

Sweet Miss Margery

"I shall look to you, Cousin Stuart," Miss Charteris observed, as she fastened her gloves again. "To initiate me into the mysteries of country life. I intend to dabble in farming, milk the cow, toss the hay, picnic in the fields, and get quite burned and brown."

Stuart laughed a little constrainedly. He was thinking of his picnic for next Wednesday, and wondering whether he could induce his cousin to be kind to Margery. His mother, for some unaccountable reason, did not appear to like the girl.

"What are you going to do, now you are back?"
"Nothing—that is, nothing definite. You see, my father, and I must believe him of some of his duties. My mother has a strong wish that I should stand for Chesterham."

"A parliamentary career?" questioned Vane. "How would you like that?"
"Not at all," Stuart answered, frankly. "I have not the faintest notion of anything of the sort."

"English to the backbone!" Cousin Stuart. "I am disposed to like you."
"Is that so?" Stuart asked, gravely.
Vane turned and met his gaze, then laughed softly.

"True?" Of course it is, are we not cousins? The liking, however, must not be altogether on my side."
"Have no fear," the young man began, but at that moment the dinner gong sounded, and his sentence remained unfinished.

Vane was led by her cousin, and they were even yet more amicable during the meal. Mrs. Crosbie's intense satisfaction. She made no effort to interrupt the merry conversation of the young people, and contented herself with now and then joining in the flow of reminiscences in which her husband and Lady Charteris were indulging.

Squire Crosbie was a tall, thin man with a worn, almost haggard face. Its prevailing expression was kindly, but weak, and he turned instinctively to his wife for moral support and assistance.

Stuart dearly loved his father. The gentle student disposition certainly was not in harmony with his own nature; but he had never received aught but tenderness and love from his father, and grew to think of him as a foolish plant that required warmth and affection to nourish it. His feeling for his mother was not quite different. He inherited his strong spirit from her, the blood of an old sporting family flowed in her veins. She was a powerful dominating woman, and Stuart had been taught to give her obedience rather than love. Had he been permitted to remain always with his mother, his nature, although in the abstract as strong as hers, might by force of habit have become weakened and altered; but, as soon as he had attained majority, he had expressed a determination to travel, and in this was seconded for once most doggedly by his father. Those two years abroad did him an infinite amount of good; but to Mrs. Crosbie they did not bring unalloyed delight. Her son had gone from her a child obedient to her will, he returned a man and submissive only to his own will.

Lady Charteris resembled her brother the squire; but the intellectual light that gleamed in his eyes was altogether wanting in hers. Her mind was evidently fixed on her child, for even in the thick of a conversation her gaze would wander to Vane and rest on her. She was heartily pleased now at her daughter's brightness, and whispered many hopes to Mrs. Crosbie that this visit might benefit the delicate nerves and health.

Mrs. Crosbie nodded absently to these remarks, she was occupied with her own thoughts, Stuart must marry; and whom could he find better, search where he might, than Vane Charteris for his wife? Beautiful, proud, a woman who had reigned as a social queen—in every way she was fitted to become the mistress of Crosbie Castle. She watched her son eagerly, she saw the interest and admiration in his face, and her heart grew glad. Of all things Mrs. Crosbie had dreaded during those two years' absence, the fear of an attraction or entanglement had been most frequent, and now she saw her son wrapped up in his cousin Vane did she realize indeed that her fears had been groundless.

CHAPTER V.
"Get on your bonnet, child, and trot away! I shall be content till you come back."
"Mother, I don't like to leave you today, you seem so weak," Miss Lawson will not mind—let me stay with you."
Mrs. Morris put out her weak hand and caressed the soft silky hair.

"No, no, child," she persisted, gently. "You must go to your lessons. Reuben will be 'ome directly; he'll make me a cup of tea; don't you worry yourself. It's yet day of German, too, and I want you to be well got on by the time her ladyship comes home."

Margery rose slowly from her knees. "Well, I will go," she said, regretfully, "but let me make you comfortable. There is your book wrap, you are getting on quite fast, Stuart, and here are the grapes Mr. Stuart sent, close to your hand."

