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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

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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.
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, PRESIDENT

CREAM OF THE WEST

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

Beautiful Cynthia;

—OR—

Victory After Many Defeats.

CHAPTER IX.

SEEING THE WORLD.

"No; I only know Percy," said Cynthia, coloring a little; "he is a nephew of Lady Westlake's; and so he's a kind of cousin of mine."

"Looks clever," commented Northam, sleepily.

"He is!" assented Cynthia. "Very clever."

Northam grunted again.

"What is the time?" asked Lady Alicia. "Why, it's quite early! Shall we drop in at the Frivolity? You will see your interesting Miss Dormount dance, Miss Drayle."

Cynthia looked up eagerly, but checked the impulse to exclaim: "Oh yes!"

"Thank you, I should like it very much; but I must go home. My aunt would not like me to be late," she said, a trifle regretfully.

"Yes; I am afraid you must," said Darrel, glancing at his watch and sighing.

"But you mustn't let me keep you from going," said Cynthia quickly. "I ought to have gone before; but I have been so happy—it has been so delightful."

Lady Alicia pressed her to go on with them; but with a sigh and a shake of the head Cynthia rose. They went to the cloakroom. Lord Northam, who had been the last to rise, opened his lips as if about to urge Cynthia to remain. But he caught a glance from his sister, shrugged his shoulders, and kept silence.

As they were standing at the entrance, waiting for Cynthia's carriage—the Northams had come in a taxicab—Darrel drew to Cynthia's side.

"I mustn't come with you," he said, with a wistful sigh.

"Oh, no, no!" she assented quickly. "You mustn't leave Lady Alicia; besides, Aunt Gwen would not like——"

"I know," he murmured, with an air of resignation. "When shall I see you again, Cynthy?"

"I don't know," she replied, looking up at him and then away, with a touch of color in her cheeks.

"See here!" he said, quickly and eagerly. "I shall have to call on Lady Westlake; I'll call the day after to-morrow—here's the carriage!—half past four? Quick, Cynthy!"

She made an affirmative gesture, and he drew her arm within his and led her through the small crowd which had collected by the door. In doing so he collided with a man who was emerging from the entrance.

He was a heavily built young fellow, with coarse features and reddish hair and a mustache of the same color and of the blacking brush order, which called attention to rather than masked a mouth that was like a gash in his flushed face.

A more orderly place than the Savoy it would be difficult to find. But sometimes, though very rarely, some one will dine not wisely but too well; this plain young man had certainly had more champagne than was good for him, and his face and manner proclaimed the fact most obviously.

Darrel, feeling the concussion, drew Cynthia, who had seen nothing of the affair, closer, and murmured "Sorry!" in the conventionally apologetic tone; but the young man declined to accept the expression of regret, and, pushing close against Darrel, stuttered aggressively:

"Who are you shoving? D'you think you've bought the place?"

Surprised, Darrel glanced at him, and in a half-conscious way noticed that the man looked like the typical provincial up for a holiday. He wore a badly fitting dress suit, a made-up tie—a sure and certain mark of his class—and a bowler hat a size too large for him.

Darrel knew, by the casual glance, that the man had taken too much, and that he was confused by the unaccustomed brilliance and excitement, and, thinking no more of him, was putting Cynthia into the carriage when a huge red hand was laid on his arm.

Darrel turned with surprise, stared at the angry face, said in an undertone, "One moment, please!" then closing the carriage door, leaned over it, his hand on Cynthia's, and murmured to her: "Good night Cynthy! The day after to-morrow—half past four. You'll remember? Right, coachman!"

When he returned after watching the carriage make its way through the crowd of vehicles, the young countryman was still standing, rather unsteadily, at Darrel's elbow and staring at him with an air of offense and belligerence.

"What do you want?" demanded Darrel, rather sharply, but calmly enough; for the man's condition called for consideration.

"Want—want an apology!" stammered the other. "Don't think you can knock people about just as you like, do you?"

"My good sir, if I knocked against you, I'm sorry," said Darrel, with, it is to be admitted, that suggestion of superiority which is so exasperating to an inferior. "It was an accident—the crowd——"

"You did it on purpose," was the half-sullen, half-furious retort of the aggrieved person. "If you think you're going to get off so easily——" He made a gesture too significant to be mistaken.

