

The Young Housewife

is anxious to get good results from her first efforts in baking. She is eager for the admiring comments of her husband and her visitors. She knows that her bread and pastry will be subjected to close criticism, and realizes that in her nervous anxiety she is likely to make mistakes, by using too much of this or too little of that. Then again, the flour she uses is apt to vary in quality from time to time, unless she uses

"Beaver" Flour

which takes a heavy burden of responsibility off the young wife's shoulders. It is a scrupulously exact blend of Manitoba Spring wheat and Ontario Fall wheat, so balanced as to provide an unvarying uniformity of superlative quality.

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Sunshine After the Storm.

CHAPTER I.
"Can You Doubt It?"

(Concluded.)
"It was the pite, Will. There could have been no other reason. I was thinking of Miss Shepherd all the evening. What fool we mortals be, sleeping or waking."
"We may be fools, waking, Robert; but in sleep, we get very close to the truth about ourselves. One-fourth of our time is spent in sleeping and dreaming; is it likely, then, that the whole matter is of no consequence? Besides, our dreams are as individual as our thoughts."
"You could not prove such an assertion as that, Will."
"Oh, but I can! You told me last week one of your horrible dreams after vivisection; and at the very same hour I was dreaming of wandering in a great wood and listening to the green finches, who were laughing and talking back to each other. We are such stuff as our dreams are made of, Robert."

"All right. I see Horace Key is going to Congress. At least the Herald says so."
"And truth is absolute in the pages of the Herald. Why should Horace go to Congress? Such a gay-hearted fellow!"
"Congress is generally considered a good thing."
"But it is not a cheerful thing. Multitudes of people go to sleep there."
"All business is, I suppose, rather dull."
"I think so. If I call on Mr. Lenox, I feel the weight of his office on my heart for days afterwards—the files of big books, the desks of awful detail, the bills and papers, the silent men writing, writing—are a kind of nightmare."
"And yet, what thought, decision and action are recorded in those dull books! Every line is the work of a considering brain and a patient hand. If one could read between the figures, what romance there are in those dull books! What records of adventure and hard labor!"
"You speak as if work was a man's highest condition."
"Is it not?"
"No. If you had listened to my theory of the millennium, you would understand that the great point of the labor question will be solved in it; that is, men and women will have time to work for their souls as well

as their bodies. Work, for the sake of gold, is the superstition of an age infatuated with money. It kills every day. Look at Ambrose Shepherd. Are you going there this morning?"
"No."
"The negative was sharp and final in sound, and Robert Carter thought it expressed his fixed determination. He was in that depressed condition which often precedes some great change, and whose dominant symptom is a dread of change. To hold fast to life just as it was, in every petty detail, appeared to him at that hour the chief part of wisdom."
"But as the day went on and he began to take his part in his duty and struggle, the other worldiness was driven away, as the mist is driven away before the advancing sun. Then some pleasant thing happened, and he had the mental tonic necessary. About noon he called himself "oblivious" for running away from an obvious duty, because there was a woman in the way. So that he finally rang the Shepherd's door-bell in a state of virtuous control, which he believed to be invincible."
"He saw no one in the hall but the servant who admitted him. An air of silence and loneliness pervaded the house. It had a certain effect on him, and he went softly upstairs. He knew his patient's room and he pushed aside the door. There was a decided and intentional gloom there, and at first he could see nothing. But in a few moments the interior was clear enough. Shepherd was in a deep sleep on his bed, and his daughter sat motionless at his side. A closed book was in her hand, and her head was thrown back against the white-linen cover of the large chair in which she sat."
"Robert looked steadily at the sleeping man, and then put out his hand to the girl. She took it, and he led her out of the room. They went silently down the stairs together. His feet moved with her feet, and every step sent him deeper and deeper into that abyss of delicious foolishness which is often the heart's highest wisdom. He had frequently held women's hands before, but never yet had any hand so wondrously thrilled his being, so soft, so warm, so natural in his own it seemed. Holding it, he found a link which hitherto he had not missed but which now he could never endure to lose again—a link that was a magical conductor of sweet, vague tremors and rosy hopes and delightful fears and darlings. They went into a parlor and sat

