

Good Bread

is the keystone to the structure of health. It means vigor, bone and muscle to your growing children. It means nutrition to the whole family. But you cannot make good bread out of indifferent flour, no matter how you treat it, no matter how proficient you may be in baking. In her desire to make a loaf that looks and tastes well, the housewife is tempted to use flour that is almost devoid of gluten—the rich, strengthening constituent of flour that makes bread the staff of life.

"Beaver" Flour

alone—of all the flours on the market—makes a loaf that is rich in nutrition, and at the same time is white, light, pleasing to the palate. The reason is simple. "BEAVER FLOUR" is milled in carefully balanced proportions from the Manitoba Spring wheat and the Ontario Fall wheat—one with its powerfully nourishing qualities, the other with those properties which make the bread attractive to the eye and taste.



"BEAVER FLOUR" makes equally successful biscuits, cakes and pastry. One flour accomplishes all the requirements of baking, saving trouble, expense and uncertainty as to results. Try it. You will quickly appreciate its superiority. All the best grocers keep it.

DEALERS—Write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals.

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Which Was The Heir?

CHAPTER XL.
(Concluded.)

HE did not finish, for she knew how shocked Mrs. Seton would be if she told the good lady what she intended to do. Mrs. Seton ventured on another remonstrance or two, then gave way with a reluctance prompted as much by affection as by prudence; for Cottie had become very dear to her. Cottie's preparations were very simple. She went off with just a handbag, and Mrs. Seton drove her to the station, all the way imploring her not to do anything rash, to write to her every day, and telegraph to her if Cottie needed her.

Cottie drew a long breath as the train steamed out of the station; for, wild as her plan was, it seemed the only one possible to her. She had lost Geoffrey once; she did not want to lose him again.

Nerves at High Tension

Slight extra strain means collapse—Restoration obtained by using DR. A.W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

The successful men and women are often of the high-strung nervous type—keen and active—but with too little reserve force.

A little extra worry and anxiety and snap goes the nervous system. Weeks and months are often required before energy and vigor are regained. Rest helps, so does fresh air and exercise, but the blood must also be made rich and red by use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mr. Wm. Branton, Victoria St., Stratford, Ont., writes:—My nervous system seemed all unstrung. I could not sleep, had no appetite, my digestion was poor and I had jerking of the limbs. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food helped me and I continued until I had taken twenty-four boxes. This treatment has made a radical change in my condition, building up the system and strengthening the nerves. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

It was a long and wearisome journey, for her heart was consumed by its aching; but she reached Starborough station at last, in the gloaming of the autumn afternoon. She waited until the other passengers had cleared off, though she was quite safe in her disguise—that is, in her proper girl's clothing—then she went through the woods towards Betty's cottage; but she could not go in, for she saw Betty moving about the garden.

After awhile the old woman went into the house and came out again with a small packet, and Cottie knew that she was going to carry some gloves into the town. When Betty had quite disappeared, Cottie ran into the woods, got the bundle containing her boy's suit, and ran back with it to the cottage and up to her old room.

The first thing she did was to examine the basket of clothes, and she saw with intense relief that they had not been touched. With feverish eagerness she exchanged her girl's dress for the serge suit; and she had worn it so long that, strangely enough, she felt at greater ease in it than she did in woman's attire.

But when she put it on she went to the glass and started with a sudden qualm, for her hair had grown and was much too long for a boy's.

She took up the scissors, hesitated, laid them down again, then, nerving herself, hurriedly cut off some of the long, silky hair—she could not bring herself to cut it quite short—and as it was she now regarded the new boyish head with a sigh of womanly regret.

'Never mind!' she murmured to herself. 'It is for Geoffrey's sake, and—and it will soon grow again.'

Then she went down-stairs, made up the fire, put the kettle on, and laid the supper as she had used to do; and she had scarcely completed her task when Betty returned.

The old woman stopped dead short at the door and uttered an exclamation; but Cottie ran to her and stopped her outcry with a kiss.

'Yes, I've come back, Betty,' she said. 'Now, don't cry out or scream! I'm all right, and I've been all right—amongst friends. Come and sit down, you're all of a-tremble. I

frightened you. There! Let me take your bonnet! And the kettle's boiling and the supper's ready. And now, you might say you're glad to see me.'

'O, so I am!' gasped poor old Betty. 'But, oh, what a wicked boy you were to run away like that! And all sorts of people worrying and inquiring about you! There's Miss Eva and the gentleman who was staying at the Hall, they came down here the night you went; and they was all in a fume about you. And another man—a stranger—he came to enquire about you; and we've searched everywhere, and how you got away I don't know!'

