

YOU'LL FIND!

"SALADA"
TEAcontains just that flavor which
makes real tea so enjoyable.
BLACK, GREEN OR MIXED TEA.**The Heir to Beecham Park**

CHAPTER V.

"He is good, indeed," replied the girl, a soft spot of color appearing in her cheeks. "Now, I will go; but first of all I will run into Mrs. Carter's and ask her to come and sit with you."

She bent and kissed the transparent cheek, tied on her sunbonnet, took up her books, and, with a parting smile, went out of the doorway.

Her message delivered at Mrs. Carter's cottage, Margery went slowly up the hill, past the wall inclosing the wood, on past the gate leading to the Weald, Sir Hubert Coningham's country-house, on and on, till she reached the village. The rectory stood a little way beyond the school-house, close to the church, and, by the time she reached the side gate, Margery had learned her lesson by heart. The heat was quite as great as it was on the afternoon she walked to Farmer Bright's, now four days ago; and she looked round anxiously at the sky, dreading a cloud until Wednesday was gone and the picnic with Mr. Stuart a thing of the past.

Somewhat Margery found her lesson not so delightful to-day; her attention would wander, and Miss Lawson had to repeat a question three times in one of those moments before she got a response. The governess put down the girl's absence of mind, and, in a listless manner, to the heat, and very kindly brought the lesson early to a close and dismissed her pupil.

Margery for the first time gave vent to a sigh of relief when she received permission to go home, and she sauntered through the village almost wearily. She was gazing on the ground, ignorant of what was going on about her, when the sound of ponies' hoofs and the noise of wheels behind her caused her to turn, and, looking up, she saw Mrs. Crosbie, seated in her small carriage close at hand.

"Good-afternoon, Margery," Mrs. Crosbie said, in her haughty, cold manner. "I am glad to have met you. How is your mother?"

"Good-afternoon, madame," replied the girl, calling Mrs. Crosbie by the name the village always used, and bending her head gracefully. "Thank you very much, but I am afraid mother is very bad to-day; I did not want to leave her, but she insisted. She grows very weak."

"Has Dr. Metcalf seen her to-day?"

"Yes, madame, but he said nothing to me—he looked very grave."

"I was going to send her down some beef tea and jelly, but as I have more on it will save the servant a journey. Get in beside Thomas; I will drive you to the castle, and you can take the things to your mother."

Mrs. Crosbie pointed to a seat beside the groom. She was for some reason always annoyed when she came in contact with this girl. In the first place, Margery spoke and moved as her equal; she never dropped the customary courtesy, nor appeared to

grasp for an instant the magnitude of the castle dignity. Mrs. Crosbie was wont to declare that the girl was being ruined; that Catherine Coningham had behaved like an idiot; and because the child had worn delicate clothes and the dead woman had seemed in every way a lady, Margery should be brought up and educated as such was preposterous. It was all absurd, Mrs. Crosbie affirmed, a mere shadow of romance. The letter in the mother's pocket had plainly stated her position—she was a maid, and nothing else, and all speculation as to an honorable connection was ridiculous and far-fetched. Mrs. Crosbie did not quarrel with Lady Coningham for rescuing the baby from the workhouse—charity she upheld in every way—but she maintained that Margery should have been placed with Mrs. Morris as her child, and that she should have learned her A, B, C with the other village children in the village school, and that the story of the railway accident and her mother's death should have been carefully withheld from the child. Now the girl's head was full of nothing but herself. The mistress of Crosbie Castle opined that she was fit for no situation, and consequently would come to no good.

Margery was ignorant of all this; but she was never entirely comfortable in Mrs. Crosbie's presence. The wait had within her the germ of pride every whit as great and strong as that possessed by Stuart's mother. Hitherto she had had no reason to intrench herself in this natural fortress, for all the village loved her; the very fact that Lady Coningham had adopted and educated her raised Margery in their eyes. So the girl had received kindness, in many cases respect; and she was as happy as the lark, save when a wave of mournful thought brought back the memory of her mother.

Mrs. Crosbie wronged her. Margery had not a spice of arrogance in her composition—she had the innate feeling that she was not of the village class, and, with the true delicacy and instinct of a lady, forbore even to express this.

There was plenty of room on the front seat, but Mrs. Crosbie would not have dreamed of bidding the girl to sit there—she relegated her to what she considered her proper place among the servants. Margery's face flushed a little.

"If you will allow me," she said, with her natural grace, "I will walk up to the castle, thank you very much."

"Do as I tell you," commanded Mrs. Crosbie, quietly. "Thomas, make room for Margery Daw."

