

BEAVER FLOUR

You can't judge quality by size—and this applies to bread as well as to men.

YOU may have an idea because western flour makes a big loaf of bread, that the quality is in keeping with the size. The largest men have not accomplished the greatest deeds.

Size is the only feature that can commend western wheat flour to any cook. And the good cook quickly discovers that quantity without quality is not worth buying.

"BEAVER" FLOUR GIVES BOTH QUALITY AND QUANTITY, because it is a blended flour. It is mostly the choicest Ontario fall wheat with sufficient Manitoba spring wheat to equalize the strength.

In "Beaver" Flour, you get the famous pastry-making qualities of Ontario wheat—you get the fine texture, the evenness and the delicious flavor of Ontario wheat—you get the nutriment of Ontario wheat—with the "strength" of Manitoba wheat which makes the dough "stand up" in the oven.

One of the big conveniences of "Beaver" Flour is the fact that it is equally good for bread and pastry—and best for both.

"Beaver" Flour is superior to any western wheat flour for any and all kinds of baking, and is the cheapest flour you can use because the most economical.

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

THE T. H. TAYLOR CO., Limited, CHATHAM, Ont.

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

One in a Thousand, BUT TRUE TO THE LAST

CHAPTER VI.
A MATTER OF RED HAIR.

"Did you notice anything strange about Theo?" begins Loys, when we are alone.

"In what way?" I ask.

"Well—in the house—in her manner?"

"She doesn't seem to care much for the child," I say, at last.

"My dear, she never once touched him during the whole six weeks I was in the house—never touched him! And one day, when I got a little tired of hiding him, I set him on her knee and, oh, if you'd seen her face! She put him down as if he had been a toad. I couldn't help saying: 'Oh, Theo! I was so shocked; but she only said, in her icy way: 'I don't like children.' And that was her very own child, Audrey."

"Oh, I saw it all," I admit; "but I didn't like to say anything! I suppose she hates the boy because he is his father's child."

"Well, but why did she marry him?" Loys says, blankly.

"Oh, well, you know, he was a good match! That was just about it; and, take my word for it, pique had a good deal to do with it."

"Do you remember," says Loys, slowly, "that night before she was married?"

"Perfectly."

"She seemed to like him well enough then, didn't she?"

"Yes, and there is no doubt, he was very much in love with her."

"Poor fellow!" says Loys, pityingly. "He isn't very polished, and sometimes he is a little rough; but he has a good heart beneath it all, and I am sorry for him. He deserved a happier fate. Theo is beautiful; but, after all, what is beauty compared with good temper, for instance?"

"I don't think Theo's bad-tempered," I put in.

"No; in that case, one could understand her better. No; she is only as cold as ice. Depend upon it, Audrey, it doesn't pay to marry a person with whom you are not very much in love. Money! Oh, what is money, when all's said and done? It enables you to eat richer things than are good for you; it removes the necessity for any exertion, and so produces debility, indigestion and a hundred other evils. It permits you—you are very rich, that is—to wear handsome clothes than any woman you know; and a poor, mean, narrow-minded gratification that is for you to sell your life for—to live to spite other women. It gives you an embroidered satin cover for your chair, in place of a cheap cretonne or a plain rep. That is what you gain by marrying for money. Then, on the other hand, you have the constant society of a man you don't love, you never will love, no power on earth could ever make you love, whose every action and gesture, by reason of your not loving him, is distasteful to you; his little peculiarities annoy you, and his attentions fret you. If he would keep away out of your sight, you might be happy in a selfish sort of way; but that he does not do. No; there he is, morning, noon and night, a constant visitation, trying both your temper and your nerves. And all the time it never occurs to you that the very same things which in him almost drive you frantic would never be noticed, or would even please you, in a man you loved. Now you'd hardly believe it; but, although Teddy smokes in the room whenever he is in it, and I should really miss his pipe, yet, the other day, when I went to see Mrs. Newton, her husband, whom I dislike extremely, was smoking, and, really, it almost made me ill."

"Strong tobacco," I suggest at once.

"That was just what I said to Teddy; but he told me that he and Capt. Newton use the very same brand."

