

# A BAKING SUCCESS WHICH YOU CAN DUPLICATE IN YOUR HOME



## WITH BEAVER FLOUR

George Weston,  
the baker, made  
Toronto a blended  
flour city.

When Manitoba  
wheat flour first  
appeared, it became  
popular because it made  
a big loaf. But the bread  
was heavy, coarse, full of holes  
and not especially tasty.

George Weston thought there were  
enough people in Toronto who would  
appreciate the difference between quality and  
quantity—and he determined to bake a real, old-  
time, home-made loaf, using blended flour.

At that time, Weston was running only two ovens. In a  
week, he had to start new ovens, and it was not long before he was  
selling FIFTY THOUSAND LOAVES A WEEK.

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more loaves to the barrel. "BEAVER" FLOUR is equally good for pastry, because  
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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## WON AT LAST!

CHAPTER XIV.

Poor Nat was hurt. I saw that at once as I flung myself from the saddle and stooped over her, for she lay without stirring, and it was not too dark to see her white face and the thin streak of blood trickling down her forehead. I was awfully frightened, and that's the honest truth. To shut my eyes now and recall it turns me cold. I was afraid to touch her, and did not like to leave her, so I shouted loudly as I knelt there.

The door of the cottage was instantly flung open, a flood of light streamed out, I heard an inarticulate exclamation, between an imprecation, and a groan, and looked up to encounter the horrified white face of Roger Yorke. He did not seem to know I was here, but took Nat up in his arms almost as he might have done a baby, and carried her in-doors. I followed him quickly.

The little stone-floored kitchen was not too tidy and not too clean, but a large fire was blazing, and a shabby old elbow-chair stood beside it, in which Yorke stood the insensible girl. Little Lotty's pretty wondering face came peeping from the open stair-case door, and from the room above old Wilde's strident voice shouted some loud wrathful questions. I saw and heard this without seeming to do either, for all my attention was

fixed upon the poor little girl. Yorke had taken off her sealskin cap, loosened the buttons of her habit, and then pulled a brandy-flask from his breast-pocket. Her head was lying upon his left arm as he knelt beside her, and he held out the flask to me seeming for the first time to know that I was there.

"Open that," he said, shortly, but not turning his eyes from the little pale face lying upon the sleeve of his rough tweed coat. "Be quick!"

I unscrewed the top and handed him the flask; he managed to force a little of the contents between her lips, loosing it deftly, although I could see that his hands were shaking over the task, and he looked indeed hardly less white than did Nat herself. It had its effect, for a less ghastly tinge crept over her face and her eyelids quivered. He made her swallow a little more of the spirit, and her lips moved and her eyes opened, but she shut them again with a shiver and a slight moan. Yorke gently removed his arm, laying her head back against the torn patchwork cushion, and turned to Lotty, who had sidled into the room by this time.

"Get me a basin and some warm water," he said. "Be quick—there's a good girl!"

Lotty waited for no further order, but flew out of the room and upstairs, where old Wilde was becoming more indignantly viceriferous than ever. Directly she was gone Yorke wheeled round on me and said, fiercely,—

"How did this happen? What were you about?"

"I?" I questioned.

"Yes, you. Couldn't you have taken better care of her than this?"

"Well, it wasn't my fault," I answered, by no means relishing this very unexpected onslaught even from Roger, from whom as a rule, I would meekly swallow anything. "How could I help it?"

"How could you help it!" he repeated. "How could you do it? I want to know. You're a pretty fellow to be trusted with her."

"How upon earth do you think I could help the horse running away?" I returned, goaded into active remonstrance. "The confounded brute was off like the wind before I knew it. It was as much as I could do to hold it by the gray. I wish to goodness I had come to grief myself instead of Nat!"

"And so do I!" said Yorke, with unflattering heartiness, as he turned to take the basin which Lotty had brought in. Nat still lay back with her eyes closed, and he bent down to one knee beside her to sponge away the blood which trickled down her forehead. She was awfully pale still, and I drew nearer to ask in a whisper—

"I say, old man, she isn't much hurt, is she?"

"I don't know—I hope not. It's quite bad enough."

"I suppose she is only stunned—no limbs broken or anything?"

"No thanks to you if they are not. What made her horse balk?"

I explained. Yorke apparently was gracious enough to come to the conclusion that I was not so much to blame after all, for he surveyed me less fiercely as he put down the basin.

"And the beast put its foot in a hole and threw her, I suppose?"

"Yes. Is that out much?"

"Not much more than skin-deep. I suppose her head struck a stone. But it might—There—don't talk about it! Give me that brandy again."

I complied and he turned toward the chair; but Nat's black eyes were wide open now, and she stared at us

in perplexity and around the strange room. She tried to sit up, but Yorke prevented that.

"Don't talk," he said, gently. "You must keep still. Drink this."

She did so. The brandy brought some color into her cheeks, and she smiled across at me.

"Don't look so scared. Ned, dear! I don't believe I'm hurt a bit—only my

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head feels so odd—all dazed and jarring. Did Daphne throw me?"

"Yes, worse luck." "Stupid thing! I ought to have been able to hold her in; but it was all so sudden."

She glanced from me to Yorke whose blue eyes were fixed upon her with tender anxiety, and then her eyes wandered round the room.

"What place is this?" "Wilde's cottage," Yorke answered. "Don't talk now, my child."

"And were you here?" Nat persisted. "Yes—luckily."

"Very luckily for me," she said, smiling, and closed her eyes again.

It was not much, but I saw how quick the blood in my friend's brown face was to answer the simple speech, and wondered what would be the end of Miss Nat's "spill." Roger was not himself just then; his coolness had deserted him; and it struck me that he looked as if very little would make him go down upon his knees to her upon Lotty's red-ochered floor. What a lark it would be! I thought, with a fleeting vision of my stately mother's wrath and dismay, and then said, because I felt that I wanted to laugh—"I say, Roger, what about getting back to Chavasse? She can't ride."

"Of course not; you must get a carriage. The best thing you can do is to ride over to the Mount as fast as you can."

"And scare madame to death?" Nat interposed, opening her eyes. "Why, Ned, if you arrive without me, you know how it will frighten her! Can't we send some one with a message, Doctor Yorke?"

"Perhaps that will be better. Look here, Ned; scribble a line to Madame Chavasse, and I will take it over to Redpots and send it from there. Be quick. The sooner Miss Orme is at home and able to rest properly the better."

I accordingly wrote a few lines on a leaf of my pocket-book, carefully making as light of our mishap as I could. Roger would have taken the note but that Nat checked him by looking up with her amazingly innocent smile and saying, coolly:—

"Stay with me, won't you, Doctor Yorke? Ned will take it. Doctors oughtn't to desert their patients to run messages, you know."

I grinned—I could not help it—and turned to the door, and, catching sight of little Lotty as she stood shyly in a corner behind Nat's chair, wondered at the sudden gloom of the pretty round face. And I wondered, too, as I shut the door behind me, which—in the event of Roger Yorke, the struggling village doctor, proposing to Miss Orme, the heiress, before I got inside the Redpots gates—would be the more to blame of the couple.

It was dark by this time—so dark that I could barely make out the outlines of the two horses, drawn together by the garden railings, and shivering in miserable companionship. I flung open the little gate and stepped out, to find my arm grasped by the hand of a figure which really seemed to rise out of the ground in front of me—a figure whose clutch frightened as it thus held me, and which growled out a fierce half-mothered imprecation as it bent forward, trying to peer into my face. (To be Continued.)

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