

**Both A
Bread Flour
And A
Pastry Flour**

"A woman always wants a reason, but never gives one". So we are going to tell you just why "Beaver" Flour is a bread flour and a pastry flour—as good for one as for the other—and best for both.

Ontario Fall Wheat is the most nutritious wheat in the world—rich in flesh and strength building qualities and with a full rich flavor and splendid pastry making qualities. Manitoba Spring Wheat has more strength than Ontario Fall Wheat—but is not so good for pastry.

Naturally, the perfect flour is the one that combines the good qualities of both Ontario and Manitoba wheat. This is exactly what "Beaver" Flour does. It is a blend of Ontario Fall Wheat and Western Spring Wheat. It contains exact quantities of each. "Beaver" Flour has the real home made flavor that a Western Wheat flour lacks—it makes deliciously light, tasty Cakes, Pies and Fancy Pastry.



Order "Beaver" Flour

for your next baking day. Put it to the test. Try it for both Bread and Pastry—and see for yourself the convenience and economy of using a true blended Flour. Dealers—Write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals.

THE T. H. TAYLOR CO., LIMITED, - CHATRAM, Ont.

ALL FOR LOVE.

**CHAPTER IV.
EXCHANGE OF CONFIDENCES.**
(Continued.)

"Come, sit down," he added the next moment, as he wheeled a couple of chairs vis-a-vis. "and tell me all about yourself, that dainty little wife and wonderful boy of yours. I don't know as I have quite forgiven you, yet, for marrying lovely Muriel Chester. She was one of my early sweethearts, you thief."

"Guess I didn't get my work in any too soon. She wouldn't have looked at me, I'm afraid, after seeing you," retorted Ted, laughing, but flushing with pleasure at Philip's tribute to his wife. "She is lovelier than ever, though, if that will comfort you any; but she went on with glowing eyes, 'but as for my stealing a march on you, I knew you were already spoken for, and so thankfully appropriated the goods the gods bestowed upon me.'"

"Oh, you don't need to apologize for winning your wife, Teddy boy, for in spite of the fact that all the boys hovered around Muriel in the old days, like moths around a candle, it was only too evident that she had eyes, ears, and heart for but one," was Philip's smiling rejoinder. "I know you are happy without your telling me; your face shows it. You are exactly suited to each other, and as you have both paid me the highest compliment possible by naming the boy for me, I'll not complain. I've a Japanese trifle in my trunk that will make the youngster crow with delight when he sees it."

Their conversation then drifted to other topics, and for two hours the old chums talked on, reviewing the years of their separation, exchanging confidences and experiences, and friendly gossip until the long gap had been bridged, when they were finally aroused from the fascinating past to the practical present and the demands of appetite by the chiming of twelve from the clock on the mantle.

"Who would have thought it," said Ted, glancing at his watch to make sure he had heard right. "come and lunch with me, Phil, and we will continue the same subjects. I have an appointment for two which I can't postpone, or I would spend the rest of the day with you. I tell you it seems good to have you back, and I feel ten years younger this minute, in spite of the lapse of time and my family responsibilities."

"All right; I'll come, Ted. We'll prolong this happy meeting as long as possible, and hope for many more in the future," heartily responded Philip, springing to his feet to comply with his friend's invitation. Going to his desk he swept all letters into a drawer and locked it—except the one addressed to Beth which he wished to post on his way out. Then the two left the hotel together.

They proceeded to the club, and Ted ordered their luncheon served in a private dining room, where they resumed their interrupted conversation.

"Of course, you know, Ted, why I have returned just at this time," Philip observed during their meal, "because—"

"Because you are spoken for, as I said, and had to come on time, I suppose," his friend smilingly interrupted, adding with a slight flush: "I hope you will pardon my reference to that unfortunate subject again—perhaps I should not have mentioned it."

"That's all right, my boy, I always told you all my heart in the old days, and I've nothing to hide from you now," Philip cordially assured him. "Yes, the time stipulated in Miss Crawford's will will expire within a few months, and I came home with the intention of fulfilling my part of the contract, if—"

"Then you really expected to marry Beth all these years," remarked Ted as his friend hesitated.

"Yes, I regarded the matter as ir-

Every Woman Knows That

instead of sallow skin and face blemishes she ought to possess the clear complexion and the beauty of nature and good health. Any woman afflicted or suffering at times from headache, backache, nervousness, languor and depression of spirits—ought, to try

BEECHAM'S PILLS

the safest, surest, most convenient and most economical remedy known. Beecham's Pills remove impurities, insure better digestion, refreshing sleep, and have an excellent general tonic effect upon the whole bodily system. They have a wonderful power to improve the general health, while by purifying the blood, Beecham's Pills clear the skin and

Improve The Complexion

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents. No woman should fail to read the valuable directions with every box.

vocably binding until this morning." "Until this morning!" repeated Ted in surprise.