Margery bit her lip and hesitated for a moment, then the memory of the poor sick woman at home came to her. If she offended madame, mother would have no more delicacies, so, without another word, she stepped in and

was driven briskly out of the village. She sat very quiet beside the shy groom, and, opening her book, a collection of short German stories, soon lost her vexation in their delights. Mrs. Crosbie was unduly pleased with herself for bringing this girl to her level, and she was determined to lose no opportunity of continuing it in the future. As they stopped at the lodge gates she turned to Margery: "Get down and go along that path to the back part of the house, and wait in the kitchen till I send for you."

Margery obediently descended, and turned down the sidepath as the ponies started off along the sweeping avenue to the castle entrance. Why was madame so stern and Mr. Stuart so kind? Margery pondered as she walked on. Had she done anything wrong? Her mind accused her of no fault; she could therefore arrive at no solution of the mystery.

The path she was following was one used by the gardeners, and she soon arrived at a small gate, which, on opening, led her to the paddock and kitchen gardens. Margery toiled through the heat up to the courtyard, and, after crossing this, entered a large door standing wide open.

The cook and her handmaidens were indulging in five-o'clock tea, and the mistress of the kitchen rose with genial hospitality to press her visitor to partake of some too.

"Now do!" she urged, as Margery shook her head. "You look fair fagged out."

"No, thank you, Mrs. Drew," Margery said, simply; unconsciously she recoiled from accepting anything that came from Mrs. Crosbie. "I am not really tired. Madame has driven me here from the village. I am to take some things back to mother. If you don't mind, I will wait outside—it is rather hot in here."

"Ay, do, child," the cook answered; and she handed out a large stool. "Put this just in the doorway, and you'll catch a little draught."

With a smile Margery took the stool and, placing it in a shady corner, sat down and began to read. The courtyard stretched along a quadrangle leading to the stables, and, looking up now and then from her book, Margery caught glimpses of the castle possessed by Stuart's mother. The horses lazily switching their tails in their comfortable boxes. The pony carriage was driven in while she waited, and she watched with much interest the small, sturdy ponies being unharnessed and led away. It was a quaint, picturesque spot—the low-roofed stables, the larger coach-house, a portion of the gray-stone castle jutting out in the distance, with a background of branches and faintly moving leaves. Margery shut her book and let her eyes wander to the clear blue sky seen in patches through the trees. She felt cool in her little nook, and enjoyed the rest. The groom had discarded his smart livery, and, in company with another lad, was busily employed in cleaning the pony carriage, the hissing sound with which he accompanied his movements not sounding unmusical from a distance; and Margery found herself smiling at his exertions and the confidence that had succeeded his bashfulness. Suddenly, while she was watching them, she saw the groom and his companion draw themselves up and salute some one; and then the next moment a figure came round the corner—a figure in white tennis costume, with a white silk shirt and large flapping hat. Margery felt her cheeks grow warm, then they as quickly colored. Another figure stood beside the tall one of the man, a dainty delicate, lovely form in a dress of ethereal blue, holding a large sunshade of the same color above her beautiful head.

Unconsciously Margery felt her heart sink. Never had she seen so fair a vision before; and the sight of those two figures, so well matched and so close together, brought a strange vague pain to her, the nature of which she could not guess. She dropped her eyes to her book again, and, shrunk back into her corner, hoping to escape notice. She was too far away to hear what was said, and she began to breathe freely again after a few minutes, when the faint sound of a musical voice was borne on the air and the tones of a deep, clear voice she knew well came nearer and nearer. She pulled her sunbonnet well over her eyes and bent still lower over her book as the voices drew closer.

"I have one which I keep to lend. I will willingly answer letters from any woman asking about the Vegetable Compound," Mrs. E. M. COLEMAN, 24 Uniacke Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Could Not Sleep Nights
Dublin, Ont.—"I was weak and irregular, with pains and headaches, and could not sleep nights. I learned about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound by reading the letters in the newspapers and tried it because I wanted to get better. I have got good results from it and I feel a lot stronger and am not troubled with such bad headaches as I used to be and am kind of regular. I am gaining in weight all the time and I tell my friends what kind of medicine I am taking. You may use my letter as a help to others."—Mrs. JAMES RANBO, Box 12, Dublin, Ontario.

Also be continued.

Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

AN OLD STORY.

We'd known him for twenty years or more, a sort of a harmless lout. Worthless, with no ambition, contented to drag about. And live by the slightest effort. A bed in a cheap hotel. At twenty cents for a long night's sleep was a good enough place to dwell. And a coat to wear and a bite to eat were all that he cared to earn. But the reason why he had slipped that way was not one of us tried to learn.

None of us knew when he came to town; the most that we ever knew was that now and then he would take a yard or carry a grip or cart. But strike him wrong and he wouldn't work, whatever his need might be. As independent a worthless man as ever I hope to see. And he'd been to college! I guessed that once, when he'd mentioned a book he'd read. But he changed the talk when I questioned him—and now the poor fellow's dead!

