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The Heir of Rosedene

The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER XXVIII THROUGH THE NIGHT.

She knew it by the seat, which, covered with snow, was plainly discernible under the huge elm in front of the door.

With palpitating heart this fugitive from the scarcely knew what—this young and beautiful, and much envied woman fell against the post of the door, and felt with timid fingers for the latch.

Even at that moment a vague sense of the extraordinary and critical position in which she had placed herself flashed across her; alone at night, she was about to seek the protection of one of her own servants from her own guest!

There was no time for thought; she heard, or fancied she heard, voices in the distance; her thin, soft fingers pressed down the latch, and pushing the door open she stood upon the threshold.

A man was sitting before the fire with his head bowed forward, his eyes fixed upon the glowing blaze which irradiated and made cheerful the plain and rustic little room.

The whole scene, small and compact, seemed to strike upon her senses and convey an idea of safety, even of comfort.

For the first time since she had started in her wild flight she seemed conscious that it was snowing. She made a movement across the threshold, and the figure at the fire looked up.

The whole light of the room fell upon her lovely face, slightly flushed now, with its deep, eloquent eyes and sweet, sensitive mouth—the loveliness made almost unreal and visionary by the background of darkness and snow, by the absence of any cloak or covering about the graceful form.

The man looked with his heart in his eyes, with something of absolute fear on his face; then he made a step forward, and held out his arms, uttering her name as it had never been uttered before.

"Edna!" she murmured, putting her arm round his neck; "you will not leave me!"

Then, as he seemed powerless to speak, she drew his head down to her and put her warm, soft lips to his, and he fell back on his arm, and he thought that she had fainted.

And the Worst is Yet to Come--



CHAPTER XXIX IN THE GAMEKEEPER'S HUT.

WITH a cry of alarm, he reached the rug, and wrapped it round her, still holding her, and, taking a flask from his pocket, moistened her lips. In a few minutes she opened her eyes upon him, with a faint, dreamy smile.

"You are here still, Cyril? It is not a dream?"

"No!" he said, with a long breath; "it is not a dream, my darling! See, I am here!"

She put up her hand and touched his face, with a little caressing wistfulness.

"You have promised not to leave me—never again. You will not let them take me from you?"

He kissed her twice, passionately, then glanced toward the door; it was still open, and must be shut. He dared not leave her for a moment, but he was nothing loath to take her in his arms, and he did so, shut the door, and came back to the fire, and silently dried her face and hair, as a mother might tend her child.

Passive, and with her eyes fixed on his, Edna lay back content.

"You are not angry that I have come?" she said, in a low voice. He smiled down at her.

"I should have come to you soon, my darling; my strength would not have lasted longer than to-night."

She sighed and shuddered.

"If you had only been weaker, and I stronger. Oh, my darling, what can I say—what can I do to humble myself, and win you back to me—how to win your forgiveness?"

"Forgiveness!" he echoed, with a world of meaning. "Look into my eyes, Edna; do you see only forgiveness there? That word is for me—for me! Idiot that I have been!—blind, insensate fool!"

"Hush, hush!" she murmured, putting her tiny hands to his lips and leaving them there. "Not you, not you, Cyril, but I! It was all my fault; I was a foolish, ignorant girl; I ought to have died; and I—yet I have been punished; oh, how I have been punished! Cyril, suddenly, 'I have never lived a day or night since—since that night, without thinking of you, longing, longing for you.'"

His eyes filled and he bit his lips.

"If I had but known—but known," he muttered, hoarsely. "I thought that—that you hated me!"

"Hated you?" she murmured, "hated you!" and, as if words failed her, she nestled against his breast.

Suddenly she started and drew away from him, and looked round the room warily.

"Where am I?" she gasped. "Where am I? Alone—alone, at night!" and, with a cry of hysterical alarm, she drew away from him.

"Edna," he whispered in agony, "Edna, you are here, with me, with Cyril! Don't you know me? My God, she will go mad! Edna, what are you thinking? What do you fear? You are here, safe with your husband; Edna, my wife!"

With a start she looked at him, murmuring the word to herself.

"Wife, wife! Your wife!"

