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The Heir to Beecham Park

CHAPTER XII.

"You are Margery Daw?"
A cold voice fell on Margery's ear. She turned, and her eyes rested on Vane Charteris, looking inexpressibly lovely and graceful in her white toilet. She looked steadily at Margery, noting with secret pleasure her worn, tear-stained face and dusty, disheveled appearance.

"I retract my first opinion," she said to herself; "the girl is absolutely plain."
Some vague instinct called Margery's pride to arms. This woman hated her, she felt, though their eyes had met but once before. She drew herself up, and resting one hand on her chair, faced her unwelcome guest. What had brought her to the cottage? Margery felt her limbs trembling; but her face showed no sign of the agony in her heart.

"Yes," she said, steadily. "I am Margery Daw. Do you wish—"
"First, let me express my sympathy for you in your loss," commenced Vane, modulating her voice to soft accents. She saw at once that Margery regarded her as an enemy; but she did not intend to allow that thought to become rooted. She must clothe her facts with kindness, and with her sweetest words thrust her dagger into this girl's heart. "None can know but those who have suffered what your grief must be," she finished, gently.

Margery's head dropped. Had sorrow already destroyed all her good impulses? She was prepared for war, and she met with sympathy, almost tenderness!

"You are very good," she faltered. Vane advanced into the room and pulled forward a chair.

"May I sit with you for a while?" she asked. "It is not good for you to be alone like this."

"I like it," answered Margery, turning her lustrous eyes upon her guest; and, as Vane saw their beauty, her brows contracted, and she realized that her first judgment regarding this girl had been right, after all.

Her mood changed. When she had considered Margery plain; a half-contemptuous thought had passed through her mind to wound yet retain her sweetness. Now, she felt she cared not how hard she struck to relieve

the jealousy and dislike that rankled in her bosom.

She leaned back languidly in her chair; and somehow the thought struck Margery that she had never seen the little room look so small and Van's white garments contrasted strongly with her own dingy, dust-stained black dress; the placid beauty of Miss Charteris' face brought back the thrill of pain to her heart. How different they were! Who was she, to compete with such a woman? She roused herself from her thoughts as she met Vane's cold, clear eyes watching her.

"I beg your pardon," she said, quickly, yet with unshakable grace. "You have had a long drive; may I give you a cup of tea—or perhaps you would prefer some milk?"

She moved toward an inner room; but Vane stopped her.

"Neither, thank you," she replied, coldly—she was growing more and more annoyed every moment. She was being treated with every courtesy, with all regard for etiquette, that though her hostess were a duchess instead of a common village girl it was insupportable; she must hasten to break down that calm exterior which irritated her beyond measure. "Neither, thank you," she repeated; "I shall not stay long. It is, as you say, a tedious drive; but my cousin, Stuart Crosbie, wished me to see you."

She bent her head to look at her fount, but not before she had seen the girl's slight frame wince and her cheeks grow paler.

"That shot went home!" she told herself.

Margery stood immovable, her hand still grasping the chair. A few moments before, she had thought it impossible to suffer greater mental pain than she had endured; now she was experiencing pangs still greater, for her wound was being probed. Weak, faint from want of food as she was, she determined to be brave, to stand firm before this woman—her rival.

"I scarcely know how to begin," continued Vane, with well-assumed kindness and concern. "It's a delicate subject; yet I could not well refuse Stuart." She hesitated for an instant, then held out her well-gloved hand. "Miss Daw," she said,

impulsively, "will you forgive me if anything I may say in the course of our conversation should vex you? I would not, indeed, willingly cause you any pain."

Margery's eyes were fixed on the golden-tinted trees beyond the garden; she did not notice the outstretched hand.

"Why should you cause me pain?" she asked, in reply. "There is nothing in common between you and me." Vane let her hand drop to her side; her face flushed. Could she never shake the girl's control?

"I am glad you judge me rightly," she responded, "for I am, here and have been much distressed by my errand. Stuart has asked me, Miss Daw, to express to you his sincere sympathy in the loss you have sustained by the death of Mrs. Morris. He begs me to tell you that he trusts you will apply at the castle now that you are left without a guardian. He has enlisted his mother's goodwill on your behalf, and he sends you this sum to assist toward anything you may require."

She held out a small packet as she finished, and had the satisfaction of seeing Margery's lips twitch with sudden pain, and her whole frame shake with passion beneath the insult.

"It was his intention to write to you as far back as last Thursday," went on Vane; "but he had the misfortune to break his right arm, and writing was impossible; therefore, as he thought you would require some explanation from him, he asked me to come."

