

Make Your Own Cough Syrup and Save Money

Better than the ready-made kind. Easily prepared at home.

The finest cough syrup that money can buy—costing only about one-fifth as much as ready-made preparations—can easily be made up at home. The way it takes hold and conquers distressing coughs, throat and chest colds will really make you enthusiastic about it. Any druggist can supply you with 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth). Pour this into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Shake thoroughly and it is ready for use. The total cost is about 55 cents and gives you 16 ounces—a family supply—of a most effective and pleasant remedy. It keeps perfectly. 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 inflamed or swollen throat membranes, and gradually but surely the annoying throat tickle and dreaded cough will disappear entirely. Nothing better for bronchitis, spasmodic croup, whooping cough or bronchial asthma. Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

The Sound of Wedding Bells

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XXVI.

She does not speak, but her hands unclasp and clasp again nervously. He sighs, and passes his hand over his forehead.

"Of course you know," he goes on; "it would be worse than affectation to pretend that you did not. But, Dulcie, don't think that I mean to worry you. I am going, that you should not be worried. I know that all the time I have been here I have worried and annoyed you, and I can't do more than go, can I?"

She is silent still; and waiting a moment, he goes on:

"As I am going for good, it doesn't matter if I speak out; it is for the last time. I shan't worry you again, Dulcie. When I think of how I have persecuted you I feel ashamed of myself—I do, indeed, and I ask you to forgive me. But, Dulcie, when a man loves as I love you, he clings to hope when there is no hope left—not even the shadow of it; and I know that there is no hope left for me; your eyes told me so this evening. But, oh, Dulcie! I wish that it could have been otherwise; for—for—" the poor fellow's voice breaks—"I have loved and I do love you dearly, most dearly. I think I shall always love you until the power of loving has left me."

Dulcie does not speak, but her hands, tightly clasped, tremble.

He puts the white hand, slim and white indeed, but firm and strong as steel, to his lips nervously.

"Don't ever doubt my love, Dulcie," he goes on. "I may have seemed light and foolish—as I am—but I have loved you as dearly and truly as a better man could do—as the best of them," he adds, with emphasis. "From the first I have always feared that I should lose you. I was never worthy of you, never worthy of a thought; but I could not help loving you for all that. And—and, Dulcie, though your love is not for me, and I shall never see you again, or if I do shall only meet you and be to you

just what any other man is, I do wish that you may be happy—yes! though some one else may win and wear what I so long for, I wish you every happiness."

He stops for a moment, and if there are no tears in his eyes, Dulcie's are dim.

"And—and I think that is all," he says; then suddenly his voice breaks into a passionate prayer. "Ah, Dulcie, if you had but loved me, how happy I could have made you! Not a moment of my life but I would have spent in striving to make your life joyous and free from care. Oh, Dulcie, my darling!" and he kneels beside her with outstretched hands, "if you would but trust me! Believe me, that such love as mine must win the day! The coldest heart could not withstand it for long, much less your gentle, tender heart. Dulcie, if you would but trust me! See, I do not ask you to love me; only let me hope—only give me a chance. I know there's something in the past comes between us, but I am not afraid of that! I can face the past, if you will but give me hope in the future. Dulcie, trust me!" and in the intensity of his passionate entreaty he takes her hands in his.

"Trust me, Dulcie! trust yourself to my love!"

With a gesture, whose grace and abandon are inexpressible, she turns to him.

"I do—I will trust you!" she says. "I am not worthy of your love! I do not think any woman breathing is worthy of it. But if you will accept me, all unworthily—"

He is speechless for a moment, until the full sense of her meaning dawns upon him, then he clasps her in his arms.

"Dulcie! Is it true?"

Then he remembers himself, and bends his head humbly before her.

"Forgive me! I know what you mean; but it seems too good to be true! You will try and love me?"

"Try!" she echoes, trembling. "I will—yes, I will love you!"

"My darling!" he murmurs, but he does not venture to embrace her, scarcely to touch her, lest a touch should break the dream, and he should find himself outside Paradise again. "Dulcie—I—what can I say? Ah, if you knew what I feel!"

"Perhaps I do," she murmurs, a faint smile hovering about her lips, her eyes shyly raised to the handsome face, made beautiful by the passion that transfigures it.

"No, darling!" he says, almost solemnly. "That is impossible." "Not yet! But you will know, for if I live I will teach you to love me!" and he draws nearer to her. "Yes, Dulcie, if I live, I will teach you to forget the past, and live only for me!"

And, as he speaks, he bends his head, golden in the candle-light, and presses his lips to her hand.

