

Children Cry for



MOTHER— Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

The Heir to Beecham Park

CHAPTER XIII.

Immediately on her return to the castle, Vane Charteris sought her aunt, and whispered to her the success of her mission. Mrs. Crosbie willingly agreed to drive over early the next morning, and see what could be done with respect to dispatching Margery from the village; and Vane went up to her room, both satisfied and triumphant. Stuart's eagerness was fed by fictitious tender messages from Margery, which Vane uttered glibly and without the slightest effort; and so the first part of her plot proved most successful. She learned from her aunt that the mother and son had met, and that Mrs. Crosbie had carried out her part to the letter, thereby causing Stuart no little surprise and pleasure.

The news of Margery's disappearance came like a thunderclap to Vane. She had never contemplated this development, and was a little puzzled how next to act, until Mrs. Crosbie, by recounting the occurrences of her morning drive, incidentally mentioned that she had met Mrs. Bright, who was in great distress about her son.

"What has happened to him, Aunt Constance?" asked Vane, with assumed indifference.

"I thought I said that he was in love with this girl—wished to marry her, in fact—and is so troubled at her refusal that he has determined to leave England."

"Ah!" ejaculated Vane, looking up suddenly, her cold, blue eyes shining like stars. "Reuben Morris has gone to Australia, you say?"

"He starts at the end of the week; he left Hurstley for London this morning."

"And the girl is with him?" next queried Miss Charteris.

"She must be. The cottage is shut up, the key has been sent to the Weald, and the neighbors tell me they saw both the man and the girl leave early this morning."

"Could Mrs. Bright give you no clue as to where her son has gone, or intends to go?"

"None. She gave me his note to read, in which he merely says he shall leave England for a while. This girl has bewitched him. A marriage with him would have been the best she could expect, indeed, much too good for her," remarked Mrs. Crosbie, coldly. "What do you propose to do now, Vane?" she added, rising.

"Nothing. I have finished. Aunt Constance, the game is ours. Do you not see that this young man has gone to Australia with them?"

Mrs. Crosbie removed her driving-gloves slowly.

"I scarcely think that Vane," she replied, "for Margery Daw has refused to become his wife. His mother is highly incensed and greatly troubled, poor creature, about it. No, I cannot think that, Vane."

"It will prove to be the truth, nevertheless," Miss Charteris said, quietly; adding, "and, as such, it is welcome as a fall and complete solution to a difficult and disagreeable question. Poor Stuart—I am sorry for him!"

Mrs. Crosbie glanced at her niece, leaning languidly against the open window, almost frail-looking in her delicate white gown, and could scarcely reconcile the strong, cold, relentless spirit with so lovely an exterior. For an instant a feeling of disgust at this girl's calm trickery and deceit, and at her own share in the matter, passed over her. Then her pride came to the rescue, and she consoled herself with the thought that Stuart had been saved from dishonor and trouble, and that Vane had done well. She bent and kissed her niece's delicate cheek.

"Yes, you are right," she said, thoughtfully. "The problem is solved, and you have done it. I cannot thank you enough, Vane."

"Do not thank me at all," the girl whispered. "You know why I did it—it was my love for Stuart that prompted me. Some day he will thank me, perhaps. But for the present I fear I will suffer."

"With you near, Vane, that will not last," and, with an affectionate glance Mrs. Crosbie left the room.

The next day came, and Stuart still lived in his blissful dreams. Then with a rough hand, they were ruthlessly shattered. Vane was reading in the colonnade that afternoon, when she saw hurried steps approaching, and, on looking up, saw Stuart, his face as white as his tennis coat, beside her.

"What is it, Stuart?" she asked, hurriedly.

"Vane, something has happened so strange, and yet so absurd, that, were I not so confoundedly weak, I should laugh at it. My man Andrews has just told me that Morris has left Hurstley—left early yesterday morning—for Australia, and Margery has gone with him. He declares that it is true."

"True!" repeated Vane. "It is too absurd to credit for one instant. Stuart, how can you believe it?"