"I thank you," fell from Margery's lips, in cold, strained tones.

"Then I may leave this?" Vane said, interrogatively, rising and placing the packet on the table. "And you will promise to apply at the castle with respect to anything concerning your future? I believe, but I am not sure, that Mrs. Crosbie has already written to some lady about a situation for you as maid."

Margery made no answer, and Miss Charteris waited a few moments, and then moved to the door, feeling strangely uncomfortable, and by no means victorious. She looked back as she stood at the door.

"You have no reply?" she asked.

"Mr. Crosbie's explanation requires none," Margery answered, still in the same cold, even tones.

"Then I will wish you good-afternoon."

"Stay!" cried Margery; and Vane turned toward her. "You have forgotten your packet," Margery added, pointing to the table.

Vane took it up without a word. Then a thought seemed to strike her, and she turned the money round and round in her hand hurriedly.

"Perhaps you will write to Stuart or his mother?"

Margery's eyes met Vane's in an unflinching gaze.

"Write!" she repeated, with unutterable scorn and pride in the word. "There is, indeed, little in common between us. Such a question deserves no answer."

Vane's brows contracted. She turned and walked quickly to the carriage, and, entering it, drove swiftly away. Her musings were not altogether pleasant during the first mile or so of her return journey. She had succeeded, and succeeded so well that she need never fear Margery Daw again; yet her spirit was vexed even at her victory, for, though she had forever separated Stuart and this girl, she had not lowered her rival to the dust, as she had intended.

This thought rankled for some time; then her mind wandered to the more important matter of dealing with Stuart. She had no settled plan; but, as he was still so unwell, there would be a day or two yet, in which to arrange matters. For the present she must satisfy him with loving messages, and explain that Margery was too distressed by her grief to accompany her back to the castle. She must see her aunt immediately, and get her to use her influence in some way to have the girl sent from the village. It would never do to risk a meeting between Stuart and Margery, for, though she judged the girl to be too honest to say much, if indeed her pride would allow her to notice him at all, there would be sufficient to fire Stuart's anger and determination to learn the truth; and then—

Vane's face flushed at the thought of the humiliation she would undergo in such a case, and she registered a vow that she would never permit it to happen. Margery must go and at once.

(To be continued.)



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The improvement in mortality will go to increase the surplus of the companies, thus making possible larger returns to the policyholders, of whom approximately 90% are insured on the participating plan.

Mr. C. D. Fildes, Dominion Government Superintendent of Insurance, in Toronto Globe Financial Survey, January 14, 1925.

The above statement referring to the combined business of all companies doing business in Canada, made with authority by the Dominion Government Superintendent of Insurance, would indicate that Canadian policyholders prefer the with-profits plan of insurance. There must be a reason.

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Canada, United States and the Air

(The Vancouver Sun.)

If the civilization of this North American continent is to be made secure, Canada and the United States must get together in some kind of a joint air programme to protect their countries from any possible invasion or attack.

Airplanes have so changed the character of wars that to-day military aggression is not directed against a nation's war machines—the army and navy—but against the civilian population.

These war machines have never represented more than two or three per cent. of the population. From an economic or national standpoint their destruction has never been fatal.

But the airplane represents a new type of warfare capable of destroying a few battleships or a few battalions, but the whole productive power and the civilization of the country itself.

Everybody knows that to-day Great Britain is at the mercy of France. France could soar over the channel with 10,000 planes and destroy England in twenty-four hours so completely that generations would shudder before England could take her place in the world again.

War is hell. And the airplane has made it more hellish than ever. London remembers even to-day

"Owe my life to Carnol," says Mr. Sinclair

Following a railway accident, after other medicines failed, he got relief from two bottles of Carnol.

The following letter needs no comment from us. We leave Mr. Sinclair to tell you about his experience in his own words. "I was very much run down and nervous following a railway accident some years ago. Medicines failed to give me any real help, so I decided to try Carnol. I did not have any faith in patent medicines, but a friend of mine said Carnol was far superior to any other of the so-called patent medicines. 'Give it a trial,' he said, 'and let me know the results.' I am glad to say this wonderful medicine has done for me what no other medicine has done, and it therefore gives me great pleasure to give this evidence in favor of Carnol. I would advise all business men who feel, after the strenuous life of the world, that they need a building up tonic, to take Carnol. It is only by giving it a fair trial that they will know its splendid qualities. After using the first bottle I noticed a marked improvement. My appetite improved and after the second bottle I could eat like a horse, even raw potatoes and onions would be as welcome as apples. I slept like a log and after a refreshing sleep, I was able to take up the strenuous work of the hustling insurance agent. This work calls for considerable nervous energy in closing business and I can say, with confidence, Carnol has no superior in the medicine line. I would suggest that your company give this letter a most conspicuous place, so that everyone may know what a great medicine it is before the public as a restorative tonic and flesh builder. I say, with all confidence, I owe my life to Carnol. Nothing equals it as a medicine."—Gordon H. Sinclair, Chatham, N.B.

