

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



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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.

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Grand Alliance; OR, Love That Knew No Bounds.

CHAPTER IV.

Thus the two men talked—the feebleness of one making the other seem almost youthful—till they must needs revive old stories of the wondrous musical evenings; and Sydney saw her father's face light up, his fingers, white, wasted, nerveless, stirring to the touch of invisible strings as Jacob Cheene described that great finale wherein the first violin had led such a glorious prelude as left them all exultant, breathless, fit for never another chord that night!

That was the safest theme they found. Pleased as a child, the host kept harping on it, and the next day of Jacob's visit Sydney brought her father's violin ("It must have been left behind, for some one sent it on to papa months after we got here," she explained. "Wasn't it strange?" and Mr. Cheene said it was, very, and the much-loved instrument was tenderly laid upon its master's knees just as it were, for recognition, and leave to be touched by another, and then the loose strings were attuned,

and the clerk played most reverently a theme well known—so beautiful, it might have been some saintly funeral song.

But the delight was too vivid. It set one hearer trembling past restraint. So the notes, strange at the Dale, were silenced. Only in cautiously chosen converse of old times the rest of the day was passed, and with the morrow Jacob Cheene bade his master farewell.

Sydney, most constant and attentive, little handmaid to her father's friend, went with him to the station at Hadyngham, having secured the pony-carriage by a stroke of genius (brushing Leonora's hair overnight for an hour, and getting her to ask their mother for its loan), and together they talked as he waited for his train.

"It ever chance brings you my way, Miss Sydney, though it doesn't seem likely to now, you'll be sure and come and see me?"

She promised "Yes; that she would."

"And you'll write to me and tell me about your father?"

Again "Yes," most willingly.

"For," stopping as they paced the platform to take one more long look at John Alwyn's child, with something of a haze about his own sight—"for there never was a kinder, truer, better friend than he was to me."

"Yes, he is good, isn't he, Mr. Cheene?" Sydney breaks in, her lips

trembling at this praise—very sweet, though, alas! almost unheard nowadays by her jealous ears; "he is so gentle; you don't half know how gentle and uncomplaining he is! and he was always—when he was well—good to every one, wasn't he, Mr. Cheene?"

"Ah! that he always meant to be, I'll stake my life," returns her companion; more he can not say, for the train comes shrieking up, he keeps shaking the child's hand till the guard hustles him into his carriage, and in another minute he is out of sight and out of questioning.

But that flying visit was a wondrous pleasure to Sydney's father. He talked of it morning, noon and night for days after, always with delight.

Always but once; an evening when some fortnight had gone by, and Leonora and her mother absent in the next village at some festivity; the two at home sat together silently watching the sunset, a great piled-up splendor of golden clouds above a most peaceful sea of tender-tinted blue.

The old man had been happier, if more strengthless, than for weeks that day. But now he suddenly grew restless. Pointing with shaking hand toward the brilliant west.

"How shall I—reach it?" he asked, looking straight forward with a great anxious yearning; "won't they—stop me?"

"Who stop you, father?" cried Sydney, springing to her feet, to draw his white head upon her shoulder.

"Why, they!" he answered, gazing forward, though the clear space was only peopled by phantoms of his disturbed brain—"they will! Oh, how I wronged them! But, Sydney," bringing his shaking hands together with a piteous burst of grief, "I never meant to! Jacob will tell you—why didn't he tell me when he came?—I never meant to!"

She held him to her most fondly, poor child, frightened herself, but hushing, soothing, quieting him; saying he had wakened up; he had been dreaming, and—there, there—he would be better now—kissing the

troubled face into peace again.

"But I wronged them," he kept half whispering, the dream haunting him still.

"Then I'll make it all right, papa," said Sydney, "never fear! You are only tired. I have talked to you too much to-day, that's what's amiss."

"You'll make it right?" he echoed looking up at the child with most touching wonder and trust.

"Yes, that I will, father."

"Dearest and best! You'll make it right. My little girl—my only one! Now God be praised! Help her to make it—right."

He murmured that again and again, with intense satisfaction, as he let his head slip from her shoulder to the chair, and, still with his face turned westward, fell into restful slumber.

Sydney sat at his feet, holding his hand, that shivered twice or thrice, till it grew dusk and toward the time for Mrs. Hills to return for the night. The woman for once was late.

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When she stole softly in at nine, she found the young watcher sleeping beside her charge, and, with an exclamation at her own tardiness, essayed to wake them both. One quickly roused out of the land of dreams. The other was beyond that land—gone calmly to a region that mortality kens nothing of.

CHAPTER V.

With but few beats of his wide season-wing, Time carried Sydney far past that summer-tide of loss and sadness into a girlhood lighter if lonelier, freer if less gladdened with willing duties, than could have been her fate if her father had lived.

Left now with his memory only, that she cherished long and truly. Tender recollections softened his patient, fading life into something sacred, and the flawless love between them set an ineffaceable mark on her succeeding days.

Years that transformed her from child to woman in no way altered the position between her mother and herself. The fact of her being fatherless kindled no fresh spark of love maternal. She had her place in the household; studies strictly prescribed. For so many hours a day she inhabited the school room; the books Leonora had thumbed and discarded before her, and from these she was bidden to extract the wherewithal for her education. An impression was vaguely circulated that Mrs. Alwyn and her elder daughter superintended these studies, and for some few minutes

each morning these ladies would indeed look in upon the child stumbling along this discursive road to learning; but as the elder came always burdened with letters or domestic accounts, and the younger occupied the half hour she was supposed to be listening to lectures *francais* in pencilling enchanting fashions down the margins of the pupils' theses, why, Sydney could hardly be said to profit much by their company.

Circumstances truly offered her during those years ample opportunity for growing up splendidly illiterate; but such fate was averted by the appetite she had inherited with her name. The meals her scant library provided she attacked with unappeasable vigor. Her dullest lessons she invested with a species of romance—threw into her unstrained labors all the enthusiasm which had no other vent, and determined not to let a power within her rust; but as her father would have desired to see her, so, and none other, to be.

At which point, however, Mrs. Alwyn's programme came into collision with her daughter's, and, widening the gap between them, earned for the girl that unenviable adjective which to her mother's mind marked her strongest characteristic.

It was the summer when Sydney was sixteen that this noticeable difference of opinion arose.

She was a little dark-eyed lassie then, with long, broadly rippling hair it was a slander to call black, so many shades of light lurked among the abundant locks; clear-cut features, scarcely pretty as yet, and a mouth too grave and firm for her years, but ready on occasion to curve into smiles that lighted the face like sunshine.

"Mamma," she asked one morning, looking beseechingly across a pile of well-worn volumes at Mrs. Alwyn checking her baker's bill, "what am I to do now I have finished these? Will you get me fresh books to learn from, please?"

(To be Continued.)

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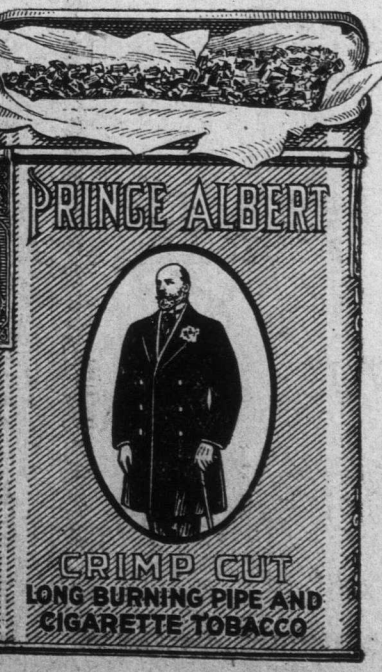
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