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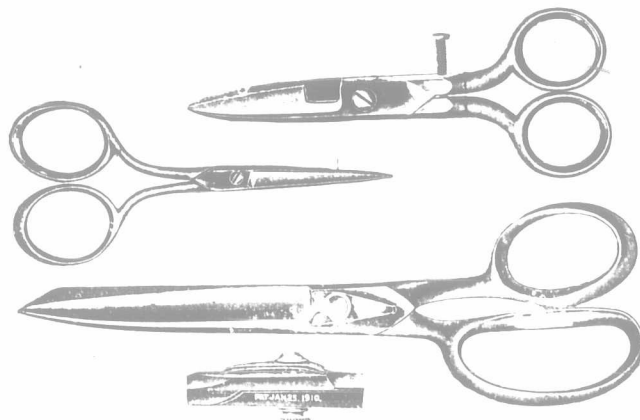
Make Your Own WILL

No
Lawyer
Needed

Some people recognize the importance of making a will but put it off from time to time. Others do not realize how important it is, although we have plenty of object lessons. Every day we hear of some person dying intestate and the disputes and ill feelings engendered in the families immediately related. It does not matter if the estate is a few hundred dollars or as many as thousands, these difficulties arise.

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Please Mention The Advocate

Marguerite, horrified at the terrible consequences of her own thoughtlessness, was powerless to save the Marquis; her own coterie, the leaders of the revolutionary movement, all proclaimed her as a heroine; and when she married Sir Percy Blakeney, she did not perhaps altogether realize how severely he would look upon the sin which she had so inadvertently committed, and which still lay heavily upon her soul. She made full confession of it to her husband, trusting to his blind love for her, her boundless power over him, to soon make him forget what might have sounded unpleasant to an English ear.

Certainly, at the moment, he seemed to take it very quietly; hardly, in fact, did he appear to understand the meaning of all she said; but what was more certain still, was that never after that could she detect the slightest sign of that love which she once believed had been wholly hers. Now they had drifted quite apart, and Sir Percy seemed to have laid aside his love for her as he would an ill-fitting glove. She tried to rouse him by sharpening her ready wit against his dull intellect; endeavored to excite his jealousy, if she could not rouse his love; tried to goad him to self-assertion, but all in vain. He remained the same, always passive, drawing, sleepy, always courteous, invariably a gentleman. She had all that the world and a wealthy husband can give to a pretty woman, yet on this beautiful summer's evening, with the white sails of the Day Dream finally hidden by the evening shadows, she felt more lonely than that poor tramp who plodded his way wearily along the rugged cliffs.

With another heavy sigh, Marguerite Blakeney turned her back upon the sea and cliffs, and walked slowly back towards "The Fisherman's Rest." As she drew near, the sound of revelry, of gay, jovial laughter grew louder and more distinct. She could distinguish Sir Andrew Foulkes' pleasant voice, Lord Tony's boisterous guffaws, her husband's occasional, drawly, sleepy comments; then realizing the loneliness of the road and the fast-gathering gloom round her, she quickened her steps. . . . the next moment she perceived a stranger coming rapidly towards her. Marguerite did not look up; she was not the least nervous, and "The Fisherman's Rest" was now well within call.

The stranger paused when he saw Marguerite coming quickly towards him, and just as she was about to slip past him, he said, very quietly:

"Citoyenne St. Just."

Marguerite uttered a little cry of astonishment at thus hearing her own familiar maiden name uttered so close to her. She looked up at the stranger, and this time, with a cry of unfeigned pleasure, she put out both her hands effusively towards him.

"Chauvelin!" she exclaimed.

"Himself, citoyenne, at your service," said the stranger, gallantly kissing the tips of her fingers.

Marguerite said nothing for a moment or two, as she surveyed with obvious delight the not very prepossessing little figure before her. Chauvelin was then nearer forty than thirty—a clever, shrewd-looking personality, with a curious fox-like expression in the deep, sunken eyes. He was the same stranger who an hour or two previously had joined Mr. Jellyband in a friendly glass of wine.

"Chauvelin. . . my friend. . . ." said Marguerite, with a pretty little sigh of satisfaction. "I am mightily pleased to see you."

No doubt, poor Marguerite St. Just, lonely in the midst of her grandeur, and of her starchy friends, was happy to see a face that brought back memories of that happy time in Paris when she reigned—a queen—over the intellectual coterie of the Rue de Richelieu. She did not notice the sarcastic little smile, however, that hovered round the thin lips of Chauvelin.

"But tell me," she added merrily, "what in the world, or whom in the world, are you doing here in England?"

She had resumed her walk towards the inn, and Chauvelin turned and walked beside her.

"I might return the subtle compliment, fair lady," he said. "What of yourself?"