

Sweet Miss Margery

"It is very bitter to me, Vane, to have to stoop to deceit; but it is a shame to my pride, that Stuart, my son, should so far forget his dignity as to think of such a girl for his wife. You are prompted by the best and noblest feelings, Vane; but I am not being myself to submit to this degradation even for a minutes. Stuart must know the truth—must know how I judge him in this."

Vane rose hurriedly from her seat. "I know you are right, Aunt Constance," she responded quietly, though she was inwardly disturbed by Mrs. Crosbie's words; "but consider, Stuart is impulsive, as strong-willed as yourself. If you cross him in this, who knows but what he may do something rash—perhaps marry the girl without delay, and be separated from you forever? Is it not wiser to act cautiously, to be careful and polite? I do not advocate too much warmth on your part; stoop Stuart coldly, but at the same time throw no obstacle in the way. Believe me, dear auntie, you will be relieved of all anxiety if you do this."

"But what do you propose?" asked Mrs. Crosbie, resuming her seat, and Vane saw that her advice had taken root. "We must let the separation come from her," she answered, quickly. "It will not do to send the girl away—that would be put a stimulus to Stuart's determination. No; he must be disillusioned; and that will not be a difficult matter, I should imagine."

Mrs. Crosbie was silent for a few moments; she was irritated and displeased more than Stuart imagined she would be at the news of his attachment. To her it seemed incredible that a Crosbie should stoop to humiliate himself in this way. Vane's words fell with good effect upon her ears. Had her niece not been at hand to smooth matters with gentle tact, she would not have been to restrain her anger. Something of the wisdom of the girl's advice came home to her. The girl's words were simple and direct. Vane was urged by jealousy and pride to break off this terrible connection, but she was quite wrong in her conclusions as to the source of that jealousy. She judged it to be solely the outcome of love for her son, and she thought came as soothing balm at such a moment. Once let them despatch that girl, and the marriage she had planned would take place.

Vane watched her aunt intently. "You will consent," she said softly, breaking the silence. "Yes," Mrs. Crosbie answered abruptly. Vane made no immediate reply, but her heart thrilled with satisfaction. Now she must conjure up all her power to defeat Margery Daw. Plan after plan followed each other through her mind; but she could arrive at none better than that of stamping on this village rival's dignity and wounding her pride with darts of stinging words which would linger longest. Before she began the fray, however, she must see Stuart, breathe in his ear that she had succeeded with his mother, and thus allow any suspicion he might entertain in the future that it was through her instrumentality that his love-dream had been broken.

"Yes," said Mrs. Crosbie again. "I will act as you suggest, I see plainly the wisdom of such a course. Were I to display the anger I feel, the consequences might be worse than the present state of things. At all hazards we must separate him from this girl!" Vane bent, and kissed her aunt. "I am glad you see the matter as I do, Aunt Constance, I feel I am right, Stuart must be saved from this; and, if we work well, we shall do it. Now I must start for the village. Remember, you will not let your anger be seen."

"It will be difficult, perhaps," returned Mrs. Crosbie; "but there is too much at stake, and I will control myself." Vane moved away slowly, leaving the mother pleading in bitter thought, and mounted the stairs to her room. She put on her pretty hat, smiling triumphantly at her own image in the mirror, and, drawing on her gloves, passed along the corridor till she reached Stuart's door. She knocked softly, and whispered to the servant: "Is your master awake?" "Yes, miss."

"Ask him to come to the door for one minute, if he can."

Vane fastened the last button of her glove, and then stood waiting, a picture of grace and beauty, as Stuart moved slowly into the doorway. "I am going now," she said, gently; "but, before I start, I wanted to let you know that I have succeeded with Aunt Constance. She—"

"What?" asked Stuart, his eyes fixed on Vane. "Aunt Constance is in the garden, and she has just spoken to me," she said, smiling. "She has agreed to my plan, and she has just spoken to me," she said, smiling. "She has agreed to my plan, and she has just spoken to me," she said, smiling.

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MADE IN CANADA CONTAINS NO ALUMINUM

WIT & HUMOR

A RISING PROFESSION
(Philadelphia Record.)
"What's your friend's business?"
"Oh, he's a discoverer of new handbands."

EX-PENSIVE
(Philadelphia Record.)
Bobbie-Bjones always looks so genuine when he speaks of his ex-wife.
Stobbs-Well, if you knew the amount of alimony he has to pay I guess you'd think she was rather expensive.

HAPPY DAY!
(Life.)
Mrs. Benham—I believe in the equality of the sexes.
Benham—So do I; I am looking forward to the day when your lazeen skirts are advertised like trousers, at 99 cents a leg.

NOT UP TO HIM.
(Puck.)
Teacher—Tell me! How do you prove the earth is round?
Dull but Smart Pupil—I never said it was!

SHREWD PERSUASION.
(Washington Star.)
"How did you convert young Mrs. Torkins to your votes for women idea?" asked one suffragette.
"I designed a perfectly fetching campaign costume and showed it to her."

KNEW HOW TO SELL GOODS.
Salesman—You'll find these good wearing socks, sir.
Customer—Rather loud, ain't they?
Salesman—Yes, sir. But that keeps the feet from going to sleep.—Fit-Bits.

METHOD IN HER TIGHTNESS.
(Exchange.)
Nell—When she is so stout I wonder why Ethel loses so tightly.
Moll—The man she is engaged to has such a short arm.

STRENUOUS ACTION.
(Pittsburg Gazette.)
Tailor—Has Mr. Owens taken any action on that bill of his yet?
Collector—Yes; he kicked me out the last time I called to collect it.

