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Of course, there's no comparison between Ontario fall wheat and western wheat. Bread made of Ontario flour alone is immeasurably superior to that made of western wheat in texture, fineness, whiteness and flavor.

It is true that western wheat flour makes a big loaf—but it is heavy, tough, full of holes and uninviting both in appearance and flavor. "Beaver" Flour has the delicacy of flavor—the fineness

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Because "Beaver" Flour contains both Ontario fall wheat with a little Manitoba spring wheat to increase the strength. "Beaver" is the original blended flour—a product of science and patience—perfected after years of testing.

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Love a Conqueror

OR WEDDED AT LAST.

CHAPTER XL.
"Have you made plans for me?" Shirley said, smiling down sadly at the sweet, bright face. "That is very good of you. May I hear them?"
Madge hesitated a little; the plans which she had talked over so eagerly with her mother on the previous evening seemed difficult to unfold to this grave, stately woman, stately even in her shabby black dress, as she sat by the window resting her head against the wall.
"Won't you tell me?" Shirley said softly. "Whatever they are, I shall be only too grateful for the kind thought which prompted them."
"And you will not be offended?"
"Offended—with you, my child?"
Shirley smiled slightly as she spoke, and, lifting her hand, parted Madge's hair on her brow with tender, caressing fingers; then, bending forward, she put her lips to the pure white forehead.
At the touch Madge Oliphant's face colored, and she trembled slightly. She had taken a sudden warm, girlish fancy to this beautiful, fascinating woman who had come so strangely into her life.
"Mamma thought, and I hoped, that you would come and live with us as my friend and companion," said Madge, looking up with entreating eyes.
"But—you know nothing of me," returned Shirley unsteadily. "I can give you no references as to—"
"Mamma said she would trust you," Madge said eagerly, coloring

hotly at the remembrance of the earnest entreaties she had employed to induce Lady Oliphant to dispense with references in case this beautiful and interesting stranger had none.
"She said she would trust me!" Shirley echoed, with a bright light of admiration on her face as she thought of these strangers' faith in her. "How good of her! Heaven bless her for it!"
"And you will come? Oh, please, come!" pleaded Madge. "We shall have such pleasant times, you and I together. Mamma is not very strong you know, and you would help me to take care of her, and we should be so happy! You will come?"
Shirley hesitated; then looking down at the eager entreating face, she shook her head. She knew she could take no position, however humble, in such a household as Sir Frederick Oliphant's; there would always be constant risk of detection. Even if they had not known Guy, they might have other visitors who would recognize her; even among the servants there might be some one.
"You will not come?" Madge said, in a disappointed tone. "But, surely—"
"Do not urge me," Shirley begged faintly. "I cannot bear to refuse you; but indeed I must do so. I must not come into your home, my child. Believe me, it hurts me greatly to refuse you."
"Then I will not urge you. Will you let me tell you the other plan I think perhaps you will like it better. You will not be offended, will you?" added Madge shyly.
"Nothing you could do or say would offend me," Shirley assured her. "My child, but for your kindness, I should be homeless and shelterless now—but for your charity, I should have starved to death by the road side. Oh, there is no work I will not do to earn my bread, since," she ad-

ded, with irrepressible bitterness—"since I cannot die!"
She dropped her head upon her hands as she spoke and covered her face, and there was a short pause in the little attic room where they were; then Shirley looked up again, and said softly—
"What is it, Miss Oliphant? Tell me what you have found for me. Ah, forgive me—I have pained you! But indeed I will not distress you again."
"I am sorry for you!" Madge said pitifully. "You are so young and so pretty to be unhappy. Shall I tell you what we were thinking of, mamma and I? We want a teacher for the village schools, and we thought you might be that teacher."
Shirley's face brightened.
"The schools here?"
"Yes. That red-brick building on the hill is the girls' school, and that little cottage beside it is where the teacher lives. Do you think you think you would like that? Mamma told me to tell you," the girl went on coloring a little, "that the salary would be quite sufficient, and that the cottage was a comfortable little place. The last teacher was a lady," continued Madge earnestly. "We were very fond of her, and she left us only to be married to a gentleman who had been curate here, but who now lives the Vivar of Addinbrooke. The work is not very hard." Madge resumed in a minute. "There are two upfit teachers, and you would soon get into the ways here. You know mamma has a hobby, and her hobby is the education of the children, and she likes them to be taught useful things, plain sewing and all that."
Shirley's thoughts went back to her sewing classes that she had attended at the convent at Bruges; she could teach plain sewing, great lady as she had been; her proficiency in needlework had often astonished her maid.
"It would be a quiet home for you," Miss Oliphant continued in her earnestness. "I think you would not be unhappy, and we would try to make you comfortable. Will you stay with us there, at the cottage?"
"I cannot," Shirley answered piteously and brokenly; and Madge uttered a quick exclamation of disappointment as she rose from her knees by Shirley's side and turned away, keenly hurt.
With a sorrowful tenderness and regret and yearning, Shirley's eyes followed her as she moved away. Ah, what a haven of rest and peace the little red-brick cottage seemed to

