

Sweet Miss Margery

'Hope was almost dead forever when I visited you at Crobie... Sweet Miss Margery...'

how it would be a wiser course to send out an agent to the antipodes in search of his new cousin... Sweet Miss Margery...'

Greatest Invention of age For Hoarseness, Weak Throat

Nothing So Far Discovered Is So Beneficial to Public Speakers, Ministers, Singers and Teachers as Catarrh...'

POPPES WHO HAVE RULED THE CHURCH.

Pope Pius X. is counted the 263rd prelate to occupy that highest ecclesiastical office...'

AETER EFFECTS OF FEVER

How to Build Up Health and Strength After Wasting Diseases...'

RELIEF IS QUICK; BUT CURE IS SURE

Napoleon Vaillancourt speaks of Dodd's Kidney Pills...'

FIXING UP FURNITURE.

Revamping and Renovating in Order at This Season...'

THE STREET A STAGE.

(Bruce, in Vancouver Sunset). The streets are a stage, set sometimes to melodrama, and to pageant...'

Valuable Advice to Mothers.

If your child comes in from play, coughing or showing evidence of cold, sore throat, or sickness of any kind, get out your bottle of Nervine...'

LIFE'S THREE QUESTIONS.

A frater in Harper's Bazaar tells us that the three great questions in life are: 'Is it right or wrong? Is it true or false? Is it beautiful or ugly?'

IT NEEDED A DIAGRAM.

Dealer—Yes, quite good, only I can't quite see what it's all about...'

MAMMA CAUGHT THEM.

'What are you trying for, children?' 'Artist—Why, it's a clear as mind, The farmyard at sunrise...'

PERHAPS.

Monsieur Fane Pas—'Ah, so this is your little son. He is—what you say?—a chip of the old blockhead!'—M. A. P.

A WOMAN SEXTON.

A woman has just been appointed sexton of Crowland Abbey, the office having been held by the family to which she belongs since 1792...'

THE BUCKING HORSE.

A touch of the spur or a flick of the quirt signals the start. His knowledge of what to do must be a heritage from his ancestors, for all horses do it, and all American wild horses are sprung from horses that once carried men...'

A SURE WAY.

To prevent oil lamps from smoking is to take any quantity of onions, bruise them, put all into retort and distill; pour a little of this liquor into the bottom of the lamp, and it will not smoke...'

CHAPTER XXV.

At midnight, while the clouds were driven across the moon by the wind, Stuart Crobie sat in his chamber at Court Manor, his arms folded, his head bent dejectedly upon his breast...'