



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 Tilton's Oats—Rainbow Flour—Star Flour



Beautiful Cynthia;

OR

Victory After Many Defeats.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ALL'S WELL.

So the poor cousins who had shaken the dust of the family mansion in Belgrave Square from their feet were invited to enter it again, and were overwhelmed with joy by the wonderful windfall. And on this visit lingered to call down blessings on the sweet head of their benefactor, blessings which Cynthia received with not a little embarrassment and some pain; but her lips were locked, and she dared not disclose Percy's secret, even when the newspapers lauded to the skies her generosity and unselfish action.

On his collapse at the sale, Josiah Burridge was carried to his aggressively new house, and was confined to his bed for several months. But after a while he recovered sufficiently to be able to move downstairs.

He was quite incapable of attending to business, and I was whispering in the village that "somebody had gone wrong with his mind." Sampson, his son, reigned in his stead.

But it was by no means a satisfactory reign; for the Burridges had shown at the sale their hands too plainly; the innocent, childlike mask had fallen from the old man's face, and revealed his true character too startlingly and distinctly for further concealment; both father and son were regarded by the county with distrust and suspicion.

Distrust and suspicion in his client's mind mean ruin to a solicitor; the business dropped off, dwindled and threatened to disappear altogether; and, of course, Sampson flew to alcohol to console himself.

Once or twice he had been seen in the village in a state of intoxication which not even the easy-going policeman could overlook.

He gave the offender a warning and, for a time, Sampson confined his drinking bouts to his house; but one day he created so great a disturbance in, and out of, the inns that the constable was compelled to summon him; and, to Darrel's annoyance and embarrassment, the next morning Sampson was brought before him charged with being drunk and disorderly.

Darrel instantly left the bench. His fellow magistrates fined Sampson and the painful incident would have been closed by the conviction and the payment of the fine, but Sampson uttered sundry threats as he left the dock, and that evening indulged in another drinking bout.

"I don't know what is to be done," said Darrel to Cynthia and Mr. Drayle. "The fellow appears to be bent on ruining himself; besides, he is upsetting the village—" he added, frowning; you see, it was now his own village again, and therefore

Sampson's misconduct was a person-

al matter to Darrel.

Mr. Drayle rubbed his eyebrow and glanced at Cynthia, who was looking much distressed.

"I'll step round and have a talk with him," he said.

"And I will go with you," said Cynthia, in a low voice.

They went round to the Burridge's house. Already signs of the ruin Sampson was bringing about so persistently were observable in the once trim place; the garden had been neglected, the windows had not been cleaned for some time, the steps were dirty. Cynthia looked round with a sigh, then laid her arm on her father's arm quickly, for she had caught sight of old Burridge seated in one of the benches. He was leaning forward, his huge hands resting in his stick; his loose mouth was working, his face twisted with a mile of cunning and satisfaction.

"We will speak to him," said Drayle. As they approached, the old man poked up, and shading his eyes, stared at them vacantly; then he rose slowly to his feet and nodded patronizingly.

"How d'ye do? Mr. Drayle, I think, and Miss Drayle, Cynthia Drayle. Glad to see you!" he said, with the catch in the voice peculiar to the sufferer from that most awful visitation—paralysis of the insane.

"Come to look sound, eh?" he chuckled and waved his stick as if indicating a vast space. "Yes, great changes. Sampson and I have hard work, but we've nearly finished. You see we'd got the plans out long before the crash came. The whole place has been restored. Cost a lot of money, Mr. Drayle, a lot of money! But we'd made up our minds to spare no expense, once the Court was ours. You remember what it was, of course, Mr. Drayle?"

He scarcely paused for a reply, but quavered on, looking about him with an air of pride; and Cynthia gripping her father's arm, gazed at the afflicted man through her tears.

"You remember what it was in Sir Anson's time; and you see what it is now, what we've made of it: a credit to the country, eh? Oh, Sampson's a clever boy, he knows what's what. He'll make a solid place and a name for himself, mark my words. The gentry may look down upon him and ignore him for a bit, but they'll give in and accept him as one of 'em before long. Money's everything nowadays, Mr. Drayle, eh?"

He was quite incapable of attending. Suddenly the smile of satisfaction and triumph vanished, and he shut-

ted up to them and caught Mr. Drayle by the coat sleeve.

"But perhaps you've come on business, Mr. Drayle? About the moor, isn't it? Well, now, I'm ready to talk to you; we're still willing to buy; but you must be reasonable—"

At this moment Sampson came from the house. At sight of the visitors, his bloated face grew redder, and he advanced with a blustering air.

"Anything you've got to say to my father, you'd better say to me," he said. "He's not fit for business."

