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The Heir to Beecham Park

CHAPTER V.

What memories filled the mind of each as they stood thus face to face—the traces of the world's buffets in their worn lineaments—memories of two young forms with hope and vigor shining in their glowing eyes, determination and ambition strong in their hearts.

"Welcome—a thousand times welcome!" said the squire, after a moment's silence. "I received your letter this morning. We expected you to-morrow."

Sir Douglas laughed. "Yes, I thought so; but I am not an orthodox person at all. I break through all rules and regulations. I look like a tramp. Ask this young lady if she does not think so," he added, abruptly.

Vane's face flushed—she was inwardly much annoyed; but Sir Douglas continued, speaking easily, and her contusion was unnoticed.

"I was eager to see you, Sholto, and I started off almost as soon as I dispatched my letter. I have had a great wish to see you for the last month."

"I am heartily glad to meet you once more," the squire responded, and his face looked brighter than usual. "But how have you come, Douglas?"

"On foot," returned Sir Douglas, calmly. "My man will arrive with my traps in about an hour's time."

"On foot from Chesterham! You must be tired out. Come to my study. What volumes of anecdotes we could write, Douglas, of our respective lives! Vane, my dear, will you come with us?"

"No," replied Miss Charteris, with a forced smile. "I will go and tell mamma that Sir Douglas has arrived."

She moved away gracefully as she spoke; Sir Douglas looked after her. "That is George Charteris' girl!" he asked.

"Yes. She is very beautiful, is she not?" returned the squire, dreamily. "Hum!" observed Sir Douglas to himself. "She may be; but—"

The sentence was left unfinished and the strange guest followed the squire into the house.

"How unchanged it all is!" he remarked, as he entered the great hall. "I seem to have stepped back into my boyhood again, Sholto. Ah, we don't wear as well as bricks and mortar, old fellow! Only a few short years, and we are both wrecks of what we were!"

They had entered a smaller apartment at the back of the building, one used by the squire as his study and own special sanctum. Books and pamphlets were carelessly strewn about; and the room, in its plain appointments, told clearly and distinctly the character of its owner.

The squire pushed forward a large chair to the window, and Sir Douglas, sitting in it, peered himself in it, whilst the squire settled himself at the table.

"There is not a soul," Sir Douglas replied, in low tones. "Don't cross me in this, Sholto; to your son I would willingly give all I possess. Heaven grant he may derive greater happiness from it than I have done!"

There was a silence between the two men; then the squire said, gently: "You look worn and tired, Douglas. Must you leave England again so soon?"

"Yes," Sir Douglas returned briefly. "My search is not ended; if nothing else will support me, revenge will."

He paused for an instant, then went on quickly, "Sholto, old fellow, don't think me mad or wild; there is a spot in my past which even you can never see. Only this much I will tell you, that, though I am a cynical, dry, hard creature now, there was a time, a brief heavenly time, when my life was as full of joy and vigor as your son's is now. The memory of that dead joy, the memory of my terrible wrong—for I was wronged—has destroyed my life's happiness. I live only for two things—to be revenged and to be satisfied."

He rose from his chair as he spoke, and strode rapidly up and down the room, while the squire watched him tenderly and sorrowfully. He read the depth of trouble in the grief-distorted face; but he did not seek to know this or learn in any way the truth of his cousin's strange career. Sir Douglas suddenly stopped in his hurried walk.

"I am not myself to-day, Sholto," he said, relapsing into his dry manner. "My return to your old home, where everything speaks of the past, has worked badly on me; but the weakness is gone, and—don't be alarmed—it will not come again."

The squire said nothing, but stretched out his hand and grasped his cousin's in silence. Sir Douglas turned away as their fingers unloosened and threw himself into his chair again.

"I shall stay with you for a week or two, Sholto," he went on, presently. "I want to make friends with Stuart—and then I shall disappear. I trust your wife will not be alarmed at my rough appearance; I believe I have some decent coats among my things—I must look them out."

"Constance will welcome you warmly," though he shifted his papers nervously about as he spoke. "More especially when she knows what has brought me," was Sir Douglas' muttered thought.

Then he turned the conversation on other things; and the two men, were soon lost in an argument, talking as easily and naturally as though fifteen days, not years, had elapsed since their last meeting.

Meanwhile, away in the Weald grounds, the picnic was progressing well. Margery had spread her snow-white cloth on the turf and placed the dainty cakes and apples upon it; and, despite Stuart's grumbling, he ate heartily of the simple repast.

"I call this heavenly!" he exclaimed, as he lay on the grass, leaning on his elbow, and watched Margery feed the dogs.

