

Famous Old Recipe for Cough Syrup

Thousands of housewives have found that they can save two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, by using the well-known old recipe for making cough syrup at home. It is simple and cheap but it has no equal for prompt results. It takes right hold of a cough and gives immediate relief, usually stopping an ordinary cough in 24 hours or less.

Get 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) from any druggist, pour it into a 16-oz bottle and add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, keeps perfectly, and lasts a family a long time.

It's truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating through every air passage of the throat and lungs—loosens and raises the phlegm, soothes and heals the membranes, and gradually but surely the annoying throat tickle and dreaded cough disappear entirely. Nothing better for bronchitis, spasmodic croup, hoarseness or bronchial asthma.

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

Avoid disappointment by asking 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, Ont.

For Her Sake;
—OR—
The Murder in Furness Wood.

CHAPTER XLII.

But no color came to the pale face, no light to the eyes dim with weeping.

"I do not believe I can rise," said Diana. "I am so tired."

Susanne had her remedies at hand, in the shape of a cup of fragrant tea, and some scented water to bathe her mistress' face; and after a few moments Diana was able to proceed with her toilet.

This was the day of her supreme revenge. She had taken Evadne's lover; she had sent away Sir Lisle; she had carried out her resolution; she had avenged her own wrongs. The Scar-sdales had come to Furness, had taken possession of it; they had usurped her place, had treated her with insolent contempt, lessened her father's love for her, sneered at her, laughed at her, and then coolly ordained that she should marry their kinsman and endow him with her fortune for the glory of their house. They had been so sure of triumph; Lady Cameron had even been amused at the idea that she would bear a name she was well known to hate. The tables were turned now; but Diana, in the hour of her triumph, was wretched.

Presently Thea came in; then the bridesmaids, one after another; and lastly Lady Cameron made her appearance. Diana could hear the noise of the carriages, the sound of voices; the house resounded with laughter and merriment.

The marriage was to be celebrated at the old church at Edenwood at eleven. Had the country were invited to it, and to the wedding-breakfast afterward. Such a wedding had not been seen in that locality before. The old town of Edenwood was greatly excited; the streets were lined with people, and triumphal arches spanned the roads. The old church was decorated with a profusion of flowers, and nature

herself had donned her brightest garb. Diana shuddered when the wedding-dress was brought in to her. The bridesmaids were there—Thea among them—and two or three lady-maids. When the dress and the veil were spread out for the admiration of all present, she gave a longing, hopeless look round. Would nothing happen to save her? And why, through all the confusion of her brain, should she hear so plainly the words of "Young Lochinvar"? Ah, if Sir Lisle, like young Lochinvar, would but break in and carry her away!

There was a knock at the door, and a pause. Then a superb bouquet of orange-blossoms, white roses, and lilies was carried to the bride—"from Lord Clanronald." And with these flowers, so rich and rare that the whole room was perfumed by them, came a costly bouquet-holder made of purest silver set with pearls. What a bridegroom! What a happy, much-to-be-envied bride. The bridesmaids gathered round the bouquet and pronounced it a floral gem.

Would nothing happen to save her? They had now thrown the bridal veil over her; the orange-blossoms were fastened on her fair head; she held the bouquet in her hands. Diana, in her bridal robes, appeared unconscious of anything that passed around her, until the bridesmaids kissed her. As Thea did so, she whispered, "Poor Diana!"

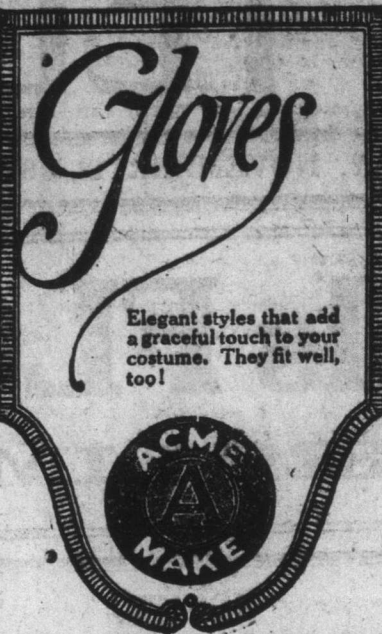
It was the sound of those words that nerved her, that once more roused the spirit of pride almost dead within her. "Poor Diana!" She had won a victory over those Scar-sdales; they should not now, in her hour of triumph, say anything in her to pity.

As she passed through the great hall, a vision of radiant loveliness leaning on her father's arm, some smiled, some wept, some blessed her, some prayed for her.

There were two in the company who were stern and silent—Sir Royal and Richard. The bride swept on, and, as she passed him, Sir Royal saw that she wore none of the superb jewels presented to her that day—nothing but the diamond heart he had given her; and his eyes filled with tears.