"So I perceive," said Mr. Drayle, with a pitying glance at the huge yet shrunken figure which had sunk on to the seat again. "We shall go into the house, if you will allow me, Cynthia, you had better go home."

But Cynthia shook her head. "I will wait for you here," she said; and she seated herself beside the stricken old man. Half an hour elapsed before Mr. Drayle returned to her; he was alone. He did not speak until they had passed through the gateway. Then he said quietly:

Exit Mr. Josiah Burridge, exit also his son, Sampson.

"You mean—" she asked as quietly, but pressing his arm.

"Yes, I've bought them out," he replied. "They will trouble us no longer. Cynthia, you will do me the justice to admit that I do not often preach, therefore permit me to call your attention to the fact that, notwithstanding his progressive and skeptical age, virtue is still sometimes triumphant and vice consistently punished; also that a certain remark of the psalmist yet holds good: 'The wicked flourish like a green bay tree.' It is not necessary to finish the quotation. In this instance the Burridges have finished it for us. The village—to say nothing of Captain Sir Darrel Frayne, D. S. O.—can now rest in peace."

"Father," said Cynthia, "I have always had a sneaking fondness for you. But at this moment I don't know whether I love you or admire you most."

"Thank you, Cynthia," he responded, dryly. "May you never be able to decide!"

"The END."

ALL FOR LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

RETROTHED BY WILL.

"You heard Philip say that?" exclaimed the Honorable Silas Russell, almost in a whisper.

"That was just what he said, though I'm sure I don't know what possessed me to tell you of it at this late hour," said the girl in a tone of chagrin. "I expect my unbearable temper has been upset by your letter, and so what was my own secret for ten years has slipped out unawares."

"Tell me about it, Lady Beth," said her father gravely.

"Well, you know, as a kid, I always adored Phil. He was the Beau Brummel, the Sir Arthur of my childish ideals, and I was heart-broken the day I was told he was going to Japan with his father, who had been transferred to that branch of the firm's business. I fled from the sight of everybody, and, being a great tomboy as you doubtless recall, climbed into the old beech at the foot of the garden to have my cry out where no one could see me."

"I had just got myself in hand enough to control my sobs, when Phil and Teddy Armstrong came along the meadow on the other side of the

fence—they had been fishing—and stopped directly under the tree. I held my breath, and they could not see me on account of the dense foliage. Of course I'll be no end lonesome without you Phil, but you are a mighty lucky fellow; Ted was saying, 'Lucky?' repeated Phil rather gloomily. 'Yes, with such a chance to see the world during this wonderful trip you're going to have; to say nothing about the fortune that is waiting for you later on.'

"Oh, you refer to the money Miss Eliza has left me—a queer kind of bequest that," said Phil with a short laugh. "I guess you don't know the conditions that go to make up the tail to that glittering kite." "What do you mean?" Ted asked. "Well, old boy, since we've always confided our trials and tribulations to each other, I'll tell you about this, though it is supposed not to be talked of outside the family circle. When Miss Eliza was a girl she fell in love with my father. Her affection was not returned, and she nursed her grief in solitude for years—until after my mother died—when she transferred her fondness to me, and began to take a fresh interest in life."

"She made no end of presents, kept me generously supplied with spending money—greatly to my father's annoyance—and petted me to my heart's content. Of course I grew fond of her, and thought her the greatest woman on earth. When she died, a little while ago, she left a will dividing her fortune equally between Beth Russell—who is her sister's child—and me, provided we would marry when Beth comes of age—that's the tail to the glittering kite, Ted."

"Great Scott! the old girl must still have had a latent spark of romance in her, in spite of her youthful disappointment. It looks, too, as if she had kept it alive by reading those old-fashioned English match-making novels, laughed Ted. 'But what will happen if you kick over the traces?' 'Oh, the whole pile is to be handed over to the Board of Foreign Missions if either of us balk.' 'Jingo! that's a corker, isn't it? It makes each responsible for the other—a kind of twin case of being your brother's keeper, eh? You are years older than Beth, too.' 'She is eleven and I am nineteen,' said Phil sulkily. 'That's hard luck to clip your amorous wings at such an impressionable age,' said Ted laughing, 'and force a ten-year engagement on you, regardless of whether you and your bridegroom will be congenial to each other at the end of that time. Still, Beth is a bright little thing, and she may develop into a beauty later on—'

"A beauty!" roared Phil in a passion—that freckled-faced little fright with her red hair and pug nose, to say nothing about her absolutely unbearable temper. "Why, Phil, I really thought Beth was a favorite of yours," Ted observed in surprise. "Well, she is nice in many respects, and I have made something of a pet of her; Phil owned reluctantly. 'And hectored her unmercifully, too, at times, which may perhaps account for the flashes of temper you so criticize. I think Beth is a trump, for a girl of her age, in spite of the freckles, red hair and pug nose,' Teddy shot back at him, and I have adored him ever since for his loyal defence of that wretched little eavesdropper up in the tree." Beth interjected a little catch in her breath.

