

"Eczema on My Face Completely Relieved"

Miss Winifred Ernest, Box 46, Blockhouse, N. S., writes:

"Ever since I was a little child, I suffered with eczema on my face. At times my face was completely covered with large sores, and I tried nearly every kind of medicine that I heard of with no results. This lasted for over twenty years, until one day I asked the advice of my druggist, who bade me give Dr. Chase's Ointment a trial. After using the Ointment for a few days, the sores began to heal, and soon I was completely relieved of the disease."

Dr. Chase's Ointment 60 cts. a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

The Heir to Beecham Park

CHAPTER X.

"I know you are right, Aunt Constance," she responded, quietly, though she was inwardly disturbed by Mrs. Crosbie's words; "but consider, Stuart is impulsive, as strong-willed as yourself; if you cross him in this, who knows but that he may do something rash—perhaps marry the girl without delay, and be separated from your forever? Is it not wiser to act cautiously, to be careful and polite? I do not advocate too much warmth on your part; meet Stuart coolly, but at the same time throw no obstacle in the way. Believe me, dear Auntie, you will be relieved of all anxiety if you do this."

"But what do you propose?" asked Mrs. Crosbie, resuming her seat, and Vane saw that her advice had taken root.

"We must let the separation come from her," she answered, quickly. "It will not do to send the girl away—that would be but a stimulus to Stuart's determination. No; he must be disillusioned; and that will not be a difficult matter, I should imagine."

Mrs. Crosbie was silent for a few moments; she was irritated and displeased more than Stuart imagined she would be at the news of his attachment. To her it seemed incredible that a Crosbie should stoop to humiliate himself in this way. Vane's words fell with good effect upon her ears. Had her niece not been at hand to smooth matters with gentle tact, she would not have been able to restrain her anger. Something of the wisdom of the girl's advice came home to her as she mused. She saw that Vane was urged by jealousy and pride to break off this terrible connection, but she was quite wrong in her conclusions as to the source of that jealousy. She judged it to be solely the outcome of love for her son, and the thought came as soothing balm at such a moment. Once let them dispatch that girl, and the marriage she had planned would take place.

Vane watched her aunt intently. "You will consent?" she said, softly, breaking the silence.

"Yes," Mrs. Crosbie answered, abruptly. Vane made no immediate reply, but her heart thrilled with satisfaction. Now she must conjure up all her power to defeat Margery Daw. Plan after plan followed each other through her mind, but she could arrive at none better than trampling on this village rival's dignity and wounding her pride with darts, the sting of which would linger longest. Before she began the fray, however, she must see

Stuart breathe in his ear that she had succeeded with his mother, and thus allay any suspicion he might entertain in the future that it was through her instrumentality that his love-tream had been broken.

"Yes," said Mrs. Crosbie, again, "I will act as you suggest. I see plainly the wisdom of such a course. Were I to display the anger I feel, the consequences might be worse than the present state of things. At all hazards, we must separate him from this girl!"

Vane bent, and kissed her aunt. "I am glad you see the matter as I do. Aunt Constance, I feel I am right. Stuart must be saved from this, and, if we work well, we shall do it. Now I must start for the village. Remember, you will not let your anger be seen."

"It will be difficult, perhaps," returned Mrs. Crosbie; "but there is too much at stake, and I will control myself."

Vane moved away slowly, leaving the mother plunged in bitter thought, and mounted the stairs to her room. She put on her pretty hat, smiling triumphantly at her own image in the mirror, and, drawing on her gloves, passed along the corridor till she reached Stuart's door.

She knocked softly, and whispered to the servant: "Is your master awake?" "Yes, miss."

"Ask him to come to the door for one minute, if he can."

Vane fastened the last button of her glove, and then stood waiting, a picture of grace and beauty, as Stuart moved slowly into the doorway. "I am going now," she said, gently; "but, before I start, I wanted to let you know that I have succeeded with Aunt Constance. She—"

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Vane descended the stairs rapidly, and she felt as she seated herself in the smart pony-carriage that she had fought half her battle, and that, with a little care and discrimination, the victory would be easily and gracefully won.

CHAPTER XI.

Along the hot road, and through the village, where her strange, dazed look awoke wonder in the women's minds and set their tongues wagging in pity, toiled Margery. She was filled with but one thought, one terrible thought, which chilled her heart and roused her pride. Stuart Crosbie had deceived her; he had deliberately sought and— a blush dyed her cheeks at the remembrance—won her love, her pure innocent love, by false vows, which were laughed to scorn, perchance, with his cousin when he had left her. She did not doubt the truth of the words she had just heard; they had been spoken so naturally, the outcome of the speaker's knowledge. Had he not seen the lovers together? Was he not in the house, with every opportunity of judging? Now all was explained. Stuart had made his accident a pretext for leaving her in her sorrow without a word or sign. Her youth, her joy, her light of life was gone, and henceforth she was alone in the world. Her heart raised a cry against this man, why had he sought her? Why had he ruthlessly broken the charm of childhood, and given her the sorrows of a woman? Why not have left her in her innocence, content in her humble life?