The carriage was waiting; the horses, with new harness and white wedding-favors, were hardly to be restrained. The sunshine was brilliant, the birds were singing, the trees in all the beauty of their fresh green foliage—it was a lovely May-morning. Yet, as the moments chased each other with relentless rapidity and the fatal one drew near, Diana had a vague presentiment that something would intervene to save her from the fate she dreaded yet courted.

"Now, my darling!" said her father. Servants with white favors were lowering all round her. The carriage door was open; Diana stepped in, and they were soon driving through the park. The trees were laden with pink-and-white may; the tender leaves of the lime were yellow and gold; the chestnuts were in bloom; the purple lilac and the golden laburnum were in perfection; the odor of the haw-thorn was wafted to her; the whole glad earth laughed in the summer sun, while the black chill of death lay in her heart. Would nothing intervene to save her? Surely horses had never traveled so quickly before! They were



Elegant styles that add a graceful touch to your costume. They fit well, too!

nearly at Edenwood, yet it did not seem a minute since they had left Furness.

Should she turn to her father, and cling to him, cry to him to save her at any cost—to save her, no matter what happened? There were crowds of people at every turn, at the stables, at the gates, everywhere, to see the bride pass—the bride who looked so pale, so lovely, and who had such yearning sorrow in her beautiful eyes. Surely something must happen! She had grown nervous, and looked about in alarm. Would the horses take fright and, in their mad career, bring their journey to a violent, a fatal conclusion? Then she saw her father looking at her anxiously.

"Are you ill, Diana?" he asked, tenderly.

She stopped to think whether, if she answered "Yes," he would defer the wedding; but, if that were done, what a triumph for the Scar-sdales!

"Are you ill, my darling?" he repeated. "You look so very pale. I feel quite anxious."

"No, I am well," she answered. Then a quiver of pain passed over her face. "Papa," she said, "do you realize that, when I drive home, I shall be Lady Clanronald, and never Diana Cameron again?"

"I do realize it, my dear," he answered; "but you will always be the dearest of daughters to me. You look so ill, Dian," he added; "I am anxious about you. The church will be crowded; you will never be able to bear the heat."

"It will not affect me," she replied. There were infinite pain and longing in her eyes as she looked at her father. "Papa, let us talk for one moment as we did before your marriage—heart to heart."

"We have always been the same, dear," he said, quietly.

"Oh, no," she contradicted, with a shudder; "we have not been the same since they came—not quite the same! We have never been together and alone since then. Just for two minutes let it be old times again. Papa, I am going away from you for life—not for a few years, but for life!"

"It is the rule for children to leave their parents," he said.

"Tell me, are you sorry," she cried—"sorry that I am going, that you are about to lose me?"

"I am sorry beyond measure," said Peter Cameron; "home will have lost its greatest charm for me when you have left it."

"Will it, papa? I am sorry, yet so glad to hear you say that," and the white pained sadness of the beautiful face broke into swift sweet blushes. "Do you love me, papa, as much as you have always done?"

"Just as much, my dear," he replied—"better than all the world."

"Kiss me, papa," she said.

And Peter Cameron kissed his daughter through her bridal veil.

The millionaire never forgot that drive to the end of his life, and he would have repeated it to double his fortune.

Presently they came in sight of the town of Edenwood, where the streets were crowded with people who had come to look at the bride—the beautiful happy bride. They cried out when they saw her—a radiant vision, with an exquisite face, and eyes that haunted those she looked upon.

There was the church standing in the midst of a clump of oak trees. Diana looked almost wildly up the long crowded avenue, and again there came ringing through her brain the words of "Young Lochinvar." Would some one come galloping through the surging mass of people, and take her away? Then she was conscious of a sudden stoppage, of some confusion,

of the crowding of people to look at her, of a few hurried words from her father. The golden sunlight, the blue sky, the green trees, the cries of the people, were to her eyes all but indistinguishable; and then she found herself in the cool, darkened aisle.

Was it her fancy? Were the people really crying, "Miss Diana's wedding-day!" She looked at her father to ask him the question, and he was terrified at the expression in her eyes. She tried to hear, but the pealing of the organ through the church drowned all other sounds.

Then the faces of fair women, their rich dresses and glittering jewels, seemed to close round her, and Lord Clanronald was standing by her side. She saw the great stained-glass window, and she realized that she was before the altar, and that the marriage service had begun.

Nothing could happen now to rescue her. She was hemmed in by hundreds of people, she was surrounded by friends, and a voice seemed to pierce through space—a voice which said:

"Diana Cameron, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?"

There was a moment's awful pause. She tried to speak; but in that moment she believed Heaven had stricken her dumb. No sound came from the white locked lips.

