

The Best Day's Baking

Good—better—best! The class to which your flour belongs determines the success of your baking.

Good flours are common. Better flours are not at all rare.

But there is only one flour that has the uniform fineness, the uniform quality, and the superlative nourishment that entitle it to be called best—and its name is Rainbow Flour.

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We leave only the cream of this wheat after we have milled it.

There's not one speck of fibre, not a trace of skin or germ. Only the fullest nutriment of the wheat is present in Rainbow Flour.

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Canadian Cereal and Flour Mills Limited, Toronto, Canada
Makers of Tillsen's Oats—Rainbow Flour—Star Flour

Beautiful Cynthia;

Victory After Many Defeats.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SLEEPING POWDERS.

He stayed on, though the place did not appear to agree with him. He obviously grew thinner, and the constitutional paleness of his refined and intellectual countenance was changed for a pallor which his aunt unkindly attributed to bile.

"You look as if you wanted a tonic, Percy," she remarked one morning, as she and Cynthia came upon him in the garden, where he was sitting with his arms crossed, his

SEVEN YEARS OF MISERY

How Mrs. Bethune was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Sikeston, Mo.—"For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I had cramps, backache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband's told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like it, too. I can do all my own housework, work in the garden and entertain company and enjoy them, and can walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the week. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl, and tell them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. DEMA BETHUNE, Sikeston, Mo.

Remember, the remedy which did this was Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means have failed. Why don't you try it?

head bent, and his eyes scarcely perceptible under their lowered lids.

He started up with the proper expression of pleasure at their presence, and for a moment his face was flushed.

"I assure you I am quite perfectly well, dear aunt," he hastened to assure her, with his usual forced and dutiful smile. "I was indulging in a fit of dreaming."

"Humph!" grunted the Griffin eyeing him mockingly. "Then some one's ears ought to burn. I had a monkey once, Cynthia, and whenever it sat quiet and looked as Percy did just now, I used to glance round the room to see what it had broken or what it was likely to break. A quiet monkey always means mischief."

Percy colored again, and his eyes pierced keenly and covertly through his smile; there was, too, an involuntary twitch of his nether lip, as if his accustomed urbanity were broken by a touch of irritation; but he responded good-humoredly enough: "I was contemplating no worse mischief than a row on the lake, dear aunt. Will you come, Cynthia?"

"We'll row down to the town, if you don't mind," she said; "I want to post a letter."

Percy took the sculls and pulled slowly along the edge of the lake and out of the current, and both he and Cynthia were silent. She looked at him with faint curiosity, for of late she had observed that he had become almost as pre-occupied as she herself was.

"If you prefer to stay in the boat, I will post your letter, Cynthia," he remarked, as they reached the landing place; but Cynthia said she would like the little walk, and she went off with her letter.

Percy moored the boat and dropped into the stern seat and lit a cigarette, but his face was lined with thought, and he allowed the cigarette to go out.

He was asking himself to whom Cynthia had written—of late, ever

since he had come upon Lady Westlake's will, with its significant blank spaces, he had become watchful of every person at the chalet, and had taken note of every incident, however trivial, that occurred in connection with the household; it seemed as if he were obsessed by some secret fear, by the dread of something appening without his knowledge.

"Posted your letter?" he asked, as he helped Cynthia into the boat.

"Was it of so much importance that you could not trust it to my reliable custody?" he added, with a bantering smile.

"It was to my father," she said very quietly, and with a touch of anxiety. "I have had no answer to me I wrote some months ago, and I—it—I wanted to post this with my own hand."

"He nodded. "I understand. You wrote to tell him of—the breaking of your engagement to Darrel Frayne," he said, in a low and sympathetic tone.

The color mounted to her face for a moment, as she replied calmly: "No, I did not tell him. It would only have grieved him. The last time I heard from him," she went on quickly, as if to get away from the other subject, "he wrote from a place in Burma; but that was long ago, and it is probable that he may have left there; he does not stay long in one place."

"He may be on his way home," Percy suggested.

She looked up quickly, her eyes lightened, and she caught her breath.

"It is too good to hope for," she said, with a quiver in her voice. "I wish—I wish he were here!"

"You must want to see him," he murmured. "What is he doing? Just travelling about for amusement?"

"I don't know; I can't imagine my father travelling or doing anything

without an object, he is so practical; for instance, he has been taking a great deal of interest in mines."