"The man is so positive," Stuart went on, with a sigh, resting his left hand on a chair for support, "that it quite staggered me. Of course,

there is some mistake, but it haunts me, nevertheless. Vane, will you drive me to the village?" he asked, abruptly. "I must make inquiries."

"Willingly," and Vane at once put down her book.

"How good you are!" exclaimed Stuart, trying to force a smile. "You are indeed a friend."

With a little laugh Vane put her hand on his lips and fitted away, while Stuart called to a gardener and ordered the pony carriage to be brought round.

Vane was down again almost immediately, her face nearly as pale as her cousin's. It was but a few minutes before the carriage appeared, yet to Stuart they seemed hours. He tried to laugh at the absurdity of the report, yet a presentiment of trouble possessed him.

"It cannot be, it cannot be!" Vane heard him mutter again and again; and then he approached her.

"Tell me once more the message she sent," he said, hurriedly; and Vane breathed the tender falsehoods in his ear, touching his agitated, troubled spirit with their healing balm.

Sir Douglas Grant passed through the hall just as they were starting.

"Whither away, wounded knight?" he asked, lightly. "To the village. I shall be back soon, Douglas." Then, turning to his cousin, he said, "Drive fast, Vane."

With a puzzled brow Sir Douglas watched them disappear—he could not understand Stuart's apparent attachment to this selfish, worldly girl; then, with a sigh, turned wearily indoors. The next day was that fixed for his lawyer to come down from London, and he had much to occupy his thoughts. He sought the squire's room, and, in a chat over bygone years, lost for a while his anxious, restless expression.

Stuart sat silent beside his cousin as they bowed along the lake to the village; and Vane glanced now and again at his pale, pained face, wondering, when he knew the truth, what his opinion would be of her.

The village reached, he broke the silence by asking Vane to drive straight to the little cottage by the Weald; and, without a word, she complied. She drew up the ponies on the brow of the hill; and Stuart, heedless of his aching arm and weakness, alighted, and walked down to the gate he knew so well. It was just such an afternoon as that on which he had parted from Margery, and the memory of her beauty and sweetness lent strength to his faltering steps and fed the eagerness and desire in his heart. He pushed open the gate and entered. The window-blinds were drawn; the door—pushed with his one able hand—defied every effort. He grov faint and cold, and leaned against the doorpost for a moment, while the roses, nodding in the breeze, seemed to whisper to him a sense of his loss in all its bitterness.

Margery was gone! But why—and whither? He turned and walked down the garden, his head drooping dejectedly on his breast. Margery gone!

What could it mean? Why had she left him, without a word or sign, in the very moment of their joy and happiness? The truth did not come to him even then. There must be some mistake, he tried to convince himself. A hundred different answers to the strange question came to him. He closed the gate behind him and turned away. There was a man standing at the gate of the next cottage, and at first Stuart determined to pass him; but a sudden impulse seized him, and he stopped and spoke with forced lightness.

"Ah, Carter—lovely weather for the crops! Is this true that I hear about Morris?"

"Good-afternoon, squire. Hope I see you better. It were a stiffish fall as you had, Morris, sir? What? That he's gone to Australia? Ay, sir—that's true enough."

Stuart's left hand grasped the gate. "Rather sudden, isn't it?" he questioned, trying to clear his voice.

"Well, sir, it were rather; but you see, the death of his missus fair knocked him over, and he made up his mind in a minute."

"And he has gone alone?" asked Stuart, every nerve in his body quivering.

(To be continued.)

The spring holidays promises to be several shreds deeper than the present nude and parchments.

A new material belonging to the kasha family, but a shade softer in quality, is being used for straight-line sports frocks.