The minister looked at her wonderingly, her father touched her arm, one of the bridesmaids stepped forward; and then her voice and her senses returned to her.

"Yes," she answered firmly; and the deed was done.

Diana Cameron lived no longer; Lady Clanronald stood in her place.

Fashion Plates.

A GOOD SUIT STYLE FOR THE SMALL BOY.



2748—For the blouse, one could use gaiters, gingham, drill, or linen; for the trousers, these materials are suitable too, and likewise flannel, serge, velvet and corduroy.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 27 inch material for the waist, and 1½ yards for the trousers.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SIMPLE STYLISH COSTUME.



2715—This design is ideal for serge, gabardine or velveteen. The blouse is shaped at its lower edge. The sleeve may be in wrist length, and close fitting, or finished in elbow length, with a turn-back cuff.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. Size 16 will require 6½ yards of 27-inch material. The skirt measures about 1½ yards.

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Hats. We have just received another lot of Ladies' Black Velvet and Velveteen Hats in very smart shapes, at \$3.50 to \$7.00 each.

Also a range of Hat Shapes in up-to-the-minute styles.

Pull-On Sweaters. Smart American styles in fine wools, sleeveless, with sailor collars, only \$5.00 each.

Blouses. Smart Silk Blouses in Black, White and Pink. Black Silk Poplin Blouses in medium and large sizes.

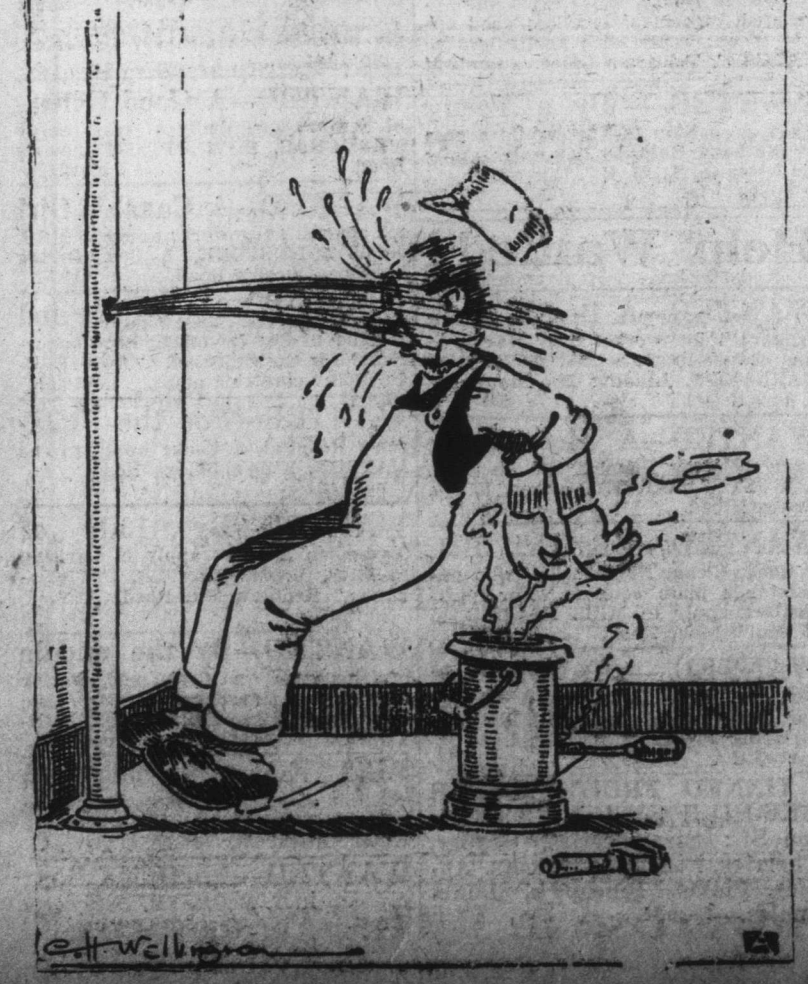
Tussore Silk Middy Blouses and Skirts to match.

Cashmere Underwear. in Stanfield, New Knit and other good makes, in Vests, Knickers & Combinations.

HENRY BLAIR.

Forty Years in the Public Service—The Evening Telegram.

And the Worst is Yet to Come



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Ladies' Umbrellas
These Umbrellas we have the latest modes in British and American.

HENRY BLAIR

murdered Whole Family
THROAT OF WIFE AND THREE CHILDREN.

Vancouver, British Columbia, November 3.—The wife and three sons, aged 7 and 5 years and eight months, of a Japanese, of Buta Sakata, a Japanese, living at 1201 Cedar Street, in the Japanese section of Kilsalano, were found dead in their beds with their