



When I Studied Flour

LIKE 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 wheat 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.

RAINBOW FLOUR

MAKES GOOD BREAD



At grocers'. 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 Tiltson's Oats-Rainbow Flour-Star Flour

A Millionaire's

or,

Countess Westerleigh.

CHAPTER VI.

(Concluded.)

Vane and the two women remained silent until he could hear it no longer. He jumped up and went out and looked round. One of the revenue men was standing at a little distance, as if on guard, but as Vane approached him he walked off.

Vane looked round carefully and watched the men go off in the boat then he returned to the cottage. He heard Mrs. Trevanion and Nora talking earnestly, but as he entered they stopped. Nora went to the fire, and stood with her back to him. Mrs. Trevanion looked at him steadily in the face.

"After what you've seen this morning, Mr. Tempest," she said, quietly, "you will no doubt agree with me, that the sooner you leave this place the better."

Vane was about to repudiate the suggestion, but she waved her hand, and went on:

"No," she said, "it will not do for you to be mixed up with such people as us and such business as this. I urged you to stay this morning because I thought you were not well enough to go; but Nora tells me, her gray eyes lightened with a grim satisfaction, that you were well enough to knock down the man who seized her, and I think that proves that you have recovered your strength sufficiently for you to continue your journey."

Vane inclined his head and was about to speak, when she went on again:

"I don't know whether Nora thanked you for rescuing her," she said, in the same measured tones, "but I do

save time! Time lost because of headaches, lassitude and depressions of biliousness, is worse than wasted. Biliousness yields quickly to the safe, certain home remedy—

BEECHAM'S PILLS

so now. We are grateful to you, Mr. Tempest."

"I'm afraid I didn't hurt him enough," said Vane. "I wasn't in the best form, you see. But look

here, Mrs. Trevanion, I hope you're not sending me away because you think that I'm afraid of—that I want to leave you because of this—this—trouble. I don't want to pry into your secrets," he continued; "I don't mean to ask a single question. It's nothing to me whether what that fellow said was right or wrong; which ever it was, I hope you'll let me stand by you. I don't know how I can help you; but perhaps you can think of a way, and, whatever it is, I shall only be too glad to do it. It would only be a poor acknowledgment of your great kindness to me."

Nora looked over her shoulder at him, her dark eyes fixed on his face; and it was at that moment a very handsome one. Mrs. Trevanion nodded.

"You're very good," she said, almost coldly, "but you can do nothing for us, except keep silence."

"Well, I can do that, at any rate," said Vane.

As he spoke, Nora went to a corner and took up his saddle and bridle. Vane took them from her, but she yielded them up, reluctantly.

"Go with Mr. Tempest, and show him the lower road," Nora, said Mrs. Trevanion.

Vane held out his hand.

"I am going, Mrs. Trevanion," he said, with a gravity that did not sit badly on him, "but I must say that it is very much against my will, for I should like to stop and see you through this. I'm not accustomed to running away from my friends when they're in trouble, and it's only because you send me—"

"Yes, it's better that you should go," she said, but a little less coldly. It was evident that his frank offer of help had touched her somewhat.

"You could not help us; in fact, your presence here would only complicate matters. Besides," she added, with a smile, "we are quite capable of taking care of ourselves. You spoke of friends. We can scarcely claim to be friends of yours, Mr. Tempest."

"Oh, I call a friend one who acts as such," said Vane. "And I'm sure you have treated me as only the best of friends could have done. Anyway, Mrs. Trevanion, if I can be of any service to you, I shall be more than glad. Miss Nora has my address—98 St. James's Street—and a line—just a line—will bring me down post haste."

The woman looked at him steadily.

"Thank you," she said, "but it is not likely that that line will be written. We need no help. The best thing you can do for us, Mr. Tempest, is to forget that you ever spent two or three days in the Witches' Caldron."

She held out her hand. Vane clasped it in his strong one for a moment. Then she turned away.

Nora had already left the cottage, and was awaiting him on the shelf of rock. With the saddle and bridle on his arm, he followed her along the narrow track, up the hill and down by the side of the precipice into the gorge into which he and his horse had fallen.

