

# BEAVER FLOUR



# THE BLENDED FLOUR

**Compare a Loaf of "Beaver" Flour Bread With One Made of Western Wheat Flour**

You never realized what a difference there could be in quality. "Beaver" Flour loaf is compact like cake—the texture is fine—smooth, even, regular—the color beautifully white—the crust, a rich, crisp brown—the taste, real homemade. Western wheat loaf is full of holes—texture, coarse—the color seems gray compared with the snowy whiteness of "Beaver" Flour bread—and the flavor is almost tasteless.

"Beaver" Flour has a quality all its own, because it is a blended flour. It is Ontario fall wheat flour—with just enough Manitoba spring wheat flour to increase the strength and make the dough stand up in the oven.

It is this combination—arrived at by years of experimenting and testing—that gives "Beaver" Flour both quality and quantity.

It is because "Beaver" Flour is a true blended flour and made of the best wheat in the world, that it is equally good for bread and pastry, and best for both.

"Beaver" Flour is immeasurably superior to any western wheat flour for all kinds of baking. You can prove this to your complete satisfaction, the very first time you use it for Bread, Rolls, Biscuits, Cakes, Pies or Pastry.

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## Love a Conqueror

—OR—

## WEDDED AT LAST!

CHAPTER III.

"Never mind, mother darling," Jack said soothingly. "Uncle Gilbert will tell us."

"Ah, but he will tell it so differently!" she moaned. "I must—I must—tell you—"

She struggled into a sitting posture again, resting on Shirley's shoulder and supported in her arms, and began to speak hurriedly, yet faintly, making pitiful efforts to gather her strength.

"It was so long ago—in Scotland—and I was so young," she said brokenly. "I did not know—who could have guessed?—it was all like a play—and—no church—and— Her voice failed, her head fell back wearily.

"I cannot—I cannot!" she said pitifully, as her eyes went from one to the other wildly; and Shirley bent down, tears falling as she did so, to utter some soothing words.

"Never mind, dear, we shall know by and by. Meanwhile lie still and rest; you are so weary."

"So weary—yes. We have travelled a long way, you know; but we can

rest now," murmured the dying lips, with the ghost of a smile passing over them. "Rest—you know the doctor said I was to rest. There was some one who—who was very kind, Shirley. I could not walk, you know."

"You mean the gentleman who carried you to the boat, mother. Am I to thank him for you?"

"Yes, thank him and the doctor."

The painful anger look was fading from her face now; she seemed to have forgotten the story which but a few minutes before she was so anxious to tell them. She lay back on her pillows calmly enough, and the smile which had crept to her lips crept yet further into the depths of her dark eyes.

"I can smell the heather," she said clearly and sweetly. "Cannot you Rowland? How sweet it is! Listen—how prettily the beck murmurs among the stones!"

There was a silence; the dawn crept higher over the eastern sky and a faint roseate tinge stole into the dark gray. Over the beautiful face on the pillows the shadow of death crept slowly and darkly.

"They say that I am his wife," she said then, with a sudden pitiful cry of pain; "but that is impossible. I was not married, Rowland—tell me I am not his wife."

The two pairs of watching eyes met across the pillows, the blue ones dim with tears, the hazel eyes wide

and started and miserable.

"What does she mean?" Shirley whispered.

"Nothing, dear—she wanders," Jack answered, a new gravity and tenderness on his boyish face.

"Not his wife—oh, no, we never went to church!" continued Marian Ross, in her low feeble tones. "But you are my husband, Rowland!"

"She thinks she is talking to father," Jack said tremulously. "Mother, don't you know us? Don't you know Shirley and Jack?"

"Shirley?" she repeated vacantly. "Little Shirley and Jack! Jack, take care of your sister, or she will fall!"

She had gone back to their childhood, Shirley guessed, as the great hot tears fell on the soft dark hair, and the girl's whole frame trembled with the violence of her emotion.

The minutes slipped by. Jack went to the window and drew back the curtain; a streak of morning sunshine, the herald of a fine day, fell across the carpet and touched the foot of the bed.

Suddenly the large dark eyes opened; the painful, eager, puzzled look had faded from them, and they had become dim and glassy; but they smiled.

"Never mind," she said, in a faint clear, happy tone. "Shirley will not judge her mother; I do not mind Shirley. It is getting dark now, and I am going home. It is dark—so dark!"

