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such comfort as this pleasant, harmless, corrective, digestive and antacid. Millions of the best of families always keep a large 50 cent package at hand—they know its magic and druggists guarantee it.

The Heir to Beecham Park

CHAPTER XII.

Margery remained standing at the door as Vane walked down the path. She did not move, as, in a dim way, she saw Miss Charteris settle herself in the dainty carriage, nor did she stir as the ponies started briskly from the gate. But, as the sound of their hoofs died away in the distance, she awoke with a shuddering sigh to the grossness of the insults that had been offered her. Suddenly her strength failed, and with a groan, she sank back on her chair, burying her face in her hands. The thought of her loneliness had been bitter, her lover's false vows had rankled in her breast, but the weight of Vane's humiliating words crushed her. It was almost greater than she could bear.

She tried to banish all tender recollection of Stuart from her, to think of him only as the one man who had darkened the glory of life for her, as the man who had plucked the sweet blossom of her love only to trample it under foot; but she could not succeed. Her mind would go back to those happy walks, those brief moments of gladness when they met till it wandered to that day in Weald Wood, when, with her hand clasped in his, she had sworn to love him always, no matter what came between them. Yet she loved him—would love him to the end; though he had deceived and injured her, though he had treated her with such scant courtesy and degraded her shamefully, her love was still the same.

She shook back her wealth of red-gold curls and rose to her feet, she was growing calmer. She reflected that she had yet to plan her future. She pushed the chair to the doorway and sunk into it. The sun was sinking behind the woods; the air was soft and balmy—its touch seemed like a kiss upon her cheek. The musical note of a bird twittered its "good-night" amid the leaves, the babble of the distant brook, soothed her. She leaned her weary head against the door, and began to think.

One idea stood out clearly—she must leave Hurstley. She dared not even picture to herself a future in the

village, where her eyes would rest on Stuart smiling on that cold, cruel woman—where she must sit down beneath a repetition of insult that had already roused her spirit almost to madness. No, there was no other course open to her—she must go, and soon. Ah, if she could but rush away at once, and let the veil of darkness cover her humiliation! But whither and to whom could she go? Reuben could not take her with him. Mrs. Bright would welcome her for a while; but she could not meet Robert—poor Robert!

Like a flash of light in darkness came the remembrance of Miss Lawson, and the letter from her sister. Would it be too late? It was not too week ago. This must be her chance. She rose hurriedly, her limbs trembling, and tied on her bonnet. She would go to Miss Lawson at once, and the place might still be vacant; she might start perhaps in the morning! The thought lent her strength. She forced herself to eat some food, though every nerve in her body was quivering from excitement.

The simple viands, the glass of milk, seemed to put new life into her; she left a message for Reuben at the next cottage, and started in feverish haste for the rectory, losing all thought of fatigue in the rush of eager desire and hope that burned within her.

Miss Lawson was seated at her window, writing, when her eyes fell on Margery's figure coming rapidly up the path. The governess noted the girl's pale cheeks, her worn look of pain, and her heart thrilled with sympathy.

"Well, child?" she said, as the girl came in.

"Miss Lawson—" began Margery, and then her rapid walk told on her, and she half reeled to a chair.

The governess rose, untied the bonnet, and held a glass of water to her lips. She saw at a glance that something was wrong; but she asked no questions.

"You have walked too quickly, as usual, Margery," was all she observed abruptly.

Margery broke from her thoughts. "I was wishing," she began, then hesitated, rose suddenly, and went and stood beside her governess, putting one little hand on the older woman's.

"You are so kind, so thoughtful," she said, gently. "You ask me no questions, do not examine me as to why I have come to-night. I must leave Hurstley, and at once; there is a reason, but I cannot tell you yet. Still you will believe and trust me, will you not? Yes, yes, I know you will. I have only you to help me now in the whole world, and you will not fail me."

"You wish me to do something more?"

ed, as she turned away with the glass. "I wanted to see you," murmured Margery; then, after a brief pause, she added slowly, "You remember what you said, Miss Lawson, that evening we parted—you would help me? I have come to claim that promise. I want—"

"Tell me what you want."

"I want what I refused that night—to leave Hurstley—go away altogether. Is it too late—oh, Miss Lawson, is it too late to go to that poor young lady?"

Miss Lawson looked at her keenly. "No," she replied; "it is not too late. Strangely enough, I have heard from my sister again, urging me to persuade you. This letter I am writing is to her. I can tear it up."

Margery felt the first thrill of pleasure she had experienced during the long, dreary day.

"And soon—may I go soon?" she asked.

