

# Children Cry for

**Fletcher's  
CASTORIA**



**MOTHER**—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

## The Heir to Beecham Park

CHAPTER XIV.  
"Do not talk of my goodness," she answered, lightly. "What are my little efforts, compared with all the kindness you have shown me?"

"You cannot guess, Margery, how different my life has been since you came to me. Now, don't shake your head! I can never say it often enough. Do you know, I had a presentiment that we should become friends the very instant Mrs. Fothergill mentioned your name? Margery Daw! There is a sweetness about it, a touch of romance. I was quite eager you should come and I was so happy when the letter arrived saying that you would. I am afraid, dear, Lady Enid added, with a sigh, "that sometimes it is very lonely and dull for you here, with only a poor sick girl for company."

Margery slipped to her knees beside the slight form in its cardinal-colored silk wrapper.  
"Never say that again—never," she said, "for I will not listen."  
Lady Enid smiled, and Margery bent her lips to the thin, white hand.  
"Are you comfortable?" she asked, gently.

"Quite. Now stay here, Margery, and let us chat together. When the lamps come, I will hear you sing; but this is what I enjoy. I have been thinking to myself, as I lay on my couch, what a delight it would be to find out the truth about your poor young mother. How glad I should be if we could discover a clew!"  
"I have given up all hope," Margery responded dreamily.  
"Then it is wrong of you," Lady Enid said, reprovingly, while she stroked Margery's soft curls caressingly. "I do not mean to do so if you do. I have thought of all sorts of plans; but the best of them all is to put the whole affair into Nugent's hands."

"But, my dear Lady Enid, your brother, Lord Court, will have other and more important things to employ him."

"Nugent always does anything that gives me pleasure, and this would be pleasure, indeed. You know, Margery, I have written so much about you; and only in his last letter he said he was so delighted to hear that I had at last secured a real friend and companion."

"He is very fond of you, I know," Margery responded, softly. She knew that on the theme of this beloved brother Lady Enid would talk for hours, and she welcomed any subject that interested the poor young patient, being content to herself to lis-

ten, for it banished more painful thoughts.

"Nugent has loved me as a father, mother, brother, all in one; we were left orphans so young; and oh, Margery, you could never fathom how dear he is to me! When I was well and could run about I can remember that my greatest treat was to have a holiday with Nugent. Then, when my illness came, and I was crippled for life, it was Nugent who brought all the happiness, all the light into my existence. We were alone in the world, and he treasured me as the greatest jewel till—"  
Lady Enid paused. "Margery," she went on, after a brief silence, "I dare say you have often wondered why Nugent does not come home, why he has left me here so long alone?"

"I have, sometimes," confessed Margery.  
"And you have thought him unkind. Ah, I will not have him judged, wrongly! I will tell you why he wanders abroad, leaves his old home and me, his little sister. Yes, I will tell you."

"If it pains you, do not speak of it," broke in Margery, seeing the pale face contract a little.  
"It is dead and gone, and I need grieve no more. Nugent and I never speak of the past, but it will do me good to open my heart to you. When, as I have told you before, the doctors said I should be a cripple for life, I thought my brother's heart would break. He grew almost ill with trouble, and it was not until he saw that I was resigned and content that he recovered. He was so good to me then; no one was allowed to touch me; but he; he lifted me and carried me from my couch to the chair or to the bed; he regulated his whole life and career by me. But for my illness he would have found a prominent place in the government, and doubtless have become a great man in the political world; but he renounced all his ambitions—everything for me. We were living then in our dear old home, Court Manor, of all Nugent's possessions the one we most cherished. I should like to take you there, Margery, to show you its quaint rooms and corridors, let you loose yourself in the pleasure and gardens. I was quite happy. Nugent never left me; together we read, studied, sung; we wanted nothing more than our two selves. Well, a day came that ended it all."

"Court Manor is in Westshire, in one of the most picturesque parts, and the village of Court consists of about half-a-dozen cottages and a tiny

church. There are several country houses about, and the one nearest to us is a large, rambling old place called the Gill. This has been unoccupied although richly furnished, for many years, the owner living abroad; but suddenly one morning we heard that the Gill was to have an occupant, and a few days later that occupant arrived. We neither saw nor heard anything of the new neighbor, till one afternoon, as Nugent was reading to me, the lower gate clanged, sounds were heard on the gravel path, and a moment later a woman on horseback passed the window. She asked to be admitted to me; but I begged Nugent to excuse me, and he received her alone. I questioned him closely when the visitor was gone; but he gave me little information about her appearance, and only said, in rather a constrained way, that she was a widow—a Mrs. Yelverton—who had taken the Gill for the hunting season.