Dark! And the sun's rays were streaming into the room in a flood of golden light! But she could not see it, for she had gone home.

Gone home, without telling the secret which had weighed upon her for a score of years, without warning her daughter against the fate which had fallen upon her! Ah if she could have seen into the future, she could not have gone home with that peaceful smile upon her face.

tion that I should not hesitate about accepting it!"

As he spoke, Guy Stuart poured out a second cup of coffee, sugared and creamed it with due deliberation, and proceeded to discuss his breakfast, as if it were of far more importance than the subject under consideration, while the other man, his friend and host, Sir Hugh Glynn, sitting opposite to him at the long dining table, looked meditatively at a note lying before him.

"Of course, it is very civil and all that," he said, in rather a plaintive tone; "but we are quite strangers in this part of the world, and we no not know what we should be committing ourselves to by accepting."

"At the most to a few days of congenial society," Major Stuart answered carelessly—"and perhaps bad dinners."

"The last is a very serious condition. My predecessor here had evidently some notion of comfort and good cooking. The cook has been at Maxwell for twenty years, the butler tells me, and I hope she may remain here for twenty more. Those cutlets she gave us last night," continued Sir Hugh, in his languid, rather drawing tone.

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voice, "made mutton seem like meat from some other sphere."

Major Stuart laughed; he did not possess his friend's delicate appreciation of the art of cookery, and to him Brillat-Savarin was nothing more or less than rather a contemptible gourmand.

"The cutlets were very good, and so is this game-pie," he said carelessly, still devoting himself to the fortification of his inner man. "Will the answer to Sir Gilbert's note, then hinge on the abilities of his cook?"

"I am afraid we shall not be able to ascertain what his or her abilities may be," replied Sir Hugh, laughing. "It is more likely to hinge in his woman-kind, if one could find out anything about them."

"I should think that pretty easy."

They must be people of some consequence about here—and your servants are all old stagers; I have no doubt they know all about them."

"Fairholme is about seven miles from here," Sir Hugh said meditatively; "so that I could ride over and see how things went on here—and certainly it would be a change. Aren't you getting just a little bit tired of my society, Guy?"

"Not a bit." Major Stuart answered heartily. "I have not had a glimpse of you for nearly three years, remember, until that lucky meeting at King's Cross."

"A lucky meeting for me!" said Sir Hugh cordially. "To think that you had returned, and that you had been in England for nearly three months without giving me a notion of your existence! It was too bad, Stuart!"

"My dear fellow"—and Major Stuart's dark gray eyes, with a warm kindly light in their depths, went across the breakfast table to Sir Hugh's handsome face—"I could not discover your whereabouts. You were to be heard of everywhere; but whenever I followed you up, you had disappeared like a meteor. Sir Hugh Glynn is evidently a person of some importance in the world of fashion and distinction."

Sir Hugh laughed carelessly. He was a singularly handsome man, with a complexion as fair as any girl's, wide, sleepy blue eyes, a heavy fair moustache, and soft fair hair. His movements were slow, listless, and languid, and had he been a man of less size and presence, the charge of effeminacy might have been laid at his door.

"Well, what are we to do about this invitation?" he said, reverting to the subject once more. "Sir Gilbert evidently takes it for granted that we are tired of our own society, and should like a change. He says he would call if he were not laid up with the gout, but that his son called a day or two since. I don't remember the circumstance."

"Don't you? I do. It was the day we went into Dumfries. On our return we found his card in the hall, and Martin said he had ridden over. He is in the—the Hussars."

"Oh, well, I wish her ladyship would let us have her men and a list of the members of her household," said the young baronet laughing. "I find that ladies who have marriageable daughters are generally very civil to me, Stuart, and I dare say you have found the same."

"If Hugo mio, you forget. I am not a baronet with an unlimited rent-roll," answered Major Stuart, laughing.

"Unlimited! I find mine limited enough," Sir Hugh said lightly. "I assure you that I did not find old Uncle Robert's legacy come at all amiss. It added this place and nearly five thousand a year to my possessions, and I needed it."

"Not a legacy to be despised," observed Guy Stuart. "At the same time, you could have done quite well without it! However, you'll be able to give us some good grouse shooting here in the season, and you must be content to submit to the feminine maternal persecution which invariably follows such an eligible unmarried man as yourself." And again Guy Stuart's eyes, with a laugh in their depths, sought his friend's face, and Sir Hugh, meeting the glance, laughed also.

(To be Continued.)

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