her! And yet she had to turn away from it. How could she accept a post which might bring her into contact with Guy? For, of course, if he was "courting" Miss Oliphant, he would be constantly at Erindale, and they could not fail to meet at some time or other. No; she must refuse it; she must go away and let him be happy with this sweet young girl who was so eminently worthy of his love, who would make him forget the past and his misery. She must go away and let Madge think of her as ungrateful for all her kindness. She must go away—but whither—whither could she go?
With a great tearless sob her head sank forward on her breast. Ah, how hard it all was, how cruel life was to her! Was she never to find rest? Must she go out once more into the cold cruel world which had treated her so hardly? Must she face the long nights without shelter again? Must she know the misery and suffering of hunger and thirst and fatigue and depression? Must she go through them all once more? Ah, Heaven, why did they save her—why had they not let her die?

Madge came back slowly, and stood beside her for a moment in silence.
"Won't you stay?" she said gently.
"We will try to make you happy."
"Heaven help me!" Shirley answered brokenly. "I cannot! Ah, don't let me trouble you, Miss Oliphant! I bring misery and suffering wherever I go, and you must not let the thought of me cloud your young life. Ah, if it is as bright and cloudless as I wish and hope it may be, it will be a happy life."
"But why will you not stay?" the young girl persisted gently. "I think you would not be unhappy; and mamma would be so pleased, and—"
Shirley caught the gentle hands which were held out so kindly toward her, and drew them both close to her heart.
"Heaven bless you for all your goodness!" she said tearfully. "I shall never forget it—never! But I cannot stay—do not ask me—for your own sake, do not ask me!"
The intensity of her earnestness struck Madge Oliphant painfully, and she forbore from her entreaty, wondering a great deal, and grieving for the misery on Shirley's face which seemed to deepen every moment.
"I will not urge you any longer," she said gently. "Perhaps you will think it over for a day or two, and then give mamma an answer. It will make us very happy if you accept. And now I must not talk any longer," she added, "for I have tired you out. Will you come down with me?"
Shirley rose at once; above all things, she feared to excite suspicion in the young girl's mind, and, moreover, it was a very great pleasure to her to be with Madge—the girl was so sweet and bright, so sparkling and tender; besides, she wanted to know her better, this happy girl, this fortunate girl who was to live with Guy in the future and bask in the sunshine of his love and nestle into his heart, healing the old wound and making him happy once more. Sweet blue-eyed Madge—Heaven bless her and him!
Mrs. Ford was waiting for them in the little sitting room, and Madge tried to chat with her usual gaiety; but it was difficult for her to overcome her disappointment, and Shirley's sad eyes became sadder still as she watched the shadow which darkened the fair young face.
"You don't seem so bright to-night, Miss Madge," Mrs. Ford said, looking at her anxiously. "Are you quite well?"
(To be Continued.)

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The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

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CURLIANA.

The inter-division contests for Bennett Shield took place at Curling Rink yesterday, and resulted in the Reds defeating the Greens by 6 points, the scores being 87 and 81. The following are the players and their scores:

Reds:	Green:
Henley	F. J. Mc
Sub for C. P. Ayre	W. L. Don
B. Peters	R. St
H. E. Cowan (sk.)	J. C. Jar
20	A. Macph
H. A. Brown	T. Ba
F. Martin	A. S. Ro
D. McFarlane	F. H. Dou
R. G. Reid (sk.)	12
14	A. Bre
B. Hayward	W. H. Ra
J. Taylor	S. J. F
J. S. Mann	W. R. Wa
C. R. Duder (sk.)	16
12	J. Mal
Ino. Taylor	J. J.
F. Martin	D. H
H. Donnelly	T. W
H. D. Carter (sk.)	11
20	E. H
W. McNeilly	W. A.
J. Soper	F. C
G. Whiteley	E.
J. Browning (sk.)	15
9	J. B
H. Bartlett	S. Tho
S. Rodger	J. P
Dr. Macpherson	J. P
J. C. Hepburn (sk.)	W. F.
12	19

The Scotch Pantomime To-Night

By special request the Ross will present Boone Wee Mary to-night only. Last night the play was packed again and Blue went better than ever. Bonnie Mary to-night will be full of fun, songs and specialties, sword dances, jigs and flings. Joe Bur will be taking his father's tea, a hit of the Scotch Act, with dainty and novel surprises.

Reids' Boats

The Bruce left Port aux Basques 8:10 a.m. to-day.
The Clyde is still detained by a Plecentia.
The Glencoe left Hermitage Coon yesterday going West.
The Lintrose left Port aux Bas at 11:45 p.m. yesterday.

Tea and Coffee

Any analytical che tea and coffee contain Caffeine—an alkali and kidneys, and upsets Tannin—a drug which upon the tissues of the But the greatest and of homes personal experience lousness, indigestion, nervous are coffee drinking. An ordinary cup of 3 grains of caffeine, and Therefore, the sim troubles is to quit the pure food-drink

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