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TEA
is always sold in an air-tight
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The Heir to Beecham Park

CHAPTER XV.

"My sister, Miss Daw," he said, "is desirous I should visit my other tenants—then starting for Court Manor, and I am satisfied she is right. I have not been down for years, but it will not take me long, and then—"

"And then," finished Lady Enid, with a feeble smile—"then good-by to dreary, gloomy, dusty London, if—"

Dr. Fothergill consents. "Enid," Lord Court said, going to his sister's side, "what do you mean? Has Fothergill been frightening you? Ah, I knew there was something that made you hesitate! Speak! tell me at once!"

"Nugent, my darling"—and Lady Enid imprisoned his strong hand in her two frail ones—"forgive me! I have been tempted to tell you, and then the thought of buoying you up only for bitter disappointment has stopped me. This is it, my darling. There was a little catch in her breath which he did not notice in his anxiety, but which did not escape Margery, who had risen, and was standing at a little distance, with hands clasped tightly together. "For some time past Dr Fothergill has been hopeful that, by undergoing certain treatment, I shall be cured—that is, partially cured—walk by myself for so longer the great baby I am now; and—and I have agreed to try it, for I do long for health, to be as others are now, Nugent, you know my secret—you have wormed it out of me. I did not mean to tell you, but I have been compelled. So you see, darling, I cannot leave London while I am under his care. In a little while I shall know whether the treatment is successful or not. I have kept this even from Margery."

Her cheeks were flushed, a light of eagerness was in her eyes. Margery could not see for tears; she slipped her hand into the tiny hot one, and whispered the words that Lord Court spoke; then, deeply moved, she turned and left the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

Two days passed, and the earl announced his intention of going down to his tenants at the end of the week. There were two peaceful, pleasant days, and Margery found much to occupy her. She would have remained in her own room during her spare moments if Lady Enid would have allowed it, but, with pretty tyranny, the invalid refused any such concession, and so Margery brought her painting into the boudoir. Lady Enid seemed never tired of watching her as she sat bending over her canvas, and every now and then she would touch her brother gently, and by a sign call his attention to the girl's beauty. Margery liked Lord Court. She was pleased at the graceful deference he showed her, and happy because of the joy his presence brought to Lady Enid. He was a most agree-

able companion; his wanderings about the world had provided him with a fund of anecdote and information, and Margery listened delightedly to his voice, though her heart would sink at times at the memory of that other who had spoken of the same scenes. She found that the earl was an artist of more than ordinary ability, and was grateful to him for his many hints, entering into long discussions with the earl, too, found it a strange pleasure to listen to her, and he would start a conversation simply for the sake of hearing her speak, and to watch the ever changing expression of her sweet face.

He gave himself up now entirely to his sister; his fears were banished, his own hopefulness kindled his, and the delicate flush that appeared on her white cheeks led him to believe that her strength was returning. Margery, too, shared his eager delight in Lady Enid's recovery; yet amid it all she could not repress a vague feeling of discomfort sometimes, and alarm would rise unbidden when she looked up quickly and saw the unspeakable sadness in Lady Enid's face; but she kept her fears to herself, and, indeed, dismissed them as fancies when she heard the brother and sister laughing and chatting together.

Lord Court was absent a week, but he sent dispatches daily to town, with hampers of flowers and fruit. The two girls were ardent lovers of flowers, and Margery would fit about arranging them till the room was scarcely recognizable.

On the day of the earl's return she began the pleasant task of decorating, and, when all the vases were filled, she turned to Lady Enid with her great clusters that remained in her hand.

"Shall I send these up to Lady Merivall, Enid?" she asked—by Lady Enid's special desire she discarded the title when speaking to her friend and mistress.

"Aunt Hannah!" Lady Enid laughed. "Oh, she cannot bear flowers, Margery! She would declare that we wished to kill her if we put them in her room!"

Margery buried her face in the flowers. "How I pity her!" she said, slowly. "To me they are as life itself. Yet, do you know, Enid, sometimes the thought comes to me that we are cruel, when we cut the blossoms off so ruthlessly—they die so soon."

She gazed admiringly at a small, delicate white rose as she spoke; it looked so desolate without its setting of green leaves. A curious fancy seized her—was not her life like this poor flower's, separated from all she loved?

"She is thinking of her grief," thought the invalid girl. "You are too tender, darling," she said, gently; "flowers are sent for our use; and,

after all, we die as they do." She paused a little, and then went on, "I will tell you where to put those, if you will, Nugent loves flowers as we do. Ask Morgan to give you some glasses, and arrange them on his table, will you?"

"Of course! Why did I not think of this before?" and gathering them in her hands, Margery went swiftly from the room.

Lady Enid lay back very still as she disappeared, a strange yearning look on her face.

"If that only might be," she murmured to herself, "I could go in happiness, I think." She looked toward the door, and her eyes suddenly gleamed with joy. "Nugent," she cried, "you have come back! How good of you to be so early!"

Lord Court bent and kissed her. "Where is Miss Daw? You are alone."