Attracted by the man's loud voice and expressive attitude, some of the persons near them stopped and looked at them furtively, evidently expecting a row. At this moment Northam approached.

"I've got a taxi——" he began; then he stopped and stared at the two. "What's up, Frayne?"

At the name, Darrel's opponent gave a start and a lurch and opened his huge mouth.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he exclaimed. "I know you—I haven't forgotten you. It's the kind of thing you would do!"

Lady Alicia touched Darrel on the arm. "Who is it, Mr. Frayne?" she said, in a disgusted undertone.

"I haven't the least idea," replied Darrel, as disgustedly.

"Darrel Frayne; yes, that's all right," stuttered the other man, nodding knowingly. "Guessed right the very first time. You think yourself somebody, I suppose; shovin' and pushin', as if no one had any right to be here but yourself. And it's no use your pretendin' not to know me; it won't wash. You remember me well enough——"

"Pray come away!" said Lady Alicia, pressing Darrel's arm. "He is—— Oh, you can see!"

"I know," said Darrel. "Pease leave my arm alone," he added sternly to the man, who had caught it as if to prevent his foe escaping him.

"You wait a bit," he retorted thickly. "There's no hurry. You're Darrel Frayne, and you're swelling it up here in London, as if you were a cock of the walk; but I could make you climb down, I could take the shine out of you—if—if I was to tell em' what—what I could tell 'em. It's no use your tryin' the high and mighty with me. You know me well enough. I'm Sampson—Mr. Sampson Burridge. My father could let the nonsense out of you like—like gas from a bal—balloon."

Darrel exclaimed with astonishment. "Why—yes, it is!" he said, his anger swallowed up in surprise. "Upon my word, I didn't recognize you, Burridge! It's a long time since—but I remember you now! I'm sorry I can't stop and have a talk with you. You're staying in town, I suppose? Come and see me——" He took a card from his waistcoat pocket and held it out with a tolerant contempt.

But Sampson declined to be placated. He was too far gone to think of consequences, to remember his father's position as Sir Anson's steward. He forgot everything but his old hatred of Darrel, a hatred which had been lying dormant all the years since they had fought, as boys, at the old bridge at Summerleigh. He snatched at the card, and, tearing it in pieces, flung them on the ground.

"This is no place——" he said, with a tipsy man's futile attempt at dignity. "Can't explain here! But you'll find, Mr. Darrel Frayne, that I've got the whip hand of you, me and my father."

Northam, who had stood silently looking from one to the other, laid his hand on Darrel's shulder.

"Come on," he said phelgmatically. "You'll have the police here directly."

Darrel turned rather reluctantly. "I know him," he said, with an attempt at explanation; "he comes from our place. I wish there was some one to take him home, look after him——"

"Thank you," broke in Sampson, with a sneer. He had overheard Darrel's charitable aspiration, and, of course, resented it. "I can take care of myself. I don't want any assistance from you——"

"Oh, come on!" ejaculated Northam wearily, and Darrel, still reluctant, followed the Northams into the taxicab. Sampson stood waveringly, his huge mouth twisting all ways, as he muttered resentful threats, and he swung round savagely as a hand lightly touched his arm.

"Well, what do you want?" he demanded furiously of the handsome, beautifully dressed young man who had touched him.

"Excuse me," said Percy, who until that moment had been standing just within the entrance, and had seen and heard all that had passed. "I think I have the pleasure of knowing you? You are Mr.—er—er—Mr. Burridge, of Summerleigh?"

"I am," admitted Sampson, with heavy surprise. He had quite forgotten that he had shouted his name loud enough to be heard across the street. "But I am dashed if I know you!"

"I have the advantage, you see," said Percy, in his smooth voice. "Will you come and—er—have a cigar and a chat? We will take a cab." He turned to his father, who was standing by them and looking on with an air of amusement and curiosity. "Go home sir," he said, in a low voice. "Don't wait for me; I have met a friend."

Lord Standish nodded and grinned. He always did what his clever son bade him. There was generally some reason for Percy's most apparently reasonless actions.

