

The Young Housewife

is anxious to get good results from her first efforts in baking. She is eager for the admiring comments of her husband and her visitors. She knows that her bread and pastry will be subjected to close criticism, and realizes that in her nervous anxiety she is likely to make mistakes, by using too much of this or too little of that. Then again, the flour she uses is apt to vary in quality from time to time, unless she uses

"Beaver" Flour

which takes a heavy burden of responsibility off the young wife's shoulders. It is a scrupulously exact blend of Manitoba Spring wheat and Ontario Fall wheat, so balanced as to provide an unvarying uniformity of superlative quality.

"BEAVER FLOUR" contains all the gluten—the bone and muscle forming element—of the Manitoba wheat and the qualities of the Ontario wheat that make bread light and white, and cakes and pastry tasty and flaky.

"BEAVER FLOUR" saves the trouble of keeping one flour for bread and another for pastry. It is a bread flour and a pastry flour too. It is reliable at all times and under all conditions. It is also economical, for it makes more loaves to the barrel than any other flour—loaves that are as good to look upon as they are tasty and nutritious. For biscuits, pies and pastry, "BEAVER FLOUR" has no equal. Don't take our word for it. Try it, and be convinced.

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



THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER XIII.

"The Play's The Thing!"
(Continued.)

"NOW for the Badminton," he said, and taking the silver tankard from her, he drained it at a draught.

"Well," he said, "I used to think that cricket was warm work enough, but for real, hot work commend me to scenshifting! Where's Gerald—what's this they say about Rayburn's not turning up?"

Lilian explained. "Some other fellow!" he said. "But that's like Rayburn—he was never known to keep an appointment. And who is this other fellow?"

Lilian shook her head. "I don't know—Lord Vavasour did not mention his name."

Harold laughed, and leaning back, stretched his long legs out straight.

"An unknown Romeo! Quite romantic! Lilian?"

She smiled.

"There is the prompter," she said. "And if 'Romeo and Juliet' fails, we have scored our success," and she looked at Laura.

"That's nonsense!" cried Laura, almost abruptly. "We know they are all reserving themselves for this part of the entertainment."

"I hope they won't be disappointed," said Lilian, and she moved away.

Harold looked after her with wistful eyes for a moment, then he started up.

"This won't do! I must go to work again!" he hurried off.

The quarter of an hour was nearly up. The orchestra, which had been regaling itself on rare wines, fled back into its place, and commenced to play; the actors and actresses who were go-

ing to perform began to crowd in and look nervously about them.

Meanwhile Gerald was up in Slade's room, vainly endeavoring to comfort that languid gentleman, who, with the aid of Louis, was getting into his costume, grumbling at every stage of the process.

"Why!" exclaimed Gerald, "you and Rayburn must be the same height and build! They fit you to a 'T'!"

But Slade was not to be mollified. "My dear Gerald," he said, "you are not to be relied on to-night! You would say the same thing if they fitted like a sack or a diving dress. Why on earth Rayburn don't turn up, I can't imagine! Surely if he walked he could have got here before now!"

"If he came," declared Gerald, stoutly, "he shouldn't play! My dear Slade, your Romeo will be fifty times better than his. He might look the part, but you will play it. You could not help it to such a Juliet. Look sharp, Louis!"

"Yes, look sharp, but don't twist my leg off!" said Slade, sardonically.

"A nice thing for a fellow to be woke up to put on tights and a satin doublet! Gerald I'll never forgive you!"

"Poor, unfortunate people," he said. "What have they done that they should be tortured? To sit in a room with more than two people on such a night as this is bad enough, but to be crammed in lines and made to watch an amateur performance of 'Romeo and Juliet' and he shuddered."

Gerald laughed.

"Do they look as if they were very miserable? I tell you they are enjoying themselves! Now, Slade, do, there's a good fellow, be cheerful. You look as if you were going to play the starved apothecary instead Romeo!"

"I wish to goodness, I was," said Slade, pathetically; "it's shorter."

"Hush!" said Gerald, closing the door quietly, for their voices had been heard, and heads were turning their way curiously, "none of the actors are to be seen in front till after the performance."

"All right," said Gerald, "wait until to-morrow! Now, Wigsley," and by word and action, he hurried them until Slade stood upright, no longer a fashionable gentleman of the nineteenth century, but every inch a Romeo.

But not a glance would he give to the cheval glass, and his action and attitude were as languid as ever.

"Take my word for it, Gerald," he said, solemnly, "I shall make a bosh of it! Now, Wigsley, I can't stand any more of that powder."

"You make up very well, sir," said the great costumer, stepping back. "Quite a first-rate Romeo."

"Come," said Gerald, "there's no time to spare; there's the overture."