Lady Enid saw his eager glance. "She has just left me to put some flowers in your room. Oh, Nugent, how sweet they are! I breathe the country air again in their scent."

"As you will breathe it in reality, darling, soon. What does Fothergill say?"

"I am progressing slowly," Lady Enid replied, in a quiet voice, though the flush on her cheeks deepened: "It must be another week yet, Nugent, before I can think of starting."

"A week will soon pass," the earl responded, tenderly, not noticing her labored manner—"a week, and then, Enid, my darling, we shall return to the home where we were so happy, to the haunts you loved! My life shall henceforth be spent for you and with you, as of old."

Lady Enid put her hand on her brother's. "You do not dread it?" she whispered.

"All dread is gone—it is buried in the past," he answered, firmly, looking into her eyes.

Lady Enid sighed, and Margery entered the room as he released her hand.

"You have been putting some flowers in my room, Miss Daw; that is kind of you."

"I did not know you liked flowers, Lord Court," she answered, with the grave smile that never brought any light to her eyes. "I will remember in future."

"I like all that is beautiful," he said, involuntarily; then, turning to his sister—"Enid, let us celebrate my return. You have not driven out for weeks. Can you bear the fatigue today?"

"Yes," replied Lady Enid, with a gleam of delight, "I shall enjoy it."

"It is a lovely day," went on the earl. "I long to drag you from this gloomy room; a drive will do you good, I am sure."

"Yes, I know it will."

Margery knelt for an instant beside the couch.

"Are you quite sure?" she whispered. "Will Dr. Fothergill—"

"He has urged me to go many times," Lady Enid interrupted, kissing her; "so run and put on your hat."

Margery went with a light heart, and in a few minutes followed the slight figure on its straight, padded board to the luxurious barouche. Lady Enid's couch was placed in the carriage, for she was compelled to retain her recumbent position, and, with a heart full of pity, Margery took her seat beside the invalid.

London was very full, considering that the shooting season had commenced, and many people came to the side of the carriage, either to bow or to offer their greetings to Lady Enid. To all of these acquaintances Margery was introduced as "my dear friend," and her heart swelled with gratitude to Lady Enid for her delicacy and consideration. Lord Court, though he was busy talking, lost none of the varying expressions that passed across her face. Gradually it was becoming a pleasure to him to be near this girl whom his sister loved; he recognized the rare beauty of her nature, her labor refinement, and her pride and grace won from him attentions that many another woman had sighed for in vain. Margery was always gratified by his courtesy, though his growing admiration was lost on her. She sat back in the carriage listening to the conversation, speaking only when addressed.

(To be continued.)

Tailored styles of natural brown and cinnamon kasha cloth are seen. With the leopard cut coat, Milady now carries a muff of the same fur.

FIRST AND PARAMOUNT,
ABSOLUTE SECURITY TO POLICYHOLDERS

"PROVIDENCE will take care of my family," you say.

Then quit working and saving. Eat, drink and be merry—Providence will take care of the morrow. Nonsense! Providence provides means to attain ends. Life assurance is one of these means.

Do you know anything more pitiful than a wage-earning widow? Would you care to have your wife come to that—through your neglect? You can save her from such a fate by means of an Imperial Life Policy.

Let us send you our free booklet, "That Home of Yours," which tells all about it. You'll find it of interest.

THE IMPERIAL LIFE Assurance Company of Canada
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO
J. A. MACKENZIE, Manager for Newfoundland, ST. JOHN'S

SIDE TALKS.
By Ruth Cameron.

IDEAS WE HAVE ABOUT OURSELVES.

Have you ever tried being a fortune teller at a charity bazaar? I used to think people who could read palms were perfectly marvelous. I didn't see how they could think up things to say to everyone, even with their free use of the light man, and the dark woman, and a letter, and a long journey.

Now I begin to understand how they can not only think up plenty of things to say, but plenty of things that will be received as having truth in them by those to whom they are spoken, for I am coming more and more to realize how many stock ideas people have concerning themselves.

For instance, how many people do you know who don't think:

That They Have Temperament.
That they have an unusual amount of temperament?

That they are perfectly capable of planning a house and overseeing the building of it?

That Their Face Is Just Right.
That they drive their machine at just exactly the right speed that everyone ought to drive at?

That they ("they" being a woman now weighing anywhere from 200 up) weighed exactly 98 when married and wore a number three shoe?

That they ("they" again) being a woman—any woman) could have furnished any other woman's new house with better taste than she has?

Important Warning!

There is only one "Congolem" and you will know it by the Gold Seal pasted on every pattern. "Congolem" is a registered trade name—and the exclusive property of The Congolem Company. If you want genuine "Congolem" take care to ask for it by name and refuse imitations.

The Gold Seal pasted on every Congolem Rug is a guarantee of highest quality and an assurance that you are getting value for your money.