"Yes, I found a letter from Beth at the hotel, and it looks now as if there will be a radical change in the programme," Philip explained. "Beth says the thought of this marriage, simply to secure Miss Crawford's fortune, is repulsive to her, as she is sure it must be to me; and she proposes that we mutually absolve each other from the compulsory contract. 'Queer, isn't it, after all these years, with never a word from her before?'" Theodore Armstrong here gave vent to a low, prolonged whistle of surprise, and then chuckled to himself with secret amusement. He was very sure he understood the situation if his friend did not.

"I do not quite comprehend it," Philip resumed, "because while I was a London I received some letters from Mr. Russell, most cordial letters, in which he assured me that he—meaning himself and Beth I assumed—were delighted with the prospect of my home-coming. He insisted that I must go directly to them to receive my first greetings, and reserved to the wedding as a matter of course, the details of which would be arranged on my arrival. Hence, I was somewhat surprised, to say the least, on getting Beth's epistle this morning—here, read it for yourself," and the young man drew the letter from his pocket and laid it before his friend.

**CHAPTER V.
PHILIP IS ENLIGHTENED.**

Armstrong read the letter in silence, his face growing grave as he read.

"How do you feel about this, Phil?" he inquired when at length he returned the letter to his companion.

"Oh, of course, there is only one thing for me to do—grant her request," said Philip soberly.

"That isn't the question; how do you feel about it?" persisted Ted regarding him searchingly.

"Well, until now I've kicked like a steer against it, even though I felt that the union was obligatory in order to save this money for the Russell family."

"And for yourself," interrupted his friend. "It must amount to quite a pile by now, having been compounding interest all these years."

"I don't want the money," said Philip, gloomily. "I have enough of my own. My father left me no mean fortune outside of his business, which is very profitable, in which I still have the controlling interest, with a

partner who is a fine manager, and we are making good money. I had intended—this is strictly between you and me—upon my marriage to Beth, to settle my share of Miss Crawford's money upon her, for I have never felt that I had any moral right to it under any circumstances."

"That is like you, Phil; you always were the noblest hearted fellow in the world," said Armstrong with a thrill of admiration in his tones.

"I do not think there is any special merit in wishing Miss Crawford's money to go to her nearest of kin, where it rightly belongs," Philip quietly responded.

"As matters stand now, Beth's future looks rather dubious, especially as Silas Russell has gone to smash," observed Ted, after a moment of silence.

"What! You don't mean literally gone to smash," cried Philip aghast. "Beth refers to her father as having been unfortunate in business previous to his illness, but I did not dream of anything so serious as you imply."

"Well, it is true. He collapsed, financially and physically, about a month ago. The blow almost killed him. But he is going to pull through all right, and his sister, being well off, of course will never allow either her brother or Beth to suffer. Beth and Muriel are still close friends, and correspond regularly, which accounts for my knowledge regarding their troubles. It is said that when Silas Russell's affairs are settled, he will come out about square; but at his age and with no capital to start up again, it goes without saying that he will never retrieve himself," Armstrong explained.

"And in the face of all this his daughter refuses to marry your humble servant and secure a competence for herself and capital for her father," said Philip, musingly. Then looking up alertly, he asked, "Is there any one else?"

"Any one else? There are lots of them," returned Ted with twinkling eyes. "That is, Miss Elizabeth Russell has been a prime favorite in society ever since her debut, and could take her pick from among a dozen rich young men whom I could name; but she has never shown the slightest partiality toward any one—holds 'em off at arm's length, and yet is good friends with them all."

"Beth a society belle!" exclaimed Philip with a quizzical uplifting of his shapely brows.

"Well, rather," was the dry rejoinder, "and let me tell you she is perfectly stunning."

Philip laid down his knife and fork

and stared blankly at his friend, while his thoughts went flying back ten years, recalling Beth as an awkward, red-headed, freckled-faced little romp.

"Fact," said Ted, with an emphatic nod. Then he laughed outright. "You can't believe it," he went on, "and if you recall your rather vivid description of Beth as you and I stood together under the old beech tree at the end of the Russell grounds, the day before you sailed for Japan, it would seem rather incomprehensible to you."

Philip grew crimson to his temples at this reminder of that conversation. "I do recall it, Ted, and am ashamed of it," he said gravely, "was ashamed of it, in fact, the moment I uttered it; but some one had been jollying me unmercifully that morning about Miss Crawford's will, and my impending long separation from my attractive bride-elect, and when it came up again between you and me, I lost my temper completely. I was really fond of Beth, in a way, in spite of her plainness and peculiarities, for I knew she was at heart pure gold, and—"

"And she adored you. You were her hero, her ideal, notwithstanding the fact that she regarded you now and then with a gust of temper," smilingly interposed his friend, as Philip paused.