"I dismissed her from my mind, and life went on as usual for a few days; then it seemed to me that Nugent was out a great deal more than formerly. He was worried, almost ill at ease, during our readings; and, when I asked him the reason, he at last confessed that Mrs. Yelverton had organized regular hunting parties at her house, and had begged him to join them. I submitted gladly, for I had long thought the life was dull for him; and so the days passed on slowly, and we drifted gradually apart. I saw Mrs. Yelverton only once, and then I was almost dazzled by the brilliancy of her beauty. Her coloring was so rich, so vivid, that others paled beside her, and her eyes, of a most unexpressed tawny shade, filled me with vague alarm. Apparently, she did not care for me, for she never repeated her visit; and I was left in peace till the end came."

"I will not linger over the rest, Margery; you can guess it. Nugent had grown to love her—he was bewitched by her beauty; and he whispered to me one evening that she had promised to become his wife. I tried to murmur words of happiness; but my heart failed me, and I could do nothing but look into his dear face with eyes that would speak my distress. Nugent left me that night, hurt at my coldness; but all thought of me was banished in the golden glory of his brief love-drama. Brief! It was but three months after his betrothal that his dream was shattered."

Lady Enid moved restlessly in her chair, and Margery, noticing her agitation, pressed tenderly the hot hands that were clasped together.

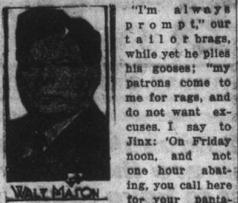
"Do not get on," she whispered; "it pains you."

"No, no! I like to tell you, dear," replied Lady Enid hurriedly. "Nugent was starting one morning to ride to the Gill; he had come into my room to kiss and greet me, and was eager to be gone, when the footman entered with a note. Nugent broke the seal and read it hurriedly, then, with a face like death, staggered to a chair. I begged in piteous tones that he would speak to me, tell me what had happened—for, alas! I could not move!—and after a while he thrust the note into my hands. It was from a man signing himself 'Roe,' stating that he had heard his wife was about to commit bigamy with the Earl of Court, under the assumed name of Mrs. Yelverton, and he warned Nugent against her in words that were more than forcible. I tried to speak to my brother; but his looks checked the words on my lips, and he strode out of the room, mounted his horse, and tore like a madman to the Gill."

"You can picture the misery of that day, Margery, I tossed and moaned alone—longing for, yet dreading Nugent's return. At last he came, and I heard the end—the agony in his face and voice would have wounded you to the quick, Margery. The woman was indeed Roe's wife, and when Nugent reached the Gill, he found everything in the wildest confusion. The man and wife had had an interview, in which he informed her that Lord Court knew the truth; and this so incensed her that she drew out a revolver and fired at him. Fortunately, the bullet missed him, and the woman, finding herself baffled, fled. Roe told Nugent the story of his miserable life. His wife had deserted him, destroyed his whole career. He described her as a desperate character, and thoroughly abandoned."

(To be continued.)  
The most convenient gas range has an oven with a heat regulator and a broiler over the baking oven.

### ON TIME.



"I'm always prompt," our tailor brags, while yet he piles his excuses: "My patrons come to me for rags, and do not want excuses. I say to Jim: 'On Friday noon, and not one hour abating, you call here for your pantaloons, and you will find it waiting.' I say to Jones: 'At half past one today, so help me Thomas, you'll find your smock and doublet done, according to my promise.' A broken promise is a crime, faith is the thing that matters; so patrons come, time after time, to buy their rags and tatters." Our tailor is a thrifty man, his house has gaudy porches, he rides around in his sedan, and smokes imported torches. Some merchants see their business fade, and to the poorhouses, trundle; our tailor has a booming trade, and always has his bundle. There is no quicker way to lose the trade than the keeping than begging patrons to excuse your breaks, with sighs and weeping. There is no surer way to rouse the wrath of patrons busy than by a string of broken vows, flanked by excuses dizzy. So when we promise to produce a hat, a hen, a hammer, let's bring the goods, for no excuse will still the patrons' clamor.

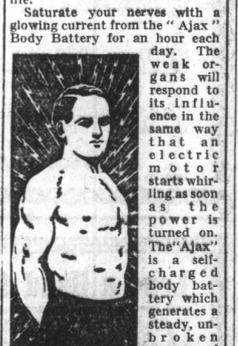
**Child's White Rubbers;** sizes 8, 9 and 10; only 50c. pair at F. SMALLWOOD'S.—Feb. 14

A very stubborn spot of grease can be removed by placing it over a Turkish towel and scrubbing thoroughly with soap and water, to which a little ammonia has been added.

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OF THE HUMAN BODY.  
IT CAN BE RESTORED.

The force that runs the human machine is stored in the nerves. This nervous energy, as it is called, is only another name for electricity.  
If any organ of your body is weak and inactive, it means that the nerves which control it lack power. This must be restored before the affected part can perform its proper functions. It does no good to take drugs for such a condition as this. You can only effect a cure by replacing the energy that has been lost. Drugs are poisons—electricity is life.



