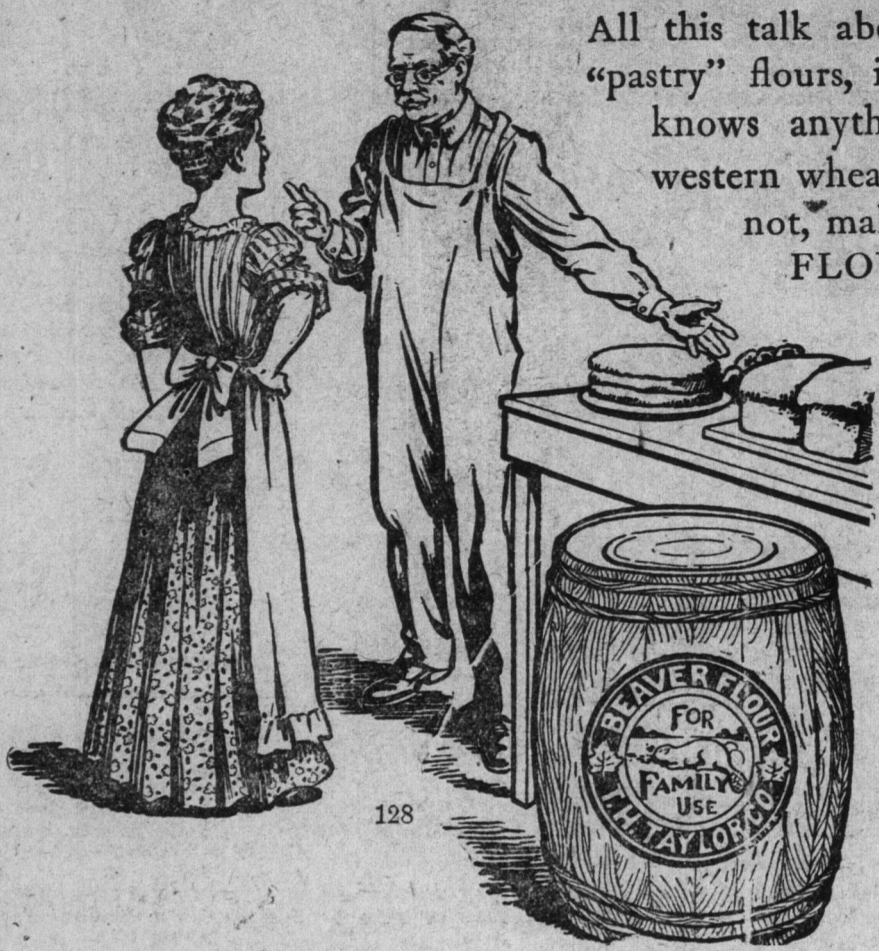


## Madam—It's Got to be Blended or You Can't Use it for Pastry as Well as for Bread



### "BEAVER" FLOUR

is sold for what it is—a scientifically blended flour—the original blended flour—pure, honest, reliable.

Don't bother with two kinds of flour—don't put up with heavy pastry, or flavorless bread.

Order "Beaver" Flour—at your grocer's.

Dealers—write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals.

**THE T. H. TAYLOR CO., LIMITED, - CHATHAM, Ont.**

All this talk about western wheat flours being "pastry" flours, is just plain talk. Anyone, who knows anything about wheat, knows that western wheat flour cannot, will not and does not, make as good pastry as "BEAVER" FLOUR.

Any flour, which is said to be western wheat flour, and makes extra good pies and cake, will be found to be blended like "Beaver" Flour—whether it is sold as such or not.

A blended flour like "BEAVER" FLOUR is the only one that is equally good for bread and pastry. You will understand WHY.

Manitoba wheat has what the bakers call strength. It makes a big loaf of bread; but the bread is spongy or full of holes and lacks flavor.

Ontario wheat, blended with spring wheat, makes the ideal bread and pastry flour. By combining the two in just the right proportions, we have "Beaver" Flour—a flour that makes the real home-made bread and delicious light pastry.

In cities such as Toronto, where bakers have tried a blended flour, it was found that although a smaller appearing loaf was the result, the people refused the Manitoba flour bread in favor of it—and there is now no other flour used.

pathies are with your brother. He is an admirable young man—"

"He will be the Duke of Torbridge," murmured Alicia.