"Strange," I say, in a reflective tone, and Loys continues:

"I am convinced that that is the case with Theo. She did not absolutely dislike Derrick before, and she summed up all the advantages, and thought she should be able to 'get along somehow'; but it doesn't do. Take my word, Audrey, it doesn't do."

"It seems not," I answer; and then the conversation branches off into other topics.

"There is some sort of a penny reading in barracks to-night," she says, after a while, "and we have promised Sir Adrian that we would go."

"Who is Sir Adrian?"

"He is Teddy's captain. He expects to get the majority in a few weeks, and then Teddy will have his troop. Such a nice fellow he is. I quite expect you will fall in love with him."

"Not I," I say, with a laugh. "I was bound to have Teddy, you know, and, failing Teddy, Rose didn't tell me what was to happen. I suppose I shall develop into an old-maid aunt, with nothing to do but look after my sisters' children."

"Pooh!" answers Loys, with a laugh. "Don't talk such nonsense—with your face, too!"

"My face!" I repeat, putting up my hand instinctively. "Why, what's the matter with it?"

"Look in the glass when you go upstairs," is her reply.

After dinner, when I go up to put on my hat and jacket, I turn the gas full on, and follow my sister's advice. I scan face and figure closely, and I am obliged to own that I am beautiful. I am tall, slim, dainty. I see a pale face, aristocratic in outline, framed by masses of red, golden hair, hair that has a warm glow of color across the splendor of its gold, and a crisp ripple which will proclaim itself, despite the plain

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fashion in which I wear it. I see eyes of deep, tender, forget-me-not blue, large, lustrous, and shaded by lashes so dark that I often wonder by what freak of nature the eyes and hair are not dusky also.

My dress on this particular evening is of bronze-colored velvet, and made, without any trimming, to fall in straight, heavy folds, which, I know well, suit me exactly. I wear a jacket of the same, flounced with sable, and my hat is trimmed with a profusion of bronze-colored feathers.

When I come down they are waiting for me, and we set off. Loys's house is not far from the barracks, and it is not more than ten minutes before we reach our destination. I look round curiously, for I have never been inside a barrack before; but it is too dark to distinguish anything beyond the outlines of some buildings, and several rows of twinkling lights. I have three or four narrow escapes, for I do not see certain rats which, I learn afterward, are drains, and were it not for Teddy's friendly arm, I should certainly come into closer contact with mother earth than is desirable.

"I'm glad you've kept your promise, Mrs. Vincent," says a laughing voice, as we enter a well-lighted room.

"I suppose that's you, Sir Adrian," says Loys; "but I can't see anything, the light is so strong."

"Yes; it is my unfortunate self," answers Sir Adrian, whom I make out to be a huge man about six feet three, with a long, yellow mustache and a pair of sleepy, gray eyes. "And you're going to sit next to me. You promised, you know."

"Oh, did I?" says Loys, indifferently.

"You know you did"—with grave reproach.

I look at Teddy to see how he takes all this; but he, meeting my questioning glance, laughs and says: "It's all right."

"What is all right?" asks Loys, looking round.

"Audrey's shocked to see the way you and Charteris carry on."

Loys laughs, and introduces Sir Adrian; and we take our seats, I sitting between him and Loys. He talks pleasantly and naturally, and tells me presently that he knows a friend of mine.

"Indeed! Who is that?"

"Mrs. Ponsbury, of Broom Close."

"Oh, yes! I do know her! She is one of those terrible people who make a virtue of calling a spade a spade."

"Why, what would you call it?" says Sir Adrian, with a puzzled expression in his sleepy eyes.

"In polite society a garden instrument," I answer, promptly.

He laughs heartily, and Loys asks: "What is the joke?"

"Nothing," I assure her. "It was nothing, really." For I am not minded to repeat my silly wit.

"Do you know that this was an awfully smart thing to say?" says Sir Adrian, presently—"about the smartest thing I've heard for a long time."

"Oh, you don't really think so!" I answer, carelessly. "You say so because you think I shall be pleased."

"Is that your opinion of me?" he asks.

"Yes, of course."

"Then you are very cruel," he answers, quickly.

"Oh, yes, I know that; but then red-haired people always are."

(To be Continued.)

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9291. — A COMFORTABLE DRESS "PROTECTOR"

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