

Sweet Miss Margery

He chose the path through the park, and walked through the courtyard just as the tower clock chimed a quarter to eight.

Sir Douglas Grant, after a lengthened chat with his cousin, mounted to his room, and dressed himself with due regard for the exigencies of polite society.

The man hurried up with some brandy, and Sir Douglas, with almost professional dexterity, lifted Stuart's head and poured a few drops between the closed lids.

The baronet cast a keen glance at the right hand, hanging limp and swollen.

"You have had an ugly fall," he said, briefly. "Your arm is broken—how did it happen?"

"I can't quite remember," Stuart replied, speaking with an effort, and passing his left hand over his eyes.

"There is no need to send to the village—I can manage this. Go up to my room and send down my man; it is not the first time he has helped me in this sort of thing."

Stuart lay back in his chair; he was still feeling faint, and he caught Sir Douglas' eye and smiled a little.

"I feel rather like what the boys used to call a 'jolly duffer,'" he said, slowly. "I can't think what made me so stupid; I don't usually fall about in this way. I wonder how long I was insensible—and I have never thanked you for helping me."

"It is granted, Cousin Stuart."

"You are Douglas Grant; I am very glad to see you."

"Thank you, my lad," he said, quietly; then, looking round: "Here is Murray. Now sit quiet, and don't speak, and we'll settle you in a trice."

"Stuart!" she exclaimed, in genuine dismay, "what is the matter?"

little annoyed, a little anxious, and, oddly enough, a little glad—annoyed because Sir Douglas had taken so much upon himself, anxious for her son, whom she loved better than anything on earth, and glad, because she saw in this illness a chance of bringing about the marriage between Vane and Stuart which she so much desired.

Sir Douglas left the mother and son together when he had escorted his patient comfortably in a large chair; and Mrs. Crosbie busied herself with many little offices about the room, quitting the apartment only when she saw Stuart's eyes close in slumber.

"He is resting, dear," she said; "so I shall leave him for a while. We must nurse him together, and we shall soon get him well."

"I will help you gladly," she returned, and she spoke honestly. Her first thought, like her aunt's, had been that this would bring Stuart and herself more together. She had another duty to perform, too; she must ingratiate herself with Sir Douglas Grant, and try by every means in her power to wipe away the memory of her foolish mistake.

Stuart slept for an hour or two, and dreamed of Margery, but when he awoke the pain in his arm was so great that even the sweet image was banished from his thoughts.

And at the small cottage by the Weald another being sat and watched by a sick bed, watched with a heart that was growing sadder and sadder as the moments passed.

"You look upon me as useless," she observed, with a smile. "I mean to upset that theory altogether."

"I will," he said, quietly. "I am in urgent need of a friend, especially just now."

"I am in urgent need of a friend, especially just now," he repeated; then he sank back again. "Yes, Vane, if you will be my friend."

"I am in urgent need of a friend, especially just now," he repeated; then he sank back again. "Yes, Vane, if you will be my friend."

"I am in urgent need of a friend, especially just now," he repeated; then he sank back again. "Yes, Vane, if you will be my friend."

"I am in urgent need of a friend, especially just now," he repeated; then he sank back again. "Yes, Vane, if you will be my friend."

Stuart smiled faintly at his mother, and she followed him up the stairs, and she followed him up the stairs, and she followed him up the stairs,

chair, she soon made him comfortable.

"Thank you," he said again; "you are very kind. Is my mother anywhere about?"

"She has gone to Chesterham on some missionary business," replied Vane, leaning back against one of the white pillars, and looking extremely pretty and graceful in her long soft pink gown.

Stuart sat silent, troubled and disappointed. He had braced himself for his interview with his mother; he was longing to send some word or sign to Margery.

"My arm is a little troublesome," he replied evasively, then, collecting his wits, he spoke to his mother, and then drive over to the Weald cottage and bring Margery back in all dignity to the castle, as befitted his future wife; but now again fate was unkind, his mother was absent.

"Then we must do our best to cheer you, Cousin Stuart," Vane responded, a faint color mounting to her cheeks at the last words.

"You look upon me as useless," she observed, with a smile. "I mean to upset that theory altogether."

"I will," he said, quietly. "I am in urgent need of a friend, especially just now."

"I am in urgent need of a friend, especially just now," he repeated; then he sank back again. "Yes, Vane, if you will be my friend."