Positive Insulation

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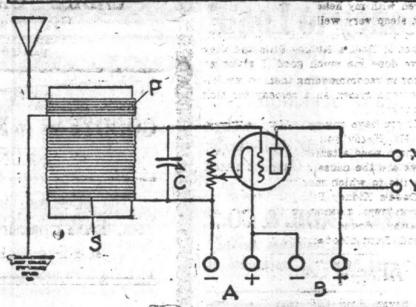
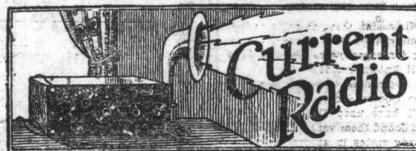
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How to Add a Stage of R.F. to the One-Tube Set.

After you have built the one-tube original crystal receiver—that is, receiver, and then later built the one-stage audio amplifier, the time will come when you will want to add some radio frequency amplification.

This can be done very easily. A radio frequency unit is shown in the diagram above, and this can be added to the one-tube receiver simply by hooking it in at the "Antenna" and "Ground" posts of the one-tube, and "jumping" over the battery connections to those of the one-tube outfit.

In the unit shown, it will be noticed that we have not made our variocoupler with a rotor. The reason is that the only value of a rotor-mounted primary is to get a variable selectivity feature. Now, in our one-tube set we have such a variable primary rotor, so it will not be necessary to incorporate it in the antenna coupler of the r.f. unit.

Of course, if desired, the primary of the r.f. unit coupler can be put on a rotor. In the diagram, the primary "P" and the secondary "S" are both wound on the same four-inch cardboard tube. This tube should be treated just as was the tube on the original receiver.

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The Duke of York Among Wild Beasts

LONDON, Feb. 1.—(Canadian Press) The Duke of York, who with the Duchess of York is on a tour of Africa, had some good sport on his recent hunting trip in Kenya Colony, according to the Nairobi correspondent of a London daily paper. One day the Duke shot a lioness and two buffaloes, the latter with two shots from his rifle.

A zebra had been left as a lion-bait, and the Duke was up before dawn awaiting developments. At sunrise a big lioness was seen, and his Royal Highness fired at it. The lioness went into the bush, from which there immediately emerged two huge buffaloes.

nocerous. With a companion he stalked a big rhinoceros and when at length he fired the beast made a terrific charge in his direction. The Duke stood his ground, allowing the rhinoceros to continue its charge until it was within 30 yards of him, when he and his companion fired together, and the rhinoceros rolled over close to where they were standing.

Threatened Depletion Of Forests.

Ottawa, Ont., Feb. 5. (By Canadian Press).—"Our virgin resources are being rapidly depleted, and unless drastic measures are taken to protect the young growth, as well as the mature timber, from further destruction, a serious reduction in the use of wood in Canada is inevitable within the next twenty-five years," declared Roland D. Craig, of the Dominion Forest Branch, Department of Interior, at the annual convention of the association of Dominion Land Surveyors, to-day.

Although one-third of the land area of Canada was essentially forest land, incapable of profitable agricultural development but suitable for growing forests, wasteful exploitation and fire had worked havoc with an area which was sufficient to supply, in perpetuity, many times Canada's present requirements. Forest industries, like agriculture, depended on the renewable products of the soil, and, in Canada, were second only to agriculture in value of production. Yet, the Canadian forest had been allowed to become low; the extent of which was not definitely known, but a knowledge of the country's forest resources was being extended, as fast as possible, by means of extensive and intensive surveys.

Four main classes of forest surveys were recognized, stated Mr. Craig, based on their intensiveness. The first was preliminary reconnaissance, the object of which was to determine the use to which land was best adapted and to obtain general information as to its resources. This could be conducted by making observations along water courses, or other avenues of travel; but the airplane now offered a very efficient means of carrying out these surveys.

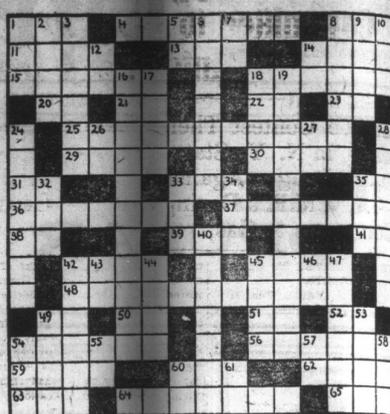
The second was general reconnaissance, where only a rough estimate of the forest resources was required, but a fairly accurate map of the types and topography was required for administrative purposes. Aircraft had proved valuable for this work, but a small percentage of the area, usually in strips a mile or so apart, was actually cruised on the ground.

