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quality and flavor  
**"SALADA"**  
TEA  
is always sold in an air-tight  
aluminum packet, never in bulk.

**The Heir to Beecham Park**

CHAPTER VIII.

"You have had an ugly fall," he said, briefly. "Your arm is broken—how did it happen?"

He pushed Stuart gently into a chair near at hand, and while he spoke, he deftly cut away the slight tump's sleeve from the wounded limb with a pair of scissors taken from his pocket.

"I can't quite remember," Stuart replied, speaking with an effort, and passing his left hand over his eyes. "I came an awful cropper, I know, and must have banged my head. Is the arm broken? If so, you had better send for Metcalf and have it set."

The butler was moving away; but Sir Douglas stopped him.

"There is no need to send to the village—I can manage this. Go up to my room and send down my man; it is not the first time he has helped me in this sort of thing."

Stuart lay back in his chair; he was still feeling faint and weak. He caught Sir Douglas' eye, and smiled a little.

"I feel rather like what the boys used to call a 'jolly duffer,'" he said, slowly. "I can't think what made me so stupid; I don't usually fall about in this way. I wonder how long I was senseless—and I have never thanked you for helping me." Stuart was gradually recovering himself, and woke to the fact that this was a stranger. "I beg your pardon."

"It is granted, Cousin Stuart," Stuart looked mystified, and then said, suddenly putting out his left hand:

"You are Douglas Gerant; I am very glad to see you."

Sir Douglas grasped the hand. "Thanks, my lad," he said, quietly; then, looking round: "Here is Murray. Now sit quiet, and don't speak, and we'll settle you in a trice."

Stuart watched his cousin curiously as he prepared the bandages and improvised some splints; he scarcely felt the long, white fingers as they moved over his wounded arm, and winced only as the bones clicked together. But he grew fainter as the bandages were wound round; and, as the operation was finished, Sir Douglas, without a word, held the brandy to his lips again and forced him to drink some.

"You have pluck, Stuart," he said, quietly. "You are of the stuff to make a man. Now, if you take my advice, you will go to your room and rest. I fancy that arm will trouble you rather to-night; so try to get some sleep now."

"My head feels rather queer. I confess," Stuart responded; and he gladly let his cousin draw his hand through his arm and lead him through the hall to the stairs.

Mrs. Crosbie was sitting down as they approached.

"Stuart," she exclaimed, in genuine dismay, "what is the matter?"

"He has fallen and broken his arm," Sir Douglas answered, quietly. "I am taking him to his room; it will be

wise to let him pass, Cousin Constance, as he has had a nasty touch on the head."

"Arm broken!" cried Mrs. Crosbie, in alarm. "But it must be set! I will send for Dr. Metcalf at once!"

"You can send for the doctor, if you like," Sir Douglas remarked, as he drew Stuart up the stairs; "but his arm is already set. I have had considerable experience in such cases, and I can assure you it is all right."

Stuart smiled faintly at his mother, and she followed him up the stairs, a little annoyed, a little anxious, and oddly enough, a little glad—annoyed because Sir Douglas had taken so much upon himself; anxious for her son, whom she loved better than anything on earth; and glad, because she saw in this illness a chance of bringing about the marriage between Vane and Stuart, which she so much desired.

Sir Douglas left the mother and son together when he had encoined his patient comfortably in a large chair; and Mrs. Crosbie busied herself with many little offices about the room, quitting the apartment only when she saw Stuart's eyes close in slumber. She met Vane on the landing, and, with an affectionate glance, drew the girl's hand through her arm.

"He is resting, dear," she said, "so I shall leave him for a while. We must nurse him together, and we shall soon get him well."

Vane's face flushed a little.

"I will help you gladly," she returned, and she spoke honestly. Her first thought, like her aunt's, had been that this would bring Stuart and her self more together. She had another duty to perform, too. She must ingratiate herself with Sir Douglas Gerant, and try by every means in her power to wipe away the memory of her foolish mistake.