'Never mind; I did get away, you see! But I'm sorry to have caused so much trouble. What was the man like who asked for me?'

'She had scarcely need to inquire, and she knew, as Betty described him, that it was Sheeney.'

'Now, I'm going to give you some more trouble,' she said. 'I don't want you to tell anyone I am here—not even Miss Eva. I can't tell you why just now, but I will in a little while; and I assure you that it isn't any more wickedness on my part. I want you to keep me in hiding just for a few days, Betty. I'll help you with the gloves, and I'll promise to be a very, very good boy, and not to worry you.'

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She went round the table and put her arm round the old woman's neck; and, of course, Betty yielded, though not without doubts and misgivings.

'Is—is the gentleman who was staying at the Hall back again?' asked Cottie, when Betty had sufficiently recovered from her shock to permit her of going on with her supper.

Betty said 'Yes,' that he had come back two or three days ago, and was staying at the Hall. He had been making inquiries after Ronnie.

Ronnie learnt also that Mr. Sid-

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ney Bassington had been at the castle for some time.

'Though he spent most of his time at the Hall,' Betty added, grumblingly, 'and he followed Miss Eva about like her shadow. He went off just before the gentleman—Mr. Geoffrey Bell—came back. Now, he's a proper, nice gentleman; and if Miss Eva was to take a fancy to him—She nursed him through all his illness just like one of those hospital nurses.'

The colour stole away from Cottie's face for a moment, and she bit her lip; but she whispered to herself:

'No, no, it is me he loves; it is me, me, me!'

She was no longer jealous of Eva—for she guessed that the kiss which Geoffrey had pressed upon Eva's hand was a kiss of gratitude, not of love.

She slept that night in her old, tiny room, much better than she had slept since she had parted from Geoffrey—for was she not near him?

Geoffrey met with a heavy welcome on his return to the Hall; Sir Edward received him like a brother, and Eva—well, Eva said very little,

and Geoffrey was too absorbed in his love and thought for Miss Constance Seton to understand the sudden blush and the downcast eyes which Eva met him with. He explained that he had come back in search of Ronnie, and was disappointed, though scarcely surprised, to hear that nothing had been heard of the lad since he—Geoffrey—had left. He spent two or three days hunting the neighborhood—for Sir Edward had an idea that the lad was hiding somewhere in the locality—and returned from his futile search on the night of Ronnie's return to Betty's. He came in just in time to dress for dinner; and the door being open, he walked into the Hall, where old Ripley met him.

'Master and mistress are in Sir Edward's den, sir,' he said. 'But will you please walk up to your room?'

It was not often that Edward asked Eva to come into his den, and she had followed him in half an hour before Geoffrey had entered the house, wondering what he wanted. The fact was, though he had promised Sidney Bassington that he would speak on his behalf to Eva, Sir Edward had put off the unwelcome task; but he had met Mr. Oldham that afternoon, and the lawyer had not only 'dunned him' for the outstanding interest, but he had spoken to him very seriously about the condition of the estate; and Sir Edward had come home very glum and moody, and almost convinced that it would be a good thing if Eva could accept Sidney Bassington.

'I want to speak to you, Eva,' he said. 'Don't look so frightened; it's not about money matters, and yet it is, confound it! We're in a devil of a hole. Oldham's been at me this afternoon, and I'm dunned in every direction. But I don't want to bother you about that. Look here: Sidney Bassington asked me to ask you—Dash it all! I don't know how to set to work about it. You know what a reckless beggar I am, Eva; what ducks and drakes I've made of the property—or wait there we're left; you know the position we're in!'

As he paced up and down, smoking furiously, he gave a disjointed account of the condition of affairs. It took some time, and indeed he lingered over it, reluctant to approach the main subject, but at last he said, abruptly: 'Well, that's how we stand; and now Sidney Bassington—you know he's the heir, he'll be the principal man in the place; he's what they call a good match—'

'But what has all this to do with us, Edward?' asked Eva, gently, full of sympathy for all his troubles, and not even thinking, much less speaking, a word of reproach.

'Well, he wants you to be his wife!'

It was at this moment that Geoffrey's step was heard in the hall. The crimson flooded Eva's face, then left it white to the lips.

'Edward' was all she said almost inaudibly. 'But it was enough. He understood that startled expression, one almost of horror and fear; in her eyes. His own face crimsoned and he held up his hand.

(To be continued.)

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