"Heaven bless him for a kind, true-hearted gentleman! Ah, there are few like him, Margery, my lass!"
"He is good, isn't he?" replied the girl, a soft spot of color appearing in her cheeks. "Now, I will go; but first of all I will run into Mrs. Carter's and ask her to come and sit with you."
She bent and kissed the transparent cheek, hid on her sun-bonnet, took up her book, and with a parting smile, went out of the doorway.

gate, Margery had learned her lesson by heart. The heat was quite as great as it was on the afternoon she walked to Farmer Bright's, now four days ago; and she looked round anxiously at the sky, dreading a cloud until Wednesday was gone and the picnic with Mr. Stuart a thing of the past.

Somehow Margery found her lesson not so delightful to-day; her attention would wander, and Miss Lawson had to repeat a question three times in one of these moments before she got a response. The governess put down the girl's absence of mind and general listless manner to the heat, and very kindly brought the lesson early to a close and dismissed her pupil.

Margery for the first time gave vent to a sigh of relief when she received permission to go home, and she sauntered through the village almost wearily. She was gazing on the ground, ignorant of what was going on about her, when the sound of ponies' feet and the noise of wheels behind her caused her to turn, and, looking up, she saw Mrs. Crosbie seated in her small carriage, close at hand.

"Good afternoon, Margery," Mrs. Crosbie said, in her haughty, cold manner. "I am glad to have met you. How is your mother?"
"Good afternoon, madame," replied the girl, calling Mrs. Crosbie by the name the village always used, and bending her head gracefully. "Thank you very much, but I am afraid mother is very bad to-day; I did not want to leave her, but she insisted. She grows weaker every day."

"Has Dr. Metcalfe seen her to-day?"
"Yes, madame, but he said nothing to me—he looked very grave."
"I was going to send her down some beef tea and jelly, but as I have met you, it will save the servant a journey. Get in beside Thomas; I will drive you to the castle, and you can take the things to your mother."

Mrs. Crosbie pointed to a seat beside her. She was for some reason always annoyed when she came in contact with this girl. In the first place, Margery spoke and moved as her equal; she never dropped the customary courtesy, nor appeared to grovel for an instant in the magnitude of the castle dignity. Mrs. Crosbie was wont to declare that the girl was being ruined; that Catherine Coningham had behaved like an idiot; that, because the child had torn down cat's cloths and the dead woman had sat in every way a lady, Margery should be brought up and educated as such was preposterous. It was all absurd, Mrs. Crosbie affirmed, a mere shadow of romance. The letter in the mother's pocket had plainly stated her position—she was a maid, and nothing else, and all speculation as to an honorable connection was ridiculous and far-fetched. Mrs. Crosbie did not quarrel with Lady Coningham for rescuing the baby from the work-house—charity she upheld in every way—but she maintained that Margery should have been placed with the other children in the village school, she should have learned her A, B, C with Mrs. Morris as her child, and that school, and that the story of the railway accident and her mother's death should have been carefully withheld from the child. Now the girl's head was full of nothing but herself, the mistress of a lady, forsove even to express this. It fit for no station, and consequently would come to no good.

Margery was ignorant of all this; but she was never entirely comfortable in the presence of Mrs. Crosbie. The way she sat within her the germ of pride every whit as great and strong as that possessed by Stuart's mother. Hitherto she had had no reason to trench herself in this natural fortress, for all the village loved her; the simple-minded folk looked upon her as their protectress, the girls, who like Lady Coningham had adopted and educated her raised Margery in their eyes. So the girl had received kindness, in many cases respect; and she was as happy as the lark, save when a wave of mournful thought brought back the memory of her mother.

Mrs. Crosbie wronged her. Margery had not a spice of arrogance in her composition—she had only the innate feeling that she was not of the village class, and, with the true delicacy and instinct of Crosbie, Castle opened that she was there. There was plenty of room on the front seat, but Mrs. Crosbie would not have dreamed of bidding the girl to sit there—she relegated her to what she considered her proper place—among the servants.

"Thank you, why did you trouble, Margery?" said Stuart, courteously. "How is your mother to-day?"
"She is no better, Mr. Stuart, thank you," returned Margery, in her clear refined voice. "I am waiting for some things madame is kindly going to send her."

Vane Charteris had turned at the first sound of the girl's voice, and she was almost alarmed at the beauty of the face before her. Beside the golden glory of that hair the depth of pathos and splendor in those eyes, the pale transparency of that skin, her own prettiness simply faded away. She noted the grace and ease with which Margery moved, and immediately conceived a violent dislike to this village girl.

