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THE BLENDED FLOUR



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You never realized what a difference there could be in quality. "Beaver" Flour loaf is compact like cake—the texture is fine—smooth, even, regular—the color beautifully white—the crust, a rich, crisp brown—the taste, real homemade. Western wheat loaf is full of holes—texture, coarse—the color seems gray compared with the snowy whiteness of "Beaver" Flour bread—and the flavor is almost tasteless.

"Beaver" Flour has a quality all its own, because it is a blended flour. It is Ontario fall wheat flour—with just enough Manitoba spring wheat flour to increase the strength and make the dough stand up in the oven.

It is this combination—arrived at by years of experimenting and testing—that gives "Beaver" Flour both quality and quantity.

It is because "Beaver" Flour is a true blended flour and made of the best wheat in the world, that it is equally good for bread and pastry, and best for both.

"Beaver" Flour is immeasurably superior to any western wheat flour for all kinds of baking. You can prove this to your complete satisfaction, the very first time you use it for Bread, Rolls, Biscuits, Cakes, Pies or Pastry.

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ALL FOR LOVE.

CHAPTER XVII.

LADY BETH'S CONFESSION

Beth had been very quiet and thoughtful of late, and Miss Prue, watching her, often found herself wondering what the subject of her thoughts could be. One day she came suddenly upon her and caught her looking at the old-time photograph which, strangely enough, seemed to possess a curious fascination for her.

"Why, dearie, where did you find that old picture?" she exclaimed, in surprise. "I haven't seen it for years. I never liked it very well, and thought I had tucked it away with a lot of other discarded photographs that I didn't quite like to destroy. It doesn't look much like you now, does it?"

Beth was very glad she had asked this latter question, and thus saved her explaining how she had come by the card, even though she was not pleased to learn there was another like it in existence.

"I should hope not. I wonder I was not ashamed to give a likeness of that 'red-haired, pug-nosed, freckle-faced little fright' to anybody," she returned somewhat bitterly.

"Still brooding over that old griev-

ance?" said Miss Prue, smiling, but curiously scanning the flushed face beside her with her shrewd eyes. "I wouldn't if I were you, Beth," she went on gently. "There surely is no occasion now, and don't you think it is a trifle unjust to some one whom I could name to treasure it up against him for so many years?"

Beth's face grew scarlet again, but she made no reply, and Miss Russell thought she saw tears flash into her eyes. She immediately changed the subject, and Beth shyly tucked the picture back into her workbag.

The next time Philip came he did not appear quite like himself. He seemed to avoid Beth, and spent a good deal of time conferring with Miss Prue regarding plans for the future of his proteges, for he had decided, if Nathan proved to be the boy he began to show promise of becoming, to give them both every advantage necessary to fit them to cope with the world. Beth was quick to feel this seeming coldness, and a corresponding constraint became immediately apparent in her own manner.

Miss Prue was beginning to lose patience with her niece. She had long suspected the real state of her feelings, but she knew that the girl's pride would never allow her to retreat from the stand she had taken unless some sudden shock or radical treat-

ment surprised an acknowledgment from her. She knew that she was far from happy, for several times she had seen traces of tears upon her face, and of late she had acquired a habit of taking long walks by herself, or slipping away to a pretty summer-house in the grounds with her work or book, spending hours alone; and now, after this visit from Philip just referred to, she was more unhappy than ever.

Things went on in this way until the Saturday following, when, feeling unusually depressed—Mr. Russell having written that it would be impossible for either himself or Philip to get away that week—Beth took her work in the afternoon and stole away to the summerhouse, where she sat for a long time with her hands idly folded and her lovely eyes heavy with unshed tears.

How was it going to end? She had asked herself this question over and over during the week. She loved Philip with all her heart—she had come to the point where she no longer hesitated to acknowledge it to herself—and she knew that life would hold few attractions for her apart from him. He had told her that he loved her; then all at once he had appeared to grow indifferent and to hold aloof from her. True, she had repelled him and forbidden him to speak of it again—and evidently he had taken her at her word—but she had not thought it would be quite so hard to maintain her position, and now she had kept up the wretched farce so long it would never do to let him suspect her weakness, even though she could not deny that she was very miserable over the situation.

If she could only forget, or if he had never made that cruel speech! This was always the sad refrain to her unhappy musings, and usually, as now, she drew that obnoxious picture from its hiding place, and stabbed herself afresh by studying and exaggerating its awkwardness and unloveliness.