SPOILED BY COMPOSITOR.

An editor was sitting in his office one day when a man entered whose brow was clothed with thunder. Flaring against a chair, he stamped his hat on the floor, and said: "What's your name?" "I'm the editor," he answered. "What's your name?" "I'm the editor," he answered. "What's your name?" "I'm the editor," he answered.

HOW TO OBTAIN A GOOD COLOR.

Treatment to Restore the Blood Supply That Has Been Most Successful.

There is only this to tell people who are pale, weak and bloodless. You are pale and weak because you haven't had enough and you won't be better until your blood supply is increased. You should not lose any time in increasing your blood supply, for people who neglect anaemia, often slip into a deadly decline. When you have increased your blood supply you can reasonably expect to have good color; to have lost that good, breathless feeling; to have a good appetite and get good nourishment from your food. Now the only quick and always effective way to get a supply of new rich red blood is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to make new blood, and this new blood coursing through the veins, brings health and strength to every organ and every part of the body, making weak, ailing people bright, active and strong. This has been proved in thousands of cases, of which the case of Mrs. George Clark, Abbotsford, B. C., is a fair example. Mrs. Clark says: "After spending two years and six months in a hospital treating for a nerve I began to fail in health, was very pale, and the least exertion would leave me out of breath. After graduating I came to British Columbia to take up my profession as a private nurse. The first case I took I found I was not able to go on with my work. Doctors' tonics failed me and acting on my own judgment I purchased a bottle of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had finished the result. The color came back to my face. I gained in strength and by the time I had used nine boxes I was back at my work as a nurse. I have since married, but still have my friendly feeling for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

THE HOT SPELL IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Governor Cole L. Bruce yesterday addressed two immense and enthusiastic audiences of cotton mill workers in Spartanburg county, at Cowpens in the morning and at Drayton mills in the afternoon. Both addresses were said by the characteristic of the man.

QUICK, WATSON, THE NEEDLE!

Hoax—Here's an article written by a scientist who says that insects have emotions. He claims he has frequently seen a mosquito weep.

HE HAD ONLY HEARD.

"Are your neighbors gossiping?" asked Billings.
"Some of them must be," answered Gittings, "judging by the amount of information about them that my wife reports to me."

Slow, but Sure Poison Goes All Through the System When Catarrh Sets In.

It's the poisonous secretions of catarrh that undermine the strength and vitality. Now is the time to get cured. Catarrh cures thoroughly. Think of it, a lasting cure, so complete that no trace of catarrh ever returns! Just inhale the soothing vapor of Catarrh-ozone and freedom from colds, bronchitis and catarrh is assured.

Mr. T. Y. MacVicar, of Yarmouth, suffered for many years from catarrh, and says: "In my long experience with this loathsome disease, I never used any remedy that relieved me so promptly as Catarrh-ozone. When my nostrils were so stuffed up that I couldn't breathe I found a few inhalations of Catarrh-ozone sufficient to clear away the mucus. I am perfectly cured by Catarrh-ozone and free from the disease entirely." Use only Catarrh-ozone. Complete outfit gives two months' treatment, costs \$1, and guaranteed to cure; sample size 25c. Sold everywhere.

FISH.

(By F. C. Langworthy, expert in charge of nutrition experiments, U. S. department of agriculture.)

Meat and fish are both flesh foods and are so similar in chemical composition and in methods of preparation that there is ample reason for the general feeling that they serve the same purpose in the diet and may replace one another at the convenience of the housekeeper and the preference of the diner. The fish are well to direct attention to certain marked values and palatability of salt and smoked fishes as reasonably inexpensive articles of diet. The fish are usually cheaper than fish or meat, and the more economical than meat, and when rightly cooked is certainly palatable. If the simple, creamed fish with a little sauce and crumbed and baked, and there are too many other dishes which can be made of fish.

Where Asparagus Grows Wild.

Asparagus was not introduced into Britain by the Romans, who applied the term asparagus to tender shoots which, according to Juvenal, grew on mountains (Montana asparagi). The plant is certainly native with us and occurs sparsely on the eastern and southern coasts of England and Anglesey and Pembroke in Wales and around Wexford and Waterford in Ireland. It is a longer found on Asparagus Island, near the Lizard, as all text books of English botany assert, but still grows profusely on some neighboring cliffs of Kynua Cove.—From the Westminster Gazette.

Every packet of Wilson's Fly Pads will kill more flies than can possibly be caught on three hundred sheets of sticky paper.

UNITIES.
(Puck.)
The Rhine Maidens ate potatoes and all manner of starchy foods, "in order to preserve the unities;" they explained.

Valuable Advice to Mothers.

If your child comes in from play coughing or showing evidences of Grippe, Sore Throat, or sickness of any kind, get out your bottle of *Nervine*. Rub the chest and neck with *Nervine*, and give internal doses of ten drops of *Nervine* in sweetened water every two hours. This will prevent any serious trouble. No liniment or pain reliever equals *Nervine*, which has been the great family remedy in Canada for the past twenty years. *Sold at 25c bottles of *Nervine*.*

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CHAPTER XI.

Along the road, and through the village, where strange, dazed, look-awoke wonder in the women's minds, and set their tongues wagging in pity, toiled Margery. She was filled with but one thought, one terrible thought, which chilled her heart, and roused her pride. Stuart Crosbie had deceived her; he had broken her heart, and she was left a lone, poor, innocent creature, who had been, her own, innocent love.