"Vane, let me present to you one of my old playfellows—Margery Daw. You were wanting some one to point out the beauties of Hursley. I am sure no one could do that half so well as Margery."
Miss Charteris bent her head and smiled at her cousin.

"Many thanks, Stuart; but you forget we have planned to discover the mysteries of the country together without any assistance—a spice of adventure is always charming."
Margery turned away, with a bow to Stuart—she did not speak, or look at his companion—and she overheard Miss Charteris say, as I did and I will gladly recommend your medicine to them. You may publish this if you think it will help others.—Mrs. F. E. Cook, Maple Creek, Sask.

"Dear Cousin Stuart, you should be more merciful; that girl's hair is so painfully red, it makes me quite uncomfortable in this heat."
Margery did not hear the reply—her lips were quivering and her hands trembling with mortification—and, when she

up to the court-yard, and after crossing this, entered a large door standing wide open.
The cook and her handmaidens were indulging in five o'clock tea, and the mistress of the kitchen rose with genial hospitality to press her visitor to the parlour of some, too.

"How do you do?" she asked, as Margery shook her head. "You look fair fagged out."
"No, thank you, Mrs. Daw," Margery said, simply; unconsciously she recoiled from accepting anything that came from Mrs. Crosbie. "I am not really tired. Madame has driven me here from the village, and I am to take some things back to mother. If you don't mind, I will wait outside—it is rather hot in here."
"Ay, do, child," the cook answered; and she handed out a large stool. "Put this just in the doorway, and you'll catch a little draught."
With a smile Margery took the stool, and, placing it in a shady corner, sat down and began to read. The court-yard stretched along a quadrangle leading to the stables, and, looking up now and then from her book, Margery caught glimpses of the castle tower, the leafy twitting their tails the comfortable boxes. The pony-carriage was driven in while she waited, and she watched with much interest the small, sturdy ponies being unharnessed and led away. It was a quaint, picturesque spot—the low-roofed stables, with their eaves reaching to the sky, the old-fashioned gables, and the portion of the gray-stone building jutting out in the distance, with a background of branches and faintly-moving leaves. Margery shut her book and let her eyes wander to the clear blue sky seen in patches through the trees. She felt cool in her little white dress and the cool breeze from the eaves. The green had discarded his smart livery, and in company with another lad, was busy employed in cleaning the pony-carriage, the hissing sound with which he accompanied his movements not sounding unusual from a distance; and Margery found herself smiling at his exertions and the confidence that had succeeded his bashfulness. Suddenly, while she was watching them, she saw the groom and his companion draw themselves up and salute some one; and then the next moment a figure came round the corner—a figure in white tunic and hose, with a white shirt and large, flapping hat. Margery felt her cheeks grow warm, then they as quickly cooled. Another figure stood beside the tall one of the man, a dainty, delicate, lovely form in a dress of shetland blue, holding a large sunshade of the same color above her head.

Unconsciously Margery felt her heart sink. Never had she seen so fair a vision before; and the sight of those two figures, so well matched and so close together, brought a strange, vague pain to her, the nature of which she could not guess. She dropped her eyes to her book again, and shrunk back into her corner, hoping to escape notice. She was too far away to hear what was said, and she began to breathe freely again after a few minutes, when the faint sound of a musical laugh was borne on the air and the tones of a deep, clear voice she knew well came near to her. She shut her book and bent lower over her book as the voices drew closer.

"If you are ill after this, Cousin Vane," she heard Stuart say, "I shall never forgive myself. The heat is terrible, you know. Are you quite sure you are well?"
"Quite," answered the woman's voice. "I want to see this poor doggie; besides, you tell me it is just as far back again as you stand this way."
"Just as far. Well, here we are! Poor Sir Charles, I hope the old fellow is better."
The two figures came into sight; they were about six yards from Margery, and were walking slowly. She could see the delicate blue drapery, the slender gaunt hand, though she did not raise her eyes; and she drew back into her corner with a nervous dread such as she had never felt hitherto.

FISHERMAN TELLS INTERESTING STORY

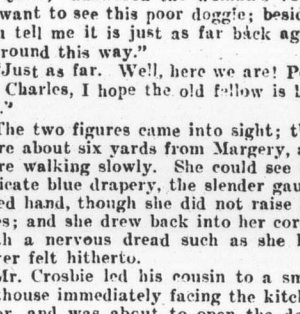
Dodd's Kidney Pills cured his Rheumatism and Lumbago.