"Indeed?" responded Percy, interested in spite of his obsession. "I didn't know Mr. Drayle cared for that sort of thing—for money-getting, to put it bluntly."

"He doesn't," said Cynthia, with a smile. "He cares very little about money—less than anyone I know; but he would be interested in the manner in which it was got, the men who found it, dug for it, in the mines."

"The machinery, not the results," murmured Percy. "May I say that you take after him, Cynthia?"

"I?" she responded casually. "No, I don't think money is worth half the trouble and fuss most people make over it. I have noticed that the richest persons are generally the most unhappy—or, at any rate, dissatisfied."

"That is because they don't know what to do with their wealth," he remarked, looking thoughtfully at the bottom of the boat. "Take Aunt Gwen, for instance—"

"Aunt Gwen does a great deal of good," broke in Cynthia quickly and with a sudden flush. "Think how kind she has been to me."

"And to me," he said, with a smile. "I was not criticizing Aunt Gwen, much less condemning her; I was only about to observe that I should not call her a happy, contented woman."

"Who is happy, or even content?" said Cynthia, almost to herself.

"Of course, she is not in good health," he went on, ignoring the pregnant question, "and I fear that it is not improving. She is so nervous—I mean that she is not careful as to what she eats and drinks, that her habits, the habit of late hours—"

He paused and pulled steadily and in silence for a minute or two; then, with his eyes downcast, he said: "Do you think this place suits her?"

"Oh, yes, I think so," replied Cynthia. "Indeed, I don't agree with you, for she seems to me to be better here than in London."

"Perhaps you are right," he said; "but I must confess that I am sometimes anxious about her."

"Anxious?" Cynthia turned to him with instant and genuine anxiety.

He leaned forward to arrange the stretcher as he replied in a low voice: "I have always a dread lest she should—she should go off suddenly. She is so stout, and has the thick neck which indicates—er—apoplexy, paralysis. Pray don't be alarmed!"

He hastened to add: "It may only be my fancy."

"Oh, I am quite sure, quite sure, it is!" said Cynthia, accepting his qualification with a long breath of relief.

"I trust that I am mistaken," he said piously. "Aunt Gwen has been very good to me, and I am very fond of her, though she is sometimes—er—rather trying."

"She does not mean it," said Cynthia, forcing herself to believe the assertion. "It is the gout that is answerable for her sharp sayings."

"Quite so," he assented cheerfully. "I always attributed them to that cause. Oh, I've no doubt Aunt Gwen will outlast most of us; but one may be excused a little anxiety concerning a woman of her age."

"Aunt Gwen seems to reciprocate your fears," said Cynthia, "and is anxious about you; and really, Percy, you are not looking well."

"Oh, I am all right, as I assured her," he said quickly, with the faintest tinge of impatience, not to say resentment, in his tone. "I am never very robust, and I fancy this is rather a relaxing place—not that I should be any better anywhere else," he added swiftly. "I am enjoying my stay here, and should like to remain a little longer—if I am not boring you, Cynthia."

"Indeed, you are not," she responded sincerely, for, alas! it was beyond the power of any person to bore her, and it mattered nothing to her whether he stayed on or went. "I am sure Aunt Gwen would miss you very much if you left us, for she likes you to talk with and to read to her."

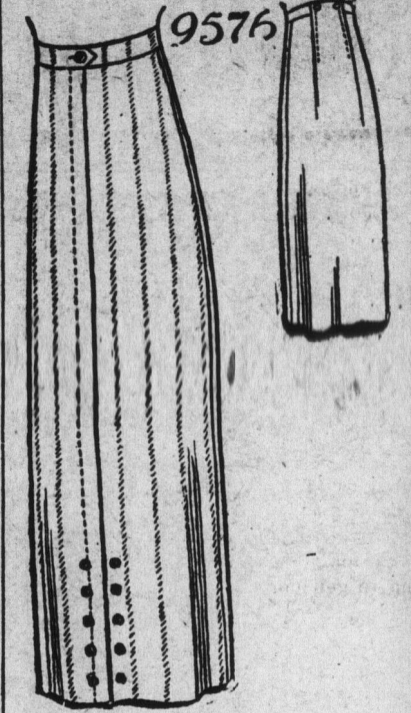
"Then I will stay; thank you very much," he said gratefully.

(To be Continued.)

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