

made a greater difference than you realize to me," he said.

Miss Barrington looked at him steadily. "Lance," she said, "there is something about you and your speeches that occasionally puzzles me. Now, of course, that was the only rejoinder you could make, but I fancied you meant it."

"I did," said Witham, with a trace of grimness in his smile. "Still, isn't it better to tell any one too little rather than too much?"

"Well," said Miss Barrington, "you are going to be franker with me by and by. Now, my brother has been endeavouring to convince us that you owe your success to qualities inherited from bygone Courthornes."

Witham did not answer for a moment and then he laughed. "I fancy Colonel Barrington is wrong," he said. "Don't you think there are latent capabilities in every man, though only one here and

there gets an opportunity of using them? In any case, wouldn't it be pleasanter for anyone to feel his virtues were his own and not those of his family?"

Miss Barrington's eyes twinkled but she shook her head. "That," she said, "would be distinctly wrong of him, but I fancy it is time we were getting on."

In another few minutes Colonel Barrington took up the reins, and as they drove slowly past the wheat his niece had another view of the toiling teams. They were moving on tirelessly with their leader in front of them, and the rasp of the knives, trample of hoofs, and clash of the binders' wooden arms once more stirred her. She had heard those sounds often before, and attached no significance to them; but now she knew a little of the stress and effort that preceded them; she could hear the exultant note of victory.

(To be continued.)

The People on the Wall

(Concluded from page 8.)

before her.

"Margaret," he cried. "I have come back to you to ask you to forgive me and to beg for your love again. Oh, Margaret, if you knew how I loved you now!"

The beautiful woman's face was radiant and happy, but she did not come to him.

"I have forgiven you from the first," she said simply. "I have loved you always and I love you now." She leaned forward and lowered her voice. "I have been waiting for you to love me," she stated. "I was afraid you did not love me. I am not quite sure yet."

The dream man sighed. He was anxious to show that he loved her now.

"What must I do to prove my love?" he asked. "I think I can do anything you say."

A tear welled in the beautiful woman's eye as she said:

"You wrote me a letter once telling me you did not love me nor want me to be your wife. You must write again and say you do love me. You know, you never have written me a love letter, not even when you thought you loved me."

"It shall be done at once," cried the dream man, arising and darting to his little table. Feverishly he grasped pen and paper. Scarcely could he find words to express his burning thoughts. He was impatient to complete the letter.

And such a letter! Never before had one like it been written. The perfect lover was expressed in more than words. He was apparent between the lines, everywhere. Four pages were filled with the most glowing and sincere words. Then the writer was not satisfied he had written all he might. He addressed an envelope, a thing he had many times dreamed about but never before completed. That night when the child left he gave him the letter to carry to the beautiful woman.

It chanced that when Mrs. Hobbs came to tidy the dream man's room next morning she found a sealed, addressed envelope upon his table.

"How forgetful!" she exclaimed, and she took a stamp from his box and carried the letter away to post.

The dream man was impatient to reach his room that evening. He wondered what the beautiful woman thought of his love letter. When he seated himself beside the oaken table she smiled on him. He felt very happy, for he knew she loved him. He went to her and she arose, holding out both arms. Gallantly he took her hand and bent with the intention of embracing it.

She drew away with a little laugh and sank again into the chair.

"No," she laughed, blushing prettily. "You must not—yet!"

The man felt a trifle hurt. "You did not get my letter?" he faltered.

She nodded and smiled. "It was good of you to write it," she whispered.

"Then all is right? You still love me enough to forgive me and be my wife?"

She laid her finger on her lips and nodded again.

The dream man felt very happy and he glanced over at the monk in the gold frame to assure him that everything was coming out well.

"Come with me, Margaret, we shall walk along the rugged shore," he proposed, pointing to the opposite wall, "I want to be all alone with you."

She hesitated. Next moment someone knocked at the door.

"Come!" growled the dream man from his seat beside the little, oaken table.

"A telegram, sir."

He threw it, unopened, upon the table. Whatever it might be it must wait.

He persuaded the beautiful woman to comply with his wish and led her from her frame. Together they walked along the shore for a great distance, each enjoying perfect happiness.

"Do you know now that I love you?" the dream man was asking as they re-entered the room. "Don't you understand that I love you perfectly at last!" He drew her to him. "You will be my wife and stay with me always, always," he continued, happily.