"You come with me—my hotel," said Sampson, with dignity.

"With pleasure," assented Percy pleasantly. "Here is a cab."

"The Loamshire," stuttered Sampson haughtily, as if he were giving the name of the most exclusive and aristocratic hotel in London. "Get in, Mr.—— I didn't catch your name. We'll make a night of it. I want something to wash the taste of that—that upstart out of my mouth!"

CHAPTER X.

A FOOL.

They drove to the Loamshire, Percy having paid the fare, and under the pretense of taking the lurching Sampson's arm in a friendly fashion, assited that gentleman to mount the steps and make his way into the smoking room.

It chanced to be empty, Sampson, dropping into a chair, hammered the table until a scared and untidy waiter came to them.

"A bottle of your best fizz and some—some cigars. And look mighty sharp about it," Sampson commanded, in a lordly way.

"And a siphon of soda water," added Percy, in an undertone. "Thank you—I'll take a cigarette, Mr. Burridge. Will you try one of mine?" he asked sweetly, as he concealed a shudder at the appearance of the Loamshire cigars.

"Not me!" replied Sampson contemptuously. "They're no use to me. I prefer—I mean prefer—a cigar; and I like it strong. I can stand it; I've got a strong stomach."

"And as strong a head, I am sure," said Percy. Sampson winked, smiled fatuously, and tossed off a glass of the inferior champagne which was the Loamshire's best.

"First-rate stuff this," he said.

(To be continued.)

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GOLD WATCH FREE
GREAT OFFER BY A WELL-KNOWN FIRM IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.

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Archer, Ont., Feb. 1, '09.
Dear Mrs. Currah:—I received your kind letter some time ago, but was feeling so well, and not needing medicine, that I neglected replying sooner. I must say I have more confidence in ORANGE LILY than in any other thing I have ever used. Before I knew or found out anything about this medicine, I doctored away hundreds of dollars, and when I thought I was dying with inflammation of the womb, a box of ORANGE LILY was sent me through the mail from a friend. The first suppository I used I was greatly relieved, and in a few months completely cured. That was nine years ago this winter, so you can imagine with what esteem I hold the ORANGE LILY. I am thankful there is such a relief for poor, suffering women, for I have been one of them and can sympathize with others. Your sincere friend, MRS. NORMAN WEAVER.

Trenton, Ont., Dec. 4th, 1909.
Mrs. F. E. Currah, Windsor, Ont.—
Dear Friend,—I feel it my duty to write you a testimonial as to what Orange Lilly has done for me. Last winter I was feeling very miserable indeed. I could scarcely do my housework during my menstrual period, and for two months or more I was never free from pain in the womb and ovaries. The pain would run down the groin, so I would frequently nearly double up. Then the pain began going up the back of my neck to my brain until I hardly knew what I was doing at times. Life was a burden indeed. I finally could endure it no longer, so went to our leading town doctor and had an examination. He pronounced it (I forget the word) a rigid condition of the generative organs, produced by repeated attacks of inflammation. He said I would have to take a course of treatment, and if that failed to overcome the rigid condition I might, in time, be compelled to have the ovaries removed. I objected to that, so filled out Dr. Coonley's symptom blank and forwarded it to him, and he diagnosed the disease the same as my local doctor, so I decided to take Dr. Coonley's Treatment. I have used two jars of Cerate Massage, two packages of Herbal Womb Tonic and six boxes of Orange Lily. It is eight months since I began the treatment, but I feel like a new woman. I work right through everything now. Hardly know a pain, even during menstruation now. I often say, "I would not take $100 and be in the state that I was last March." I feel that Dr. Coonley's Home Treatment is a Godsend to suffering womankind, and shall continue to sound its praises whenever I have an opportunity.

Yours gratefully, MRS. T. H. HATTON.

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This plain but none the less attractive design was developed in French nainsook, with embroidery for a finish. Crossbar muslin with lace, or lawn with embroidery or lace insertion and edging, would be equally effective. The design is also suitable for cambric, crepe, or silk. It is cut with kimono sleeves and in round neck edge. The sleeves are short, and the plain lines of the model conform to prevailing styles. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium, and Large. It requres 3 yards of 36 inch material for a Medium size.

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