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white, light bread and pastry. Remember, it is for bread and pastry, both. With BEAVER FLOUR in the house, you only need one kind to attain the best results in every form of baking. BEAVER FLOUR means economy as well as efficiency. Ask your grocer for it to-day. DEALERS.-Write for prices on all Feeds, Coarse Grains and Cereals. T. H. TAYLOR CO., Ltd, Chatham, Ont.

wheat, which make delicate,

in the flour means quality in the bread and the pastry

you bake. Without quality behind your efforts, no

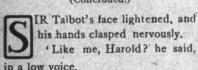
knowledge or skill can bring good results. Better be

without the skill than without the quality.

BEAVER"



CHAPTER VI. SUBTLE PLAYING (Concluded.)



Harold nedded.

. No one who saw you could fail to detect the resemblance, sir. If there had been any doubt in my mind as to her identity-which from the first moment there was not-the resemblance would have set it at rest. It is not in any particu'ar feature, but in the expression of the whole face,' Sir Talbot was silent a moment,

then he looked up hesitatingly. 'And--and yourself, Harold; do you like her-are you good friends?

She owes you a great debt. It was you, of all who had been seeking the three years past, who found her.'

Harold turned aside, and finge

FLOUR is the highest development of blended wheats, embracing the rich health-giving properties of Manitoba Spring wheat and the carbohydrates of Ontario Fall

rising, but holding his chair by both the hronzes on the mantel. hands. "We are good friends, sir,' he said. And a faint color showed through

the tan on his cheek. Sir Talbot looked at him wistfully.

'I-I am longing to hear your story, Harold.' he said, presently, with evident agitation, 'Tell-'

'Not to-night, at any rate, sir,' said Harold, firmly. 'You have quite enough to hear at the meeting to-morrow, or later.' Then he said, suddenly: 'One word I ought to speak of warning, sir.'

"Of warning?' repeated Sir Talbot Harold added : "This has been a trying time fo



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eyes, as he, lowering them, said: 'It is her voice. She has come down. Go to her, sir. Give me your arm. Be calm and brave, for Heaven's sake! Remember her ordeal.' The old patrician straightened nimself, and stood, for a moment, struggling for the self-command and imperturbable composure which had been "Wild Woodleigh's" boast; then, first laying his hand on Harold's strong arm he motioned him to lead the way. Meanwhile, in the softly lighted drawing room Lilian Woodleigh waited that ordeal. One month had passed since that awful night on the prairie road, and the fear which had worked this change. Her face had ost its haggardness, and had gained nore than its wonted beauty. The grace that had charmed a crowded heatre with enthusiasm, shone to a

new and marked advantage in the

pale, but with the creamlike pallor

of beauty, and served to set off the

the looked round the room, taking in

he elaborate and costly decorations,

her dark eyes rested on one of these

leigh," a dark shadow seemed to fall

upon her lovely face.

Woodleigh could know.'

Sir Talbot trembled.

'What is that I hear?'

in return is your love. Oh, my child restored at this the evening of my A strange light came into Harold's days, you will not withold your love?

Lilian looked up, and warned by her eye, Sir Talbot turned, and saw Harold standing with folded arms and bent head.

'Harold,' he cried, 'come here and be witness to my joy-you who have been the chief instrument in producing it." Harold came forward, and took the

outstretched hand. 'Lilian,' said Sir Talbot, turning to y an agree her with almost feverish eagerness, 'he has been more than a son; I have

hidden my love for him all these years, because I tried to believe myself incapable of loving any one hu man creature. He has been more than a son to me, and has now laid me under a debt which I cannot, and would not repay-it was Harold who

> restored you to me. Lilian!' Silent and cold, Lilian's eyes downcast, she sat motionless. 'Have you no word for him?' asked

Sir Talbot, with agitation. Harold stood erect and stalwart in his evening dress, looking at her lovely face with a curious agitation

in his own. LAID UP FIVE YEARS Until Half a Bottle of Father Morriscy's Liniment Cured His Shoulder.

t one of the richly carved chairs. Mr. Jos. J. Roy, a prominent tinsmith of Bathurst, N.B., july 16, 1909: "I cannot let this opportunity pass without letting you know what benefit received from your Liniment. For five years I had a sore shoulder, which received from your Liniment. For five years I had a sore shoulder, which received from your Liniment. For five years I had a sore shoulder, which aleoping at night. I had tried everything possible and still could find no relief, your liniment, which I purchased with-out delay. I only used one half of the bottle when I was completely cured, and now I feel as if I never had a sore shoulder. I would advise anyone suffer-ing from Rheumatic pains to give your inument a trial, for I cannot praise it on bighly." fusion about the magnificent apartment, and lastly, at the nictures and portraits that stood from the Persian nangings which draped the walls. As -a portrait of the master of all his wealth, when he was "Wild Wood-

That was how he looked when he deigned to stoop to the ruin of an in-

nocent girl-her mother! and as she ooked, the room, with all its costly splendor, faded from her sight, giving place to a vision of that one mean, little room across the sea, in pain comes out. 25c per bottle at your dealer's, or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co. Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 64 which her wronged mother had told. with her dying breath, the story of 64

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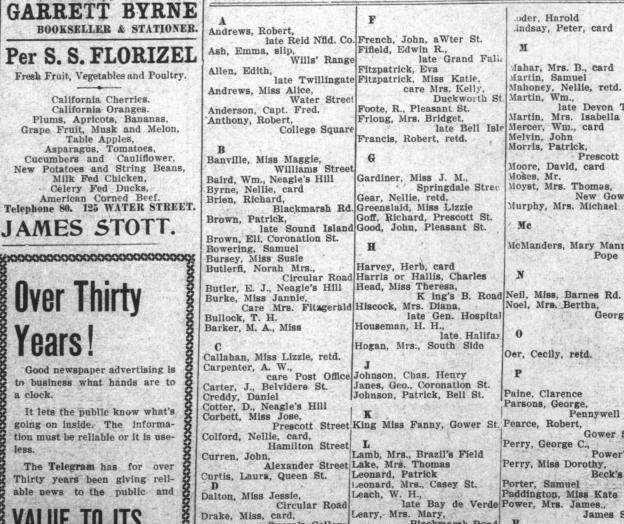
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