They moved down the great staircase, Gerald leaning on the velvet-cased arm of the tall Romeo, and murmuring protestations of eternal gratitude all the way. When they reached a side door leading into the saloon, Gerald opened it a little way and motioned Slade to peep in.

"They are all ready," he whispered—'ever seat full. Look at the stage; isn't it capital? But Slade was not to be roused to show the smallest amount of enthusiasm. He looked at the brilliant audience with a caustic smile.

"Don't you feel nervous?" said Laura, eyeing her with a smile of mingled admiration and envy. "I feel as if my legs had been sawn off at the knees, and were giving way altogether and the lights dance before my eyes; aren't you at all nervous?"

"I don't think I am," said Lilian. "Let me feel you arm," said Laura, putting her unglowed hand on it.

"Why, it is quite still, and mine trembled! It is very wonderful!"

To be continued.

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A little extra worry and anxiety and snap goes the nervous system. Weeks and months are often required before energy and vigor are regained.

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Lilian bent her head, to fasten a bracelet, which had come undone. Half a dozen eager hands flew to her assistance. Tall figures, in Venetian costumes of the finest materials; not cotton velvet and machine lace, but silk pile and antique point; not stage jewels, but costly gems, diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds flashing on fingers and waist belts.

It was a strange scene, full of richness and color; and as its centerpiece, the observed of all observers, the tall, graceful figure in white satin, her lovely face full of high-born dignity, and yet supremely girlish and innocent.

Those who stood looking at her, enjoying the beauty of the picture, marveled at the intense calm of the girl, who, while the hearts of the rest beat against their satin and velvet-covered sides, stood quietly waiting for the call boy's summons.

Suddenly, as the orchestra began to play that vague never-ending kind of music, which they are able to learn off at a moment's notice, the door opened and Gerald came in.

All turned toward him, excepting Lilian; she was talking to the Mercutio, Lord Grayford.

"We are all waiting for you, Lord Vavasour!" said some one, as the group swayed to and fro.

"And here I am, just in time; and here's my Romeo."

They stood aside with a sudden movement of surprise; the tall, graceful figure in its magnificent costume came in, carrying his domino and mask in his hand, and looking round with easy grace. Here was another who showed neither apprehension nor nervousness.

"Come on," said Gerald, in his gentle musical voice, tremulous with excitement.

At this moment Harold came in.

"We're all ready, Gerald," he said. "So are we," said some of the others.

"Where is Miss Woodleigh?" said Gerald. "Lilian, there's scarcely time for an introduction. This is my friend, who has so kindly consented, at the last moment, to come to our aid and save us from failure. It is Mr. Dawson Slade."

She was still talking to Lord Grayford, and turns with some remark still on her lips.

They were all looking at her. They all, without exception, saw the mask slip from her hand as it went with a quick movement to her bosom, as the face, a moment ago so smilingly, so girlishly serene, went a deathly white, from which the black eyes gleamed like burning coals.

As if turned to stone, she stood staring before her and silent. The silence it was that caused Slade to raise his languid, unwilling eyes.

With a start he made a half step backward, and his dark face went white beneath the rouge. Moments are ages sometimes. This was one of them. Both stood regarding each other in silence for a moment; then, as summer storm clouds fit over the sky, there flashed across her face a look as of a hunted animal—of dread, of defiance, and both changed into one of keen, intensely keen, inquiry.

As if he had read and understood each flashing expression, his face seemed to answer it. At first a wild, almost fierce joy, then a doubt, and lastly a quiet smile of calm, almost cold composure.

How many moments it has taken to write and read this. Do not forget that it occupied a few moments only. No one had time to move or speak, scarcely to look and wonder.

Almost before a full minute had ticked itself through, that telegraphic exchange of thought had passed.

With a low bow, Dawson Slade came nearer and, in the most naturally easy and conventional tone, said:

"I am afraid I have kept you waiting, Miss Woodleigh—an unpardonable sin behind the scenes. I dare not hope for forgiveness, though I am filled with remorse."

With a mechanical smile, her eyes fell upon his, she inclined her head, struggling for the voice that would not come. Then, with a well-concealed effort, she said:

To be continued.

Keep Fit

Your brain, muscles and nerves depend upon good physical condition. Secure it by using

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Gerald's appearance. Lilian had had been out of the room for a few minutes, but returned, and was instantly surrounded with warm encouragement.

"Don't you feel nervous?" said Laura, eyeing her with a smile of mingled admiration and envy. "I feel as if my legs had been sawn off at the knees, and were giving way altogether and the lights dance before my eyes; aren't you at all nervous?"

"I don't think I am," said Lilian. "Let me feel you arm," said Laura, putting her unglowed hand on it.

"Why, it is quite still, and mine trembled! It is very wonderful!"

To be continued.

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