

ONTARIO WHEAT + MANITOBA No 1 HARD



BEAVER FLOUR

YOU can make a bigger and better loaf of bread with "Beaver" Flour than with any Western Wheat Flour.

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

of texture—the snowy whiteness of the best Ontario fall wheat, with the strength of Manitoba wheat flour.

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.

If you want real home-made bread with the real home-made flavor—if you want light, delicious Pastry, Cakes and Pies—use "Beaver" Flour, best for one, best for all.

DEALERS—Write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals. 138

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R. G. ASH & CO., St. John's, Sole Agents in Newfoundland, will be pleased to quote prices.

A Millionaire;

Countess Westerleigh.

CHAPTER V.
(Concluded.)

"You know every lurch of the channel, I suppose, Miss Nora?" he said. "Do you mind if I smoke, by the way?"

She looked at him with faint surprise, then shook her head.

"Every inch," she said; "I can sail her right up to Bristol, or over to Wales, or to France, if need be, and in the dark."

"Let's go to France," he said, settling himself down still more comfortably. "Let's sail to America—anywhere; this is delicious! Don't you think so? No? That's because you are used to it, whereas I haven't had a sail for a couple of years."

"Yes; I am used to it," she said, absently. "I have been used to it all my life."

Vane turned on his elbow, and looked at her.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "but how old did you say you were?"

"Nineteen," she replied, after a slight pause—"I think," she added, simply.

Vane smiled.

"You don't know for certain, then?"

She shook her head.

"Not for certain; but I think so. I will ask my aunt."

"And you have spent all your life here?" he said, thoughtfully puffing at his pipe.

"No," she said, in her direct fashion, "not all. I remember being brought here—just remember it, like as if in a dream."

"When were you brought here?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"I don't know. I don't remember."

"Like Topsy, in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' you can't give an account of yourself," he said. "You 'spects you 's crowded." You've read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" he made haste to add.

She looked at him with her brows drawn.

"Do all the girls you know read and write?" she asked.

Vane nodded.

"Yes; but upon my word that seems to be all they can do," he answered.

"There's not one who could sail a boat as you can, or climb ticklish cliffs, as you do. They play tennis, it's true—"

"What is that?" she asked.

Vane tried to explain the game in a few words, and she listened, her head resting on her hand, the other arm thrown over the tiller, her brows bent, her whole mind evidently concentrated in the effort to understand something of what his life and those of his kind could be.

The morning resembled that of summer, and Vane had to shade his eyes, but the strong light did not seem to inconvenience hers, which, as they swept the horizon now and again, were as keen as an eagle's.

"And what else do they do?" she asked.

"What else? Oh, they go for rides and drives."

"Can they ride, any of them, bare-backed?" she asked.

"Oh, Lord, no!" he replied. "They have the newest and most patent saddles, and always have a groom with them—a man to look after them. Can you?"

She inclined her head.

"Yes; I can ride the wild ponies on the moor."

"Then I should say you could ride anything," he commented, emphatically. "Well, and the girls you were asking about, they call on each other—"

She frowned. The phrase conveyed no meaning whatever to her.

"Call? 'Coo-ee' to each other, do you mean?"

Vane laughed.

"No, no! They call at each other's houses and sit and talk about—oh, goodness knows what they talk about!—their bonnets and dresses, and so on, I suppose; and they drink tea—any quantity of it; and they dance. They go to balls, you know."

She shook her head.

"No, I don't know. I don't understand."

"And I'm a bad hand at explaining things," he said. "I always was. I should never give you an idea of what they are like or how they live."

"By Jove! I should like to see you in London, Miss Nora."

She bent her eyes on the bottom of the boat.

"Yes; it would be good fun taking you about, and seeing you enjoying yourself. I should like to seat you in a chair in the park, where you could see the carriages drive past, and the women ride by; and then I'd take you to the theatre," he laughed as he pictured the amazement and delight with which she would, no doubt, be overwhelmed by, say, a drama at Drury Lane—and you should learn to dance, and go to a ball."

She raised her eyes; they were glowing like coals.

"Take me!" she breathed through her half-parted lips.

