

**BEAVER FLOUR**

**COSTS LESS - IS BETTER - AND GOES FURTHER THAN ANY WESTERN WHEAT FLOUR.**

Because "Beaver" Flour is the original and genuine blended flour. It contains nutritious, full flavored Ontario fall wheat, blended with a little Manitoba spring wheat to give added strength.

"Beaver" Flour is not like the woman who can make only one kind of cake or one kind of fancy pastry. "Beaver" Flour is like the attractive, capable, clever housewife who can make Bread, Rolls and Biscuits—Cakes, Pies and Pastry—and makes them all equally well. That's the flour you want! Order it at your dealer's.

DEALERS—Write us for prices on Food, Cereals and Cereals.

**The T. H. TAYLOR CO., Limited, Chatham, Ont.**

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

**THE BELLE OF RUBYWOOD.**

CHAPTER X.

"Gone—aye—and showed a remarkable clean pair o' heels, too. He came like a will-o'-the-wisp and he's vanished like one. Be open with me, lass, for I know there was led away to disobey your fond father by the scamp. Did he leave thee e'er a word now?"

Muriel shook her head. The father slapped his leg triumphantly. "By heaven, I thought not!" he said. "It's sure and certain that he was after my poor bit of money. A regular speculation, lass, as they call it in Lannun, depend upon it. But there! don't you fret any more; come down stairs and whistle the bird down the wind. There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out, and, in deed, far better ones than him's that's given thee the go-by, waiting for the simple yes." Wynter Leigh was a villain as well as a fool!

With these words he had passed the boundary of her endurance. She rose beautiful and brave as a leopardess her usually mild eyes, flashing fire on him, and her small hands clenched at her sides.

"Wynter Leigh is an honest and true hearted man, and if there is one in the world, and—until it is proved to me that he is other than that, will never cease to love him!"

Then she sank into the chair, and with a moan, dropped her face into her hands.

The farmer started grimly at her, then in silence left the room.

Two days later Squire Heatherbridge was filled with concern for poor Jaffer's ignorance, and declared that he would send him to school. It was shocking to see the grandson of

**Women's Best Interests**

demand that every woman should spare herself unnatural suffering by obtaining safe and proper help when physical ills and nervous depression occur. When ailments and suffering come to you remember there is one safe, effective gentle and well-tried remedy—

**Beecham's Pills**

of special value to women. Beecham's Pills remove the cause of suffering; they clear the system and by their tonic, helpful action, relieve you of headaches, back-aches, lassitude and nerve rebellion. Try a few doses and know the difference—know how Beecham's Pills will help your feelings; how they strengthen, invigorate

**Preserve and Protect**

Every woman should be sure to read the special directions with every box. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25c.

such a well-conducted old lady as Goody running about as ignorant and silly as a savage. And consequently much to the edification of the villagers, who one and all sang praises to the benevolence and kind-heartedness of the young squire, poor, simple-minded Jaffer was conveyed to school two counties off.

No sooner had Jaffer gone than ugly rumors, at first dim and undefined but gradually growing into something definite, arose concerning the suddenly vanished Mr. Leigh.

Somebody had seen or heard something, and at last it was getting generally believed that the poor, young farmer had really been compelled to fly the Holme, not so much on account of his peculiar troubles as on that of some lady-love. These rumors, of course, reached Rubywood and found their way to the quiet little room to which Muriel was still confined; but nothing occurred to confirm or justify them until some months later, when the farmer, who had persuaded Muriel to accompany him to the next market town, saw her comfortably seated in the village phaeton, and for the first time for many months addressed her kindly.

They were talking of the coming season—Muriel listening rather, for she spoke but rarely and always in the low, cheerless voice which seemed habitual to her now—and the farmer said suddenly:

"I've bought the Holme, lass."

Muriel started and turned her head aside.

The farmer whipped the mare and plunged into the subject.

"I thought I'd tell you, in case some one else did it blundering-like. Don't you think I'm going to rake up the old trouble again, because I'm not. I've taken you at your word, and I'm ready to believe that you won't look at another man till this young vago—Wynter Leigh—is proved what all the world says he is."

"What do they say he is?" she asked.

"That he was as false in love as he was in farming—wrong at bottom, lass; and a gay deceiver. They do say that there's a lady pluing her heart away for him up in the North, where he came from. I cannot say if it's true, for you may be sure that I haven't stopped to make enquiries. All that I do mean to say is that it goes against my natural pride to hear my own lass mated to some other miller away and sharing pity with her."

"It is false!" said Muriel.

"Very likely," said the farmer grimly; "I only tell thee what I've heard."

He seemed as disinclined to touch the subject as Muriel herself, and after bestowing another flip upon the mare, set to whistling.

