



**I'm the Cream of the West Miller, and I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll guarantee your next batch of bread**

**I** WILL guarantee it to rise away up out of the pans, and make as delicious bread as you ever tasted. The loaves will be the biggest and most wholesome you ever baked with the same amount of flour. I'll guarantee it or you get back the money you paid for the flour! Now see:

Go to your grocer and buy a barrel of Cream of the West Flour. Take it home and bake it up.

Give it a trial. Now when you give it a fair trial, if you honestly feel that you have not

had splendid satisfaction with Cream of the West Flour, return the unused portion of barrel and get your money back.

Just tell the store man your bread didn't come out right and you want your money back as guaranteed.

It's not the grocery man who loses. It doesn't come out of his pocket. It is the Campbell Milling Company, Limited, of Toronto, who pay, and they are satisfied to pay if you'll be satisfied to try Cream of the West Flour.

Ask your store-keeper about this guarantee. He knows. He will tell you. Try a barrel.

**Cream of the West Flour**

*The hard wheat flour that is guaranteed for bread*

**Guarantee**

**W**e 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 VI. IN SILK ATTIRE.

"Ah!" he said, with a polite smile. "I am her nephew; once removed is, I believe, the accurate description of our relationship; so that I have felicity to claim you as a kind of connection, though I fear a distant one." Cynthia stared at him; she had never seen any boy like him, never heard any boy speak in such a fashion. Of course she compared him with Darrel Frayne, and equally, of course, much to Percy Standish's disadvantage.

"You're not been here long?" he said, glancing out of the corner of his eye at the country-made blue serge. Cynthia felt the glance and color-

ed. "No," she replied laconically.

"Your first visit to London?" he continued suavely. "I hope you are enjoying it?"

"Yes—I think so," said Cynthia, in her candid way. "I suppose you live here?"

"Yes," he said, "in Eaton Square. My father is Lord Spencer Standish; you may have heard of him?"

Cynthia shook her head. He smiled, as if her ignorance indicated her position, or, rather, her lack of position. "He is well known on the turf," Cynthia stared, and he explained: "He goes in for racing and that kind of thing. It doesn't interest me. I hope you are going to make

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**For Sale by Leading Druggists Everywhere.**

he said, with a smile and a little inclination of his head toward Cynthia. Suppley announced lunch, and Percy advanced to her ladyship and said, "Let me offer you my arm, dear Aunt Gwen."

Her ladyship looked at him sideways, then she let him take her arm and lead her to the dining room; at the door she paused and looked over her shoulder at Cynthia.

"Hasn't he beautiful manners, my dear?" she said, with the most offensive sarcasm; but Percy did not wince, and only smiled and murmured remonstratingly: "My dear aunt!"

To Cynthia the meal was a new and an amazing one. She sat silent, listening and looking from the old lady to the lad.

Lady Gwen was evidently in a vixenish mood, and was obviously set upon drawing Master Percy out for her own amusement, and perhaps for Cynthia's. And young as Cynthia was, she enjoyed the operation; she was quick enough to see that, notwithstanding the disparity of their ages, they were pretty equally matched, and that the lad met all her pointed sarcasms—some of them were anything but pointed and of quite bludgeonlike thickness—with an unruffled equanimity, and with his thin, conventional smile which seemed to irritate the terrible old woman, as a bull is irritated by a red flag.

"And how is your precious father?" she asked suddenly.

"Very well indeed, I am glad to say," was the prompt and smooth reply. "He asked me to give you his love, dear Aunt Gwen."

Her ladyship grunted. "I suppose he's been losing money as usual?" she said. "I should have thought he would have been broke by this time. Wasn't there some unpleasantness at the Grand National between him and the stewards?"

Percy raised his brows and shook his head. "I really don't know, dear aunt," he replied. "I've heard nothing about it; but, as you know, I do not read the sporting papers."

Lady Gwen, who did, grinned and showed her teeth.

"Estimable youth!" she said. "You are quite the paragon, Percy; isn't he?" she demanded, turning her eyes suddenly on Cynthia, who had been listening so intently and with such absorbing interest that her lunch had suffered.

"I don't know—I don't know what you mean," she said.

"You precious soon will, if you see much of him," said Lady Gwen, jerking her head at the self-possessed Percy. "I am going up to my room."

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Mrs. A. T. Smith.

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"Before taking your medicine she was all run down, suffered from pains in her side, could not walk but a short distance at a time, and had severe pains in head and limbs. She came very near having nervous prostration. She had begun to cough a good deal and seemed melancholy by spells. She tried two doctors but got little help."

"I cannot find words to express my gratefulness for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for my daughter. She feels and looks like another girl since taking it, and I shall always feel that I owe you a great debt. You can use this letter for the benefit of others if you wish, as I shall always recommend your medicines for female troubles."—Mrs. C. COLE, Fitchville, Ohio.

Hundreds of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

**Young Girls, Heed This Advice.** Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should immediately seek restoration to health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I sha'n't see you again, Percy; goodbye."

"Good-by, dear aunt. Thank you so much for asking me to lunch; it has been delightful," he responded, as he glided to the door and opened it for her. "How you must enjoy being here! Aunt Gwen is always so bright and charming," he remarked to Cynthia, as he went back to the table and poured himself out a glass of claret; he had drunk water while Lady Gwen had been present. "I suppose our dear aunt went down to the country to fetch you?" he said, in a casual way. "Let me see, you come from—Dear me, how stupid of me; I've forgotten the name."

Cynthia gave him the required information. In his gentle, insinuating way he got her to talk, and before she was aware of it Cynthia had told him many things of her past life; by the way, she said nothing about Darrel Frayne.

Percy listened, as he sipped his second glass of Chateau Lafitte, encouraging her every now and then with a word or a nod of comprehension. Presently he looked at his watch, and murmured:

"I had no idea it was so late; the time has passed so quickly; you have been so charming, if you will allow me to say so, Miss Drayle." He paused and smiled at her. "We are relatives, are we not? Would you object to my calling you Cynthia?—It is so sweet, so musical a name."

"No," said Cynthia.

"And you call me Percy," he said. "I am sure we shall be great friends; indeed, I am sorry to run away, but I have to attend a meeting of the Young Men's Philosophical Society, Good-by, Cynthia."

He bent over her hand, as he had bent over Lady Gwen's; and Cynthia stared at the retreating form with the same amazement with which she had watched and listened to the encounter between him and Lady Gwen.

She went into the drawing-room and was surprised to find her aunt here, just awakened from her afternoon nap.

"Has he gone?" she asked. "I thought I heard the door go; but he's so quiet that I wasn't sure. Well, what do you think of him?"

"I don't know," replied Cynthia.

"Yes, you do," said the old lady, with a grin. "You think he's a conceited, affected young puppy and prig. And you're right. He's all that, is Master Percy, but he's something more. You buy him for a fool, and you'll lose all your money, my girl. I know his breed." It was obvious to Cynthia that the old lady had forgotten her for the moment and was talking to herself. "They are all alike; I never see Master Percy, but I think of that line in 'Hamlet':—'One may smile, and still be a villain.'"

(Continued.)

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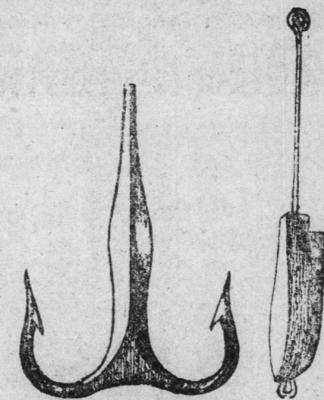
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