She was unconscious that a pair of

curious black eyes were peering at her at that moment through the lattice-work at the back of the summerhouse; that those eyes were growing rounder and bigger as they espied the picture in her hand, and that a pair of red lips belonging to a dark-browed boy, screwed themselves up as if to let forth a triumphant whistle as he recognized it; but a sunburned hand suddenly covered his mouth to stop the sound as Beth began to cry like a grieved child, whereupon the youthful spy crept noiselessly away over the soft turf until he gained the shelter of a thick growth of lilacs, when he took to his heels and was soon out of sight.

He did not pause until he reached a great rock under a tree by the wayside, where he was in the habit of watching for Mr. Russell and Philip every Saturday afternoon, although to-day he was not expecting them. Here he sat down looking very sober and perplexed. He was sure he had found the lost photograph, but now the problem was how to restore it to the owner without stealing it from the lady who had also been good to him and Zieba. Besides, he had promised never to steal again. Where did she get the picture, and why did she cry as she looked at it? It was a great puzzle to the unsophisticated boy, and he was at a loss to know what to do about it.

Ten minutes after Nathan's discov-

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ALL DRUGGISTS.

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ery, Miss Russell came down the walk leading to the summerhouse, and entered just in time to see Beth slip the offensive picture out of sight and hastily brush the tears from her cheeks.

"Now, I've caught you at it," said Miss Prue accusingly, determined to make the most of her opportunity. "My dear, what are you grieving about?"

She slipped into a seat beside Beth and tenderly passed her arm around her waist; and the unhappy girl, betrayed at last, did not try to stay the rush of tears, but dropped her head upon the motherly shoulder and cried afresh. Miss Prue let her cry it out, waiting patiently until the paroxysm had spent itself, just holding her in that loving embrace which was of itself an assurance of tenderest sympathy.

At length Beth sat up, a deprecatory smile trembling upon her lips.

"What a great baby you must think me, Aunt Prue!" she said, as she struggled to suppress the catch in her breath.

"But what does it all mean?" persisted her companion. "What are you unhappy about? I have noticed, for a long time, that something has been heavy on your mind."

"Really auntie dear, I feel I am too silly for anything," said Beth evasively, and beginning to resent being caught. "I—I imagine I am a trifle homesick. Papa isn't coming to-night, you know. Then—we are so—unsettled and—and I think shall rather miss the old home when we go

back to Boston, though I would not have him know I even thought of such a thing, and—" Beth had started in somewhat volubly, but now began to falter, seeming to have reached the end of her excuses.

Miss Russell studied her downcast face for a moment, smiling wisely as she did so.

"Beth," she began, while she patted her playfully on the shoulder. "I begin to think you are too silly for anything. You can't fool your old auntie, who knows that it is not your father that you are missing to such an extent this bright day, and you were never homesick nor unhappy up here before; while, as for grieving about the old home, I know by the brave face and heart with which you met all your recent troubles, you never would allow the thought of being deprived of the mere luxuries of life to break you down like this. Now, my dear, no one loves you nor can read what is in your heart better than your Aunt Prue, and she is going to uncover the whole story and read you a lecture."

Beth lifted a startled look to her, then shrank closer into her encircling arms as she met the twinkling eyes gazing down upon her.

"When you were a little girl," the older woman resumed, "somebody made a foolish, impatient speech that you have never allowed yourself to forget. No, wait—as Beth put forth a protesting hand—"I am going to have my say out, now that I have begun. You were badly wounded, of course, but, instead of having it out with Philip then and there, you just crowded the dagger in deeper and deeper, and have nursed the festering sore ever since. Why? Because with all your childish heart you adored the unfortunate offender, and, with the faithfulness that is one of your strong characteristics, you have kept on loving him ever since, despite your suffering."

"When he came home to fulfill a contract which he believed honor demanded of him, he found he had come on a wild goose chase—excuse contract which he believed honor demanded of him before he could even ask her if she were willing to have him; ran away from him; snubbed him when they finally met, and otherwise made him very uncomfortable; while all the time she was dead in love with him, and is now eating her heart out because she has been so unreasonable, even though she knows she could be happy, if she would—"

"Aunt Prue!" Beth's face was one sheet of flame as she sat erect and regarded Miss Prue aghast.

"Well," quietly returned the lady, "don't you know that Philip loves you?"

(To be Continued.)

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