Then a blush stole over her face, and she hid her eyes in his bosom.

"Yes," she murmured, "I remember. Is it true? Am I—I am I your wife?"

"My wife!" he cried, excitedly, pressing her to him. "My wife! Oh, God, I do not deserve this! My wife!"

Let us leave them in that moment of ecstatic joy—that rare moment of perfect happiness which comes to poor mortals but once or twice in their whole lives, and return to Morton. He had played his best and strongest card, and he knew it; as he turned, for one instant, before passing into the large room, he managed to let fall the curtain, and so shut his dazed and persecuted victim in her cage.

The card players were deep in their whist, and did not even look up. He moved behind Aunt Martha, so that he could command the curtain, and, motionless and silent, watched. No one, looking at him, would have guessed that the critical moment of his adventurous life was so near at hand. He was a little pale, and there was a drawn look about the thin, delicate mouth—but those were the only signs—and they were faint—of the storm of hope, doubt, fear and passion that was raging within him.

He stood, five—ten minutes—lightly leaning over a prie-dieu chair, apparently deeply interested in the

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You know that pine is used in nearly all prescriptions and remedies for coughs. The reason is that pine contains several peculiar elements that have a remarkable effect in soothing and healing the membrane of the throat and chest. Pine is famous for this purpose.

Pine cough syrups are combinations of pine and syrup. The "syrup" part is usually plain granulated sugar syrup. To make the best pine cough remedy that money can buy, put 2½ ounces of pine in a 16-oz. bottle, and fill up with home-made sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you make 16 ounces—more than you can buy ready-made for \$2.50. It is pure, good and very pleasant—children take it eagerly.

You can feel this take hold of a cough or cold in a way that means business. The cough may be dry, or it may be persistent, or it may be persistently loose from formation of phlegm. The cause is the same—irritation of the membrane—and this Pine and Syrup combination will stop it, did, too, for bronchial asthma, whooping cough, or any ordinary throat ailment.

Beware of substitutes. Ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pine with directness, and don't buy anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction. Money promptly refunded. The Pine Co., Toronto, Ont.

game, and critically observant of every card that was played; but, in reality, he did not see a single card—he could not have told one suit from another; the very table seemed to dance under his eyes; but not a muscle of the well-trained face was beyond control, and the white hand resting on the dark oak chair was as firm as it had been when he fired the fatal bullet through the heart of the young Spanish lad who had crossed the path of his wonted pleasure. That white hand had more than one life to answer for, and his master had trained it perfectly, and got it under the most exquisite control; even in that supreme moment of suspense and excitement, such as he had never felt before, he could not withhold a tribute to his own indomitable self-possession. He looked at the hand, and raised it to stroke his mustache, with a ghastly smile; the hand was firm and tremorless, though his heart throbbed fiercely.

He looked for his watch—the time was now 10.15. Now to grasp the prize for which he had been contending and struggling for so many months—the prize which had grown in value in his estimation that its possession was as life or death to him.

With a languid air he strolled toward the curtain and lifted it. In an instant his sharp eyes detected the absence of his victim.

With a great leap his heart seemed to stand still. He clutched the curtain with the hand that had lost its cunning. Then he sauntered back to the room and bent over Aunt Martha.

"Miss Weston is rather tired," he said, "and has gone to her room."

"Gone!" said Aunt Martha, looking up, all anxiety on the instant. "Dear me! I didn't see her pass, and I have been watching in the glass opposite."

"She went from the next room," he said, with a smile that almost cost him too great an effort.

"The next room!" said Aunt Martha. "She can't, Capt. Morton; the door is locked on the outside—it always is, though why I do not know, for I am sure I am always thinking about it; but you see, my dear Lady More, the room is not much used."

He waited for no more, but glided past the curtains and made straight for the window. The cold air that came in seemed to mock and deride him.

With a smothered oath he tore the window open and looked out at the snow with the suddenly dazed air of a wild beast balked of the prey it has marked down for its next savage meal.

Then he turned swiftly, drew the curtain, slipped out, shut the window, and threw himself on his knees in the snow.

(To be Continued.)

