



Pompeian FOR BEAUTY

English and American women of refinement long have known the secret of a smooth velvety skin. You, too, may gain this much desired effect with POMPEIAN BEAUTY PREPARATION.

Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Owing to its exceptional adhering qualities and its bewitching perfume, it is fast becoming the choice of discriminating women.

The various shades, Flesh, Naturelle, and White—each the result of years of experiment on different complexions—assure you of a perfect match for your particular type of skin.

Three For Instant Beauty

Use of Pompeian Day Cream will make the skin smoother and more supple. Then apply Pompeian Beauty Powder in the shade best suited to your complexion. If you need a little extra colouring add a touch of Pompeian Blush and over all a light dusting of the Powder.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
CLEVELAND, O., U. S. A.
Wholesale Agents:
HAROLD F. RITCHIE,
Company Ltd.,
Toronto.

The Heir to Beecham Park

CHAPTER V.

"Agreed with her. You ought to know me better than that, Margery." The grave tones went to her heart. "Oh, forgive me!" she cried. "It was wrong; but—she is so beautiful, and I—"

"You are—"

"Only a village girl beside her."

"I wonder if you know how different you are from her?" Stuart said, quietly.

Margery's face flushed.

"I never felt I was—common till to-day," she answered.

"Margery!"

She looked up quickly. Mr. Crosbie checked his words and laughed a little tie constrainedly.

"You must not grow vain," he said.

"Am I vain? I will remember another time," she responded, gravely. "And remember this, too," Stuart added—"that, whatever any one may say, my opinion of you does not change—never will."

She smiled with delight.

"Thank you, Mr. Stuart," she said, simply. "And now please give me my basket; you must not come any further."

"I shall carry it home for you," he answered. "We shall not be long, and this is tons too heavy for your little hands. Tell me of your lesson. What have you done to-day, and what is that book?"

Margery immediately broke into a long account of her studies, and, with her happy serenity restored, she walked on beside him, heedless of the dust or the sun—content that their friendship was unaffected.

Stuart Crosbie listened with pleasure to the ripple of her voice, his eyes never tired of wandering to her sweet face, lovely in its innocence, but

A Stabbing Cough Loosens Right Up

This home-made remedy is a wonder for quick results. Easily and cheaply made.

Here is a home-made syrup which millions of people have found to be the most dependable means of breaking up stubborn coughs. It is cheap and simple, but very prompt in action. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, throat tickle, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you get 16 ounces—a family supply—at much better value than any you could buy ready-made for \$2.50. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its prompt healing effect upon the membranes.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto.

when he had parted from her and strode home along the lanes, his brow was clouded and a puzzled expression rested upon his face.

CHAPTER VI.

Wednesday morning broke clear and cloudless. Margery rose at an early hour, and sat looking out of her little window at the sun gilding the fields and trees with its glory. Stuart Crosbie, too, rose earlier than was his wont; and he occupied the time till the breakfast-gong sounded in walking up and down his room, apparently in deep thought. As the muffled summons reached his ear, he uttered an impatient "Pshaw!" and made his way slowly down the stairs. His mother was seated at the table when he entered the room; and he had scarcely exchanged greetings with her when Vane Charteris made her appearance. It was not Miss Charteris' usual custom to honor the breakfast table with her presence; but since her stay at Crosbie the mood had seized her, and she descended regularly to the early meal.

"Good-morning, my dear," said Mrs. Crosbie, smiling her sweetest. "You look as fresh as a rose; doesn't she, Stuart?"

"Words always fail me to describe Cousin Vane's beauty," was his gallant reply.

Vane smiled languidly; but she was not quite happy. There was something strange about this cousin of hers; he was attentive, but his attentions seemed to be the outcome of habit rather than inclination. Was her power to fascinate here, too?

"What is the programme for to-day?" she asked, as she drew her chair to the table.

"We must devise something," observed Mrs. Crosbie. "Ah, Vane, my dear, I fear you find this place very dull!"

"Dull!" repeated Miss Charteris. "I cannot tell you, my dear aunt, how happy I am in your lovely home."

Mrs. Crosbie felt her heart swell; more and more she saw the advisability of a marriage between Stuart and his cousin, more and more she determined it should take place.

"Well, Stuart, what are we to do to amuse Vane?" she inquired, turning to her son, with the pleasure called up by her niece's speech still lingering on her face.

"I am afraid, mother, I shall not be able to offer my services to-day. I am bound for Chesterham this morning," Stuart answered, vigorously attacking a pie on a side table.

"Chesterham!" ejaculated his mother. "Why, what takes you there, Stuart?"

"An appointment with Derwent. He has written and asked me to meet him at the junction on his way to town; he wants to see me."

"Why could not Captain Derwent

come here for a few days?" inquired Mrs. Crosbie, coldly. She was annoyed that anything should interrupt the acquaintance that was progressing so satisfactorily.

"He can't; he is due in London."

"But must you go?" began his mother, when Vane interrupted with:

"Oh, please don't stop him, auntie, dear, or he will vote me such a nuisance! Indeed, we can spare Stuart for one day, and I will enjoy myself with you if you will let me. We have not driven to any places yet; shall we not go somewhere to-day?"

"I shall be pleased," Mrs. Crosbie replied, though she looked vexed; and all other remarks on the subject were stopped, to Stuart's great relief, by his father's appearance—Lady Charteris never left her room till noon.