(To be continued.)

Street Battle Follows

Black Hand Plot To Extort \$10,000 From A Clergyman.

NEWARK, N.J., Feb. 9.—A street battle with revolvers, following a "Black Hand" plot to extort \$10,000 from the Rev. Father Ernest D'Aquila, Pastor of the Roman Catholic Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, resulted in the wounding yesterday of two alleged conspirators and one detective.

Salvatore Falconi, one of the alleged blackmailers, begged for poison last night at a Newark Hospital to end the sufferings caused by his wounds. Frank Rizzo, 17, also wounded, was held by the police with Guillian Corsette, on a charge of blackmail attempt. Humbert Berardi, the wounded detective, is expected to recover.

The fight occurred when watching detectives arrested the men as they crept up to a public school window where a dummy package of money had been left as a trap by Father Gustav Storrazzo, curate of the church. Father Storrazzo administered last rites to Falconi, who was thought to be dying.

Damages Against Yankton

WANT \$125,500 SALVAGE.

Last Thursday's Boston Globe says: "Damages of \$127,500 are asked for salvage on ship and cargo in a libel filed yesterday against the steamer Yankton, by Merritt, Chapman and Scott Company. The steamer was grounded at Nix Mate, in Boston H.R., recently. Work of unloading the cargo began yesterday at T Wharf, and will continue until even the machinery has been removed."

The probabilities are that the well-meaning old coots who cheerfully inform us every few minutes that hard work never kills never worked very hard themselves and never intend to. Ohio State Journal.

A WOMAN'S SUFFERING

Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Verdun, Montreal, Quebec.—"I am one of thousands who have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I have great faith in it. I can safely say it has relieved my troubles and I shall never be without a bottle of it in my house. Since my last baby was born I suffered from pains and backache and would feel so tired I could not do anything in my home. Since I have been taking the Vegetable Compound and Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine I feel so different. I recommend it to all my friends and hope it will cure other women who are suffering from the troubles I had."—Mrs. MARGARET H. GARDNER, 821 Evelyn Street, Verdun, Montreal, Quebec.

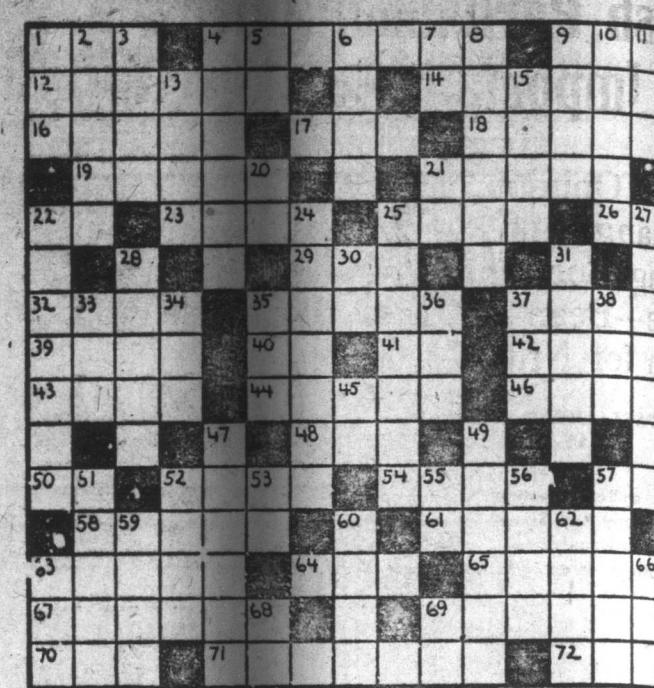
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a dependable medicine for the new mother. It is prepared from roots and herbs, contains no harmful drugs and can be taken by the nursing mother.

Its worth in restoring the mother to normal health and strength is told again and again in just such letters as Mrs. Gardner writes.

A recent canvass of women users of the Vegetable Compound shows that 99 out of every 100 women taking the medicine are benefited by it. They write and tell us so. Such evidence entitles us to call it a dependable medicine for women. It is for sale by druggists everywhere.

