



Doughnuts!

Rich and brown—light and tempting—that's the way doughnuts come from dough of Rainbow Flour.

Each taste demands another.

After you've eaten the first one, all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't drag you from the second.

What makes the nutlike zest?

Mother's knowledge and Rainbow Flour

It's not so surprising that the best flour should make the best doughnuts—is it? So just remember to specify "Rainbow" when you want flour.

In using Rainbow Flour for pastry, more water (added slowly) is required and less flour.

RAINBOW FLOUR

MAKES GOOD BREAD



Grocers have it in 7-lb., 14-lb., 24-lb., 49-lb. and 98-lb. bags and in barrels.



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

One in a Thousand, BUT TRUE TO THE LAST

CHAPTER XXIII.

CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

"A year or so will pass," she says, hopefully, through her tears. "Yet it is hard to be parted, when we love each other so."
"I could tell them how I parted from my husband yesterday, and how infinitely harder it is to leave when it is only one who 'loves the other so.' What are a few weeks or months, if you know that he or she is thinking of you every day, and all day? Just compare it with the case of one who knows that the other is relieved by his absence, would be sorry for his return. I suppose we always think our own particular cross is the heaviest and hardest to bear. A verse of Longfellow's lovely poem crosses my mind:
"Let us be patient; these severe afflictions
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise."
I wonder if I shall ever regard Theo in the light of a "celestial benediction"? Verily, she has assumed a dark disguise, so dark that I fear the light will never shine through, on me at least. Perhaps years and years hence, when all this trouble has passed away from me, I shall smile at my folly, and call myself a silly, foolish child to throw away my half loaf because I could not have a whole one. Very likely I shall think then that I had the largest and best half in my keeping, and that I might have made myself very content with-

out the other—for one outgrows love, but seldom the manifold attractions and advantages which accrue to an honored title, a large rent roll and a high position!

Well, it is of no use looking back now; I have put my hand to the plow. I have cast away from me a life of luxurious ease and plenty; I have acted on the old Scripture precept: "Better a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." Yet, though I have chosen the dinner of herbs, I must live without the love. It seems to me as if there is nothing left for me to do but die—in the grave surely I should be at peace! Curious speculations as to the hereafter and the relations which will exist with those we have known on earth occupy my thoughts, until I think, really, I must be going mad.

The stewardess's voice brings me back to a knowledge of the present. For she tells me it is time for me to rise, as we are close to the quay. I have been so engrossed by my mental discussion of things spiritual that the dingy saloon, with its cross, ailing occupants, has faded entirely away from my sight.

I am too utterly worn out and weak to do anything for myself; and seeing this, the stewardess, who is stout, good-natured looking woman comes and washes my face, like a baby; then she dresses my hair for me, crying out, in loud admiration of its length and profusion.

"You are very good to me," I say gratefully, "as good as a mother."
"Oh, no, ma'am!" she answers. "I always try to do all I can for the ladies, and I'm more ready to help you, because you were so quiet last night. I never saw anyone suffer more; but you was as quiet as if you'd been quite well. Oh, I know a real lady when I see one!"

I smile, in a sickly sort of way, at her definition of a gentlewoman,

and give her a sovereign as a token of my gratitude. I have not very many to spare, but I consider, if I lay them all out as well as this one, I shall meet with a considerable amount of kindness in this unknown land in which I am about to take up my abode. Then I go on deck, positively shuddering at the sight of the bright sunshine, which floods everything. My eyes wander over the strange, rather picturesque, houses, with their creeper-covered fronts, and the crowd of hotel louts and monkey-like sailors who throng the quay. A strange, uncouth, discordant language fills my ears, and in my heart is a wild longing that I had taken Capt. Langholme's advice and let him telegraph for Adrian. My wish comes—as so many wishes do—too late!

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE 'TIMES' ADVERTISEMENT.

I have passed my first night upon Dutch soil; I had almost said "sleep," but, as I wish to keep strictly to the truth, it will be better to say "passed." For a quiet town such as Utrecht seems to be, the Hotel Pays has is sufficiently good. It is a large house, with many windows, overlooking the Jansen Kerkhof, which, being interpreted, means the churchyard of the Jansenistic church. I do not know whether it has ever been a burying ground, or inclosed; but now it is simply a large square of houses, in the midst of which stands the church. Built into one side of the sacred edifice is a guardroom for infantry soldiers, and on one side of that is a police station; and on the other a row of small houses and shops. The square boasts of a profusion of lime trees, under the shade of which is held the flower market. I sit at my window, and watch the busy throng below, the peasant wives in their black dresses and snowy caps, with their lavish profusion of gold-filled ornaments and heavy finger rings.

How merry and happy and contented they all seem! Their broad, red faces shine with health and laughter. It is evident that they never feel those subtle passions, those longings and yearnings for higher and better things that thrill the veins and quicken the heart throbs of the higher classes. It is true in human life as in the flower world—those who are highly cultivated, who are, as it were, shut up all their lives in a hothouse, although more slightly, more intellectual and learned, are not invariably

the happiest—indeed, are frequently the very contrary. They feel slighted and stings that would fail to produce any sensation of annoyance or sorrow in the coarser, blunter nature of the unlettered boor. Superiority of birth or culture brings with it its disadvantages.

I am still gazing aimlessly, out of the window, when a waiter enters, with a tray in his hand, which he presents to me, with the customary, "If you please," which seems to be the proper thing here. I take the card lying upon it, and read, "Mevrouw de Vooght-Langholme." Apparently, ladies here retain their maiden names—I suppose to let everyone know who and what they are.

"Show the lady up here," I say. The man retires, and presently reappears, bringing a lady whom I should have recognized anywhere as some relative of Geoffrey Langholme—there is the same easy grace of carriage and manner, the same dark soft beauty, the same gleaming, white teeth and tender, drooping mouth.

"Mrs. Chester," she says in an inquiring tone.

"Yes," I say simply, "I am very glad to see you."

"I had a telegram from Geoffrey, this morning," she says, by way of explanation, "telling me to be very civil to a Mrs. Chester, whom I should find at the Pays Bas; but he did not tell me, if you were staying here long. I suppose only a few days?"

"I intend to live here for a time," I say, quietly.

"Indeed!" with evident surprise. "Then shall you stay here, or take a house?"

"Neither; I should like to have rooms—good rooms you know."

"Oh, yes! And your husband—is he here?"

"I have lost my husband," I answer.

"Oh!" which people invariably use when they say something "Oh!"—that long-drawn, comprehensive sigh they had left unsaid. I see her eyes wandering over my rich, silk dress and the costly rings which still adorn my hands, for in my hurry I forgot to leave them behind me.

"And you are a great friend of Geoffrey's?" she says, presently.

"No," I answer. "Capt. Langholme knew my husband."

"And he was a soldier?"

"Yes."

(To be Continued.)

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