During the past three months Margery had lived in an atmosphere of indescribable happiness. She did not stop to reason with herself as to whether Stuart Crosbie's comings and goings had not an unspoken interest for her. She had welcomed him as her friend, the dearest, in truth, she possessed, until the day in Weald Wood, and then what joy filled her being! Stuart loved her. The truth was revealed to her; the key to her contentment—her joyous spirits never saddened save when by the sick woman's couch—was grasped. And now all was at an end. An indescribable pain pierced her heart; she never realized till now how deeply her affections were centered in him. Her shamed modesty resented the wound he had inflicted. She recalled the words he had spoken, the looks she had given, the kisses he had stolen from her lips, and at each thought she grew fainter and pressed her small hands against her heart to stave off throbbings. She could think of nothing but the two figures standing in Weald Wood, with the sunshine overhead; and the picture brought a flush of shame to her face, a weight of unspoken grief to her heart.

She reached the cottage gate at last, and advanced wearily to the door. The reality of Mrs. Morris' death came to her then in all its bitter force. In all the days of her childhood, when trouble had overtaken her she had sought the gentle woman whose couch now stood blank and empty, and had found solace in her soothing love. Now she had none to whom she could turn, none to bring her peace.

She threw off her hat, and, suddenly flinging herself upon the couch, gave way to a flood of passionate tears. A thousand thoughts coursed through her mind. Was this the cross of her life? Was all that was beautiful and happy gone forever from her? Was her lot henceforth to be but sorrow and tears? Her spirit recoiled from the vision of grief. Some lines she had read a week before rose to her lips with an agony of despair:

"O God, I am so young, so young! I am not used to tears at night. Instead of slumber, not to pray! With sobbing lips and hands out-wringing!"

and, uttering a bitter cry, Margery buried her face in her hands till the paroxysm was passed.

Fatigue and sorrow had told upon her, and she rose from her knees looking, with her white, tear-strained face, the ghost of the lovely girl of a week before. Her tears had relieved her, the dull pain at her heart was gone; but the passion of her grief had weakened her, and for many minutes she lay back in a chair, the faint breeze stirring the curls on her forehead.

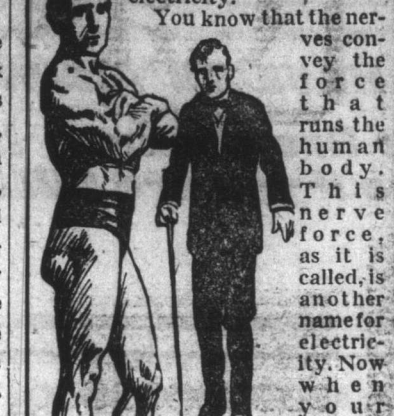
(To be continued.)

Be sure that you are including in your winter menus plenty of fresh and stewed fruit.

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A Frenchman Who Missed Australia

"In the years that were earlier Anatole France satisfied mankind by telling the tale of the late Penguins." Now as the Paris papers tell us, the French Republic is to establish a Republic of the Penguins, on the far islands of Kerguelen's Land," says the Telegraph. "It is an admirable decision to save the penguins and the seals of the Kerguelen beaches and ensure them the inviolability of a national park."

But that the fate of Kerguelen should be to form a sanctuary of penguins adds a chapter to the book of the vanity of human wishes which Anatole France might have liked to write. Most of us know little more of Kerguelen's Land than Mr. Kipling's casual reference to it as a haven which disabled steamships in the Southern Seas might make under sail, "three jiggers burned w' smoke. Perhaps we have heard of the virtues of Kerguelen cabbage to the scurvy-stricken."

But who now remembers Yves Joseph de Kerguelen-Tremarec and his sanguine purposes? He was a Breton of high degree; he sailed away from Mauritius a hundred and fifty years ago to find a very large

Ends Stubborn Coughs in a Hurry

For real effectiveness, this old home-made remedy has no equal. It is simple and cheaply prepared.

You'll never know how quickly a bad cough can be conquered, until you try this famous old home-made remedy. Anyone who has coughed all day and all night, will say that the immediate relief given is almost like magic. It takes but a moment to prepare and really there is nothing better for coughs.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, this mixture saves about two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, and gives a more positive, effective remedy. It keeps perfectly, and tastes pleasant—children like it.

You can feel this take hold instantly, soothing and healing the membranes in all the air passages. It promptly loosens a dry, tight cough, and soon you will notice the phlegm thin out, and then disappear altogether. A day's use will usually break up a cold, and give you relief from cold, and it is also splendid for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness, and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, the most reliable remedy for throat and chest ailments. To strengthen your throat, use your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

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