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All this is true because "Beaver" Flour is a blended flour. It contains exact quantities of nutritious, full-flavored Ontario Fall Wheat blended with a little Manitoba Spring Wheat to give added strength. Western Spring Wheat Flour is too strong and flavorless to make real home-made bread or good pastry. Ontario Fall Wheat makes the best flavored and finest pastry flour in the world and, with a little Spring Wheat added for strength, makes the ideal Flour for both bread and pastry.

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A Terrible Tangle.

CHAPTER XV.
AN ARTFUL SCHEMER.

"And when shall I see you again? Shall we drive together? We should make such an effective contrast. You so serious and I so butterfly. Perhaps I shall not be able to go to-morrow. Will you come again? And, Beth, did you really mean what you said just now? Can I rely upon it? You see, if I could just let one or two of these people know who are worrying me so much that you are going to help me, everything would be all right."

"Give me your bills," said Elizabeth, "and I will pay them for you."

But this did not suit Lady Garland; she wanted the handling of the money herself.

"Oh you dear thing, I could not dream of that! If you will just give me a little to go on with—just some on account, as it were."

Elizabeth sighed as she went down the stairs.

If she could have passed out without seeing Lord Garland, she would have gladly done so, but the butler was waiting for her.

He led into a small room at the back. It looked cosy, with a bright fire burning and a reading lamp lit, but Elizabeth's heart contracted suddenly, and her eyes filled with tears.

as she saw Lord Garland endeavor to get from his chair, and noted how gaunt and haggard he had grown, and how his handsome, soldierly look had dropped away from him.

They clasped hands in silence, and it was the man who spoke first.

There was a ring of absolute sincerity in his voice as he greeted her.

"This is a real joy, Beth," he said. "I was wondering if I was ever going to see you again." Then, even before their hands unclasped, he began to speak of Lil. "You find her pretty well, don't you?" he asked, eagerly; "she is not really ill, is she? She is so careless, dear little child; she never seems to think that cold or damp can hurt her."

"Oh, you must not feel bad about Lil," said Beth, as cheerily as she could. "She is taking the greatest care of herself. She has certainly a cold, but that is nothing, you know. Tell me about yourself, Henry."

"I think I am better," said the man, with that same eagerness in his voice, "I feel a little stronger to-day, Beth. I was just telling my man that I really believe, if I can get out of the fogs and cold winds, I shall pick up again."

"Of course you will," Elizabeth said, her voice sounding faint and her lips quivering. Then she resolutely set herself to conquer this.

She sat down and made him talk on all sorts of subjects, and half an hour had gone before either of them was aware that they had been together for more than a few minutes.

"I must see you every day, Henry," said Beth, as she arose to go. "You will come to me, I hope?"

"Surely I will," said Lord Garland, warmly. He held her hand and looked at her admiringly.

"You have grown much thinner," he said, "but there is still the same bonny Beth. A little less sunshine, perhaps, in the eyes, but all the goodness in them as of old."

He bent forward and kissed her on the brow.

"My dear," he said, "you have grown quite beautiful. Is it happiness that has done this for you? I have said nothing to you about your marriage, because, though we are linked together so closely, and I am really your brother now, we are still in a sense strangers. It was such a surprise to me to hear that you were married, Beth—married so quietly, too! I often reproach myself; I was so wrapped up in my own dream, so surrounded by my own thoughts that I fear I became selfish. I ought to have seen that there was a little romance passing with you. And now must you leave me, my dear? Well, it has been a very great happiness to see you. I have thought of you so often, Beth—your love for my darling. Your wonderful care of her draws you very near to me!"

Elizabeth shed tears freely as she drove homeward.

She almost wrung her hands as she thought of that half-dying man sitting apart in the shabbiest room in the house, and Lil lost in her own small and selfish schemes.

She felt almost as if she hated Ottershaw at this moment.