Stuart slept for an hour or two, and dreamed of Margery, but when he awoke the pain in his arm was so great that even her sweet image was banished from his thoughts. His mother came in as night fell, but Stuart was too ill to broach the subject of his love. The blow on the head was more severe than he had imagined and he grew feverish as the day declined. He heard the tower clock chime the night hours, and whenever he moved his head, his eyes rested on the figure of Sir Douglas reading by the window, and ready at any moment to tend him.

And at the small cottage by the Weald another being sat and watched by a sickbed, watching with a heart that was growing sadder and sadder as the moments passed, Margery, still in the white cotton gown that she wore when she plighted her troth, knelt by Mary Morris' couch, trying to alleviate the pain that was racking the poor, wasted frame. She was ignorant of her lover's illness, and she thought only with a sense of peace and happiness. What a long, wonder-

ful day it had been, she thought as she sat beside the little window and watched the veil of night darken the sky—a day in which her girlhood was buried forever, a day in which the golden glory of all earthly happiness dawned for her! She turned from the window to watch the sick woman. The paroxysm of pain seemed past, and she was asleep. The house was quiet as a tomb. In another room the loving, faithful husband and companion was lost to trouble in slumber. Margery was alone; she moved softly to the window and drew back the curtains, and immediately the room was bathed in the silver radiance of the moon.

She stood and gazed on at the dark-blue heavens, the glittering of myriads of jeweled stars, the moonlit earth, till a cloud seemed to obscure her vision; and, when she gazed again, the stars were gone and a ruddy haze, pierced by the sun's golden beams, illumined the sky.

She rose softly, moved on tiptoe to the bed, then, with a sudden shudder, dropped on her knees beside it. While her eyes had been closed in sleep, while the dawn had spread its roseate veil over the night, a spirit had flown from earth—Mary Morris was dead!

CHAPTER IX.

The days passed away, and Stuart Crosbie gradually recovered from the effects of his fall. Despite the assurance from Sir Douglas that her son was doing well, Mrs. Crosbie satisfied herself and summoned the village doctor, together with a fashionable physician from town, only to receive the same opinion from them, coupled with the expression that Stuart could not have been better treated. The young man passed four days in his room; but as the pain left his head, he insisted on donning his clothes and descending to the garden. His mind was haunted by Margery's image and the thought of her sorrow; for the news of Mrs. Morris' death had reached him through his servant, and he longed to rush away and comfort his darling. He had seen little of his mother during the past four days; Sir Douglas had constituted himself head nurse, and Mrs. Crosbie, who was not quite at home in a sick-room, gave way to him with a little annoyance and jealousy, though she would not let it be seen. Stuart had not been sufficiently well, during the short time she visited him, to speak about Margery—indeed, he scarcely had strength to reply to her inquiries—the heat was still very great, and, although he had an excellent constitution, he was considerably weakened by the fever and pain. But, though he could not collect his ideas to speak of Margery, she was never absent from his thoughts. The vision of her sweet blue eyes, her wistful, lovely face, haunted his bedside, bringing a sense of peace and rest to his troubled dreams.

At last, after four days had passed, Stuart insisted on leaving his room and seeking the air, urged, in fact, by a strong desire to see his mother and tell her of his love. Sir Douglas offered no opposition to this move; the severe effects of the fall were now passed, and, with such health and vigor as Stuart possessed, his arm would soon heal. Nevertheless, it was a rather shattered likeness of the handsome cousin that greeted Vane Charteris' eyes as she crossed the hall; and saw him making slow progress down the stairs.

"Let me help you," she said, gently, moving forward at once, and putting out her hand.

"Thanks. I am rather shaky," returned Stuart, smiling faintly. "How do you do, Cousin Vane? Thanks for all your kind messages."

Vane made no reply, but helped him down the stairs, across the hall to the colonnade, and, pushing forward a large chair, she soon made him comfortable.

"Thank you," he said again; "you are very kind. Is my mother anywhere about?"

