

didn't care to see as she swept into the drawing-room. The interview was soon over. I peeped at him as he left the house, he looked awful. Mamma did not say a word about what had passed.

Not all the King's horses or all the King's men would have made me marry Garthorpe Trotter, Earl of Blackmouth, if I had loved a man like Alan Winterfield and had ever seen such a look in his eyes. Poor Madge always was such a passive, obedient girl, but no wonder she looks as if the life were crushed out of her.

What with Louisa and Madge I am beginning to think that marriage is a very serious thing to enter into. Heigh-ho! I am glad that I am not in love with any one so far.

Your loving
Peggy.

P.S. I believe I shall be the proverbial old maid of the family. Thank goodness, Babs has kept her promise and left Lord Wallsend out of the party. I shall get a little peace for a few weeks, he's been getting a perfect nuisance, and after the way he used to snub me, too! He did fish for an invitation, but Babs told him there wasn't room for a fly, and we should all go to the bottom if she crowded any more on to the yacht. I wonder where Babs expects to go to in the next world? She is a most audacious fibber. There is a nice crowd going, but Colonel Berring dropped out at the last moment. Babs was mad, because of Edna, she will be disappointed; perhaps that was why he sheered off? We sail to-morrow and I can't get over to say good-bye. I expect you will have gone to Appletree House by the time I come back, and I shall defy mamma and come straight on there instead of Stone Hall. Ta-ta,

Your affectionate niece,
Peggy.

Miss Pragg to the Honourable Margaret Assitas.

To be forwarded.

Dear Peggy,

Three days after you sailed, little Percy died! I think Louisa knew what was coming, she had not been in bed for a week. She looks like a woman turned to stone and has not shed a tear.

The child was buried yesterday. Your mother sent a magnificent wreath of orchids, I, one of lilies, and Madge one of white roses; poor Louisa laid a cross of purple pansies on the little coffin. Lord Wentwell was not at the funeral, no one knew where to find him after he left the Bannermans.

I am really uneasy about Louisa, she has an awful look in her eyes. I called after the funeral to comfort her, and found her sitting in the empty nursery, folding and unfolding a little jacket Percy had worn. I begged her to come downstairs but she shook her head. When I told her she ought to make an effort to throw her mind into another channel and not become morbid, she looked at me, and then broke into a peal of harsh laughter. I was horrified, and thought her mind had given way.

"Forget! Aunt Pragg—forget—that is what I am afraid of doing. No! no! I am safer here—Percy was all I had—all I had—I have nothing now to—save me!"

I thought her so strange, that I rang up the doctor when I left and sent him round to see her.

Poor Louisa!—Wentwell neglects her shamefully, she ought to go away somewhere, but refuses to leave the house or to see anyone.

I hope you are having a good time, child. Town is getting empty and I am going to Appletree House next week. I shall take Manson and Grey and motor there, the others will be left behind to look after the Maisonette, it wants a thorough renovation this year inside and out. I've left it with Harrod's to carry through. Write to Appletree House when you do write.

Your affectionate
Aunt Pragg.

CHAPTER XIII.

Portman Square.

James Kenway had never been able to recover from the state of astonishment into which he had been cast, when, three months after his opera-

tion, he was dismissed from the hospital—a cured man!

It was a miracle!

In this, the twentieth century, a miracle had been performed like unto the miracle wrought in Capernaum of old when He of Nazareth healed a man possessed of devils.

Again, a mighty healer had arisen, who could cure a sick brain and send a madman back to his fellow-men, sane and sound!

Such a thing could never be forgotten. Gratitude surged in his heart, and in the heart of the young wife, as once more they sat together in their humble home and looked into each other's eyes. Little by little, Kenway gleaned from his wife the terrible happenings of those three past years which would ever remain a blank in his life.

The words arrested on his lips when he was struck down in the trenches of South Africa, came back from them again when he woke to conscious reason three years later, the sentence then cut short, he completed after this long interval of time. It was difficult at first for him to grasp and realize the fact that so much had happened in the interval.

As strength returned and the bandages were gradually discarded, he felt each day stronger a desire burning within him to see the wonderful man whose skill had given back the world to him. He wanted to thank him, to kneel at his feet, for words could never adequately express his gratitude, or the deep emotion which possessed him.

ANOTHER doctor had taken charge of his case during convalescence, and all his inquiries for Dr. Bassingbroke were met with evasive answers.

Sir Lawrence Goss watched his progress with the greatest interest, but James Kenway had found out that Sir Lawrence Goss, although at the head of his profession, had only been an onlooker during the performance of the "Miracle."

Kenway was a big, powerful man, and he had big powerful feelings whenever he realized afresh his narrow escape from a horrible doom, a living death, a perpetual mental darkness and despair.

His first act, when he was dismissed from the ward, was to make a pilgrimage to Harley Street. The healer would surely not refuse to see him! Several times he had made unsuccessful attempts, always receiving the same grave reply from the man-servant who opened the door.

"Dr. Bassingbroke is out" or "engaged"—"would he make an appointment," "Dr. Wilson would see him for Dr. Bassingbroke."

Kenway shook his head and pondered slowly. Dr. Wilson had taken over Dr. Bassingbroke's patients at the hospital and attended him since the "Miracle"—but it was not Dr. Wilson that the man wanted to see.

Kenway had always made his pilgrimage to Harley Street during the daytime. Early in the morning he was there and tried to catch the doctor at breakfast, he hung about till mid-day hoping to see him step in his car, he waited on through the afternoon till dusk, without once getting a glimpse of the celebrated young specialist.

"'Tain't 'arf funny," he muttered in perplexity, "'ere I've bin 'an 'ung abaht since seven o'clock this mornin' when the milkcans was flung round till nigh on to th' same time at night. It fair puts the lid on—don't 'e never go out? Theer's Doctor Wilson buz-zin' abaht at all 'ours like a bloomin' blue-bottle, but never no sign of t' other 'un. Beats me, it do, strite."

Kenway had a streak of the British bulldog in his composition, and hung on to his purpose in spite of constant disappointment.

"Guess arter all, he's bin 'avin a bit of a hollerday, that's abaht the size of it," he ejaculated after deep thought. He gave a sigh of relief at this simple solution of the mystery and decided to "have another go."

"I'll try t'other end of the day, next time," he decided, "an' see what luck I has at night."

(To be continued.)

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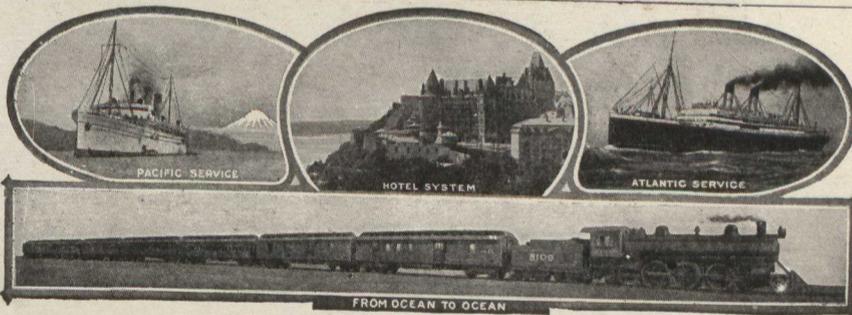
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