The horse was grazing beside the stream, and whinnied at the sound of their footsteps. Vane saddled it, Nora standing by with a dreamy, far-away look on her face.

"We were in luck the other night," he said, as he passed his hand over the horse's legs. "We ought to have been killed, both of us—he glanced up at the bridge and laughed. "It's evident that he's got strong bones and I've got a thick head. All the same, I'd get that bridge mended, Miss Nora."

She raised her eyes and looked at him, then, dropped them again, and said nothing.

"I'm already now," he said, "and if you'll show me the way—But are you sure I can do nothing?"

"Follow me," she said; then she stopped suddenly, and confronted him as he stood with the bridle over his arm. Her face was pale, her dark eyes heavy, yet glowing, as if a fire were burning behind them; and their

color came and went in her face.

"I tried to kill you," she murmured.

Vane smiled.

"I dare say. Now that I remember you looked very much as if you meant to, as you stood waving me back. Anyway, you gave me fair warning, only, I suppose, I didn't hear what you said. I'm glad you didn't kill me, Miss Nora."

She looked at him and drew a long breath.

(To be continued.)

Had a Stroke of Paralysis

And Found a Cure in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is always better to prevent serious diseases of the nerves. There are many warnings, such as sleeplessness, irritability, headaches and nervous indigestion.

Prostration, paralysis and locomotor ataxia only come when the nervous system is greatly exhausted. Even though your ailment may not yet be very serious, there is a great satisfaction in knowing that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will cure paralysis in its earlier stages.

Mrs. R. Bright, 215 Booth Avenue, Toronto, writes: "Two years ago my husband had a stroke which left him in a weak, nervous condition. He started taking Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and Kidney-Liver Pills, and we saw the good results almost immediately. They have made a new man of my husband and we cannot speak too highly of them."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 4 for \$1.50; all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Montreal, Toronto.

expression was a strange mixture of wild defiance and tender remorse.

"Don't you know?" she said, or rather breathed.

Vane looked at her inquiringly.

"Know—know what?" he said. "The eyes lowered, and her bosom heaved."

"You must," she said, "you can not be blind. Don't you know how you—you fell the other night?"

Vane shook his head.

"The planks of the bridge gave way, didn't they?" he said. "It was so confoundingly dark that I didn't notice."

"No," she said, and her lips came together and made a straight line. "The bridge is all right; you could have ridden over it. It was I who did it—I who threw you down."

"You!" said Vane, with a faint smile.

She clasped her hands for a moment as if under the stress of some strong emotion; then tore them apart and stood before him, still with the same half-defiant, half-remorseful expression.

"Yes, it was I! Look!"

She sprung away from him, and dashing up the rocks, caught at a rope almost hidden by the ferns.

Vane saw the bridge shake and quiver; then drop suddenly.

He stood and looked at it like a man in a dream.

A moment or two afterward the bridge swung back again, and Nora stood by his side.

"You see—you understand?" she said.

"You mean that you let this bridge down and dropped us—me and the horse?" exclaimed Vane.

"Yes," she said, doggedly. "Why did you do that?" he asked, not unaturally.

She drew a long breath.

"I thought you were the revenue man," she said—"the new man. The old one gave us no trouble."

"Then—then—you are—"

"We are smugglers—yes," she said, quietly. "It is quite true. Aunt and I sail that boat into the bay, and meet the schooners from France. They are loaded with spirits and tobacco. We bring it from them to the cottage, and then the men come with carts at night, and take it away to Farnstock and Tidelord."

Vane leaned against the horse and stared at her.

"I can scarcely believe it," he said, more to himself than to her.

"It is true," she said. "We are smugglers. Ever since I can remember it has been the same. There is no harm in it. Everybody used to be smugglers once; the squire up at the Hall, before Squire Vale; the parson at Porth; all the people at Felorne. Until this new man came, no one took any notice."

Vane laughed.

"Upon my word, Miss Nora," he said, "I can scarcely believe that I am awake and not dreaming. We never even hear of such things as this in London." He laughed again incredulously.

"And you forgive me?" she breathed, with widely opened eyes. "You are not angry?"

