

Children Cry for



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MOTHER—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

The Heir to Beecham Park

CHAPTER XXI.

Pauline dressed the slender, graceful figure in the black garments and fastened the sable mantle while she uttered exclamations of delight at her mistress's appearance. She made a slight protest as the veil was produced, but Margery was firm, and the delicate face, with its great blue eyes, was completely hidden beneath the thick folds.

The first visit was to an old marchioness who had fallen a victim to Lady Court's charm and sweetness, and Margery made great progress toward friendship. Several ladies were present, and from one and all she received kind congratulations.

"But now I want to beg a favor, dear Lady Court," said the hostess, after a while; "it is rude of me, perhaps, but I hope you will forgive it. Will you not remove that thick veil? We cannot see your fair young face, and nature has been so lavish to you, child, you can afford to be generous."

Margery laughed softly, and put up her hand to unpin the veil, when the door opened, and a voice announced: "Lady Charteris—Miss Charteris!" Margery felt the blood surge in her ears and a mist rose before her eyes; she saw again the beautiful, cold, cruel creature who had spoken words that stabbed her to the very heart.

She acknowledged the introduction, with a slight bend of the head, then, murmuring a few words of regret and farewell, went swiftly from the room to her carriage, her breast full of stormy emotions.

"I am so sorry you did not see Lady Court; she has the face of an angel," said the hostess, as Margery disappeared.

"She is very tall," observed Vane, in her most bored manner—"almost too tall for a woman—and she seems to have red hair. I hate red hair." she added, a vision of a sweet, girlish face, framed in red-gold curls, rising before her as she spoke.

"Your taste, dear Vane, is always good," observed the old lady, dryly, and then the conversation drifted into other channels.

Margery gave her orders in a quiet, stifled voice, and was driven back to the hotel. The fear, the dread, she had suffered in anticipation of this meeting was as nothing compared with the agony of pride and pain she now endured. She had thought herself strong, though she was braced for whatever might happen, and at one blow the barriers she had been building were thrown to the ground, and she was the broken-hearted, humiliated girl once again. The sight of Vane recalled all her despair, and

"I Suffered Terribly With Sore, Aching Back"

Mrs. Roland Ferguson, 194 Lake St., Peterboro, Ont., writes:

"For over two years I suffered terribly with sore back. I was almost mad with the pain, and had doctored with it until I was discouraged. Then my father, who is a firm believer in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, advised me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I followed his advice, and am glad to say I was completely relieved of that torturing pain in my back. It is over a year since I used these pills, and I have had no return of the trouble, but always keep them in the house."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

25 cts. a box of 25 pills, Edmondson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

was still the Margery of old, the sweet loving Margery she knew so well. "You are glad, child?" she said, quietly. "So am I to see your dear face again; the months have seemed long since you went, though your letters have told me all you have done. You are the same Margery; yet you are changed, dear."

"I am older and a married woman," Margery responded, with a forced little laugh. "My dignity makes me older. But come and sit with me. How much I have to say, and yet I scarcely know where to begin!"

Miss Lawson let her remove her bonnet and cloak and push her with affectionate hand into an easy-chair in the inner room, close to a blazing fire. With undisguised pleasure her eyes rested on the girlish figure. It was not until Margery had gone from the village that the rectory governess realized how deeply the wall had crept into her heart.

"You are not surprised to see me?" she said, after a while, as Lady Court seated herself on a stool at her feet.

"I have been thinking of you so much and so often that you seem part of my life. You are come to stay with me, dear Miss Lawson? Yes, yes, you must stay; I shall not let you go."

"I must return to-morrow; Mrs. Carr will expect me. I left Hurstley on purpose to see you, Margery."

"How good of you!" exclaimed Margery, warmly, fondling the worn hand between her two soft palms. "This is just what I wanted to complete everything."

"You are happy?" asked Miss Lawson, abruptly.

"I am content," answered the girl, and her great blue eyes met the gray ones with a steadfast look. "And now tell me all the news. Am I quite forgotten in the village? Do none of them ask for me in Hurstley?"

"Margery, I will be candid with you. When you first went I heard very little about you, you know—I seldom go into the village—but in a very short time the news came that you had gone to Australia with Reuben and Robert Bright. The people were hard, dear, and blamed you. The Brights are heartbroken at Robert's leaving them, and all the fault is laid at your door. They do not speak kindly of you, child, and when I first heard them, I had great difficulty in holding my tongue. But you had begged for secrecy and silence, and I had given my word. I meant to have written to or seen you, but then came poor Lady Enn's death, your marriage, and your illness. I could do nothing but wait. I have waited, and now, Margery, I have come here for the very purpose of asking you to take the seal from my lips, that I may explain to the village and silence slander."

Margery had risen to her feet, her hands pressed to her bosom, her face deadly pale.

"How cruel the world is," she murmured, bitterly, "how terribly cruel! They know nothing, yet they speak harshly. They do not know how I begged, how I entreated Robert to go back to his home. You remember how stunned I was when first I learned that he had joined Reuben?"

"I know," answered Miss Lawson, "and I would have all the world do you justice. You are now great; let them know you as you are, and crush their calumny. I do not blame the Brights—their whole life was centered in Robert—but—"

"And for the rest I do not care," interrupted Margery, proudly. "The Brights will hear from Robert soon, and then they will learn the truth and know how they have wronged me. What had I done to the village that they should think ill of me? Oh, Miss Lawson, is the world all like this?"

"The world is cruel, Margery, bitter, hard," the elder woman said, with a sigh; then she added, regretfully, "I am sorry you will not disclose your secret, but you know best, dear, and I have done what I considered my duty."

"You have done as you have done so often—treated me as though I were your own child—and I thank you." "And have you not been my own?" said the elder woman, with a new light of tenderness on her face; "I have seen you spring up from a tiny child to womanhood; I have loved you through all, and I am proud of you. You are to me what the poet says: 'For years she grew in sun and shower, Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower On earth was never seen; This child I to myself will take; She shall be mine, and I will make A lady of my own.'"

(To be continued.)

Huge Concrete Arch Bridge Built in 244 Working Days

The second largest solid concrete arch bridge in the world—the Jack's Run Bridge at Pittsburgh, Pa.—was completed recently in 244 working days. It is 325 feet long and 170 feet high, and in size is second only to the Cathleen Memorial Bridge at Minneapolis, Minn.

Engineers designed the huge arch so that it will compensate for any expansion in bridge span by rising. This bridge is located on the Lincoln Highway leading out of Pittsburgh to the north. It stands as a monument to modern engineering skill, for within considerably less than a year after the first excavations for its foundations were made, motor vehicles were passing across its wide span.

Trimmings for chiffon dance frocks include the use of ribbons and flowers.

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