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**The Heir to Beecham Park**

CHAPTER XI

Presently the sound of footsteps aroused her, and, looking up, she saw Reuben Morris enter the garden, accompanied by a young man, who, despite his handsome face, was certainly of a plebeian stamp. The two men were talking earnestly; and Margery noticed with a pang the stoop in the sturdy shoulders, the worn face of the bearded man. She had always loved him, though the link that bound her to the dead woman was wanting in her affection for him; and she forgot her own sorrow for the moment in thinking of his.

She was leaning back in the shadow, and neither perceived her; but her ears caught her own name; and, too weary to move, she remained in her seat.

"Then you have not spoken to Margery yet?" she heard the young man question.

"No; but I shall do it afore night-time. I cannot bear to think of quitting her, poor lamb! But there's jany here as'll be good to her, and I cannot stay in the place it would kill me."

"You will be a loss, Morris," returned the stranger. "Have you sent word to Sir Hubert's steward about going?"

"I've just come from him. He spoke very kindly, and tried to persuade me to stay on; but my mind is fixed, and I was firm. Sir Hubert and my lady are not coming home, after all, he tells me, for which I am sorry, as Margery would—"

Margery rose and moved into the doorway, holding out her hand to the speaker.

"I have heard what you have been saying, Dad Reuben," calling him by the name she had given him when she was a child.

Reuben Morris drew her toward him.

"My poor lass!" he said, gently. "How worn and tired you look! I meant to ha' spoken to you to-night, Margery."

"Tell me now," she urged, giving her hand to the young man.

"I am going away, Margery," Reuben replied. "I cannot stay here. The sight of all she loved would kill me; so I am just going to leave it all; and I start for Australia at the end of the week. I have been up to Farmer Bright's, and Mr. Robert has walked back with me to talk it all over."

"Australia!" repeated Margery, drawing closer to him. "So soon!"

"Yes, lass; I must go. I have had an offer through Farmer Bright to go up country to a man who wants a stock-driver. It isn't money that takes me, Margery. I must go! Hartley, or I shall go mad. But we must think of you, lass!"

"I shall be all right," Margery said quietly. "I have many friends; Sir Hubert's steward will find me another home till Lady Coningham comes back, and—"

"Yes; my mother has sent me here with a message to you Margery," Robert Bright said, quickly. "She wants you to come to her for a month or so."

"She is very kind," Margery said. "What thou go, lass?" asked Reuben gently.

Margery drew a quick breath. "I cannot answer now," she said. "to-morrow I will tell you, Mr. Robert."

"Oh, there is no hurry," Robert returned, heartily. "Mother will wait some year, gladly whenever you come."

"Wait till to-morrow, and she'll be with you," Reuben said, in the young man's ear, as Margery turned indoors; again; then he added, in a louder tone: "I must go up to the Weald for an hour, to see the men. Get these some rest, lass."

"I will stay here, if Margery will let me," Robert Bright said, putting one foot on the doorstep, and glancing into the room.

Reuben had moved away down the path, and the sight of the girl's pale, drawn face, and listless, drooping figure, stirred the heart of the young farmer. For weeks past he had grown to watch for this girl. Her rare beauty and daintiness were as something heavenly in his everyday life.

"You must not fret, Margery," he said, as kindly as he could, sympathy, always difficult to him, was almost impossible now. "You are looking very pale and ill!"

The girl raised her hands, and pressed them over her hot eyes; then she rose with a faint smile, and drew nearer to the door, leaning back against it with a weary little sigh.

"I am very tired," she said, wistfully, "and the heat tries me."

"I am a brute to tease you," he broke in, quickly; "but, Margery, I am not sane, now! I love you so dearly; give me one kind word."

"I cannot, I cannot!" she cried. "You must not hope. Mr. Robert, I—"

"Not hope!" he repeated, blankly. "Not hope! Do you mean that, Margery?"

"Yes," she answered, putting one hand to her heart to check its tumultuous throbbings. "Yes; I mean it. I like you—you are so good; but love—"

The sadness of her accents touched him.

"Then forget it all," he said, huskily. "Love does not kill. I shall get over it. And yet—"

He hesitated, looked once more at her drooping figure, and then went on, hurriedly: "Don't let this stop you from going to my mother, if you care to do so. I have to run up to London to-night. We should not meet."

Margery rose and held out her hands to him. In an instant he had been pressed to his breast, his eyes fixed on her face; but there was no indication of what he sought in her pallid cheeks and trembling lips. He loosened his grasp.

"Then," he said, slowly, "there is no hope, Margery?"

"None," she murmured, faintly.

Robert Bright pressed his lips to her hands, and the next minute she heard his step grow fainter and fainter along the path; and then the click of the gate told that he was gone.

Margery sat on, dazed, almost stupefied. Then gradually memory came back to her, bringing, in all its bitter news, the old pain of the morning, with a fresh pang of sorrow for the

man who had just left her. She felt as though she had been cruel to him. He had been so earnest, so eager, and yet there was no hope. No hope! Her heart echoed the dismal words. Life, that had been so bright and beautiful, was now dark and drear as winter gloom. She sat on, heedless of time's flight, vaguely watching the sun touch the trees with its afternoon gold, and sadly musing on the dark, mysterious future that stretched before her. At last she woke from her sad thoughts. The click of the gate had caught her ear, and she realized that the afternoon was nearly gone.

"It is Dad Reuben!" she murmured, and, rising, she dragged herself from the chair, and stood, looking pale and ill, as the shadow fell over the doorway.