Saturate your nerves with a glowing current from the "Ajax" Body Battery for an hour each day. The weak organs will respond to its influence in the same way that an electric motor starts whirling as soon as the power is turned on. The "Ajax" is a self-charged body battery which generates a steady, unbroken stream of galvanic electricity and infuses it into the nerves in just the right volume. It builds up vitality and strength, and cures all ailments resulting from a debilitated state of the nerves and vital organs.  
Men who suffer from falling vitality, debility, or any of the usual weaknesses, will find that the "Ajax" Body Battery, together with electric suspensory attachment, will quickly put them into good condition.  
It is a natural remedy, and those who have used it will tell you that it does all we claim for it.

### THIS IS FREE.

We'll send you our free Book, closely sealed, which tells you all about the Battery—how it cures and what it does—together with full information concerning the treatment. This Book is illustrated, and explains many things you should know about the cause and cure of human ailments. If you want to be the man Nature intended you to be, write for the book at once. There are special booklets for Ladies and Gentlemen. Please specify which is required when writing.

In order to save time correspondents should, when writing for the Free Booklet, state their age, sex and full details of their case, for then precise advice can be sent by return mail. All letters are treated in strictest confidence.

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Sizes:	9 x 3	9 x 4 1/2	9 x 7 1/2	9 x 9	9 x 10 1/2	9 x 12 feet
Prices:	\$4.50	\$6.75	\$11.25	\$13.50	\$15.75	\$18.00

**Lazenby's Pickles**  
Cauliflower, Onions.  
Chow-Chow and Mixed.  
20-oz. Bottles . . . . .70c.  
20-oz. Btls. Walnuts, 75c.



**HEINZ INDIA RELISH**  
35c. and 50c. Bottle.  
Tomato Chutney, 55c. Btl.  
Tomato Sauce, 45c. & 30c. Btl.  
Pepper Sauce .45c. Btl.  
Beefsteak Sauce, 35c. Btl.  
Queen Olives, 40c. and 70c. Btl.

**MACONCHIES**  
Pan-Yan Pickles  
10c. 40c. 65c. Bottle.  
Sweet Mixed Pickles  
10-oz. Bottles .45c. Btl.  
S.D. Mixed Pickles  
10-oz. Bottles .22c. Btl.

**Tempting PICKLES and RELISHES**

H.P. Sauce . . .35c. Btl.  
L. & P. Worcester Sauce, 45c. and 80c. Btl.  
Rowats Worcester Sauce, (1/2 Pts), 25c. Btl.  
(G. & E.) OLIVES  
Stuffed, Plain—8-oz. Btls. 25c. Btl.

When you see our PICKLES, PRESERVES and RELISHES in the Jar, they LOOK good—When you buy and try them, they will TASTE good.

**FRESH VEGETABLES**  
Potatoes (Local)  
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Cabbage (Local)  
(free from frost).  
Carrots,  
Parsnips,  
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ONIONS, 10 lbs. for 45c.

**RED CHERRIES and RASPBERRIES**  
in 1/2 Gallon lever top Glass Jars  
\$2.50 each.  
STRAWBERRIES—(2s Tins) . . . . .50c.  
NESTLE'S THICK CREAM, 23c. and 40c. tin

**CAMPBELL'S PORK & BEANS**  
(2s Tins)  
2 Tins for . . . . .32c.  
**FRESH FRUITS**  
California Oranges.  
O.K. Table Apples.  
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Grape Fruit.  
Green Grapes.  
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Cross-word Puzzles are efficient time wasters. A Cross Word Muzzle would be a noble invention. The handy tool in the right place, is a wonderful gag for a short temper.

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**AND MORE LOCKS**  
Stock Locks, \$1.40 to \$3.00  
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Chisels, 1/4 to 2", 60c. to \$1.60  
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Light Steel Snow Shovels  
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Hockey Skates (Gents')  
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**Heavyweights of Value**  
BABBITT METALS—  
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Hockey Sticks, 50c. to \$2.00  
Hockey Skates (Ladies') \$1.30 to \$4.50 pr. each  
Light Steel Snow Shovels 70c.

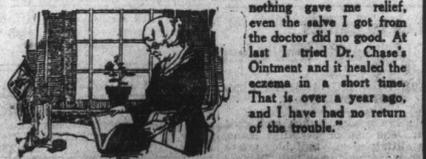
When we say Cutting Things, we mean Cutlery. A large variety awaits your inspection in this Dept.  
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\$2.40 to \$10.00 doz.  
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Knives & Fork Sets—  
\$3.50 set  
Child's Sets, 75c. to 3.00 set

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Feb. 13, 25

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Mrs. Murray Hough, Warton, Ont., writes:  
"I had eczema for twelve years. Every once in a while it would break out and spread all over my arms. I tried all kinds of treatments to relieve it, but without success. One Spring it broke out and nothing gave me relief, even the salve I got from the doctor did no good. At last I tried Dr. Chase's Ointment and it healed the eczema in a short time. That is over a year ago, and I have had no return of the trouble."



**Dr. Chase's Ointment**  
60 cts. a box, all dealers or Edmanson, Bass & Co., Ltd., Toronto  
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