"Angry!" Vane frowned. "Good heavens, why should I be? You did no wrong; but you see, you've been used to it all your life, and it's evidently considered quite correct and natural, and so—And you let that bridge down? By Jove! I admire your pluck!"

THE 6 BEST WHISKIES That Ever Left Scotland.

Premier, 'Gaelic' Old Smuggler, White Seal, Johnnie Walker, White & Mackay's Special, and Stuart Royal.

These Whiskies we sell at \$1.20 per bottle, \$13.00 per case. Also, several Cheaper Brands. Goods shipped on the same day as order is received.

J. P. SHEA, 314 Water St. Phone 342.

Just Arrived!

OATS, Hominy Feed

BRAN, AND P. E. M.

POTATOES

SHEA'S GROCERY and FEED STORE, Cor. George's and Prince's Streets, Phone 342A.

September Fashion Books!

Weldon's Ladies Journal. Free patterns of a Lady's Draped Dress, Young Lady's Costume and Matron's Combinations. Early Autumn Fashions in colors. Transfer design for chair back, etc. 10c, 12c, post paid.

Weldon's Illustrated Dressmaker. Free Pattern of a Lady's Autumn Coat. Three Transfer Designs for Embroidering or Pen Painting, etc. Colored Plates, etc. 5c.

Weldon's Children's Fashions. With Pattern of Girl's Overall (16 to 18 years) and Girl's Coat (12 to 14 years), transfer design of Broderie Anglaise Insertion, 5c.

FASHIONS FOR ALL with patterns of a New Basque Coat, a Crossover Skirt, a Crossover Dress, transfer designs, etc. 10c; post paid, 12c.

GARBETT BYRNE, Bookseller and Stationer.

SKINNER'S Monumental Art Works,

St. John's, Nfld. Established 1874.

Now on hand a large stock of Headstones and Monuments, all sizes and prices. Our new catalogue of Photo Designs and Price List with Mail Order System sent to any address on request. Write to-day.

An Intelligent Person may earn \$100 monthly corresponding for newspapers. No canvassing. Send for particulars. Press Syndicate, 1717, Lockport, N.Y. dec11,13

Rings! Rings! Rings! Rings!

DON'T MAKE ANY MISTAKE but go to TRAPNELL'S where you are sure to get what suits for the ENGAGEMENT OR BIRTHDAY for all ages, including the Baby.

WEDDING RINGS any shape or quality desired made to order at an hour's notice.

R. H. TRAPNELL, Jeweler.

"Molassine" Meal

is as useful in Summer as in Winter.

"MOLASSINE" MEAL helps all animals to get greater nourishment out of their other foods and digest them.

Worms cannot exist in animals fed on "MOLASSINE" MEAL. It is therefore a necessity during the grazing season.

Good for: HORSES, SHEEP, COWS, CALVES, OXEN, LAMBS, PIGS, POULTRY

Try "MOLASSINE" DOG CAKES on your Dog.

Harvey & Co.'y.

Wholesale.

THE BEST

and nothing but the best goes in the garment made at Maunder's. Our assistant cutter and foreman tailor have just arrived from New York, where they have been studying the very latest in Cut and Style and how it is done.

Remember, we have the largest selection of up-to-date tailoring goods in the city. Come right along and have the "Maunder make." Certainly some style.

JOHN MAUNDER, 281 and 283 Duckworth Street.

Nfld. Employment Bureau.

WANTED, AT ONCE, 3 Girls for Show Room, with some experience. 1 Junior Office Hand, With knowledge of Stenography and Typewriting.

W. H. HYNES.

Advertise in The Telegram.

Our stock
Single Shot, 1902
Single Shot, 1904
Repeating Rifles,
Repeating Carbine
Repeating Carbine
Repeating Rifles,
Repeating Rifles,
Repeating Rifles,
Repeating Rifles,
Repeating Rifles,
Self Loading Rifle
Self Loading Rifle
Repeating Rifles,
45-70 Single Shot
Also CAU

MARTIN

LIP

Largest

LIPTON

HEA
Sole Agent
Tea.

TRU
Repre
Ma

Newfound

P. O. Box 236

TO THE TRADE
We stock this
sortment of Dry
markets yet held
The outport dis
sult us about pro
See our specia
W. A. SLA
Duckworth &