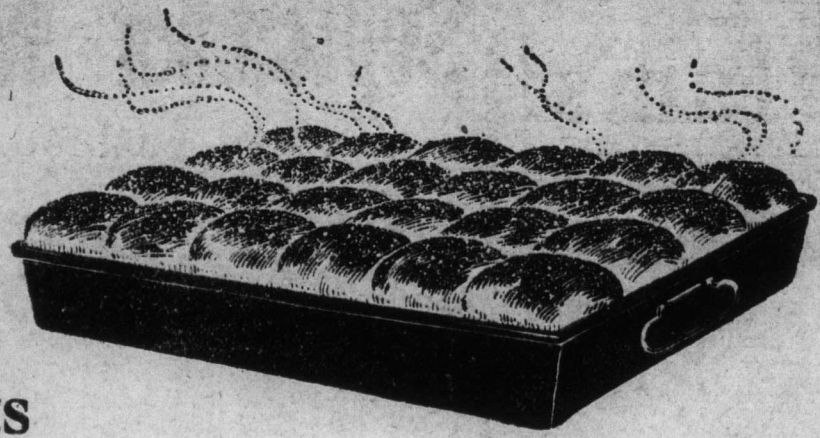


## A Batch of Biscuits



Mother's make!  
M—m—m!  
What biscuit—what flavor—what tantalizing flakiness!  
Broken into snow-white halves, could ever anything be more inviting! Scarcely.  
It wasn't a happenstance, either. Experience has taught mother just how to heat her oven and just how to choose her flour.

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## A Millionaire's Countess Westerleigh.

CHAPTER VI.  
(Concluded.)

There are half a dozen men who can paint lying portraits as well, and better, than we can; but these aristocrats—idiots!—believe in us: Tiger, because we are rude to them and pretend that we don't care whether they come to us or not. One would think this morning's comedy would ruin us; but you and I know that it won't, eh? We know that the maid—yes, and the duchess herself—will go up and down Vanity Fair telling everybody how insufferably rude that ill-bred nobody, that painter, Senley Tyers, has been to her, and warning all her friends by all means to avoid him. And the result? The friends will say, "He must be great and clever, he must be a genius, or he would not dare to treat the dear duchess so cavalierly," and they will flock to us all the more eagerly. What a world it is, eh, Tiger? You and I know it—know it well, don't we? And we use it. We make fools of it—fools of it; all—all but one!

**Every Woman Knows That**  
Instead of sallow skin and face blemishes she ought to possess the clear complexion and the beauty of nature and good health. Any woman afflicted or suffering at times from headache, backache, nervousness, languor and depression of spirits—ought to try

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the safest, surest, most convenient and most economical remedy known. Beecham's Pills remove impurities, insure better digestion, refreshing sleep, and have an excellent general tonic effect upon the whole bodily system. They have a wonderful power to improve the general health, while purifying the blood, Beecham's Pills clear the skin and

**Improve The Complexion**  
Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents.  
Ladies should feel to read the valuable directions with every box.

He raised his head as he spoke, and a touch of absolute pain came into his eyes and across his lips. "All but one, and if we do not take care, Tiger, she will make fools of us."  
He sprang up—his quick ears (and they were as sharp as the cat's) had caught the sound of footsteps—went quickly to the cabinet, and taking a small vial from a shelf, poured out a few drops of a clear liquid into a glass, and drank it.  
A moment after the page knocked and announced:  
"Lady Florence Heathcote."

A woman, lovely as a vision, stood in the door-way. She was tall, fair as a lily in complexion, with abundant hair, which in places glistened like gold. Her eyes were violet, her lips as perfect as lips could be.  
Tall, graceful, lovely as the Venus which glowed whitely in marble opposite her, there was only one flaw, one speck in her perfection in form and feature shone forth in pride which even Satan might have envied.  
Her calm, serene eyes played for a moment on Senley Tyers, then swept the room, then came back and rested on him, and her lips parted.  
It was only the commonplace "Good-morning" that she uttered in clear and low yet bell-like tones; but if it had been "Kneel, slave! Senley Tyers could not have bowed his head more humbly.  
He had tried to retain his erect attitude, to keep the languid, listless sang-froid which had so angered the Duchess of Mudshire, but they melted away like last winter's snow before the glance of those violet eyes, the clear ring of the imperious voice.  
With tightly compressed lips and quickly beating heart he stood with bent head, a slave who hated and loathed his slavery, but a slave still.