"I am in urgent need of a friend, especially just now," he repeated; then he sank back again. "Yes, Vane, if you will be my friend."

"I am in urgent need of a friend, especially just now," he repeated; then he sank back again. "Yes, Vane, if you will be my friend."

"I am in urgent need of a friend, especially just now," he repeated; then he sank back again. "Yes, Vane, if you will be my friend."

"I am in urgent need of a friend, especially just now," he repeated; then he sank back again. "Yes, Vane, if you will be my friend."

Stuart smiled faintly at his mother, and she followed him up the stairs, and she followed him up the stairs, and she followed him up the stairs,

MAGIC BAKING POWDER THE STANDARD AND FAVORITE BRAND



or you would not have said that! There may be some mystery connected with her birth; but there is no stain on her. If ever there was a lady, she is one.

"I will confess," observed Miss Charteris, "moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; but I shall prove my words. I am your friend."

"I will confess," observed Miss Charteris, "moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; but I shall prove my words. I am your friend."

"I will confess," observed Miss Charteris, "moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; but I shall prove my words. I am your friend."

"I will confess," observed Miss Charteris, "moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; but I shall prove my words. I am your friend."

"I will confess," observed Miss Charteris, "moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; but I shall prove my words. I am your friend."

"I will confess," observed Miss Charteris, "moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; but I shall prove my words. I am your friend."

"I will confess," observed Miss Charteris, "moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; but I shall prove my words. I am your friend."

"I will confess," observed Miss Charteris, "moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; but I shall prove my words. I am your friend."

Stuart smiled faintly at his mother, and she followed him up the stairs, and she followed him up the stairs, and she followed him up the stairs,

LIFE ON A SUBMARINE.

One Dodges Machinery, Inhales Gasoline and Chokes for Air.

The first impressions received on descending into the hold of a submarine are those of discomfort and suffocation. The accommodations for a crew of thirty seem about right for half a dozen.

When under way on the surface the submarine hums and trembles. The fumes of gasoline are almost suffocating. There is no escaping from them.

"Your news has surprised me, Stuart," moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; but I shall prove my words. I am your friend."

"I will confess," observed Miss Charteris, "moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; but I shall prove my words. I am your friend."

"I will confess," observed Miss Charteris, "moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; but I shall prove my words. I am your friend."

"I will confess," observed Miss Charteris, "moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; but I shall prove my words. I am your friend."

"I will confess," observed Miss Charteris, "moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; but I shall prove my words. I am your friend."

"I will confess," observed Miss Charteris, "moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; but I shall prove my words. I am your friend."

"I will confess," observed Miss Charteris, "moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; but I shall prove my words. I am your friend."

"I will confess," observed Miss Charteris, "moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; but I shall prove my words. I am your friend."

"I will confess," observed Miss Charteris, "moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; but I shall prove my words. I am your friend."

"I will confess," observed Miss Charteris, "moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; but I shall prove my words. I am your friend."

Stuart smiled faintly at his mother, and she followed him up the stairs, and she followed him up the stairs, and she followed him up the stairs,

DEADLY ANAEMIA

Casts a Shadow Over the Lives of Thousands of Women and Growing Girls.

"Not enough blood" is the simple meaning of the term anaemia, though it should scarcely need explaining, for, unfortunately anaemia is one of the greatest evils in this country, afflicting women of all ages, including young girls.

Among the hosts cured of this trouble by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Miss C. N. Roberge, of Sorel, Que., who had been in poor health for several years.

"I had not taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for my illness would have proved fatal. The trouble came on so gradually that I can scarcely tell the point at which it did begin.

"The trouble came on so gradually that I can scarcely tell the point at which it did begin. The first noticeable symptom was loss of color and a feeling of lassitude. Then I began to lose my appetite, had frequent headaches, and spells of dizziness, and became unable to do any housework without being completely exhausted.

"I had not taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for my illness would have proved fatal. The trouble came on so gradually that I can scarcely tell the point at which it did begin.

"I had not taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for my illness would have proved fatal. The trouble came on so gradually that I can scarcely tell the point at which it did begin.

"I had not taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for my illness would have proved fatal. The trouble came on so gradually that I can scarcely tell the point at which it did begin.

"I had not taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for my illness would have proved fatal. The trouble came on so gradually that I can scarcely tell the point at which it did begin.