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In addition to the above good points, Congolem Rugs may be had in the most beautiful patterns and colorings imaginable and at quarter the cost of a carpet square. Congolem Rugs are more stylish than floor canvas; people of refinement prefer Congolem Rugs. Ask for the booklet "Modern Rugs for Modern Homes." Any Dry Goods Store will give you one FREE. Jan. 8, 1925.

TO YOUNG MEN!

This is specially addressed to the young men who are following the trend of style especially as regards trousers. If you want the bell bottom trousers, with or without cuff, here is the place to get them; we are making and have made recently some splendid examples of this style. This also applies to the straight hanging English trousers hanging free from the hips to the cuff; with plenty of room at knees and bottom.

John Maundel
TAILOR & CLOTHIER
ST. JOHN'S, N.F.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

THE INTERNATIONAL SYNDICATE

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

HORIZONTAL

- 1—Exclamation of shame
- 3—Untruly
- 8—An evergreen tree
- 10—A game of cards
- 12—A cereal
- 13—To make a mistake
- 15—Spots of mold
- 18—Woolens
- 20—Eager
- 21—An era
- 24—A fairy
- 25—To chop off
- 26—First name of great American statesman
- 27—Performed
- 28—Formerly
- 30—Point of compass (abbr.)
- 31—Article
- 32—To be dispirited
- 33—Period of time
- 34—Sawp edges of cloth
- 35—Kindled
- 36—Waste
- 38—To travel in a vehicle
- 41—Program
- 42—Musical note
- 43—A letter
- 45—The subject
- 47—An animal
- 48—Surname of great American statesman
- 50—Professional charge
- 51—Always
- 53—Rock
- 54—Soll
- 55—Duration of office
- 57—Floral decoration
- 59—A beverage
- 60—Antique

VERTICAL

- 1—Of feminine gender
- 2—An oval
- 3—Enemy
- 4—An exclamation
- 5—Island group of the Pacific
- 6—And (Latin)
- 7—A tree
- 8—Liberty
- 9—To live
- 11—Unven
- 14—A dress fabric
- 16—Elephant tusk
- 17—Made by spiders (pl.)
- 18—Conjunction
- 19—Falls in drops
- 22—Office held by 26 and 48 (Horizontal)
- 23—Animal which changes color
- 24—Claw
- 32—To deserve
- 34—A bondman
- 37—Mourns
- 38—Challenging
- 40—To make effort
- 41—Good to look at
- 42—To ascend
- 44—Made flight
- 45—A fastening
- 49—Curl up
- 52—To regret
- 54—Condensed vapor
- 55—Moved rapidly
- 58—A beam
- 60—Either
- 61—A letter

SOLUTION OF TUESDAY'S PUZZLE

ROB	AFIRE	SAT							
IRE	MERIT	ERE							
MEAL	NIP	RATE							
OF	SET	FAT							
URN	THROW	BUR							
TEAK	LAN	TOAD							
DAY	LOWER	ONE							
OK	SUB	SAY							
ROT	R	PEW							
HIS	SOT	SEAL							
THE	MASAL	ARE							
YET	OPERA	RED							

Forty Days Adrift

After drifting helplessly for nearly six weeks in terrible storms in the Skagerrak and the North Sea, the Finnish barque Elkoon, a vessel of about 750 tons, has reached Helgeroen (Norway) in a damaged condition. The Elkoon was on a voyage to England with a cargo of timber when she encountered overwhelming winds and seas which made it impossible for her to make any port. The captain reported that his only chance of safety lay in running for the open sea and attempting to ride the storm out, a feat which, by superb seamanship, he successfully accomplished. Not until the fortieth day of his drift did the weather conditions abate sufficiently to allow of his steering for land. The captain's wife was with him throughout the adventurous voyage, and displayed great courage. says Richard Hudson, Oslo correspondent.

RICHARD HUDNUT
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The Face Powder that is Different
Having the Particular Quality of Adhesiveness and being
Framed with the Concentrated
Astringent of These Flowers
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UTMOST VALUE FOR MONEY: OUR MOTTO.
Feb. 16, Mon. Th. Fr.

Seal

8-22

S.S. Neptune, T.
"Thetis"
"Seal"
"Terra Nova"
"Eagle"
"Ranger"
"Viking"
"Sagana"

Feb. 19, 21, Th. Fr.

The King Attain

Election Ruins Arms Co. eration - 130,000

KING GEORGE SUFF BRONCHITIS LONDON

A bulletin issued to place this afternoon in King George, announced to be suffering with cold, said His Majesty of Bronchitis, despite a restless night, general condition was

KING'S CONDITION LONDON

Improvement in the King George, who is suffering following a bronchitis, is noted in a bulletin issued from Buckingham Palace again this morning. The King had a fair sleep, as yet no cough, the general condition of His Majesty shows in

FOLLOWING A SA COURSE LONDON

The King's physician, Sir Graham Palace again, a bulletin was issued, but the bronchitis was satisfactory course.

LEAVING DECKS F OTTAWA

With a surprising case of Commons

There is an Hair Chest requirement

The conjugal designs, res proached in

A. M. PIANOS.