Stock taking survey, represented a third class, and necessitated an accurate estimate of the merchantable timber for the purpose of valuation. This entailed the cruising of from 2 1/2 to 10 per cent of the area.

The final class was the working plan survey, which was the most intensive, requiring in addition to an accurate estimate of the standing timber, the determination of a felling budget, based on the rate of growth of the forest.

Queen Maud leads a nation—but Queen Maud Sardines lead the world.—Jan 23, 1925.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



SUGGESTIONS FOR SOLVING CROSS-WORD PUZZLES

Start out by filling in the words of which you feel reasonably sure. These will give you a clue to other words crossing them, and they in turn to still others. A letter belongs in each white space, words starting at the numbered squares and running either horizontally or vertically or both.

HORIZONTAL

- 1—Conjunction
- 4—Space for storing goods
- 8—Mineral spring
- 11—Act
- 13—Trap for fish
- 14—To string on a stick
- 16—Hate
- 18—Predicament
- 20—Accomplish
- 21—One to whom money is owing
- 22—Prefix meaning "not"
- 23—Note of the scale
- 28—Sorrow
- 29—Space
- 30—To satisfy
- 31—In the Year of Our Lord (abbr.)
- 33—Before
- 35—A division of the Western Hemisphere (abbr.)
- 36—A fruit
- 37—An aircraft
- 38—At home
- 39—A public conveyance
- 41—A Province of Canada (abbr.)
- 42—Prescribed quantity
- 43—Man's name
- 48—Advance in value
- 49—A continent (abbr.)
- 50—Pronoun
- 51—Manuscript (abbr.)
- 52—Added to form plural to many nouns
- 54—Makes bare
- 56—Goods which may be levied on
- 57—Hastens
- 60—A large reptile
- 62—Pace of a horse
- 63—Sin
- 64—Polluted
- 65—Secret agent

VERTICAL

- 1—Want
- 3—Temporary thoroughfare
- 5—Upon
- 6—Redecorate
- 7—Near; by
- 8—Thinly diffused
- 9—Used by smokers
- 10—Consumed
- 12—Prefix meaning "from"
- 14—Order in years (abbr.)
- 16—Learning
- 17—Public conveyance (English)
- 18—Error
- 19—Next to Godliness
- 24—Copying through paper
- 26—Negative
- 27—Thoroughfare (abbr.)
- 28—Opening over a door
- 32—Importune
- 33—And so forth
- 34—Flew out
- 35—Peruse
- 40—Public sale
- 42—More expensive
- 43—Upon
- 44—Corrodes
- 45—Girl's name
- 46—Wise to a thing (slang)
- 47—Directs
- 49—To agitate
- 53—Stay
- 54—Personal pronoun
- 55—Exists
- 57—Abbr. for name of a thoroughfare
- 58—Pen
- 60—Prefix meaning "two"
- 61—Near

Solution of Wednesday's Puzzle.



Fads and Fashions

Red kasha trims a novelty still in vogue and the rough coat of white homespun worn with it. The finer afternoon gowns of come in such shades as raspberry, fuchsia and strawbery.

Besides the evening slippers of silver kid one often sees slippers dyed to match one's gown. A motif of bright colored tulle, tery, and bindings of pastel shades are used on a small hat of beige.

TO YOUNG MEN!

This is specially addressed to the young men who are following the trend of style especially as regards trousers. If you want the bell-bottom trousers, with or without cuff, here is the place to get them; we are making and have made recently some splendid examples of this style. This also applies to the straight hanging English trousers hanging free from the hips to the cuff; with plenty of room at knees and bottom.

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oct 14, 1925