And why did he loaf and why did he sink and fritter his life away? The tale is as old as the hills, I guess, and it all came out to-day. A woman he loved in the olden days, a woman he thought was fair. Went to another man, leaving him with nobody else to care. "You may think you'll work for yourself," he wrote, "but it's twenty to one you won't."

When your heart is crushed and nobody cares whether you do or don't."



RICHARD HUDNUT
THREE FLOWERS
TALCUM
Your choice of the three Flowers, sold in a Talcum Powder and Dainty Package.

"World Owes Him a Living"

American Exchange National Bank:—Justice James C. Crosey, of the Supreme Court of New York, attributes more than 80 per cent. of crime to persons under twenty-five years of age. In his opinion, the average youthful criminal operates on the theory that the world owes him a living. Justice Crosey, therefore, finds that moral, instead of mental, deficiencies account for most criminal cases. According to his observation, the criminal proclivities of the young are due to inadequate home training and the decline of religious influences. Theorists are disposed to attribute crime and specially crimes of violence, to mental deficiencies, and they assert that criminal tendencies can be cured with proper treatment at the right time. It is evident that the youthful criminal derives the theory that the world owes him a living from his opinions concerning the nature of society and the purposes of its responsible leaders. Years of cries of "exploitation" made by the yellow press, demagogic politicians and preachers of revolution have contributed more than their share to the undermining of the moral foundations of the youth of the country. Justice Crosey says that the young criminal is led easily into radicalism, a fact which shows that his predisposition to crime is in part an outgrowth of his political and economic education.

Tweed Grafting

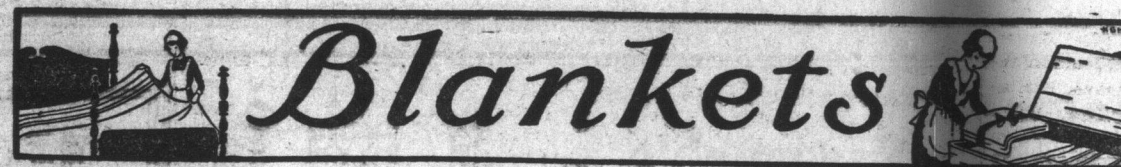
"It is a pity, but it can't be helped," says your sympathetic friend when shown the burnt hole or bad rent in your new tweeds. But it can be helped. If the instructions below are carefully followed you will

ASK THIS HALIFAX NURSE

She Is Willing to Answer Letters From Women Asking About Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Halifax, Nova Scotia.—"I am a maternity nurse and have recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to many women who were childless, also to women who need a good tonic. I am English and my husband is American, and he told me of Lydia E. Pinkham while in England. I would appreciate a copy or two of your little book on women's ailments. I have one which I keep to lend. I will willingly answer letters from any woman asking about the Vegetable Compound," Mrs. E. M. COLEMAN, 24 Uniacke Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

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You will appreciate our BIG SHOWING of**Blankets****We offer many special values!****ENGLISH WOOL BLANKETS**

They lead all other makes in Comfort and Service.

Size 54 x 74	Sale Price 7.00 pair
" 60 x 80	Sale Price 8.40 "
" 60 x 80	Sale Price 11.00 "
" 64 x 84	Sale Price 13.00 "
" 68 x 88	Sale Price 16.80 "
" 72 x 92	Sale Price 19.00 "
" 76 x 96	Sale Price 24.50 "

WHITE COTTON BLANKETS

Size 52 x 70	Sale Price 2.70 pair
" 64 x 76	Sale Price 3.30 "
" 68 x 84	Sale Price 4.00 "
" 72 x 92	Sale Price 5.00 "

GREY COTTON BLANKETS

Size 66 x 80	Sale Price 3.50 pair
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CRIB BLANKETS

Fancy 30 x 40	Sale Price 1.25 each
" 30 x 40	Sale Price 1.30 "
" 36 x 48	Sale Price 1.90 "
" 36 x 54	Sale Price 2.00 "
White 30 x 40	Sale Price 1.50 "
" 30 x 40	Sale Price 3.30 "

WOOLNAP BLANKETS

Big Price Reductions in this popular make.

Size 64 x 76	Sale Price 3.80 pair
" 66 x 80	Sale Price 4.40 "
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" 72 x 80	Sale Price 5.00 "
" 70 x 80	Sale Price 6.00 "

BROWN WOOL BLANKETS

Size 54 x 74	Sale Price 4.30 pair
" 56 x 76	Sale Price 5.00 "
Size 60 x 80	Sale Price 6.50 pair
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SPECIAL! HEAVY GREY WOOL BLANKETS—74 x 80 . . . Sale Price 2.25 each



Jan 20, 21, 22, 23

quickly find that all trace of the accident has disappeared.