"It is nice," she agreed, turning her great sapphire eyes on him; "but I do all the work and you picnic, Mr. Stuart. I am afraid you are very lazy."

"I know I am," confessed the young man, "but you forget how hard I have always worked, Margery," he added.

Margery shook her wealth of red-gold hair, and laughed a sweet, musical laugh that rang through the summer silence.

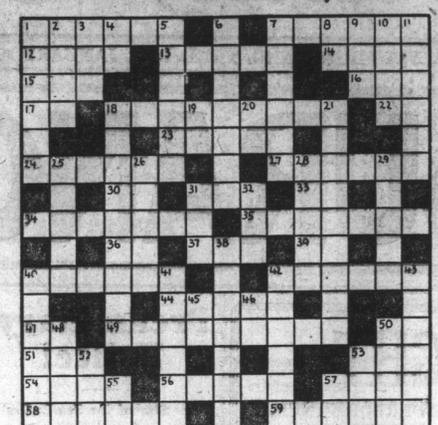
"Worked," she repeated—"you worked! I don't believe you really know what work means."

"I do seem to have led a purposeless life when I think of it," Stuart observed, reflectively. "The hardest day I ever had was when I went tiger-shooting."

"Tiger-shooting!" repeated the girl, palling. "Oh, Mr. Stuart, it sounds so dreadful!"

"You are a little coward, Margery," Stuart laughed. "By Jove, though, how you would have enjoyed some of the things I did! I am sure you would be a good sailor. Margery, how would you like to be out at sea and not a speck of land in sight?"

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—Separates lengthwise
 - 7—Refrain
 - 12—A flap
 - 13—Additional
 - 14—to lie in ganial heat
 - 15—Help
 - 16—A vegetable
 - 17—Steam-road (abbr.)
 - 18—Plenty
 - 22—Thoroughfare (abbr.)
 - 23—Modern invention
 - 27—Raw over
 - 28—Ceasations from strife
 - 30—Note of the scale
 - 31—American District Telegraph (abbr.)
 - 33—Man's name (abbr.)
 - 34—Grain foods
 - 35—Counteracting acidity
 - 36—Large ocean vessel (abbr.)
 - 37—By
 - 39—Latin for "and"
 - 40—A thick rope
 - 42—A terrapin
 - 44—Straight up
 - 47—Proture
 - 49—Looking for
 - 50—Before Christ (abbr.)
 - 51—Grassy meadow
 - 52—By
 - 53—Merit
 - 55—Striking part of a whip
 - 57—Automobiles
 - 58—Negotiation
 - 59—Lungs for
- VERTICAL**
- 1—To make stiff
 - 2—Two
 - 3—A sewer
 - 4—Prefix meaning "not"
 - 5—Fix firmly
 - 6—Ornamented with knobs or but.
 - 7—Not able
 - 8—Out of date (abbr.)
 - 9—Kneck
 - 10—Employs
 - 11—Glees over the ice
 - 13—Discourse
 - 19—A continent (abbr.)
 - 20—A three-toed sloth
 - 21—Striving to equal
 - 25—Scene of combat
 - 26—Let
 - 28—A honey badger
 - 29—A part of socy
 - 31—Poisonous reptile
 - 32—Black liquid
 - 38—One who chooses
 - 41—Small town
 - 43—Real estate
 - 42—Close
 - 43—Intermission
 - 45—Team carrier (abbr.)
 - 46—Large country of Asia (abbr.)
 - 48—A unit of time
 - 50—Innate
 - 52—Part of verb "to be"
 - 53—Patriotic society (abbr.)
 - 55—Physical division of the globe (abbr.)
 - 57—Army of the Civil War (abbr.)

solution of Wednesday's Puzzle.



Health and Beauty

We live in an era more or less artificial, and one in which we "naturally" become unnatural. One of the penalties we have to pay for living and conducting ourselves other than how we should is to suffer from insomnia or sleeplessness occasioned by over-fatigue, unhealthy excitement and a disturbance of rational routine.

We rise late because, in the morning, we are unrefreshed by slumber, and do not feel inclined to commence a strenuous day. We breakfast late, we are not healthily hungry at lunch time, and so on, right through the day, our programme is derailed.

PAINS IN LEFT SIDE AND BACK

Other Troubles Women Often Have Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lachine, Quebec.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because I suffered with pains in my left side and back, and with weakness and other troubles women so often have. I was this way about six months. I saw the Vegetable Compound advertised in the 'Montreal Standard' and I have taken four bottles of it. I was a very sick woman and I feel so much better I would not be without it. I also use Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I recommend the medicine to my friends and I am willing for you to use my letter as a testimonial."—Mrs. M. W. Ross, 680 Notre Dame Street, Lachine, Quebec.

