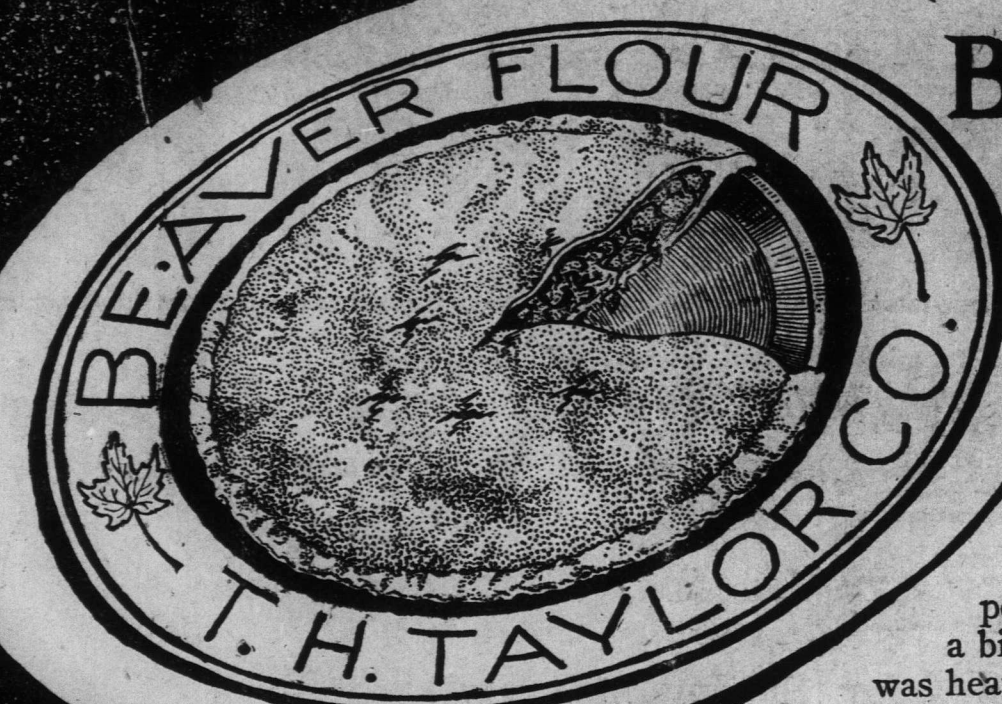


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George Weston,
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When Manitoba
wheat flour first
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a big loaf. But the bread
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and not especially tasty.

George Weston thought there were
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At that time, Weston was running only two ovens. In a
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Today, 75% of the bread baked in Toronto is made of blended flour.

There is no doubt in the world but that "BEAVER" FLOUR is better in every
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"BEAVER" FLOUR, milled of Ontario wheat and a little Manitoba wheat to add
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it contains so much of the choicest Ontario fall wheat flour, the finest pastry flour in
the world. What George Weston did in Toronto, you can do in your own kitchen
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One in a Thousand, BUT TRUE TO THE LAST.

CHAPTER XIV. LASSALLE'S DEATH.

I wonder, as I gaze into the heart
of the red, glowing coals, if Theo has
any feeling at all. I suppose she
must have been born with natural
affections and a heart like all the
rest of us. Oh, yes, as the doubt
crosses my mind, a vision of a girl
rushing in and throwing herself
down on the hearth rug comes be-
fore me, and I hear Theo's fresh,
young, tender voice exclaiming: "Oh,
he is splendid; he is splendid!" Can
it be the very same Theo who just
now spoke of her still unburied hus-
band with the utmost indifference—
nay, more, even with blame? Yes!
Then I sigh, for she is woefully
changed. How long Adrian is stay-
ing! Then, Loys comes in and says
it is very cold. She has been out to
do something for Teddy, and is glad

to get back to a fire; for being in a
carriage with the blinds down is not
a very lively mode of passing the
time.