They had passed the Holme, and were on the Hopwood road some distance when the farmer drew aside to allow a post chaise to pass. Instead of passing, however, the postillion pulled up in obedience to a signal from the inside; the window rattled down, and a lady, young and good-looking, with a pleasant smile accosted the astonished farmer.

"Can you tell me, my man," she said, in a slightly foreign accent, "if

we are in the right direction for the Holme?"

For a moment the farmer was too bewildered to answer. The lady, evidently amused at his bewilderment, transferring her attention to the pale, beautiful face of Muriel.

"The Holme," she repeated.

"Yes," he said, "you are going right for the Holme."

"Mr. Wynter Leigh's?" asked the lady, as if to make assurance doubly certain.

"No. Farmer Holt's," replied the old man grimly.

The lady looked surprised.

"Are there two places called the Holme?" she asked.

"Not in this part of the country," said the farmer.

"And Mr. Leigh does not live at this one?" said the lady, looking displeased.

"No, he doesn't," replied the farmer. "He did, but he has gone."

"Gone!" echoed the lady faintly; and the farmer, noting her tone of dismay, looked at Muriel significantly.

"Yes, gone," he repeated; "left suddenly."

"And for where?" asked the lady, who appeared very much startled.

"Ah! said Farmer Holt, drawing a long breath, "that's just what no one knows. He left—fled, as one may say, from the country like a thief in the night, and no one knows where he has gone."

"This is most strange!" exclaimed the lady, sinking back in the carriage and looking very much annoyed and undecided. "I—I had most important business with Mr. Leigh—"

"No doubt," remarked the farmer sardonically.

"And—and I really don't know what to do. But I must find him. Are you sure you can give me no information? Has he left no servant of any kind who would be likely to know his movements?"

"The only man who knew anything of him or his affairs left the place the moment he heard of his master's flight—followed him, I suppose," said the farmer.

"I don't understand it," said the lady, with an anxious sigh. "Well, I am very much obliged to you. Will you tell my man to drive on, please? Stop! whom is this Mr. Holt whom you say has bought or holds this farm?"

"He's your dutiful servant, madam," said the old man, lifting his hat with a grim bow and setting the mare going as the postillion started the chaise.

For a mile not a word was spoken by father or daughter, Muriel looking straight before her with the same

expression.

"Well, lass, you see. That fine lady was the one we've heard of, no doubt of it. She'll follow him, for she looks like it; but my modest lass will act sensibly and bid good-by to all thoughts of him forever," and Muriel's eyes filled with tears, but she said nothing.

But Farmer Holt had conquered. That same evening the young squire came hurriedly into the parlor, and to his surprise and embarrassment found Muriel there.

It was the first time they had met since the evening of his avowal and for a moment he turned as pale as she herself, but the next he took the hand she held out for him, and bent over it, murmuring indistinct thanks for her recovery from the illness which was the accepted reason for her confinement to her apartments.

While they stood silent the farmer came in, rubbing his hands, and winked with a world of joyous cunning at the young squire.

"Well, lads and lasses," he cried cheerfully, "here we are again, all snug and comfortable after a spell of nasty weather. Sit ye down, lad, and take a bit of supper with us. Muriel can find ye a spare knife and fork. I'll be bound."

And while Muriel went to apprise Janey of the addition to the party, the old man leaned over to the squire, and whispered:

"It's all right, lad! She'll be a dutiful girl and have thee. Ha! ha! she'll make a better wife for this little tantrum; shows she's got spirit, and can keep her word like a Holt."

By the next morning it was known far and wide that Miss Muriel had recovered from her illness and that she would become the mistress of the Howe.

(To be continued.)

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**RUNNING SORE ON HIS LEG**

Egyptian Liniment Quickly Healed It

Mr. S. Mosure, of Port Perry, Ont., is very glad he took his friends' advice and tried Douglas' Egyptian Liniment. He writes:

"Some time ago I had typhoid fever, was confined to bed for 4 months, and left with a running sore in my leg. I tried every remedy I could hear of, but found none to help me."

"I was prevailed upon to try Egyptian Liniment by my friends. Although thoroughly disheartened, I decided to give it a trial, and am very happy to say that the result was marvellous. The sore was soon entirely healed. To anyone suffering from ailments of a similar nature Egyptian Liniment is certainly a boon."

It is really wonderful the way Egyptian Liniment cleans out running sores and festering wounds, removes the unhealthy conditions and permanently heals. It's just as good, too, for Sprains, Bruises, Rheumatism—in fact, for everything which liniment can cure. 25c. at all dealers. Free sample on request. Douglas & Co., Napanee, Ont.

pale face and sad, calm eyes, the old man breaking into spasmodic whistling occasionally and flippings of the mare. At last he said quietly:

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