"Good for you, Ted; guess I'm the one who has lost my temper this time," Phil confessed sadly, "but I reckon you'd kick to be held by a leash of this kind for ten years. It puts a fellow on his honor, too, otherwise the girl will lose her half of the fortune when she should have the whole. If I could make over my share to her and settle it that way, I'd do it mighty quick, and be glad to be free. But come on, or I shall be letting go of myself again, and I must get home to lunch." Phil started on, but Ted stopped to tie his shoe lacing. Suddenly he gave a great start, and cried out, "Jerusalem!" in a queer tone, then sprang to his feet, and ran after Phil.

(To be Continued.)

Every Article in the Store a BARGAIN at

LARACY'S.

BOYS' and MEN'S CLOTHING at Cost.

LADIES' CORSETS for 60c.; sold at \$1.00.

BOYS' WHITE BLOUSES from 35c.

CROCKERY and GLASSWARE at give away prices.

LARACY'S are going out of business and are selling off.

345 and 347 Water Street.

(opp. the Post Office.)

\$10,000

NEWFOUNDLAND

4%

DEBENTURES.

We are open for offers in lots to suit purchasers.

F. B. McCURDY & CO.,

Members Montreal Stock Exchange.

C. A. C. BRUCE, Manager,

St. John's.

We want a bid for a block of Newfoundland Government 4 per cent. Debentures.

F. B. McCURDY & CO.,

Members Montreal Stock Exchange.

C. A. C. BRUCE, Manager. St. John's, Nfld.

TO FARMERS!

We have just received another large shipment of our Celebrated Fertilizers, consisting of:—

- Nitrate of Soda.
- Basic Slag.
- Aristook Potato Fertilizer.
- Special Potato Fertilizer.
- Scottish Potato Fertilizer.
- Canadian Potato Fertilizer.
- X X X Special Fertilizer.
- Grain and Grass Fertilizer.
- Imperial Superphosphates.
- Bone Meal.

COLIN CAMPBELL.

J. J. ST. JOHN.

BUTTER!

This week we talk Butter. All the way from Old Ireland, ONE THOUSAND POUNDS of the genuine article. Its equal not to be had.

J. J. ST. JOHN.

DUCKWORTH STREET.

TWENTY YEARS.

Makes a great difference in most women. They are troubled with "aerues"—they suffer from headache, dizziness, sleeplessness, a sensation of irritability or twitching, hot flashes, dizzy spells, or many other symptoms of female weakness. The local disorder and inflammation should be treated with Dr. Pierce's Lotion Tablets and the irregularity and weakness of the female system corrected and strengthened with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The strain upon the young woman or the woman of middle age—upon the nerve and blood forming structures—may be too great for her strength. This is the time to take this restorative tonic and strength-giving medicine and regulator. For over forty years sold by druggists for women's peculiar weaknesses and distressing ailments. The use remedies so perfect in composition and so good in curative effects as to warrant its makers in printing its every ingredient on its outside wrapper. The use remedy which absolutely contains neither alcohol nor injurious or habit-forming drugs.

Following letter selected at random from a large number of similar ones and cited merely to illustrate these remarks: "In the winter of 1902, I became greatly run down and tired," writes Mrs. HENRY SCOTT, of Swan, Cook, Mich., Route 1, Box 26. "I slowly but surely grew worse, and, at last, resolved to apply to the doctor for help. The doctor said I had inflammation, enlargement and location. I was in bed eleven weeks and got no better. The doctor said I would have to have an operation, but that I would not live. My husband purchased two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I started to take this remedy I could not get across the floor, but after I had taken three bottles I could feel myself gaining, so I dropped the doctor and took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Only for it I think I would have been dead—I really believe it saved my life. I feel better now than in twenty years."



Mrs. Scott.



DRY SACK Sherry

From Spain's richest Wine Province. Matured in wood for over fifteen years—most stimulating and nourishing of all the products of the Grape. In bottles only—of all good dealers. D. O. ROBLIN, Canadian Agent, Toronto. JOHN JACKSON, Resident Agent.

7
T.
may9,6m,60d

Birch
Chopped
Wh
W.
Newfound



Service
Du
DUNLOP
longest service,
moulded as a
The TRACTOR
against the dan
of disaster.
It's of truth
The official
us show you.
Fred V.