"She has gone to Chesterham on some missionary business," replied Vane, leaning back against one of the white pillars, and looking extremely pretty and graceful in her long, soft pink gown. "I don't think she knew that you were coming down, or I am sure she would not have gone." (To be continued.)

Remember that all cake batter, except for sponge or angel cakes, should be well beaten after all the ingredients have been combined. Dishes in which milk, or molasses mixtures are to be baked should be especially well greased.

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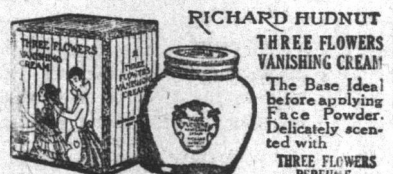
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**An Electrical Girl**

LONDON, Eng., Jan 17, (C.P.)—An "electrical girl" has been discovered at Keighley, Leeds. She is a mill worker, but recently whenever she approached a spinning frame threads began to break and the machine ran as if acting against some magnetic opposition. Directly the girl left the vicinity of the machine it became normal again. "This is the first case of its kind I have heard of," the manager of the factory said. "The girl has broken down under the strain of her experiences."



**Just Folks.**

By EDGAR GUEST.

PEACE IN THE HOME.

A little path to a little gate,  
A shout of glee when the children  
got  
A simple meal when the day is done,  
Good appetites when the food comes  
on.

With love to rule at the table fair,  
Oh, what exultation this anywhere?  
Count your riches and boast your  
fame  
But more than these you can never  
claim:  
The faith and love of the little few  
Who watch and wait at the dusk for  
you,  
If you come be glad at the long day's  
close,  
You have all that any man ever  
knows.

If peace be yours when the shadows  
fall  
They can have no more in a marble  
hall,  
And a king by his queen is never met  
With a warmer welcome than that you  
get.  
And the kiss she gives when you come  
from town  
Would be the same if she wore a  
crown.

For whether you're rich or whether  
you're great  
Doesn't matter at all where the chil-  
dren wait;  
If love be there when the day is  
spent  
And you sit down to your meal con-  
tent,  
If there's joy in your home, then  
while you live,  
You have all that this life on earth  
can give.

**The New Remedy  
for Colds Has a  
Double Action**

William Street Lady Strongly  
recommends Vicks Vapo Rub and  
Chest Colds  
Treat one cold with Vicks Vapo Rub  
and, as in the case reported below,  
you will adopt this external method  
for all the cold troubles of the family.  
Miss Genevieve Martin of 24 William  
St. writes: "I have used several full  
size packages of Vicks Vapo Rub and  
can conscientiously recommend it. It  
is a household word with us. All mem-  
bers of the family are continually ask-  
ing for Vicks for head and chest colds,  
burns and bruises."

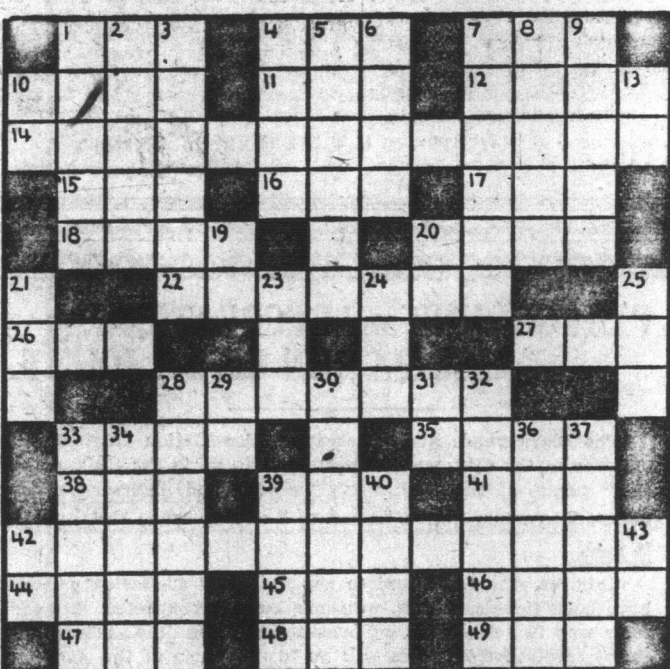
Vicks comes in salve form and for  
tonsillitis, bronchitis, coughs or chest  
colds you just apply it over throat  
and chest and cover with warm flannel.  
Its action is two-fold—the volatile  
ingredients are released as vapors  
by the body heat and inhaled with each  
breath directly into the air passages.  
At the same time Vicks is absorbed  
and stimulates the skin like a liniment  
or plaster. Colds are usually relieved  
over night.