(To be continued).

**"Sanitas"**

In pre-war days "Sanitas Disinfectant" was well and favorably known in Newfoundland and enjoyed ready sale amongst well informed people. It is again for sale at your Druggists. Sanitas is unique amongst disinfectants, because whilst being good for all the usual purposes of a disinfectant, it is recommended for use as a gargle, as a mouth and tooth wash and for offensive breath.

"Sanitas" is positively non-poisonous; for this reason alone, many people prefer it for household use; particularly where there are children or aged persons. Sanitas is a safe disinfectant.

The odour of Sanitas is pleasantly fragrant. Sanitas may be used without announcing the fact that there's sickness in your home. Sanitas is made by The "Sanitas" Co., of London, Disinfectant Manufacturers to His Majesty the King.

A bottle of "Sanitas" costs 35 cents. "Sanitas" is indispensable where personal cleanliness is desired.—Jan 5, 1925.

**EASY WORK.**

For years and years I hated Fitz James Adolphus Chee; his conduct I detested. He wrote a caustic letter, and I replied to that; he kicked my Irish setter. I stung his Maltese cat. And so, while years were flying, each cherished in his heart a bitterness undying that kept our clans apart. But at the Christmas season I felt old hatreds die; I said: "There is no reason for hating F. A. Chee; perhaps if I should send him a gift on Christmas day, this effort to befriend him might soothe his grudge away. Perhaps he may be willing to pass up ancient wrong, and spend the New Year trilling with me a loving song." I sent him then a present, a necktie red and grey, and with a manner pleasant he greeted me next day. "I've long been sick of grinding my well known teeth," he said, "my spool of hate unwinding, and daily seeing red. I have been long admitting my error, but that tie, of fine and skillful knitting, has made base passions fly." Thus many ancient grudges that live the long years through, and occupy the judges and cops and lawyers, too, might fade in half a minute if either man would smile; oh, hate! there's nothing in it, but kindness is worth while.

"I am a brute to tease you," he broke in, quickly; "but, Margery, I am not sane, now! I love you so dearly; give me one kind word."

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The Shoe Men



Now get your books and hop off to school," said Lady Love, clearing off the breakfast dishes. "I must go over to Cousin Cottontail's. I wonder what is the matter? Something important or she wouldn't have sent me a special delivery letter," and the little lady bunny bustled about to get things in order before she left.

Then putting on her bonnet with the pinky ribbons on it, Lady Love hopped out on the back porch, followed by her bunny boy, and turning the key in the lock, she hopped quickly down the winding path through the bushes out to the Sunny Meadow. Following the Old Cow Path, the two little bunnies skipped along until they came to the big log that served as a bridge across the Bubbling Brook, now covered with a thick coat of ice and snow.

"Goodby. Be a good boy," said the little lady rabbit, kissing her bunny son, and off he hopped, while she carefully picked her way across the old log to the Pleasant Pasture, just on the other side of the little stream. In a few minutes she reached the Old Brush Heap on the hill, under which Cousin Cottontail had built a snug little bungalow—very pleasant in the summer time when the big green vines that trailed over it was green with leaves. And very comfortable, too, during the cold weather when the snow formed a hard roof above to keep Mr. North Wind out.

"Tip tap, tipperly tap," Lady Love knocked on the front door which was opened the next minute by Mrs. Cottontail. "Have you heard the news?" asked Mrs. Cottontail, all excited.

"No, what is it?" enquired Lady Love, stepping inside as all the little Cottontails crowded about.

"Why, the Hopping Cough is all around," cried Mrs. Cottontail. "Dr. Quack may close the schools. I've kept the children home to-day."

"Dear, dearest me," exclaimed Lady Love, "and I let Little Jack Rabbit go this very morning. Do you think it's serious?"

"Well, I should say so," answered Mrs. Cottontail, hanging up Lady Love's pretty woolen bonnet with the pinky ribbons on it. "Dr. Quack says when a little bunny once gets it he can't sit still but hops about all the time. Can't even sit down to the table."

"Gracious me, how dreadful!" sighed Lady Love.

"Yes, indeed," went on Cousin Cottontail. "I hear one little bunny hopped right out of his shoes and stockings."

"Well, there's no use worrying oneself sick," answered wise Little Lady Love. "I'll call up Dr. Quack right away."

"You can't," said Mrs. Cottontail. "The storm has broken the wire,

That's why I sent you a special delivery."

"Then I'll wait till I get home," replied Lady Love, and in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

Insist on Queen Maud Sardines no other "just as good."

A single flower on the shoulder is still the rule.

Fads and Fashions

Frock yokes are of contrasting or of material.

No spring frock is without its however slight.

A bit of lace is used on the hat for spring.

Paris favors a two-piece effect the one-piece frock.

A quite amusing fad is that of cross word puzzle silks.

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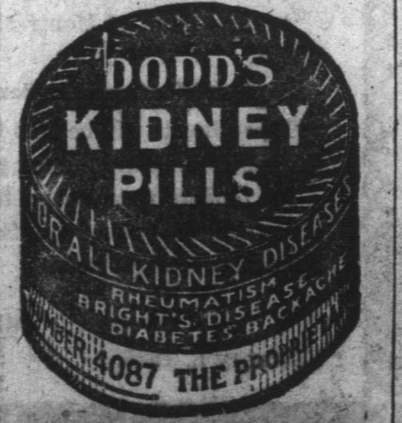
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