down. He felt the silence awkward but he had no mind to break it; and so far the sleeping patient had been excuse enough for his entrancing eloquence. Miss Shepherd took the initiative. She said shyly: "I read father to sleep."
"I see the book in your hand." She rose and laid it on the table. "Father wanted the newspapers, said they were not good for him. I novel always puts him to sleep." "Sleep is the best physician."
"Mrs. Shepherd has gone to St.romberg to-day. We intend to rent a furnished house there."
"At St.romberg? I am glad of that." "Father was born near St.romberg. When you said he must go to the country, he would hear of no other place."
"It is the best of all places. No five air has a singular potency. know a man who goes there thousands every year to breathe his native air. He believes it renews his life."
"You said you would come to the country to see my father. Is St.romberg too far away?"
"Not if you wish me to come."
"I do wish you to come."
"Then no distance is too far."
"Thank you. You are very kind."
"My brother Will is going to St.romberg also. He is the best of good fellows, and I am sure you will find him a pleasant friend."

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Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Dr. Chase's Remedies sent free.

"I am sure of it. But will you come also?"
"Can you doubt it?"
Her eyes were cast down; her cheeks aflame, her white hands lying upon her lap. A rose at her throat; dropped its white petals upon them. He lifted the fragrant leaves and laid them in her palm, and as he did so his eyes said what words would have been a clumsy vehicle for—said in a moment more than he could have spoken in an hour.

CHAPTER II.

Did Not Answer His Case.
"O fair! O sweet! As the sweet apple blooms on the bough; High on the highest; forgot of the gatherers; So thou! So thou! Yet not so, nor forgot of the gatherers; High o'er their reach in the golden air; O sweet! O fair!"

"Your father is much better this morning, Ambrosia?"
These were Mrs. Shepherd's words as she entered the breakfast room on the day following Doctor Carter's visit. And Ambrosia, having expressed her pleasure, the two women sat down to drink their coffee. The feelings between them were a happy and confidential one, though they were not mother and daughter, nor had the pretence of this relationship ever been assumed.

When Ambrosia was sixteen years old, Miss Clara Vaughn had come to the motherless girl as her teacher and companion; and when Ambrose Shepherd made her his wife, the romantic attachment which Ambrosia had for her teacher was not unfavorably affected by the new position. Clara was now thirty years old, and Ambrosia was twenty. They were both beautiful. In other respects their unity arose from their differences. Clara was of Puritan lineage. She had been brought up in an atmosphere of severe economy, and taught from her childhood to keep her will and her desires under control. Her manner was therefore serene and full of womanly dignity; and though she was moved by her reason, her sense of duty and of justice, she was quite capable of great affection and of a supreme self-denial.

On the contrary, Ambrosia was moody and uncertain as an April day. She was also impulsive, unreasonable and a little tyrannical. Her father adored her, and she expected from him such continual blackness as selfish youth considers the best evidence of love—trinkets, sweet meats and plenty of pocket money. In return, she firmly believed that she loved her father and her step-mother. She loved them as a girl loved those who give her pleasure and who, as yet, have demanded nothing from her in return. Whether she could have resigned for their sake her own will, her own happiness or her own interests was an undetermined question. Many characters are thought to be storm-proof which shrink at the first wotting.
For Ambrosia as yet looked at life from a sentimental point of view. She was at that mental stage which finds Moore and Byron interpreters of their soul-pangs; and so, theoretically, she believed all the world well lost for love. But there was also a practical side to the girl's nature, and, in the long run, it would possibly carry her; for Ambrosia was very fond of dress, and, in a social sense, she considered a fine toilet a girl's perfect salvation.

This morning, though the house was not clear from the depression and anxiety which sickness causes, she was wonderfully attired. It is extremely likely that Solomon in all his glory was not dressed with half the taste nor yet with such fine consideration as to color and style. And yet, her morning robe was the acme of simplicity. No mere man, with his sense perceptions as to "materials," would have believed that it cost more than the richest silk. She spread out the soft India mull and fingered the real Valenciennes and looked at Mrs. Shepherd for some token of her admiration. Clara was thinking of other things.

"I hope your father can be moved into the country at the end of the week," she said. "I must ask Doctor Carter about it."
"What do you think of Doctor Carter?"
"He appears to be a very respectable, clever man."
"Respectable!"
"Oh, good gracious! How judicious!"
Why, Clara, Doctor Carter wears society's silver-slippers, and was born with a gold spoon in his mouth. Nor once lived with the Carters. I asked her about both brothers."
"You should not talk to the servants, Amber."

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