"The sooner the better—in fact, to-morrow, if you can be ready."

"I could be ready to-night," Margery answered, with a weary sigh, pushing aside her curls.

"Then I will telegraph to my sister in the morning, when you start. I will go with you to Chesterham and see you into the train, and I think you had better get yourself one or two things when there; you can repay me out of your first quarter's salary."

Margery bent her lips to Miss Lawson's hand.

"I can never thank you sufficiently," she whispered; "you are too good to me."

Miss Lawson pulled away her hand with a jerk; but her face bore no trace of anger.

"Have you spoken to Reuben?" she asked.

"No, but I will at once. He leaves Hurstley himself at the end of the week."

"Well, I am heartily glad, child, you have decided on this. I think you will be happy."

"I shall be away from here, and that will be enough," was Margery's muttered thought.

"I will speak to Mrs. Carr to-night. She will spare me to-morrow, I know," continued Miss Lawson. "You must be ready about eight in the morning, Margery. Your luggage will not be much; perhaps you can arrange with Reuben to take it for you to the corner of the lane, and I will meet you there with the village fly."

"Thank you," said Margery again. All was settled, and a feeling of peace stole into her breast. She would disappear—leave behind her everything that recalled her brief dream of bliss, her agony of grief. Stuart would be troubled no more with the sight of her sad face to dim his happiness. He had regarded her as a poor village girl, without heart, mind or pride—a toy with which to while away the long, dull hours; and, as he had forgotten her—as she had gone from his memory—she would creep away in deed and in truth. She felt, as she sat in the twilight of the room that had seen her so often in her young, fresh content, that she would be satisfied if her name could be forgotten by Hurstley forever, if, with her departure, the veil of mystery that hung over her birth might envelop her in its folds, and she might be lost.

Miss Lawson, turning from her writing-desk, saw the plaintive look on the girl's face.

"What is it, Margery?" she asked, abruptly.

Margery broke from her thoughts. "I was wishing," she began, then hesitated, rose suddenly, and went and stood beside her governess, putting one little hand on the older woman's.



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This Baby Welfare Book and this Baby Record will be sent you free on request. Write The Borden Co. Limited, Montreal, Canada. The natural food for babies when mother's milk fails.



Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

THINGS He gathered treasures here and there and built his life around them. He loved to show his trinkets rare and tell you where he'd found them.

These lovely drapes from Persia came from Nottingham these lace curtains and the droll, to them his love was pledged. And none could buy his trinkets rare, and none would he bestow them. The more he saw them gleaning there the more he joyed to show them.

In things he found his greatest pride. In things his life was written. His love for them he could not hide, by things his heart was smitten; He fondled them from day to day and made them his obsession.

Rare bits of beauty pleased his soul, old bronzes his delight. He loved the ancient and the droll, to them his love was pledged. And none could buy his trinkets rare, and none would he bestow them. The more he saw them gleaning there the more he joyed to show them.

He spent his life in gathering things, a selfish love, though gentle. His years were spent for clocks and rings and tokens sentimental. And yet how vain was all his pride. Did love of beauty blind him? He valued things, but when he died he left them all behind him.

Don't say Sardines — say Queen Maud.—Jan 23, 24.

Thumb Prick and Pimple Are Fatal

Death following a pimple, a cut while shaving, and a pricked thumb were investigated at the Lambeth Coroner's Court.

Beatrice Ellen Bradley, aged 18, daughter of Divisional-Inspector W. H. Bradley, died in St. Thomas' Hospital, from blood poisoning caused by a germ entering an inflamed pimple on her nose.

A verdict of Death by Misadventure was returned.

It was stated in the case of Alexander Henry Brooks, 33, an engraver's process operator, that in his work he had to use cyanide of potassium and other chemicals, which sometimes gave rise to dermatitis of the hands, and in Dr. Daly's opinion this caused blood poisoning through his hands coming in contact with a cut on his face sustained while shaving.

A verdict of accidental death was returned.

Frederick Charles Wagg, 26, died from blood poisoning through pricking his thumb with electric wire. A verdict of Accidental Death was returned.