CHAPTER VIII.  
Lady Florence crossed the room, and stood upon the dais. Her maid removed her ladyship's long, loose ulster and hat, and revealed her mistress in all the splendour of evening dress. The light fell upon a shimmer of satin, the glitter of diamonds, the soft glow of pearls, upon a vision of regal loveliness, calculated to dazzle the eyes of any man.  
Senley Tyers exchanged the canvases of the easel and spread some color on his palette, keeping his eyes away from her, as if he could scarcely trust himself to look; and when he laid the palette aside and advanced to put her in the proper pose, he still kept his eyes down.  
Lady Florence was being painted

half sitting, half reclining on a couch, her fan drooping in her right hand, her left supporting her head. She sunk on to the couch with an indifferent, careless air, but at once assumed so graceful an attitude that Senley Tyers had very little to do in the way of arranging. A few touches to the folds of the magnificent dress, and the pose was complete in giving these touches his hand trembled, but Lady Florence did not notice the fact.  
He was to her just a painter; nothing more. Vane Tempest, desirous of doing his friend a service, had asked her to let Senley Tyers paint her portrait for the next Academy; and she had consented, as she would have done if Vane had asked her to allow an artist of the pavement to draw her portrait in colored chalks.  
Even the dress was Vane's choice. He had happened to remark: "You had better let him do you in all your war-paint; it will create a sensation at the Academy next season, and be a splendid advertisement for my friend. He is first-rate at silks and satins, and diamonds, and all that; at least, so I am told. I don't know much about it myself."  
And Lady Florence had smiled faintly and said: "Very well. It will be a bore putting on evening dress in the daytime, but if you think the picture will be any the better for it well—" and she had slightly shrugged her shoulders, surprised that Vane should take so much interest in "my friend."  
This was her fourth sitting, but it would scarcely be saying too much to assert that she had not exchanged

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manston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

a dozen sentences with Senley Tyers—had scarcely looked at him, in fact, and that if she had met him in the street, would hardly have recognized him.  
If any one had told her that this man knew the sound of her footsteps—that her presence so affected him that he was obliged to have recourse to a strong drug to "pull himself together," and enable him to retain his composure—she would not have believed her informant, and would have laughed—no, smiled; for Lady Florence rarely laughed—the idea to scorn.

Senley Tyers, the artist—a kind of superior photographer—dare to think of her in any other way than a servant thinks of his mistress. Well, Lady Florence would not have credited it—or, believing it, would have set the man down as mad.  
She was the only daughter of the Earl of Warlock, the peer, who, when once asked what he did with his immense wealth, replied, with calm

hauteur, "Sir, I roll in it." She would inherit lands, houses, mines, money from him; but she already possessed a large fortune derived from her mother, who had been a famous heiress.  
With her exquisite loveliness, and her vast riches present and prospective, Lady Florence Heathcote was an object in the matrimonial market which many a man had longed to secure. There was no nobleman in the empire, barring one of the royal blood, who would not have considered himself honored by Lady Florence's hand; and if she had so pleased, she might have been a duchess or a marchioness long before this. But Lady Florence had refused a ducal coronet and a share in the most famous marquise in the kingdom. Some of her friends declared that, like the goddess Diana, she was too proud to wed with any man; others whispered that if a certain Vane Tempest would but ask her to be his wife, her pride would vanish and the goddess melt into the human, notwithstanding that Vane Tempest was a penniless "detritment," and no match for the celebrated beauty and heiress.

She lay back on the couch, and languidly, indifferently, looked round the room. She did not glance at the picture on the easel, or attempt to "conclude the artist, as the Duchess of Mudshire had done. She was there 'to be painted, and whether the artist did it ill or well, mattered nothing to her.  
Tiger, the cat, sat up and looked at her, for a moment speculatively, then rose, stretched itself, and sprang on her lap.  
Lady Florence stroked it with her hand, and the animal coiled itself and purred.  
Senley Tyers, upon whom no movement of Lady Florence was lost, said:  
"You are fond of cats, Lady Florence?"  
She raised her head, as if made aware of his existence.  
"Not particularly," she said; "this is a very handsome one."  
"Yes," he said; "it is a thoroughbred Persian, and very much attached to me."  
Lady Florence's face said, as plainly as a face could say, that the information had no interest whatever for her.  
Senley Tyers took up his brush and commenced to paint.  
No man ever had a lovelier subject, and he worked with that enthusiasm which is only evoked by sheer love of the work. Every now and then he had to glance at her, and the beauty of her face and form began to exercise a peculiar influence over him. It was like some potent spirit that pointed to his brain and set his heart beating fiercely.  
He felt that he must speak, must break the spell, or throw down his brush and fall at her feet.  
"I hope I am not tiring you, Lady Florence," he said; and in his own ears his voice sounded thick and strained.  
She raised her head, and seemed to wake from a deep reverie.  
(To be Continued.)

9680—A MOST ATTRACTIVE NEG-LIGEE OR LOUNGING ROBE.  
Ladies' Kimono.  
Scotch dimity in a pretty shade of lavender on white with facings of white, was used for this model. It is suitable for lawn, percale, crepe, voile, silk or flannel. The garment is easy to develop. It is finished with a new shaped collar, and has sleeves in bell shape. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 5½ yards of 44 inch material for a Medium size.  
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Black and white checked suiting, with facing of red on collar was employed for this design. The design is made with a simple finish of simple stitching on the free edges, and on the sleeve 3/4 inch from the lower edge. The fronts are cut deep and lined in revers style, meeting a coat collar in notches. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 3 yards of 44 inch material for a 16 year size.  
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