Doctor Said An Operation Proved, Alberta.—"Perhaps you will remember sending me one of your books a year ago. I was in a bad condition and would suffer awful pains at times and could not do anything. The doctor said I could not have children unless I went under an operation. I read testimonials of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the papers and a friend recommended me to take it. After taking three bottles I became much better and now have a honey baby girl four months old. I do my housework and help a little with the chores. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends and am willing for you to use this testimonial letter."—Mrs. A. A. Adams, Box 54, Provost, Alberta. G

Why the Pound Rises

Sir Herbert Hambling, Deputy Chairman of Barclays Bank, says in the Weekly Dispatch:

"It is very desirable, in view of the favourable financial outlook, that the man in the street should understand why the £ is rising at all.

"All sorts of factors which might, at first sight, be thought to be irrelevant have helped to bring the rise about. The acceptance of the Dawes Report has had a good deal to do with it. The successful issue in this country of the Greek Refugee Loan, which was eagerly oversubscribed by British capital, has also played its part, and so has the Reconstruction Scheme in Hungary, by which it is hoped that at last this part of Central Europe has passed over the shifting sands of insolvency on to solid financial ground.

"We may congratulate ourselves on the flourishing condition of the £, but we must not thereby allow ourselves, as an industrial nation, to rest on our oars. We must remember that we have many tasks ahead of us.

"British prices are still higher than those ruling in America, and this difference will have to be removed before confidence in a par rate can be established. We have still to cheapen our production costs, to improve our export trade, and, above all, to settle down to work."

Toy Balloons Help Science

It is proposed to release thousands of toy balloons this spring from fifteen stations, extending from Northern Connecticut nearly to the Canadian border, in an attempt to investigate the winds responsible for the westward spread of the gipsy moth, states the "Fruit Grower."

It is when the gipsy moth is in the caterpillar stage that movement occurs. The caterpillars have long hairs, and it is thought that these, together with the silk which the larvae spin, help to buoy them up in the wind, which sometimes carries them from half a mile to five miles from their starting place.

To learn about the winds concerned, 7,000 hydrogen-filled toy balloons were sent up some months ago. Each balloon bore a numbered tag requesting the finder to return it with a record of the time and place where found. Over 400 tags had been returned by the end of the season. They were found practically throughout Southern New England, a number being picked up on both the eastern and southern coasts.

One balloon was found off Yarmouth Cape, Nova Scotia, a drift of about 400 miles in eighteen hours. One season's work was thought insufficient to justify definite conclusions, however, and the investigations are to be continued on a more extensive scale.

Anti-Smokers' Opium Scare

WILD CHARGE AGAINST BRITAIN. (Daily Mail Diplomatic Correspondent.)

Viscount Cecil leaves London on Monday to represent Great Britain at the resumed opium conference at Geneva.

Little attention has been paid to this conference here, but in the United States comment in the Press has been on a large scale. Much of this was, no doubt, due to the activities of the "Anti-Narcotic League," a wealthy organization which has for its eventual aim the extirpation of tobacco and is proceeding towards it by way of a campaign against drugs.

Certain newspapers have taken advantage of the opportunity to present Britain to their readers in her perennial role of the world's malefactor.

Complaints have been that the drug evil in the United States was encouraged by cheap drugs and that it was "English over-production of opium" which "makes cheap drugs easy to get."

Least any such statement should in-

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Perpetrators of Outrage Could Not Be Found by Machine Guns.

LONDON, Jan. 22.—(Associated Press).—The Cork correspondent of the Evening News says two shots were fired last night at a sentry at Templebreedy fort, which is manned by a British garrison.

The guard was called out, whereupon more shots were fired. The British raked the surrounding country with machine guns, but were unable to locate the attackers with a powerful searchlight. Nobody was injured. Templebreedy is four miles south of Queenstown, where a number of British soldiers were shot by a gang of unidentified men last March.

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fluence opinion, it may be well to say that British opium (from India) is not sold or sent at all to the United States.

The opium in America comes from Turkey, Persia, and China, and even from the Philippines. Indian opium is sold only to the Governments of our own Eastern Colonies under guarantee against re-export. None goes into the private market.

India, by agreement with China in 1906, began to reduce her export of opium to China, and it ceased entirely in 1913.

The Chinese then began an increased cultivation of the poppy, and now produce for themselves and for illicit export to other countries. The aim of the British delegates at the Geneva Conference will be to obtain a universal international agreement for control of manufacture, import and export—a big and questionable step. At present France, for example, and Switzerland place no restriction of that sort on their drug factories.

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