Though primarily intended for in-  
flammation of the air passages, Vicks  
is just as good for surface inflamma-  
tions such as burns, bruises, cuts and  
stings.

**Household Notes.**

Sliced canned pineapple and cot-  
tage cheese are an excellent combina-  
tion to serve on shredded lettuce,  
with mayonnaise dressing.  
To make a glass of malted milk  
doubly nourishing, flavor with choco-  
late or cocoa, and beat it in an egg.  
Strain and chill before serving.

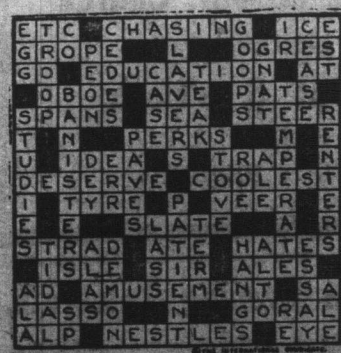
**CROSS-WORD PUZZLE**



**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—Golf term
  - 4—Poisonous reptile
  - 7—Farm product
  - 10—Tear
  - 11—Watering place
  - 12—Fiber
  - 14—Absolutely necessary
  - 15—Not at home
  - 16—Perceive
  - 17—Starting point in golf
  - 18—Stem of certain plants
  - 20—Minus
  - 22—Decked up
  - 24—Make restitution
  - 27—Sob
  - 28—Easiest impressed
  - 33—Flying mammals
  - 35—Skilled
  - 38—Man's name
  - 39—Period
  - 41—Farm animal
  - 42—Relating to trigonometry
  - 44—Traveled by vehicle
  - 46—Unit
  - 46—Engrove
  - 47—Man's name (familiar)
  - 48—Member of Congress (abbr.)
  - 48—A river in Scotland
- VERTICAL**
- 1—Part in singing
  - 2—To clothe; invest
  - 3—Prepared for publication
  - 4—Poisonous reptiles
  - 6—Hurries
  - 6—Glass of a window
  - 7—Buoyed up
  - 8—Jeers
  - 9—Hurricanes
  - 10—Abbr. for name of a New England State
  - 12—Note of musical scale
  - 16—Physician (abbr.)
  - 20—Football term (abbr.)
  - 21—Monkey
  - 22—Fairly
  - 24—Perceive
  - 25—Organ of the body
  - 26—Dramatized and produced
  - 28—Bone
  - 30—Royal seat
  - 31—Abbr. for name of a Western State
  - 32—Tried
  - 32—Foreign nobleman
  - 34—To one side
  - 36—Loud
  - 37—Two times
  - 39—Man's name
  - 40—So be it
  - 42—Initials of name of a famous American
  - 48—Abbr. for "charge"



**Fads and Fashions.**

Cigarette colored silk crepe and cranberry kasha cloth combine in a straightline sports frock.  
A frock for southern wear is of white kasha with embroidery in orange, red and magenta.  
A high-crowned felt hat ornamented with a glycosined ostrich brush is smart for sports.  
A white knitted coat embroidered in colors is worn over a dress that matches its brilliant lining.

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- LADIES' EVANGELINE BOOTS—High Lace, Cuban Heel. Regular \$10.00. Sale Price . . . . \$4.00
- LADIES' HIGH LACE BOOTS—Cuban Heel. Regular Price, \$6.75. Sale Price . . . . \$2.00
- LADIES' HIGH LACE BOOTS—High Heels. Regular Price, \$6.75. Sale Price . . . . \$1.48
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