch, 32 inch, 34 inch.  
Price 30c. 32c. 34c. 36c. 38c. 40c.

Small Boys' Jaegar Fleeced Shirts and Drawers (drawers being buttoned at sides); 20 inch, at 20c. and 22 inch at 22c. Garment.

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Size 16 inch, 18 inch, 20 inch, 22 inch, 24 in., 26 in., 28 in., 30 in., 32 in., 34 in.  
Price 16c. 18c. 20c. 22c. 24c. 26c. 28c. 30c. 32c. 34c.

**Men's Jaegar Fleeced Shirts & Drawers,**  
All Sizes.

In a superior quality of seconds, every garment being White Fleeced. ONLY 45c. GARMENT. at 35c. and 45c. Garment.

Women's Cream Ribbed Fleeced Vests and Knickers, at 35c. and 45c. Garment.

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Very Large Women's White Ribbed Fleeced Vests and Knickers, at 45c. and 75c. Garment.

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Women's Heavy Grey Fleeced Divided Skirts (or Knickers); Superior Value at 50c. 60c., 75c., 85c., 90c., and \$1.00 each.

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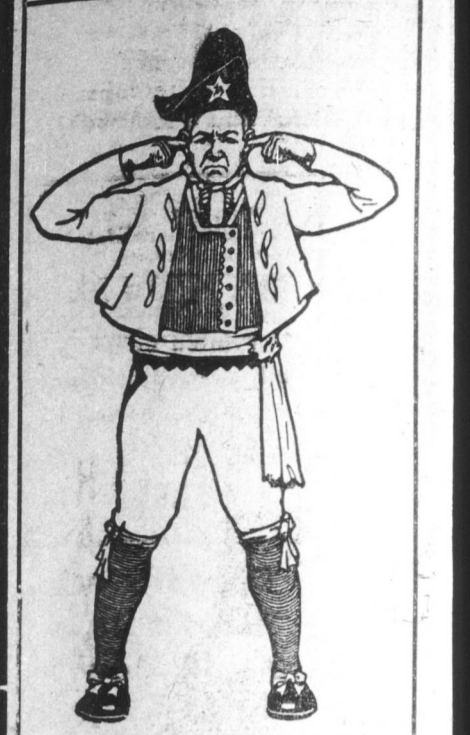
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Currant Cakes, 10 cents.  
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