"I'm glad you are alone," she says.
"Pour me out a cup of tea, there's a
good girl."

"Have you got all your business
done?" I ask.

"Oh, yes! Have you seen Theo?"
"Yes; she sent for me, and now
Adrian is there."

"Adrian!"—with a surprised face,
"I asked if I should go and sit with
her before I went out, and she sent
me word that she really didn't feel
equal to it. Do you know, Audrey,
that sometimes I can hardly believe
it is the same Theo who was at
school with us; she is so very much
changed."

"That is exactly what I was tell-

ing myself when you came in," I
answer.

"I don't believe she feels Lassalle's
death at all."

"Nor I. And yet the very sudden-
ness of it, the mere fact of her sit-
ting with him when it took place, the
horror of it altogether, you would
say, would have made her forget
everything like indifference or even
dislike that she might have felt for
him. I am sure it will be months be-
fore I get over the shock of it. A
young man like that, only eight-and-
twenty, and who always seemed in
such good health, to be cut off with-
out one word of warning or a sign
of illness—one cannot help thinking
that none of us are safe for a mo-
ment; and speculating who may be
taken next."

"Derry has taken wonderfully to
Adrian," I remark, after a while.
"When I brought him in here, the
poor, little lad absolutely clutched
hold of him, and looked back at me
with such an air of satisfaction, say-
ing: 'Big man.'"

"Dear little fellow! How strange
that Theo doesn't care for him!"
"It is. Do you know she actually
calls him 'Lassalle's' already."

"She is utterly without feeling,"
cries Loys, flushing hotly. "Why, it
really is not decent, and poor Der-

rick not yet in his grave. Oh, if you
had seen her this morning at the in-
quest! I was absolutely ashamed of
her! She was just as cool and com-
posed and dignified as if it was some-

log's death she was speaking of. Nay,
I am sure I should have felt that
more than she seemed to feel. Once
or twice I saw several of the jury
looking at her in blank amazement."

"Lassalle was very fond of her," I
say. "I wonder he never found out
how little she cared for him."

"Perhaps he did. That is one of
the things no one can ever decide,"
answers Loys. "Well, I must go and
dress. I think I'll run up to the
nursery first."

"You need not," I say; "for Adrian
promised the boy he should come
down and dine with us."

"Very well." She goes away, and
I set about changing my dress.

CHAPTER XV. EYES THAT CANNOT WEEP.

I am nearly dressed when Adrian
comes back. He looks dull and wor-
ried, and, stirring the fire, says it is
very cold.

"You have not been all this time
with Theo?" I ask, taking one of his
hands, which is as cold as ice, into
mine.

"Yes." Not a word more does he
vouchsafe, but stands staring gloom-
ily into the fire. I release his hand,
but he does not seem to notice it.

"Well," I say, sharply, "and how
is she now?"

"She seems dreadfully cut up," he
answers.

My heart stands still. If Theo is
capable of acting a great grief in or-
der to gain Adrian's pity, Heaven

only knows what she will not do to
gain his love, to win it back again.

"Cut up!" I repeat. "What do you
mean by that, Adrian?"

"Well, very much distressed."

"Oh, about losing her husband?" I
am determined to know what course
she has been pursuing.

"Well, no," he says; "it didn't seem
to be that too much—at least she
didn't say anything about him—but
the shock, you know, and the horror
of it altogether."

"Did she cry?" I ask. I will know.
"Oh, terribly! I didn't know what
on earth to do to stop her."

"Bah!" I cry, stamping my foot in
disgust. "I tell you that both times I
have seen her she was as hard and
as cold and just as unfeeling as that
marble, and, when I spoke of him,
told me that no doubt the servants
had already given me a full account
of it, and that really she didn't want
to talk about it. You didn't see her
at the inquest. Loys has just been
telling me that she was positively
ashamed of her, she was so unfeel-

ing."

"Well, but why should she make
believe to me?" says my husband,
with the greatest consternation.