"Yes her tongue was keen as a buckthorn spike, though I got only my just deserts, for I deliberately stirred her up at times just to hear her copious flow of language," Philip confessed half laughing, yet with a note of regret in his tones. "There was an indescribable attraction about her in spite of all, though that may sound strange to you after what I said, and I was deeply hurt that she let me go away without deigning to bid me farewell. Have you any idea why she acted so then, and has ignored me all these years? And now this letter strikes me as—as queer, to say the least."

Ted looked very thoughtful while he busied himself with his salad. After a moment he observed with some hesitation.

"Phil, I'm going to tell you a profound secret, which will explain why Bethy Beth let you go in that way, even though I'm sure it almost broke her heart. I think it will also throw some light on the letter you received from her this morning. The child overheard every word of our conversation under the beech that morning."

Philip leaned back in his chair and regarded his companion with blank dismay.

"You don't mean it!" he gasped.

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"Did she know that you saw her?"

"No, for it was all in the flash of an eye, and it was such a facer for me that I made myself scarce as soon as possible, without appearing to have seen anything. But I know she heard what we said, for she always froze whenever your name was mentioned afterward, would never talk of you, and flatly refused your picture when I offered it to her."

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**Reduced in Flesh
Sleepless Nights**

**Kidney Disease and Gravel Caused
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Pills.**



Mr. W. Smith.

That diseases of the kidneys cause the greatest suffering is well known, and when stone or gravel is formed in the bladder the torture is almost beyond human endurance.

The disease should never be allowed to reach this dangerous stage, pains in the small of the back, pain or smarting when passing water, frequent urination, loss of flesh and weight tell of the need of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to regulate and invigorate the kidneys and restore these organs to health.

Mr. W. Smith, Fort Dalhousie, Ont., writes:—"For some years I was afflicted with kidney disease and gravel in its most severe form, having often a stoppage of water, accompanied by the most dreadful agony. As the disease wore on me I became reduced in flesh and passed sleepless nights. No doctor was able to do much for me, and I used many medicines without obtaining more than temporary relief. My attention was directed to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and by using this treatment the disease was eradicated from my system in less than six months. I have gained in weight, sleep well, and feel better than I have for twenty years."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c a box. All dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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He reached for Beth's letter and referred to the passage he had quoted, his brow overcast, his face deeply flushed, his eyes troubled.

"You would find that mental picture transfigured if you could see her now," his friend observed. "She is greatly changed. She is certainly no 'freckled-faced fright with a pug nose' at this stage of the game."

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"Fact," said Ted, with an emphatic nod. Then he laughed outright. "You can't believe it," he went on, "and if you recall your rather vivid description of Beth as you and I stood together under the old beech tree at the end of the Russell grounds, the day before you sailed for Japan, it would seem rather incomprehensible to you."

Philip grew crimson to his temples at this reminder of that conversation. "I do recall it, Ted, and am ashamed of it," he said gravely, "was ashamed of it, in fact, the moment I uttered it; but some one had been jollying me unmercifully that morning about Miss Crawford's will, and my impending long separation from my attractive bride-elect, and when it came up again between you and me, I lost my temper completely. I was really fond of Beth, in a way, in spite of her plainness and peculiarities, for I knew she was at heart pure gold, and—"

"And she adored you. You were her hero, her ideal, notwithstanding the fact that she regarded you now and then with a gust of temper," smilingly interposed his friend, as Philip paused.

"Yes her tongue was keen as a buckthorn spike, though I got only my just deserts, for I deliberately stirred her up at times just to hear her copious flow of language," Philip confessed half laughing, yet with a note of regret in his tones. "There was an indescribable attraction about her in spite of all, though that may sound strange to you after what I said, and I was deeply hurt that she let me go away without deigning to bid me farewell. Have you any idea why she acted so then, and has ignored me all these years? And now this letter strikes me as—as queer, to say the least."

Ted looked very thoughtful while he busied himself with his salad. After a moment he observed with some hesitation.

"Phil, I'm going to tell you a profound secret, which will explain why Bethy Beth let you go in that way, even though I'm sure it almost broke her heart. I think it will also throw some light on the letter you received from her this morning. The child overheard every word of our conversation under the beech that morning."

Philip leaned back in his chair and regarded his companion with blank dismay.

"You don't mean it!" he gasped.

"Yes, she was up in the tree, and she had been crying her heart out for something—your going, I imagine—for her eyes were red and swollen and her face as white as her apron, and she was staring after you with a frightened, horrified look, that told its own story. I had stopped to tie my shoe, you know, and when I started to follow you I caught sight of her."

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**9604.—A COMFORTABLE AND
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