

"Hang Miss Kinnersly," said Lord Portsea.

"Did she refuse you?"

"Do you suppose I asked her?"

"Didn't you?"

But he had left the room. He saw that his mother was on the verge of tears, and he anticipated distressing scenes in the future for her hopes had been allowed to rise too high, poor lady, and the coming down would cause her painful disillusion.

"Whither away?" asked Lord Portsea, in his clear young voice. "How are you?" It was Mamie Kinnersly whom he addressed.

"I am going for a walk," she said.

"So am I," said Lord Portsea. "But you are a long way from home, you're almost at our place."

"I didn't notice where I was going. I never do when I'm out alone. What a lovely day it is." It began to rain as she spoke, but neither noticed it. "I'll turn back now," she added. "I was just going to."

"May I walk along a little way with you?"

"Sure," she said coldly, though it was a word that does not go well with a cold tone.

"How is Mrs. Stoddart-Stoddart?" asked Lord Portsea.

"She has nerves she says. It's very dull at the house. Some days she doesn't speak to me at all. To-day she's gone to London and left me all alone with no one to talk to."

The rain was coming down in earnest now. Neither of them had an umbrella. The only shelter was a gnarled old oak, they stood side by side under its great branches and waited for the shower to pass.

"Why don't you ever come to see me?" asked Mamie.

"You are a heartless coquette," he burst out. The words or the voice did not seem his. He felt himself speaking as if he were some other person than Lord Portsea. "You have won the affections of—of Billy and now you would like to play with mine. You have no heart. You don't know what real love means. You—"

"I guess you're mad."

"No, I'm sane, too sane. I can see through things."

"I guess you're mad," she repeated.

"Why, Billy's my brother."

The rain beat fiercely and they could not move away from each other.

"I told you my dad was awful," she went on. "He has only us two, Billy and me, and he's terribly afraid that I'll live in America and look down on him and my mother, and that Billy will turn out a loafer. He wants me to live in England and marry a lord because he wants to stay at home and be his natural self with mother, and doesn't want me near feeling anyway ashamed of them. As if I ever should, the two old dears. And he sent Billy to Germany to work like a common stoker with not one cent but what he earns himself."

"Go on," said her companion in a voice that was strangely husky.

"Billy's great. He's twenty, but he has to get up at four every morning, and have dirty hands all day. He hates Germany but has to live there. He taught them to play football but he says they will never be any good."

"It was he who kissed you?"

"Of course! He came over because he has fallen in love. She is a girl friend of mine who was coming to London this spring. She arrived sooner and that was why Billy appeared like that. He made up a tale and got away from work for five days. And I was there—to be there so that Chrissy could say that she had met me, in case things went wrong, and their meeting was discovered; and they had a sort of quarrel because Billy had been jealous, but now it is all right." She paused and looked sadly into the rain. "Being in love runs in our family. Billy takes it from dad who ran away with my mother when she was eighteen and he was twenty-four."

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"You are eighteen and I am twenty-four," said Lord Portsea.

And the wonder of that discovery so overcame them that neither seemed to know that Lord Portsea's arm was round Mamie's waist, and her head was lying on his shoulder.

"Darling, you will marry me, won't you?" whispered Lord Portsea.

"Oh, but what will they all say? They'll all be so glad."

"What do we care what they say. I love you so that I cannot do without you. Don't you love me a little bit, too, darling?"

"It'll please everybody so."

"But what does that matter? I love you. Do you love me? That's all that matters. Tell me, do you?"

"I guess I—I must," said Mamie.

"You darling, and you will marry me?"

"It's awful to think how they will rejoice."

"Let them," returned he, and putting his arms round her, he stooped over her, their lips met in the first shy, wonderful lover's kiss.

Quite Important

The Frenchman did not like the look of the barking dog barring his way.

"It's all right," said his host; "don't you know the proverb: 'Barking dogs don't bite'?"

"Ah, yes," said the Frenchman, "I know ze proverb, you know ze proverb; but ze dog—does he know ze proverb?"

Examination Gems

Epidermis is what keeps your skin on. The Torrid Zone is caused by the friction of the equator which runs round the earth in the middle.

Longitude and latitude are imaginary lines on the earth which show you which way you are going.

The days are shorter in winter because cold contracts.

A Mr. Newton invented gravity with the aid of an apple.

There was no such man as Hamlet. He lived in Denmark.

A curve is a straight line that has been bent.

The climate is caused by hot and cold weather.

The pagans were a contented race until the Christians came among them.

A boy who is amphibious can use all of his hands.

Gold was discovered in California before anyone knew it was there.

Mars is the name of a star so far off it would take a million years to walk there in an express train.

A miracle is anything that someone does that can't be done.—Christian Intelligence.

Unexpected Shrinkage

It is generally understood that quality of mind and not size of body determines the place a man fills in the temple

of fame; but two countrymen, of whom the New York Times tells, were evidently in doubt about it.

One day during the Congressional career of Major-General Joseph Wheeler two rural visitors were in the House gallery taking in the proceedings on the floor. One of them noticed the general flying about, as was his wont.

"Who's that little chap down there in front talking to the big feller?" he asked of his companion.

"Blessed if I know," replied the other.

Some one sitting back of them ventured the information that it was General Wheeler of Alabama.

"Well, I declare!" said the first one.

"I've heard that a feller might be a good deal of a man at home, but when he come to Washington he wa'n't so much of a heavyweight; but I didn't suppose they'd dwindle away like that."

"John, have you solved your problem?" asked the teacher.

"No, sir," answered John.

"How old are you, John?"

"Sixteen."

"Sixteen, and can't solve that! Why, at your age George Washington was a surveyor."

"And at your age," was John's answer, "he was President of the United States."

"Class is excused," said the teacher hurriedly.

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