BENARD'S LINIMENT FOR ACHES AND PAINS.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



SUGGESTIONS FOR SOLVING CROSS-WORD PUZZLES
Start out by filling in the words 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 between each white space, words starting at the numbered squares and running either horizontally or vertically or both.

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1—Boy
 - 4—Large lake in South Australia
 - 9—Atmosphere
 - 12—Lake, source of Mississippi River
 - 14—A noted English writer and humorist (1713-1768)
 - 16—Impiled
 - 17—Before
 - 18—Large bird
 - 19—Turkish and Persian Javellin
 - 21—Islands N. W. of Scotland
 - 22—Word to frighten children
 - 23—Shortly
 - 25—Mean, low fellows
 - 26—Telegraphic transmitter (abbr.)
 - 28—Girl's name
 - 32—A character in Shakespeare's King Lear
 - 35—Stop! Hold!
 - 37—To wither or dry
 - 38—Familiar vegetable
 - 40—A metal (abbr.)
 - 41—Several persons in business together (abbr.)
 - 42—A soft, murmuring sound
 - 43—Dry, barren
 - 44—A lake touching N. Nigeria, Africa
 - 46—Obsolete spelling of "at"
 - 48—Old times (post.)
 - 50—Personal pronoun
 - 52—To go by
 - 54—Etymological (abbr.)
 - 57—Like
 - 58—To stir up
 - 61—Cells to
 - 63—A groan
 - 64—A division of the week
 - 65—A game bird
 - 66—Any list of names
 - 69—To prize
 - 70—Scrap or refuse
 - 71—Girl's name
 - 72—A member of a famous English society (abbr.)
- VERTICAL**
- 1—Alighted
 - 2—A drove of horses (Spanish)
 - 3—A freshwater fish
 - 4—Thing done, deed
 - 5—Child's term for mother
 - 6—A lake in County Donegal, Ireland
 - 7—Personal pronoun
 - 8—Stable in position
 - 9—The ship in which Jason and the Argonauts sailed
 - 10—A small bay or creek
 - 11—A lake in Central Ireland
 - 13—Knights
 - 15—Sense organs
 - 20—Perform
 - 21—Fourth musical note
 - 22—A salt lake in Asiatic Russia
 - 24—Boilovers
 - 25—Waterfall
 - 27—A lake in S. Australia
 - 28—An acid gotten from fruit
 - 29—An Egyptian god
 - 31—A Spanish seaport in Morocco, opposite O'faller
 - 32—An ornament of the body
 - 34—A color
 - 35—A familiar insect
 - 36—A common name of the fox in British Isles
 - 37—A mineral spring
 - 38—Knack
 - 40—One of the Houses of Parliament, England (abbr.)
 - 47—Social classes in India
 - 49—A great lake in S. E. Africa
 - 51—Mistake
 - 52—A flat-bottomed boat
 - 53—Point of compass (abbr.)
 - 55—Man's name (abbr.)
 - 56—Plant used for flavoring
 - 57—A Turkish unit of money
 - 58—To eject
 - 60—Scene of Christ's first miracle
 - 61—Willingly, freely
 - 62—Twelve dozens (abbr.)
 - 63—Printers measure ("L")
 - 65—Tunic (abbr.)
 - 66—Prefix, same as "in"

SOLUTION OF TUESDAY'S PUZZLE



Geese on Guard

Wild geese are extremely wary, and take nothing for granted. While feeding they have a perfect system of sentries. Not content with this, every now and then two or three will fly round high up to see that nothing is even approaching them from a distance.

Their hearing is very acute, and it is said their sense of smell is also. Certainly, if they are approaching down wind, they are up and away at once, even if the greatest care has been taken to keep out of sight.

They have a cry like a pack of hounds, which may have given rise to many of the legends of ghostly packs that are said to hunt an equally ghostly fox at night.

Pope Pius Re-arranges

Calendar Of Events In Rome To Accommodate Americans and Canadians.

MONTREAL, Feb. 2.—To accommodate a large number of Canadians and residents of the United States, who are to sail from the port of Montreal for the Holy Year celebrations in Rome next May, Pope Pius re-arranged the calendar of events in the eternal city.

Notification of the change of date of the canonization of Rev. Mother Barret, foundress of the Order of the Sacred Heart in Canada and the United States, to coincide with the arrival of Canadian pilgrims was given by Mgr. Gauthier, Archbishop Co-adjutor of Montreal, in a cable received from His Holiness and communicated to local steamship agencies. The date has been advanced to May 24.

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Jan 28, 1925



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