It was so unmanly, so ignoble of him, to fritter away his life in such a paltry fashion. That he had a definite purpose in seeking Lil was a matter that Elizabeth by this time had accepted as a conviction, and had she not come fresh from that meeting with Garland, it is possible that she might have dismissed the significance of this action on Ottershaw's part with the contempt that it deserved.

But Elizabeth was one of those who would never grow out of the trick of caring for other people more than she cared for herself, and her heart grew cold as she pictured to herself how easy it would have been for Lil to go to all extents of folly when guided by such a man as the Earl of Ottershaw.

For once she was going to spend an evening by herself. Mrs. Griffin was giving a dinner party.

Elizabeth had been expected to join this party, but she had begged to be excused.

The first thing that greeted her on entering her house was a telegram from Mary, sent at her request, announcing that she and her charge had safely reached their destination.

This aroused Beth a little, and had the effect of turning her thoughts away from Henry Garland and from Lil; but all the time that she dressed for her solitary dinner, and while she was eating this dinner, seated alone, surrounded by all the wealth which she felt was such a joy to David Barostan to scatter about her, that sick man's face haunted her.

"Could I buy Lil's loyalty, I wonder?" she asked herself once. "Would Ottershaw's power be stronger than her nature? Suppose I made a bargain with her? Could I, I wonder, keep to Henry this dream that makes his life possible? Or what if I were to speak to Mark himself? I know that there is good in him! He showed me

that good so clearly in the past. I do not believe that he can be glad to do a thing of this sort. It is so pitiful, so contemptible!"

When she was alone upstairs in her pet sitting room, Elizabeth sat down at her writing table.

"It is so easy for me to write," she said to herself, in a thoughtful way; "yet how do I know that he will believe that I really do want him back again? He refused to stay that night at the White Farm, when I almost begged him to do so. And he was right," said Elizabeth to herself, with a rush of color to her pale cheeks, "for then I wanted him only as a safeguard. But that feeling has gone; everything has changed. I don't believe he can refuse to come."

She paused another moment, then, with a hand that trembled, she took up her pen and wrote:

"Dear Friend," she began her letter. "I have great need of you. If your business is quite concluded; if you can, with all convenience, return to England, I shall be very, very glad. Let me hear from you as soon as possible."

She signed this "Elizabeth."

Then she sealed and addressed the letter, and when she got up she found that her heart was throbbing violently.

"What if he refuses?" she said to herself. "Oh! he must not refuse; he must come! I want him! I want him!"

At that moment the butler opened the door, and advanced, bearing a note.

"Lord Ottershaw is waiting for an answer, ma'am," he said.

Elizabeth tore open the envelope. Her nervousness, her touch of passion, had vanished; she felt cold and angry. But Ottershaw's penciled words immediately disarmed her.

"Is it too much to ask you to see me? I want to make my peace with you. I know that this is an extraordinary time to call, but I cannot rest till I have heard you say that you forgive me. Once before you asked me to let you call me friend; now it is my turn to ask you to show me friendship. If you cannot see me to-night, will you let me come to you to-morrow?"

Elizabeth paused only a moment, then, turning to the butler, said:

"Pray ask Lord Ottershaw to come upstairs." She scanned the note in the interval of waiting. The tone of it carried great comfort to her; it seemed to ring with sincerity; it made her sorry that she should have judged him so harshly.

As Ottershaw advanced into the room she stepped forward and held out her hand.

"Welcome, friend," she said. The door was closed, and they were alone.

Lord Ottershaw stooped over her hand, and pressed his lips to it.

"Thank you," he said, "thank you." He hardly dared let himself look at her. In this beautiful room, Elizabeth, so simply yet so exquisitely dressed in a gown of some clinging black material, which showed the contour of her figure, and made such a splendid setting for the soft whiteness of her skin, looked quite lovely.

She tempted him almost beyond his reason. It was difficult to carry through the scheme he had on hand, to play the part he had set himself, when he was so near her.

"It is very good of you, Elizabeth, to see me," he said. "I—I don't deserve it."

She colored, half shyly.

(To be continued.)

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