How to Make Pins Cough Syrup at Home

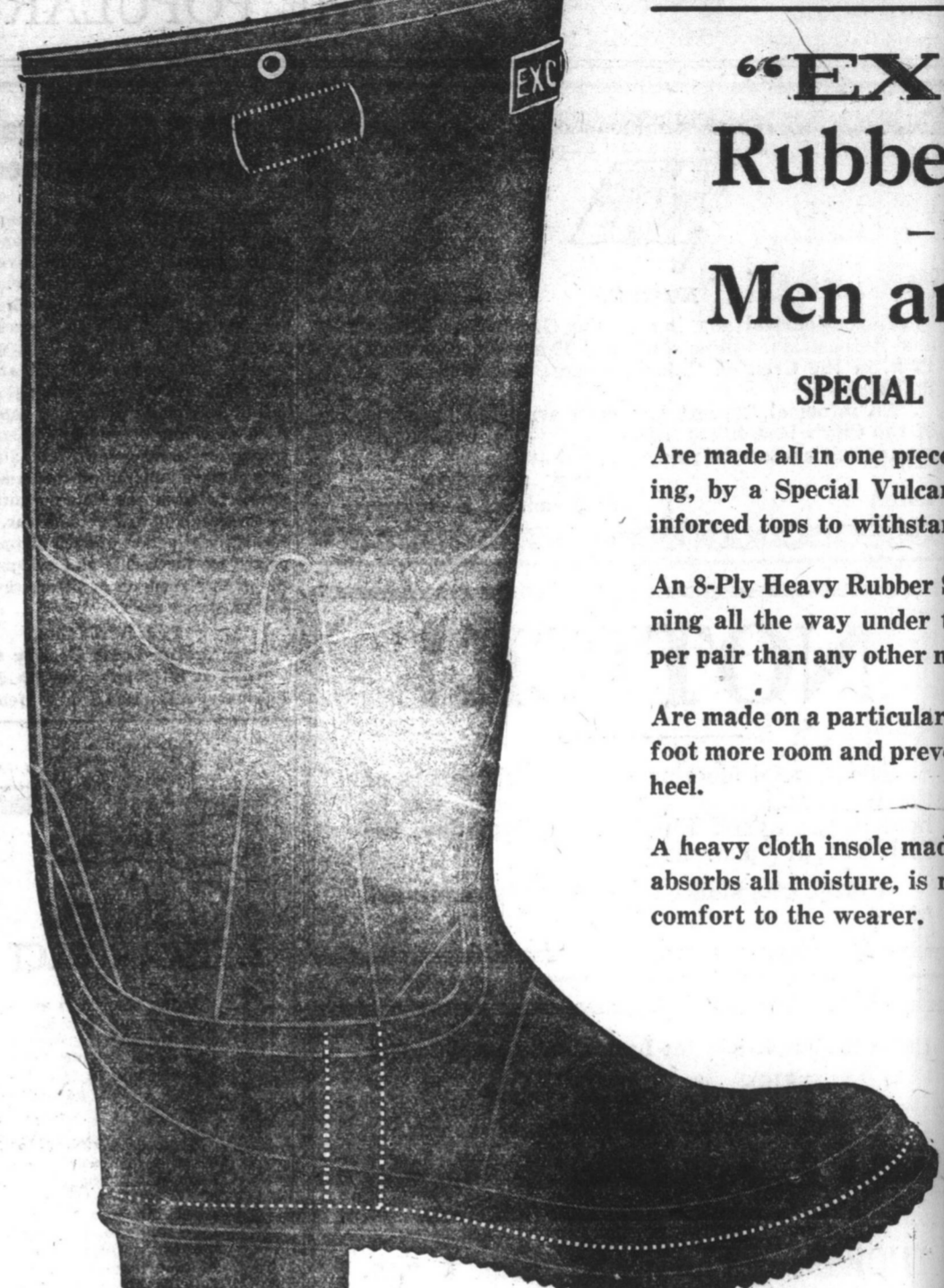
Use an equal for prompt results. Takes but a moment to prepare, and saves you about 25¢.

You know that pins is used in nearly all prescriptions and remedies for coughs. The reason is that pins contains several peculiar elements that have a remarkable effect in soothing and healing the membranes of the throat and chest.

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- Are made on a particular shape of last, which gives the foot more room and prevents slipping at the instep and heel.
- A heavy cloth insole made under a new process which absorbs all moisture, is nicely fitted in to add extra comfort to the wearer.

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The Shoe Men

Jan 30, fri, mon, wed, fri.