Begin by removing the damaged part, leaving a clean-cut square or oblong hole, all four sides of which follow a thread in the cloth. If you have no spare scraps, find a piece from the back of the hem.

The piece should be an inch larger all round, than the discarded damaged square, and if the design of the tweed is large, the centre of the new graft must exactly correspond with the old piece.

Continue unravelling the new graft on all four sides until there remains just two threads more on every side of the new fringed mat than on those of the original square.

Then tack the edges of the hole in the garment to a piece of tough brown paper, or, better still, tulle, and pin the fringed patch into the centre and tack it in position, noting carefully that each thread corresponds with the one which it covers round the edge.

Get a short wool needle with a very large eye, and, supposing the first thread of the fringe to be white, find the corresponding white thread of the design in the garment, two rows from the edge, and insert the needle in the exact spot. But before drawing it through push the needle halfway into the thickness of the tweed, a little beyond, but not right through to the surface. Slip the white wool through the large eye and draw the needle out between the thread and the paper. Set the needle in position for the next thread, which will probably disappear between a different row to that of the first.

If great strain on the graft is expected, as in the seat of a boy's knicker, it is advisable to take two threads at a time.

When completed, remove the paper and face the repair on a ironing board, then well press with a hot iron over a damp cloth.

darning stitches through the half-thickness of the tweed with alternate threads. And so the work continues one thread at a time.

When completed, remove the paper and face the repair on a ironing board, then well press with a hot iron over a damp cloth.

Buy real Vanilla Extract

Make sure you get the real Vanilla, not an imitation. Buy Shirriff's—the extract of the finest Mexican Vanilla Beans. Aged until it is stronger, richer, infinitely superior.

Shirriff's True Vanilla

When pressing open seams in wool or cotton use a medicine-dropper to moisten them. A delicious breakfast dish is eggs baked with cheese.

The Prompt Reply

Few women, I venture to say, can make a really successful speech at a public dinner, but Mrs. Hilton Phillips, M.P., who, of course, was formerly Mabel Russell, the actress, is one of them.

It was at a dinner a few evenings ago that I heard her tell some amusing stories. The best of the lot concerns an occasion when, as an actress, she was on tour, and had her initials "M.R." painted on her travelling trunks.

Arrived at her destination, the porter asked, "Is this yours, too, miss?" indicating the carriages and trucks of the train which bore the same letters, "M.R." (Midland Railway).

"Yes," she replied quickly, "and if you will bring up the one at the end with the tarpaulin cover, which is my jewel-case, you'll get an extra threepence."—T.M.B.

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Overheard in the Square

Lady Tree related an amusing story at the annual meeting of the League of Mercy, at St. James's Palace, at which the Prince of Wales presided.

While in Trafalgar Square Lady Tree was looking at the Daily Express electric news bulletin, when she saw a girl say to her lover, "Prince please to visit Argentina? What's he going to see her for?"

The disdainful reply was, "It's a she—that's the captain of the 'Blackie'."

When the Prince heard the story he bent over the chairman's table and uncontrollable laughter, and when he clasped before he patted his eye with his handkerchief and was able to resume his supervision of the meeting.

Try dropping doughnut dough spoonfuls into fat.

The Hostess

FRENCH ORGANOID Writing Paper
For Social Correspondence
The paper that's good for you and your pen.

"I Suffered Terribly With Sore, Aching Back"

Mrs. Roland Ferguson, 194 Lake St., Peterboro, Ont., writes:



"For over two years I suffered terribly with sore back. I was almost mad with the pain, and had doctored with it until I was discouraged. Then my father, who is a firm believer in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, advised me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I followed his advice, and am glad to say I was completely relieved of that torturing pain in my back. It is over a year since I used these pills, and I have had no return of the trouble, but always keep them in the house."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills
85 cts. a box of 35 pills, Edmondson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

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Opium Con
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Greek
Prince of
Blacks

MORAL INQUIRY

Paula Martin, former of State and law, expounding the view of the world in a five hour number of Deputies would be a miracle once be compelled sums demanded States. His with unanous are the debt, co solely as co.

PREMIER PRINCE

the cancellation of obligations owed France formed the subject of the French Deputy Martin, who, and now a new position. Mr. Martin's mission for France was that it was to which the war, which was devastated the Allies owe France bearing the burden of the war, but the United States, who are France's war cost, Versailles Treaty. France to pay their own Britain especially to protect her own would have been immediate menace had Dunkirk, China have heard much of the settlement, which said. It was not on that basis, we credit be allowed ten days of millions per day; we, it cash value represents 715,000,000 francs, 1915; also, the 1,425,000,000 francs has become the world and moral United States does demand from a

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