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SCOTT'S EMULSION given in small portions at intervals during each day, would be an important factor in overcoming malnutrition and starting them well on the road to robustness. Every drop of Scott's is pure, rich nourishment, the kind that builds strength and promotes healthy growth. Children thrive on Scott's. Scott & Borne, Toronto, Ont. 18-15

Fashion Plates.

A PRETTY PROCK FOR THE LITTLE ONE.



2755—Batiste, voile, gabardine, linon, pique, cashmere, albatross, repp, Clingham and percale also may be used. The dress may be finished without the trimming. Its sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 will require 3¼ yards of 27 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A POPULAR STYLE.



2741—This design shows a pleasing combination of plaid silk and Georgette crepe. It is good also for serge and plaid, or check suiting; for gabardine, for velvet and crepe, and for other desirable combinations. The jacket is sleeveless and may be omitted. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require 4¾ yards if 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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Heligoland a Men

Newfoundland in Nationalist Agitation

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

PARIS, March 18. The fortifications on the Island of Heligoland, Germany's formidable base in the North Sea, must be dismantled. This decision was reached to-day by the Supreme Allied War Council. It was decided also that the Canal should be internationalized and made available to the ships of all nations on even terms. Tolls will be collected to pay for the maintenance of the Canal. Germany probably will retain sovereignty of the waterway. The Council has under consideration the question of maintaining Heligoland as a port of refuge for peaceful craft. Disposition of the German warships is not likely to be included in the Treaty of Peace, according to the view of the American Peace delegation. Germany, however, will be required to surrender title to the ships. The ultimate ownership will be determined later.

AIRPLANE SHIPPED TO ST. JOHN'S.

LONDON, March 18. British aviators are to try for a night across the Atlantic. A secretly built airplane accompanied by Harry Hawker as pilot, and Commander MacKenzie Grieves, Royal Navy, as navigator, was shipped from England yesterday to St. John's, Nfld., from which it will start at the earliest possible moment in an attempt to win the Daily Mail prize of 10,000 pounds for the first machine to fly across the Atlantic. The machine is a Sopwith, two seater biplane with a 350 horsepower engine. The fuselage is boat-shaped and will support the machine in the water. Newfoundland lies in the nearer to Europe than any other part of North America, the distance being about 1,900 miles.

IN KOREA.

TOKYO, March 17. (By the A.P.)—Korean demonstrations continued Saturday and Sunday according to dispatches printed in newspapers here, and it is indicated the National Independence movement is remarkably extensive and well organized in some of the strongest provinces of that country. Reports state that the railway station at Pusan has been stoned by a mob of ten thousand persons, the Korean National flag being commonly displayed. There is some uneasiness at Seoul but the situation there is said to be under control.

MEETING OF PREMIERS.

PARIS, March 18. An important Conference with Premiers Lloyd George, Orlando and Clemenceau will be held at President Wilson's residence to-day. This gathering of Premiers, representing the supreme directing force of the Peace Conference, takes the place of the session of the Supreme Council which has been postponed until tomorrow to permit the meeting. The question to be discussed is the large question of securing accord between the Great Powers on all phases of the peace treaty, and its early presentation to the Germans. It is expected the agreement will be reached as to the inclusion of the League of Nations as an integral part of the peace treaty in accordance with the resolution which has been already accepted by the Peace Conference. Special interest attaches to to-day's conference in view of recent reports of divergencies between the powers as to the inclusion of the league plan in the treaty. The meeting is looked upon as an earnest, decisive effort to regulate all views into a common understanding for an early conclusion of peace in a comprehensive form, including military, naval, economic and financial terms as well as the League of Nations.

HOW LONG MORE?

LONDON, March 18. The more aggressive section of the avian Pein Party in Ireland, contemplates a campaign similar to that

Cure the Skin Through

It is now thoroughly established among skin specialists that eczema is purely a skin disease, due to a germ beneath the skin and curable only through the skin. Thousands of people suffer with skin diseases who are perfectly healthy otherwise, which shows that their blood is not diseased. Ugly-tasting stomach remedies are therefore as worthless for skin diseases as they are for a toothache. Eczema germs must be WASHED AWAY. Smearly salves do no good—they cannot penetrate the skin.