Held for Manslaughter

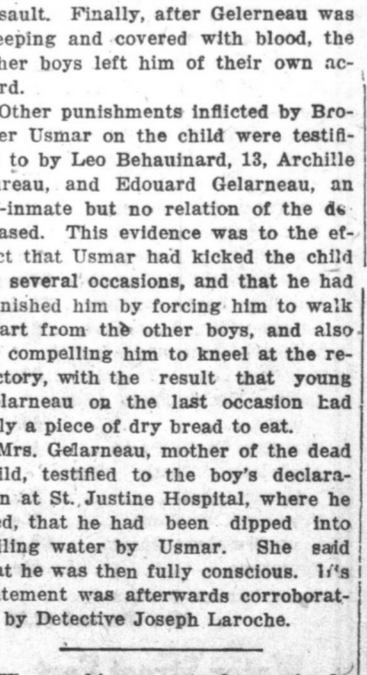
CHARGED WITH CAUSING BOY'S DEATH IN ORPHANAGE.

MONTREAL, Feb. 4.—Brother Usmar, of the Brothers of Mercy, and teacher at the Hibernian Orphanage, was taken to Boreham Jail late this afternoon, charged with manslaughter in connection with the death by scalding of eight year old Hector Gelarneau, who died in St. Justin Hospital on January 24. The preliminary trial was set for February 11. Brother Usmar, civilly known as Rene Francois De Vieschouwer, was conveyed to jail in the "Black Maria" in company with other prisoners. Evidence presented before Coroner McMahon to-day centred on the possibility of the dead child having accidentally caused his own death, but this, in the opinion of Dr. Wilfred Derome Provincial Autopsist, was unlikely. The boy had been scalded in a tub at the orphanage on January 21 having been conducted thither by Brother Usmar for a wash in consequence of the child's unfortunate personal weakness.

Dr. Derome testified that in his opinion the boy had been either held in the boiling water for more than an instant or stayed there of his own accord, which was not likely. In the boy's case, physical examination showed that his body was burned on the lower part, the legs and back. He had apparently been seated in the tub with his legs extended or sat resting on his toes. "In my opinion," said Dr. Derome, "the child could not have fallen into the water. He was either held or remained there."

Evidence of a number of inmates of the orphanage was to the effect that Brother Usmar had encouraged the boys to bat little Gelarneau. This was brought out from Victor Cole, aged 9, who declared that about 12 boys of his own age had thereupon attacked young Gelarneau with their

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Forty-Six Years in the Service of the Public—The Evening Telegram

OPERATIONS FOR FEMALE TROUBLES

In Many Cases Unnecessary These Women Gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a Trial First

Alberta Woman's Experience. Provest, Alberta.—"Perhaps you will remember sending me one of your bottles 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 I have a bonny baby girl four months old. I do my house-work 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 64, Provest, Alberta.

Operation Advised. Sarnia, Ontario.—"After my girls were born I was a wreck. My nerves were too terrible for words and I simply could not stand or walk without pains. I suffered with fainting spells until I was no longer any good for my household duties and had to take to my bed. The doctor said I should have an operation but I was not in a fit condition at that time. My neighbor said, 'Why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?' I'm sure it will do you good and will save those doctor's

ills." So I was advised by my husband to try it after I told him about it. I am very thankful to say that I was soon able to do my housework and a little washing and also to take a few boarders for a while as rooms were scarce at that time. My baby is 17 months old now and I have not yet had an operation, thanks to your medicine. I have recommended the Vegetable Compound to a few people I know and have told them the good it has done me. I know I feel and look a different woman these last few months and I certainly would not be without a bottle of your medicine in the house. You can use this letter as you see fit as I should be only too glad for those suffering as I have done, to know what it has done for me.—Mrs. ROBERT G. MACGREGOR R. R. No. 2, Sarnia, Ontario.

Through neglect some female troubles may reach a stage where an operation is necessary, but most of the common ailments are not surgical ones. Many letters have been received from women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over 250,000 replies were received and 98 out of every 100 said they had been helped by its use. Despite the efforts of the designers waist lines remain consistently low throughout all spring models.



Casualties in

Officials of... Terms of... Spirits Int... Special Me... Per Cent...

WILL APPEAR... TORONTO... The Speech from the throne... day announces... alcoholic content... to be sold under the... Act.

WANT GOVERNMENT... TORONTO... Evidence that the... the Conservative party... with the pro... beer was contain... motion served in... afternoon by E. W... for Windsor that... house it is... legislation be enacted... providing for the sale... wine under a system... control upon... "local option."

BEVIS TO PAY... O.T.D... Louis Marshall... sentenced to... shooting of... tion there on... the penalty of... reviewed the case... hrieved commutation... ANOTHER GRAND... CHESBROUGH... Four men and... and another... when a shirt... the Pennsylvania... motor truck and... morning in Mar... this morning.

CHILD'S NAME... LOS ANG... Seven year old... last week confessed... with sisters in... days ago, and... on since coming... to

All N... JOE... Member... Wire with... Board... feebly