Strain and exposure brought on troubles that caused five years suffering, but Dodd's Kidney Pills fixed him up.
Clam Bank Cove, Bay St. George, Nfld., June 12.—(Special)—Among the fishermen here Dodd's Kidney Pills are making a name for themselves as a remedy for those ills that the cold and exposure bring to these hardy people. The kidneys are always first to feel the effects of continued strain on the body, and as Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure the kidneys, they are gaining a wonderful popularity. An example is the case of Mr. J. G. Greens, who writes:
"My trouble," Mr. Green states, "was caused by strain and cold. For five years I suffered from Rheumatism and Lumbago. I was always tired and nervous. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing and the pains of neuralgia added to my distress.
I was never bed-ridden, but when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, but I am thankful to say that they gave me relief. It is because I found in them a cure that I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to my friends."
Others here give the same experience. They were never bed-ridden, but when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, but I am thankful to say that they gave me relief. It is because I found in them a cure that I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to my friends."

looked up again, the housekeeper was handing her a basket, and the cousins were gone.
"Madame sends your mother some beef tea, a bottle of brandy, and some fruit and jelly," said the housekeeper, closing the basket lid. "It is rather heavy; and mind you carry it carefully. Can you manage it?"
"Yes," said Margery steadily. "Thank you; I am much obliged."
She turned with her heavy load and walked across the court yard, her heart no lighter than her basket.
"That lovely looking stranger had made fun of her—fun—and to Mr. Stuart! Perhaps he had laughed too. The thought was so painful. And was she not a sight? Look at her old pink gown, well washed and mended, her clumsy boots, her sunburned hands. She must have turned too. Oh, why could she not tear aside the veil of mystery and know what she really was? Could that face treasured in her locked heart be only the face of a maid, or did her heart speak truly when it called that another man's?"

(To be Continued.)

TO-DAY'S JOKE IN BLACK AND WHITE.



"I once asked a little New York girl," said Mrs. Philip Snowden the English suffragette, "if she knew what leisure was?" "Sure," she replied, "leisure is the place where married people repent."

MADE WELL AND STRONG

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Toronto.—I gladly give you my testimonial in favor of your wonderful medicines. Last October I wrote to you for advice as I was completely run down, had bearing down sensation in the lower part of bowels, backache, and pain in the side. I also suffered terribly from gas.
After receiving your directions followed them closely and am now entirely free from pain in back and bowels, and am stronger in every way.
I also took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before my baby was born, and I recommend it highly to all pregnant women.—Mrs. E. WANDYB, 92 Logan Ave., Toronto, Ont.

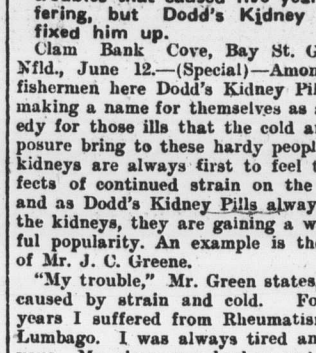
Another Woman Cured

Maple Creek, Sask.—I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and I am now in perfect health. I was troubled with pains every month. I know other women who suffer as I did and I will gladly recommend your medicine to them. You may publish this if you think it will help others.—Mrs. F. E. Cook, Maple Creek, Sask.
If you belong to that countless army of women who suffer from some form of female ills, don't hesitate to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs.

ANOTHER OHIO GIRL BLOSSOMS AT CAPITAL.

FADING AT THIRTY

When Woman Should be in the Prime of Charm and Beauty.



Mrs. Charles Dawsey Hilles, wife of the U. S. Secretary of War, who before her marriage was Miss Dollie Bell Whitley, of Lancaster, Ohio.

A Novelty on the Burlington Railroad Fitted With Electric Grills.
By providing a car, exclusively for women, on two of its through trains of the Chicago-St. Paul-Minneapolis service the Burlington Railroad claims to have introduced a novelty for the comfort of passengers. The new cars are more than eighty feet long and are divided into two apartments. The larger of these is called the women's car, a place where the women may retire and rest in the luxurious easy chairs. The color scheme of the decorations is a delicate shade of green and the apartment is kept comfortable by an automatic ventilating system.

For passengers who have a hobby for cooking, or whose health requires that their meals shall be prepared in a special way, an electric grill has been added to the women's car. The new and improved electric grill has been added to the women's car. The new and improved electric grill has been added to the women's car. The new and improved electric grill has been added to the women's car.

These Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BATHS.

Tonic and Bracing, Sponge and Plunge.

A woman bordering on hysteria one night calls up her physician by telephone at a late hour, beseeching him to give her something to help her to get to sleep, so that she could sleep. He directed her to run hot water into her bathtub, to sit in it and particularly to dip a Turkish bath-towel in it and let it rest over her entire spine. She was amazed, and felt that it could never any enough in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

HAVE YOU A BAD SORE?

If so, remember these facts—Zam-Buk is by far the most widely used ointment in Canada. Why has it become so popular? Because it heals every cure skin disease, and does what is claimed for it. Why not let it heal your sore?
Remember that Zam-Buk is altogether different to the ordinary ointments. Most of these consist of animal fats. Zam-Buk contains no trace of any animal fat, or any mineral matter. It is absolutely herbal.
Remember that Zam-Buk is at the same time healing, soothing, and antiseptic. Kills poison instantly, and all harmful germs. It is suitable alike for recent irritations, eruptions, and for chronic sores, ulcers, etc. Test how different and superior Zam-Buk really is. All druggists and stores at 25c. box. Use also Zam-Buk Soap. Relieves sunburn and prevents freckles. Best for baby's bath. 25c. tablet.

FAMOUS ENGLISH CLOCKS.

Some in Cathedrals—Others Are in Private Houses.
A curious astronomical clock is to be seen in Exeter Cathedral. Below the works is a cabinet which when opened displays a miniature burly with fingers, and the background is painted to represent a number of old buildings in Exeter. This was built by Lovelace, took thirty years to construct and rivals the famous clocks of Wimborne Minster and Wells Cathedral.

At Wimborne is an old clock that has in the centre a globe which represents the earth and the sun and the moon, and the phases of the latter are variously depicted. The clock still goes and the works, which are in a room above, cause a figure outside the tower to strike the quarters. This was the work of a Glastonbury monk early in the fourteenth century.

Wells has a wonderful clock, one of the oldest in the world, which dates from 1325. When it strikes the hour, says the Queen, four knights on horseback go riding round, and the seated man kicks two small bells with his heels, as he has been doing every fifteen minutes for nigh on six centuries. This clock was the work of Peter Lightfoot, another monk of Glastonbury.

There is a clock at Windsor Castle known as the globe clock. The globe is enamelled in royal blue; a vertical bar shows the hours and a scythe the minutes. The Isaac Harbottle clock is on view at the British Museum, and two clocks well worth a visit may be seen at the Soane Museum. The upperworks of one of these revolve once in twelve months and require to be wound only once in every two years.

Interesting old clocks are to be found in private houses. One of these may be seen at Luttermworth. This is a long clock, which has an oval face, a hand that points to the days of the week, completing the round in seven days, another which shows the true dead beat, and a third which points to the chiming and quarters. On the upper part of the clock is a small orchestra, which includes a flute, a cello and two violins, and a boy and girl and also three singers. The hours and the quarters are struck, every three hours a tune is played three times over, while the three figures beat time and the boy and girl dance to the music.

There is a music in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument.—Sir Thomas Browne.

THE DIVINE SARAH'S RULE.

Mme. Bernhardt, at a supper in New York, according to the Detroit Free Press, smiled sympathetically over the story of a young actor who had applied vainly for the post of secretary to a rich widow.

"He failed, I understand," said Mme. Bernhardt, "because he didn't wear his best clothes. Now a young girl, applying for a secretaryship to a elderly millionaire would never make such a mistake as that."
"I believe, do you know, that the one great difference between men and women is this:—
"When an important step is to be taken a man asks, 'What shall I say?' a woman, 'What shall I put on?'"

THE FLY NUISANCE.

This is the time of the year when they arrive before them, the swarms of much annoyance and disease. Neglected garbage cans, manure boxes and exposed fish are common breeding places for the annoying insects. All such should be covered in or cleaned up. If manure boxes are made tight, or screened, flies cannot get in to lay their eggs. Keep covers up all places where flies may be born. Put screens in windows and doors. If there are nuisances in your neighborhood report them to the health board. Flies spread consumption, diphtheria, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, summer complaints and fevers of babies by carrying disease from one to another.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Do not linger in a hammock underneath the moonlight's glow. It may lead you to the altar and a flat before you know it.

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