

THE EVENING TELEGRAM, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, MAY 16, 1913-2

When I Studied Flour

TIKE many other women, some of the things I have used most I have known least about. Flour is one of them.

When I studied flour, I was surprised to learn that only about 72% of a grain of wheat is fit to go into flour ; and only about 40% goes into Rainbow Flour, which is the very best flour made.

That is why it pays to remember the name of the most carefully made flour and insist on

having it.

I heartily recommend Rainbow as being all that a good flour should be.

The great difficulty of the miller is to separate perfectly the waste particles from those that belong to good flour.

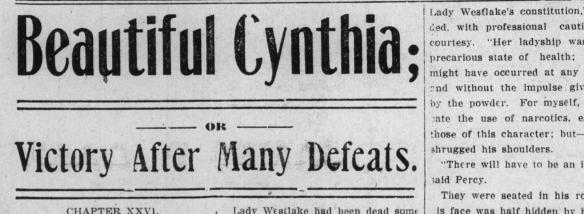
If he is too zealous he takes away much of the good gluten without which flour will not raise properly. If he is careless he is not particular about leaving in some part of the five skins, the germ and the "crease dirt," and the fibre. His make of flour would be impure, bad in color and poor in keeping qualities.

It is only the expert miller who can make perfect flour.



MAKES GOOD BREAD





They were seated in his room, and

Asthma Catarrh Westlake's body had been brought home, and was buried, and the world, seemingly none the poorer for its loss of "this, our sister." was gliding on in its accustomed way. To Cynthia, as she gazed out of the window on the familiar square, the

house in Belgrave Square; for Lady

whom she had been at once of amusement and a scourge. To many of her acquaintances-for

the Griffin had no friends-her death

came as a positive relief; but Cynthia

had no room for anything but tender feelings toward the woman who had ccording to the lights afforded by her social code, done her best for the girl she had adonted. Cynthia forgot all she had suffered at Aunt Gwen's hands, and remembered only the od asional, spasmodic kindness. Even if Cynthia had known of Laly Westlake's conspiracy with Lady ristocracy young neonle he went to the table Alicia, which had separated Cynthia

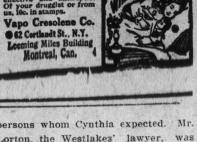
and arranged his papers. from Darrel, she would have found it Lord Spencer Standish was the next possible to pardon her; for death o arrive: he looked rather more rakwipes out all offences ish than usual in his mourning suit Her thoughts were turning to Darand he brought with him an odor of el, as the dove turns through storms the strong cigar he had flung away as and stress of wind and weather to its e entered, and the stiff whiskey and Supley opened the door rest. when soda he had taken at the club to brac and in the sepulchral tone which he

him for the occasion. had assumed since his mistress' death A distant relation of Lady Westnnounced Mr. Percy Standish. ake's, a cousin who had long looked As he came across the room to her orward to vnthia felt a thrill of vague appre ope that some crumb from the table ension for his face was so haggard her august relative might fall to and drawn, so absolutely colorless er share, entered, in company with a hat he had the appearance of a man still more distant cousin-a remote n the verge of a serious illness. And Standish-inspired by the same hope he apprehension was intensified by Cynthia whispered to Supley to call he touch of his icy-cold hand. the servants, and they filed into the "You have got back, Percy?" sh

room timidly and with respectfully had gone away from town lowered eyes lirectly after the funeral, for an ob-Mr. Lorton glanced round and viously imperative need of change and pened the rest. "Are you better-stronger?"

"Yes," he said, and his tone was a as his face. "Oh. yes: I an powder. For myself, I depremuch better. And you, I trust, dea of narcotics, especially Cynthia, are stronger? I am early those of this character; but-" He I know: but I thought you would like me to come before the others. There "There will have to be an inquest?

Mr. Lorton began in the dry, monmight be something you would like otonous tone which is always adopted to say to me. Of course, we all know y a lawyer reading a will, and the that you will be-that poor Aun Gwen must have made you her heir-



belong to the

After greeting the two

moment, with the

Cynthia's eves wer

behind the curtain his

olded. He had the air of a man who

ad no special, personal interest in

boots, his arms

lrawn al

he proceedings

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