

For the Housewife's Lunch—BOVRIL

Medical men strongly advise wives and mothers not to forego nourishing midday meals in the absence of their husbands. It is to this foolish habit that many of the diseases so common among women may be attributed. Keep yourself nourished by taking Bovril with the midday meal.



The Heir to Beecham Park

CHAPTER IX.

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. Four whole, long days had passed since their picnic in the wood, and during that time sorrow had come to her, and he had not ministered to her comfort. He wondered whether she knew of his illness, whether she realized that it was that illness alone that had kept him silent. He had determined, as he rose, to speak 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—might be absent the whole day—and he was too weak to crawl to the carriage. What could he do? He must send some message of comfort, some word of love to Margery. His eyes fell on his raiment and, with a half groan, he realized that he was helpless, utterly helpless to do as he wished.

Vane Charteris watched him carefully. She saw his brow contract and the look of trouble gather on his face.

"Are you in pain?" she asked, gently.

Stuart woke from his musings. "My arm is a little troublesome," he replied, evasively; then, collecting his thoughts with an effort, he said: "But I must not be selfish, Vane. You will find it dull work sitting with an invalid. I feel so angry with myself for being so clumsy. Just fancy, Vane—this is the first time I have been ill in my life!"

"Then we must do our best to cheer you, Cousin Stuart," Vane responded, a faint color mounting to her cheeks at the last words. What could they mean but that this illness kept him from her side? "Come," she added, brightly—"let me amuse you, read to you, or do something. I assure you, Cousin Stuart, I consider it a pleasure. I would do anything for you, believe me."

Stuart looked at her as she drew up another chair and sunk into it, giving him a frank, affectionate glance. A sudden thought flashed into his mind, and then died away.

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

"Useless!" echoed Stuart. "Indeed, Vane, you are quite wrong."

"Then let me help you," Vane said, suddenly. "I see plainly, Stuart, something is troubling you; it is not only the arm. Come—I shall begin

"You will," he asked, with gladness on his face.

Vane put one hand on her chair for support.

"Am I not your friend?" she smiled, faintly.

"Oh thank you—thank you!" he cried, rising from his chair; but Vane gently pushed him back again.

"Tell me what you want," she urged, standing at his side, so that he could not see her pallor and annoyance.

"I want you to plead with me to my mother—not for myself—I am strong enough"—and Stuart drew himself up proudly—"I would face the whole world. I want you to be a friend to Margery, as you would be to me. She may need your help; a woman such as you, Vane, can do much—smooth difficulties. You can see how angry my mother will be. I shall not care for her anger; but Margery is so tender, so sweet, so proud—anger will humiliate and distress her; and, if you aid her, she will scarcely feel it, I am sure."

"Then you have not spoken to Aunt Constance yet?" Vane observed, very quietly. "I am afraid you will have great trouble. You see, Stuart, your wife will be of low station, and your mother is proud."

"We do not know what Margery's birth may be; but that does not affect me. I love her; she shall be my wife. Ah, you do not know her, Cousin Vane, 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."

"Your news has surprised me, Stuart," he must 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 act as such. Yes; I will help you."

Stuart's face flushed, and he leaned forward and bent his lips to Vane's white hand.

"This is, indeed, good of you!" he exclaimed. "Vane, I can never thank you enough."

"Tell me what I must do," returned Miss Charteris, unfurling her fan again.

"Will you see Margery?" inquired Stuart, hurriedly.

"To-day?" asked Vane.

"Yes. Ah, Vane, think—four days have gone, and I have been tied to my bed, not able to see her, not even to write her a word! If you would go to her, tell her all is going well, that you will be her friend, you will make me so happy."

"I will go, Stuart," Vane said, quietly; "for your sake I will do all I can. No; do not thank me. Remember what I said just now—I would do anything for you. I will wait till it is a little cooler, then borrow Aunt Constance's ponies, and drive to the village. She hesitated. "Perhaps—perhaps Miss Daw may not like me?"

"Not like you!" cried Stuart, quickly. "She cannot help herself. Dear Vane, how good you are! You do not know what a load you have taken off my mind. I dreaded, I feared that my poor darling would have been without a friend. Now she is secure. My mother loves you, and will be led by you. I shall speak to her the instant she returns, and then Margery can come here. Vane, I shall never forget your kindness!"

"You shall give me all your messages before I start," Miss Charteris replied. "Now let me read to you a little—you look tired. I shall not let you talk any more."

She smiled gently, and flitted away, leaving Stuart deep in happy thought. His spirits rose as the picture of a blissful future floated before him, and his heart was filled with gratitude toward Vane. Without her help, it would have been a hard fight; but now his fears were lessened, for his darling would have one staunch, true friend.

Sir Douglas Gerant, walking through the hall, glanced at the invalid lying back in the chair, his face illumined with the flood of happiness that thrilled him.

"You look better, Stuart," he said, abruptly, approaching the young man. "I am feeling splendid," Stuart replied, heartily.

"Hum! What new remedy have you tried, may I ask?" Sir Douglas said, dryly.

"A new doctor has prescribed for me," Stuart said, with a laugh; "and here she is, Cousin Vane, see how much good you have done me! Sir Douglas has complimented me with almost professional jealousy."

(To be continued.)



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RICE CREAM

1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 cup water, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups cooked rice, 2 eggs, ¼ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Scald Carnation Milk and water, add rice, egg yolks, sugar and salt. Cook until thick in double boiler. Remove from fire, add stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Add vanilla, cool and serve with cream. This serves six people.

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Rebuking the Modern Youth

"It has for some years been a popular axiom that everything which is wrong with the world is the fault of the old people," says the Telegraph. "When the storm of 1914 broke the youth of the country were assured that the singular folly of their elders was the cause of all the death and suffering. When the war was over every reformer with an ambition to construct a new heaven and a new earth called upon youth to renounce the follies of its grandfathers and grandmothers and rely upon

its own superior genius. The theory that the past and the old people are responsible for all the evil but none of the good in the world was invented long ago.