"Quite so," said Lady Gwen, unabashed by this candor. "A very good match for Cynthia. And she would make a very good duchess. Now, my dear Lady Alicia, I want you to give Lord Northam to understand that Cynthia's refusal of him is not final. You know what girls are; at any rate, I do. They are full of whims and fancies. For the moment Cynthia's fancy is set on this young fellow, but if she were to marry him she would bitterly repent her folly. On the other hand, if she married Lord Northam—"

"She would learn to appreciate my brother's good qualities," murmured Alicia.

"Quite so," said Lady Gwen approvingly. "You put it very nicely, my dear. I wish you would tell Lord Northam that he need not give up all hope. I have had a long talk with Cynthia; in fact, I told her my mind pretty plainly. I told her she was a little fool, and I threatened to turn her out of the house; in fact, I gave her twenty-four hours in which to pack and take her departure."

Lady Alicia sat upright and looked hard at the floor, two red spots appearing on her porcelain-like cheeks.

"You told her that," she said.

"I did," replied the Griffin grimly.

Lady Alicia was silent for a minute or two, then she said quietly, gravely: "Was that wise, do you think? I mean, don't you think that was driving her to extremities? She is a peculiar kind of girl; very impulsive, very impetuous. I should think Mr. Frayne is a rather hot-headed young man. They might—you can't tell what they might do."

Lady Gwen started and peered at the fair face before her with a sudden apprehension.

"Do you mean that they—"

"I don't know," replied Lady Alicia; "but I know what I should do in his place—in hers. I should go off and be married out of hand."

Lady Gwen gasped. The idea had never occurred to her.

"You would!"

"Most certainly," said Lady Alicia, with a smile; but the two spots of red had disappeared from her face, and she was now very pale. "Forgive me, but I think you have made a very great mistake. I don't know very much of Miss Drayle, but from the little I do know of her I should think she was the last girl in the world to be driven, as you have attempted to drive her. She is the sort of girl to make a clandestine marriage."

Lady Gwen started up, her face pale under its rouge, her eyes flashing fire.

"I'll soon stop that!" she exclaimed. "How?" asked Lady Alicia, still smiling.

"I'll shut her up; I'll keep a watch on her!"

"Love laughs at locksmiths," said Lady Alicia, with a laugh. "And one can't do that sort of thing nowadays. Lady Westlake. Miss Drayle is perfectly free to walk out of your house and marry whom she pleases."

"But—" stammered the Griffin furiously.

Lady Alicia laughed again and shook her head. She was silent for a moment or two, then she said:

"I wonder whether you would let me help you, Lady Westlake? Of course, I am not nearly so clever as you are; every one knows you are the cleverest woman in London, but still—"

"well, there are various ways of looking at things, of dealing with them. I am nearer Miss Drayle's age than you are; I know how a girl in her situation would feel, would act. Let me make a suggestion. Ask me to dinner to-night, and leave me alone with her."

Lady Gwen openly jumped at the offer, but while she was thanking Lady Alicia, with a profuseness in which she did not often indulge, her mind, as keen as Alicia's was at work; she was asking herself why Lady Alicia, who did not appear to be the kind of girl who would be likely to take an interest in the welfare of a mere acquaintance, should be so ready to offer her assistance, and, it is needless to say, the Griffin guessed the reason; this exquisite piece of Dresden china was herself in love with Darrel Frayne!

(To be Continued.)

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- 1585—Where Does Daddy Go When He Goes Out?
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Insurance Agent.

## Beautiful Cynthia;

## Victory After Many Defeats.

### CHAPTER XV.

"Can't we?" he retorted, with a happy laugh. "Here's something that will do the trick!" He drew the license from his pocket. "Percy Standish thought of it, helped me to get it. To-morrow, dearest! What?" Her eyes were downcast; then she raised them and looked at him; and they radiated trust and love.

"If—if you say so, Darrel," she said, in a whisper.

Darrel would have caught her to him in his passion of gratitude and joy; but a nursemaid with a perambulator was passing at the time, and he was compelled to restrain himself; but he pressed her hand and murmured, incoherently:

"You are an angel, Cynthia!" he said at last distinctly. "We will get married at once. You must meet me to-morrow; we will—" He stopped suddenly, not unnaturally confused; for the scheme had been Percy's, and Darrel himself had formed no plans. "I must see Mr. Standish; he will know what we ought to do, and has promised to help us. I don't know his address, by George!" Cynthia gave it to him.