The beautiful woman gave a soft laugh and broke away. She turned to stroke his head soothingly. The man's blood tingled at her touch. He longed to hold her in his embrace, but she would not let him.

"I cannot be your wife," she breathed. "You must remember. I am not who you think I am, but merely her photograph."

The terrible truth of this statement slowly penetrated the man's brain and tormented him cruelly. His happiness, then, was but a dream.

A step was heard outside and someone knocked at the door. Immediately the beautiful woman stepped up and kissed him on the brow. Then she sped hastily toward her frame.

In ecstasy the dream man pursued and stood before her.

"No," he cried. "You must not go. I cannot let you go now."

She gave a little, sharp laugh and darted away.

In great excitement he overtook her and forced her to the wall.

"You know the tradition," he shouted. "that if you once left your frame you should never again return to it, and—you shall not!"

With one hand he held her struggling against the wall, while with the other he reached for the vacant frame. Two steps away was a window which overlooked a paved lane three stories below. In mad haste he threw open the window, and a second later the frame, with a faint crash, was shattered on the pavement.

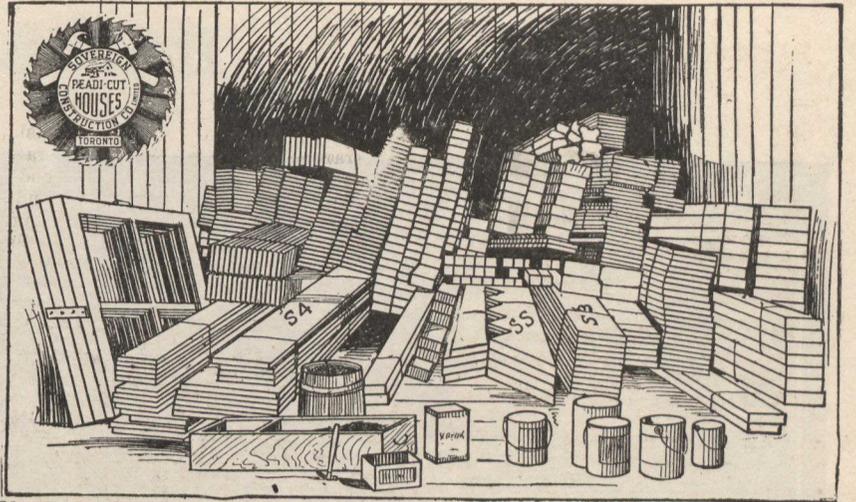
In the meantime the person in the hall had become impatient and stepped inside the room. There she hesitated beside a weary, silent man seated before a table.

The dream man turned his eyes from the window half fearfully lest the beautiful woman should be gone. But she was there still, smiling forgiveness and love. He rubbed his eyes. But she seemed changed and did not try to move nor fade away. Realizing this he cast aside his dream, sprang from the little, oaken table and darted to her.

"Margaret, you have really come to me at last!" he cried passionately as he threw his arms about her. "Oh, my wife, how I wanted you to come!"

She cuddled herself snugly in his breast.

"How I longed for you to want me!" she murmured softly.



A Ready-Cut Home Being Loaded For Shipment

THE BUILDING PROBLEM SOLVED

We can show you how to build your home when mechanics are busy, or scarce, or not to be had at any price; when labor is dear, work is dearer, and competent advice dearest. We can save you days of annoyance, weeks of worry, and months of waiting.

Send 6 cents in stamps for the book of plans of

READY-CUT HOMES

(WARM AND SUBSTANTIAL—NOT PORTABLE)

This book shows plans of 60 different homes at prices to suit all purses—Homes that when shipped to you are ready to erect. A Ready-Cut home will save \$2 out of every \$5 of total expense.

Send in coupon now.

Sovereign Construction Company, Limited

1372 B C.P.R. BUILDING

TORONTO - ONT.

Enclosed please find 6 cents in stamps for Booklet of Ready-Cut Homes.

Name.....

Address.....

72 B.



With the Chafing Dish COSGRAVE'S PALE ALE

Makes the evening a delight.

Telephone your dealer for a case to be sent to the house—just to have it ready when guests drop in.

The Cosgrave Brewery Co. of Toronto, Limited

T-46