"I had not taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for my illness would have proved fatal. The trouble came on so gradually that I can scarcely tell the point at which it did begin.

"I had not taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for my illness would have proved fatal. The trouble came on so gradually that I can scarcely tell the point at which it did begin.

"I had not taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for my illness would have proved fatal. The trouble came on so gradually that I can scarcely tell the point at which it did begin.

"I had not taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for my illness would have proved fatal. The trouble came on so gradually that I can scarcely tell the point at which it did begin.

Stuart smiled faintly at his mother, and she followed him up the stairs, and she followed him up the stairs, and she followed him up the stairs,

SCOTLAND'S WOODS.

Its Cultivation May Give More Families Employment.

The "depopulation of Scotland," more properly the depopulation of the wild districts of the Highlands, has recently aroused great concern in Great Britain.

The Royal Scottish Arboricultural Society has just issued a report on the general subject, with a special detailed scheme for an experimental enterprise drawn up by Lord Lovat and Captain Shirving of Keir, with the aid of experts.

Each family would have a rough cultivatable land to keep itself in food and milk. From thirty to forty weeks of its time would be spent on forest work.

People of the "crofters" class should be selected for settlement, at first, but ultimately the forests themselves should become very profitable.

Lord Lovat and his associates propose the establishment of a central forest authority to conduct the system of silviculture or woodlanding. National help would be provided at first, but ultimately the forests themselves should become very profitable.

Stuart smiled faintly at his mother, and she followed him up the stairs, and she followed him up the stairs, and she followed him up the stairs,

SURE WAY.

Willis—I wonder if there will ever be universal peace. (Puck.)

"I will confess," observed Miss Charteris, "moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; but I shall prove my words. I am your friend."

"I will confess," observed Miss Charteris, "moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; but I shall prove my words. I am your friend."

"I will confess," observed Miss Charteris, "moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; but I shall prove my words. I am your friend."

"I will confess," observed Miss Charteris, "moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; but I shall prove my words. I am your friend."

Stuart smiled faintly at his mother, and she followed him up the stairs, and she followed him up the stairs, and she followed him up the stairs,

LARGEST OF FLOWERS.

Immense Bloom which is a Native of Sumatra.

The largest of all the flowers of the world is said to be the Rafflesia, a native of Sumatra, so called after Sir Stamford Raffles. This immense plant, says the Scientific American, is composed of five round petals of a brickish color, each measuring a foot across.

The petals are covered with numerous irregular yellowish white swellings. The petals surround a cup nearly a foot wide the margin of which bears the stamens. The cup of the Rafflesia is filled with a fleshy disk, the upper surface of which is covered with projections like miniature cows' horns.

The largest of all the flowers of the world is said to be the Rafflesia, a native of Sumatra, so called after Sir Stamford Raffles. This immense plant, says the Scientific American, is composed of five round petals of a brickish color, each measuring a foot across.

The petals are covered with numerous irregular yellowish white swellings. The petals surround a cup nearly a foot wide the margin of which bears the stamens. The cup of the Rafflesia is filled with a fleshy disk, the upper surface of which is covered with projections like miniature cows' horns.

Stuart smiled faintly at his mother, and she followed him up the stairs, and she followed him up the stairs, and she followed him up the stairs,

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her.

Midgie Station, N. B.—One can hardly believe this as it is not natural, but it was my case. For ten months I suffered from suppression. I had tried different doctors, tried different medicines, but none helped me.

I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and at the second bottle showed improvement. Now I am regular and never was so well in my life, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's medicine.

Please publish my letter for the benefit of others.—Mrs. JOSIAH W. HICKS, Midgie Station, N. B.

Stuart smiled faintly at his mother, and she followed him up the stairs, and she followed him up the stairs, and she followed him up the stairs,

THE WRONG INTERPRETATION.

(New York Sun.)

Robert Henri, the well-known New York painter, was condemning a stupid critic.

"His interpretations are always wrong," Mr. Henri said. "He always misunderstands totally an artist's conception. He reminds me of the Cinnamonn woman before the Angels. 'When the Angels was on exhibition at Maple's in Philadelphia, a Cinnamonn woman dropped in to see it. She gazed with lively interest at two peasants standing reverently in the sun-set glow in the quiet meadow. Then she said: 'A courtin' couple, hey! Seem a bit shy, don't they?'"