"I will go round at once when I leave you, and I'll send you word where to meet me. But why not meet me here? Say at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, dearest?" he added.

"I will come," said Cynthia faintly. She was still bewildered by the prospect which had opened to her. To be married to Darrel to-morrow!

"I must go now, Darrel; Aunt Gwen may miss me. Oh, Darrel, I don't like deceiving her. She has been very good to me up to now; I think she is fond of me. I feel wicked, very wicked. Is there no other way?"

"There is no other way, dearest," he said, gravely.

They separated after many attempts to do so, and Darrel went straight to the Standishes' house.

He met Percy, who was just coming out, and that amiable young man listened sympathetically to Darrel's partial account of his meeting with Cynthia. Percy appeared to have all the details of the plan at his fingers' end.

"I will be at the Park gates at eleven o'clock," he said; "we will take a taxicab to a little place in Surrey. I know the vicar there; he was up at Oxford with me, got pitched into a living early; he will make no difficulty; indeed, he can't. A special license does everything. You can be married and away on your honeymoon before Aunt Gwen is up."

Yainly endeavoring to express his gratitude, Darrel parted from this true friend in need, and just succeeded in catching the train which carried him to Aldershot.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### TWO WOMEN OF THE WORLD.

Cynthia returned to the home that was to be hers for only a few hours longer, and reached her room undisturbed. For Lady Gwen was shut up in her own apartments. The Griffin was having a bad time of it, for she was suffering from a defeat which had been the greatest, the most difficult to endure, in all her long and intriguing life.

She had gloated over the prospect of being aunt, guide, monitor, and friend to the future Duchess of Torbridge, and Cynthia, by her sickly sentimentality and mulish obstinacy, for so Lady Gwen characterized to herself Cynthia's conduct, had destroyed, shattered, this delightful fabric.

For a time she gave way to her rage and disappointment, but presently she began to think of some means of repairing matters. No doubt Cynthia had dismissed Lord Northam definitely, but would it not be possible for her, Lady Gwen, to qualify Cynthia's refusal? Girls as young as Cynthia had no right to dispose of their own destinies in the ridiculous way in which Cynthia had disposed of hers.

It was obviously Lady Gwen's duty to save her ward and niece from the disastrous step which she proposed to take.

The Griffin, sending for her maid, caused herself to be bowigged, rouged, and carefully made up, ordered

the carriage, and had herself driven to Burton Crescent. The footman, who received her with the respect and reverence due to her rank and position, informed her that Lord Northam was not at home, but that Lady Alicia was, and the Griffin was shown up to the drawing-room.

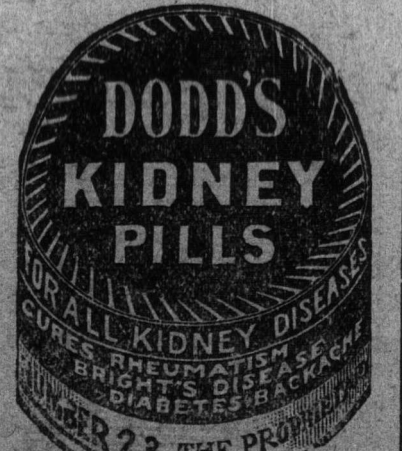
Lady Alicia appeared almost immediately, and Lady Westlake went straight to the point.

"I've come to see you about Northam and that girl of mine, Cynthia," she said, in her direct way—a way which often disconcerted her friends and struck terror to her foes. "I understand that Lord Northam has proposed to her, and that the silly child has refused him. Of course, she is an idiot and doesn't know her own mind. It appears that there is, or she thinks there is, some one else. I may as well be candid, Lady Alicia, and tell you that the other man is—"

"she seemed to find it difficult to pronounce the name. Lady Alicia, reclining gracefully amid the cushions which had been chosen to match her faultless complexion, smiled comprehensively.

"You mean Mr. Frayne, dear Lady Westlake," she said sweetly.

"I do," assented the Griffin grimly. "A young man who is quite unsuitable, quite ineligible. He is the son of a country baronet who is, so I am informed, very much embarrassed; in fact, up to his neck in debt. I could not consent to such a match, and I have told Cynthia so. All my sym-



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