Vane colored, and mentally called himself all the fools under the sun.

"I wish I could," he said, meeting her wild, innocent gaze as steadily as he could.

"You said you would like to take me, just now," she said. "Why can you not? I can work. I can cook and catch fish—ah! there are no fish there, you say! But I could be useful in all kinds of ways."

Vane sat up and stared at the sky. Her perfect innocence, her complete ignorance of the most elementary of the laws wherewith propriety has shielded herself, were appalling and overwhelming. He did not know what to say for a moment or two.

At last, still looking skyward, he said, gently:

"Perhaps your aunt will come up to London some day, Miss Nora, and bring you with her. If she should, you must be sure to let me know, and

then I will take you to the places I have told you about."

The eager light left her eyes, and her face fell. She shook her head.

"She will never leave this cottage," she said—"never. I shall stay here till I die. I thought when you spoke just now about taking me, that you meant what you said."

"Well, so I did, in a sense," said poor Vane; "and I'd take you to-morrow—or, after I've been to the Hall—if you were only a boy instead of a girl."

She drew a long breath, and her eyes expanded wistfully.

"If I was a boy," she said, in a tone of intense longing and regret.

"I wish I was. Oh, I am always wishing it. I hate girls. I hate being a girl. They can never do as they like, or go where they like. If I was a boy I could have run away and gone to sea years ago. I hate these things"—she looked down, with a superb disdain in her glorious eyes on the scant serge frock—"they're always in the way. They catch in the rocks when I'm climbing, and they draggle in the sea when I'm trawling the net, and they keep me from swimming fast. Oh, if I was only a boy! Why am I not?"

She asked the question through her short, even teeth, and scowled under her black brows.

Vane puffed at his pipe. He did not know how to answer this outburst. He felt very much as a man feels who has caught a lion's cub and does not know what to do with it.

"I think you are best as you are, Miss Nora," he ventured, soothingly.

She turned upon him.

"Would you like to be a girl?" she demanded, almost fiercely.

It was upon his lips to respond with: "If I could be like you," but he stopped himself.

Vane Tempest was neither a saint nor one of the "goody-goody" young men who are so much in evidence nowadays, but he was a gentleman, and had sense enough to see that it would not be fair to deal out the stereotyped compliments to this wild young creature, whose innocence was like that of a mountain flower.

"Well, for some things, but not for others," he said. "I'm afraid if you were a boy, Miss Nora, you would be getting into all sorts of scrapes."

"Did you get into scrapes?" she demanded.

Vane laughed shortly.

"Most particularly so," he said, rather ruefully.

"What sort of scrapes?" she asked.

"Her eyes fixed intently on him.

"All sorts," he replied, absently, as the many errors of his youth rose before him. "I've got into rows without end. I've spent all my money—"

She shifted her hand from the tiller, and thrusting it into her pocket, brought out a shilling and some pence, and held them out to him in the palm.

Vane stared at her, then colored, and laughed.

"Why won't you take it?" she said, frowning. "Why do you laugh? You said you have spent all your money. I give you this. Do you laugh at me because it is so little? It is all I've got. I saved it. Take it. It is of no use to me. I should never spend it. How could I? Take it, please."

Vane did the wisest thing possible.

"Thank you, Miss Nora," he said, quite gravely; "I'll take the shilling."

(To be Continued.)

Emperor As Private.

Emperor Nicholas, of Russia, fully accoutred as a private recently made a seven miles march in order to gain personal experience of service as a common soldier according to the Daily Telegraph's St. Petersburg correspondent. The Emperor was attired as a rifleman, with the usual rolled overcoat, pouches with 120 rounds of ammunition, trenching spade, ration bag etc., altogether weighing three quarters of a hundred weight, exclusive of the rifle. Thus equipped with the outfit of an infantryman, the Emperor marched up hill and down dale for seven miles giving the salute of a private soldier to the officers whom he met on the way. Everyone was apparently ignorant of his identity until the next day, when the Emperor entered himself, according to the regulations on the regimental roll as "Private Nicholas Romanoff, married, of the Orthodox faith coming from Tsarskoe-Selo.

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