The squire came in with his curious halting gait; he carried a bundle of letters and papers in his hand (and his haggard features wore a look of surprise).

"Good-morning, my dear," he said to Vane. "Constance—to his wife—"

"I have received a most extraordinary surprise. Read that!"—holding out a letter.

With ill-concealed impatience Mrs. Crosbie took the letter he held toward her.

"What sort of a surprise, dad?" asked Stuart, putting his hand for an instant into his father's.

"Your mother will tell you," answered the squire.

"From Douglas Gerant!" exclaimed Mrs. Crosbie, gazing at the end of the letter. "This is a surprise indeed! Why, Sholto, he is in England—has been for the last month—and wants to come to us for a visit!"

"By Jove!" was Stuart's only utterance.

"It seemed like a letter from the dead," said the squire, dreamily. "What years since one has heard or seen anything of Douglas Gerant! It must be fifteen, at least, since he left England."

Mrs. Crosbie folded up the letter. "He is not changed," she observed—"at least, his letter is as strange and erratic as of old. Vane, you have heard your mother speak of Douglas Gerant, have you not?"

Miss Charteris puckered her brow. "I don't remember his name," she replied. "Who is he?"

"Your mother's cousin—surely she must have spoken of him!"

"I have heard of Eustace Gerant," Miss Charteris answered, "but he is dead."

"This is his brother. He, too, might have been dead for all that we have seen or heard of him. He was a 'ne'er-do-well', an utter scamp."

"But with great good in him," added the squire, warmly. "I know you did not think so, Constance, but Douglas always had a fine, generous nature."

"It was well hidden, then," his wife retorted coldly. "I never had much sympathy with him, and I have lost now. A man has no right to be lost to the world, as he has been, and I have a magnificent inheritance waiting and neglected when there are others who would prize it."

"Is this the long-lost cousin who owns Beecham Park?" asked Vane, with sudden interest. "Oh, then I have heard of him, of course!"

"He came into the property ten years ago," Stuart explained, "and he has not come home till now. I must confess I always had a strong sympathy for this unknown cousin. What a strange life he has been! I am tempted to envy him the wonders he must have seen."

"I am surprised you should speak like that, Stuart," said his mother, coldly. "I cannot understand any man of principle putting aside his duties for his inclinations."

Miss Charteris looked bored. "Is he married?" she asked, languidly.

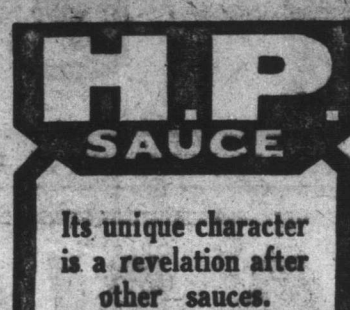
"No, no, my dear," answered Mrs. Crosbie, quickly; "by some marvelous chance he has escaped matrimony. I always expected to hear of a low-born wife, but he appears to have a little of the Gerant pride within him, and has spared us that humiliation."

"Then he has no heir?" Vane observed.

Mrs. Crosbie did not reply immediately, but Miss Charteris saw her handsome eyes wander to Stuart's face and rest there.

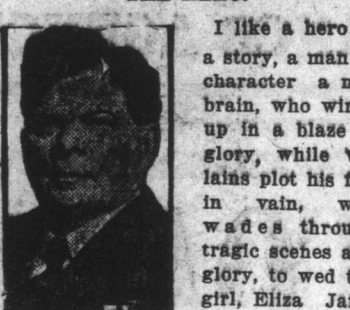
"He has the power of willing Beecham Park," Mrs. Crosbie remarked; and the squire broke in with his quiet, monotonous voice:

(To be continued.)



Its unique character is a revelation after other sauces.

THE HERO.



WAIT MATCH.

I like a hero in a story, a man of character, a d brain, who winds up in a blaze of glory, while villains plot his fall in vain, who wades through tragic scenes and glory, to wed the girl, Eliza Jane. The last few books I have been reading are full of cheap, unpleasant knaves; conventions of the past unheeding, they jog along to fire-sale graves; and none of them shows any breeding or charm; there is no hero who engages the villain with his strong sword arm, who in the end draws virtue's wages, and takes Eliza to the farm. Where all are base and cheap and vicious, an old time hero, brave and true, if smuggled in, would seem delicious, the contrast would improve the view; I wish these writing men would dish us a stainless Bayard knight or two."

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"DIAMOND DYES"

Beautiful home dyeing and tinting is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes. Just dip in cold water to tint, sort, delicate shades, or boil to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.

Household Notes

In the sleeping porch one might use window shades of glassed chintz over sliding shades.

Toasted crumbs of whole-wheat bread give a deliciously nutty flavor to vanilla ice cream.

To use mutton fat in cooking combine two parts of it with one part of any soft cooking fat.

In a recipe for coconut macaroons substitute toasted bread crumbs for the grated coconut.

Many people prefer codfish when it is steamed and served with melted butter or a cream sauce.

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Pains and Headaches Relieved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

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Halifax, N. S.—"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 books on women's ailments. I have one which I keep to hand. I will willingly answer letters from any woman asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. S. M. COLEMAN, 24 Unisack St., Halifax, Nova Scotia.

"Then he has no heir?" Vane observed.

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"He has the power of willing Beecham Park," Mrs. Crosbie remarked; and the squire broke in with his quiet, monotonous voice:

(To be continued.)



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