"The members of the Student Christian Movement, in conference at Manchester, have just been startled by the suggestion that the modern youth is really the most conceited thing that ever was produced." Did Sir Anthony Absolute say something like that the century before last? The Rev. Garfield Williams is prepared to be categorical in his indictment. He finds that the modern student is ridiculous in his choice of books. Unless a tome bears the date of this

year or last ingenious youth considers it obsolete.

"They have been so often informed by the sages of the moment and the authors of the current masterpieces of the insignificance and futility of the past that they consider it a mark of the higher intelligence to show ignorance of anything older than yesterday. Mr. Garfield Williams was moved to make the very unfashionable remark that, 'as a matter of fact, almost all the books that are worth reading are books that were not published in the twentieth century.' It may be true; base mathematical arguments strongly suggest that it is true. Men have been writing books for some thousands of years; we must therefore consider it probable that the vast majority of good books in existence were written before 1900. But when we remark what distress such statements must cause to many eminent people, we feel that Mr. Williams should not have said it. He is ruthless. He went on to read our young people for believing that nothing good can come out of the Victorian Age. 'The real truth if the matter is,' he said, most unkindly, 'that if you do about one-tenth as well as your fathers did in the Victorian Age you will do uncommonly well.'"

Gandhi a Heretic?

"A startling new development has occurred in Bombay which may have far-reaching effects on the political situation," says The Mail's Bombay correspondent.

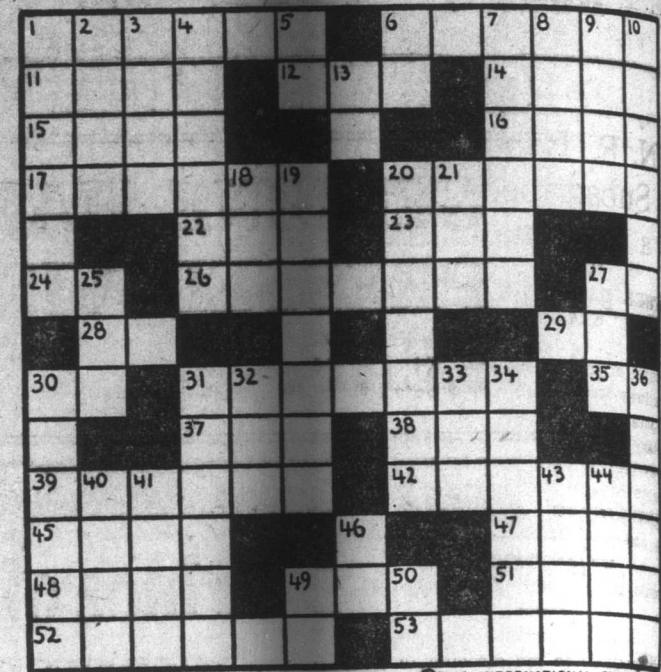
"A large number of Hindus convened and attended by all the most influential Hindu leaders in Bombay met to consider the attack made by Mr. Gandhi, the extremist leader, against the Hindu religion and priesthood."

"The attack was contained in Mr. Gandhi's address to the recent Home Rule Congress. He announced that the main plank in his programme is the abolition of caste untouchability. The meeting of Hindus repudiated this and declared that caste untouchability was an essential point of Hindu religion which had been approved by the scriptures, and must therefore be maintained."

"Mr. Gandhi, who is a Hindu, was thus practically condemned as a heretic. This is almost certain to result in a deep cleavage in the ranks of Hindu public men."

THE HIPPLEY AND TRAPNELL FAMILIES.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



SUGGESTIONS FOR SOLVING CROSS-WORD PUZZLES

Start out by filling in the words of which you feel reasonably sure. These will give you a clue to other words crossing them, and they in turn to still others. A letter belongs in each white space, words starting at the numbered squares and running either horizontally or vertically or both.

HORIZONTAL

- 1—Rascal
- 2—Intermission
- 11—Tibetan Priest
- 12—Propeller
- 14—Warmth
- 15—Post for opened
- 16—Part in music
- 17—Tool for writing
- 20—Closer
- 22—Fuss
- 23—Emmet
- 24—Accomplish
- 26—Government grant to an inventor (pl.)
- 27—Part of verb "to be"
- 28—Like
- 29—Printer's measurement
- 30—One who trusts (abbr.)
- 31—Those who admire greatly
- 35—Official in mail service (abbr.)
- 37—Dull brown color
- 38—Decay
- 39—Reflected sounds
- 42—Fix or set in place
- 46—To fly high
- 47—Matrix
- 48—A weed that grows among wheat
- 49—Public conveyance
- 51—Language of Scottish Highlanders
- 52—Prefix meaning solid
- 53—An easy gallop

VERTICAL

- 1—Slanted
- 2—A headland
- 3—So be it
- 4—A rattle-brain person
- 5—Thus
- 6—Common carrier (abbr.)
- 7—To sing in praise (pl.)
- 8—Elongated fish (pl.)
- 9—Satisfy
- 10—Small shops
- 13—Near
- 18—Girl's name
- 19—Medicated fluids
- 20—Those who dance
- 21—Abbr. for entomology
- 26—Propeller
- 27—Little devil
- 30—Curving tops of waves
- 31—A lever
- 32—Owing
- 33—Fish eggs
- 34—Part of a flower
- 35—Angrier
- 40—A garment
- 41—Rabbit
- 43—Legal action
- 44—Besides
- 46—A parent
- 49—Abbr. for name of a firm
- 50—Before Christ (abbr.)

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