"Because she wants to take you
away from me!" I cry, bitterly. "I
know it; she hates me for standing
between you; she shows it in every
look, in every word."

"You are talking nonsense, And-
rey," says Adrian, coldly. "All this
terrible business has tried your
nerves; but really you must endeavor
to control yourself, or I shall be hav-
ing you laid up."

I do not answer, because I have
nothing to say. I do not cry out or
faint, as women are generally sup-
posed to do in such cases; but I sit
down and stir the fire, very much. I
have no doubt, as if I do not care
whether Theo takes Adrian from me
or not, I certainly look much as
usual, for he does not speak; but be-
gins dressing hurriedly. Yes, there
I sit, and poke idly at the glowing
hissing embers, as if crushing the
small jets of gas which now and then
issue from the coals were the chief

aim of my existence. I think as I do
so how, when we were all little, hap-
py, innocent children together, we
were fond of playing with those
same jets of gas, and how frequently
we used to try to get them out of the

fire, always ending by finding them

brittle pieces of cinder. So it is with
the human heart. One thinks how
good it must be to have a heart all
tenderness and soft gentleness in
one's hand forever; but, oh, how of-
ten, when one has fairly got posses-
sion of it, it turns out, like the cin-
ders, to be hard and brittle!

Then I lay the poker down and try
to think; but I cannot. I catch my-
self examining the rubies in the ring
I wear on my second finger. Surely
they are not set straight! No; one of
them is visibly further from the mid-
dle one than its companion on the
other side! Why can't I think of
something more rational than these
little trivialities? My brain seems in
a whirl, and that terrible hand of
steel is clutching my heart with a
harder, tighter, firmer grip than ever.
I feel as if it would never loose its
hold. Ah, well, I shall not live long
to stand between these two, with such
agony as this ever present with me!
I am still examining my ring when
Adrian, having finished dressing,
stops beside me, and, bending down,
kisses me with just the same tenderness
as he did in the days before I
knew all.

"There," he says, softly, "don't be
cross, baby."

I smile—a sickly contortion of the
face, I feel it must be—to let him
see that I am not cross.

Good heavens, when I feel that the
one love of my life is slipping away
from me, he bids me not be cross!
Am I going mad, or did Adrian really
say that? I suppose he has not the
least idea with what an effort I con-
trol myself? How should he? Men
are so different from us poor, weak
women. They have nerves, as well as
sinews, of steel. How should he know
that I dare not trust myself to
speak, lest I should burst into a fit
of hysterical weeping? Probably, if
he had merely kissed me, without
speaking, that would have been the
result; but I force myself to keep it
back, lest it should be set down to
crossness, and we go downstairs to-
gether. When we reach the hall,
Adrian remembers the boy, and sends
a servant to fetch him.

He is not at all shy, though he de-
clines communication with anyone,
except the "big man." Loys speaks
to him in her tender, caressing way,
but cannot elicit a single word from
him; he only gazes at her, with grave,
wondering eyes, then announces to
Adrian that she is "pitty lady." It is
painfully evident that he has been
taught to admire "pitty ladies" from
a distance. At dinner he has a high
chair close by Adrian, and talks a
good deal to him, in a half whisper.

Before the meal is over, he falls
asleep, with his head against Adri-
an's shoulder, and, seeing that, he
gathers him up in his arms and takes
him away. The movement half rous-
es the boy, who puts one wee hand
against his neck, with a contented
murmur of "Dassie." Looking at
Loys, I see that her eyes are filled
with tears—mine are quite dry.

To be continued.)

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absence of a Town Council (to say
the least) that our main street is not
to suffer on this account, and be-
ing levelled off a sufficient
amount has been charged the company
give the road another coat of
good condition it found it.

Our friend the Daily News cor-
respondent, being no doubt now as
towards, where the day was
very pleasantly. It is a pity we
not get in the country, offering
the beauties of nature, enjoy-
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body and probably every other
by a visit to the home of the
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