"Something—is it pity or what?—moves her, and she bends over him until her lips touch his forehead. But even then he dare not kiss her lips.

Something within him, the innate nobleness of his nature, whispers, "Not yet!"

CHAPTER XVII.

As Dulcie bent forward and kissed the golden hair of her devoted lover, Lady Brookley opened the door gently, but, catching a glimpse of the pair, discreetly, and with a joyous and delighted countenance, withdrew again, closing the door with the greatest care.

There is silence between these two; Dulcie sitting in the low chair, one hand clasped in Archie's, as he kneels beside her with his arm round her, caressingly, and yet reverentially.

It is so sudden, so unlooked for, this joy of his, that he scarcely feels safe even yet. As many a man who has been told of a sudden fortune having been left him has refused to believe it, Archie can scarcely believe that he has won the great prize upon which his heart has been set for many months, and which, indeed, had been snatched from him for a time by another.

He is almost afraid to express the passionate love he feels, almost afraid to touch her lest he should alarm her, and cause her to recall the consent he has won from her. He has not felt the light touch of her lips upon his brow, and does not know that Dulcie, for all her wayward willfulness, has a heart which is easily got at, and that he has found the way to woo her.

There is a silence for some time; he glances up at the lovely face, dreamily thoughtful now, and wonders what she is thinking of half afraid that she is already regretting that she has yielded. At last he says, very quietly:

"Dulcie, I may tell the old people to-night, may I not? I know that it will make them happy, my aunt especially."

She turns her eyes upon him slowly, and a smile creeps into them.

"Yes," she murmurs, softly, "I think they will be glad." And she recalls Lady Brookley's tearful appeal.

Archie laughs softly.

"I know what my uncle will say, that I am not half good enough for you, and that will be true enough."

Dulcie puts her hand gently upon his arm, and she stoops and kisses it.

"At any rate," he says, "I can promise them that I will try and make you happy. You believe that, Dulcie, my darling! There is nothing I will leave untried to win your love. I don't know whether you care about money, Dulcie."

"I don't in the least," she says, with a shake of the head.

"No, I thought not," he says. "If you did—well, it doesn't matter. But if money can help—and money is a help, you know, darling—there is plenty of it. And, Dulcie, you shall have everything your own way; we'll live just where you like. By Jove, I'll send down to the Grange, and have that put straight at once. You don't know the Grange, of course. No, but it's one of my places; it's reckoned rather a pretty place, old-fashioned and all that. Why, I tell you what, Dulcie, we'll give Aunt Brookley the job of furnishing it! There is nothing she would like better!"

Dulcie smiles down at him still rather absently. "And we'll look up the little shop in the park," he goes on. "I have never lived in it, but it's not a bad little house. And you and aunt shall overhaul it, if you will be so gracious. It will want decorating and fitting up, you know. And, Dulcie—though it was very presumptuous of me, and very rash, too, for I give you my word, I never thought you would say 'Yes'; I always expected you would send me about my business with a sharp word—I bought a pair of ponies and a phaeton, a pair of blacks, you know. Come in useful for you to tool about when we go down to the Grange; and until we do I daresay uncle will find room for them in the stable at the back here. Don't say you don't know how to drive, because I'll undertake to teach you in no time."

Dulcie looks down at him—the eager, handsome face, with its rapt earnestness that is almost timid in its anxiety to please her—and she puts her hand before her eyes with a sudden gesture of remorse.

"What is it?—what's the matter, darling?" he asks, anxiously.

"I—I want to tell you something," she says.

"Well, darling!" he says, gently, but with a sudden fear at his heart. "Is she going to recall her 'Yes'?"

"I want to make a confession," she says, in a very low voice.

"Must you?" he says, slowly. "I have always noticed that confessions are painful things, and that they generally give as much pain to those who have to hear them as to those who make them. Don't, unless you are obliged, Dulcie."

And he looks up at her with a trustful smile, that urges rather than deters her.

"I must! I must!" she says, her hands tightening in his. "Sir Archie—"

"Stop!" he says. "Don't call me Sir Archie, unless—unless you are going to tell me that you are sorry for having yielded yourself to me. You are not going to call me that, Dulcie!"

And he draws near to her that he may scan her face.

"No, no, Archie," she says, and the name falters a little on her lips. "No, I am not sorry—I am very glad. But perhaps when you hear, you will be sorry, and return me my proffered troth."

He laughs with loving irony.

"Go on," he says. "It will be an awful confession that will cause me to do that—give you up? No! not if you had murdered your grandmother, or committed bigamy!"

And he laughs again to reassure her.

"Do not laugh," she says, her lips quivering; "it is more serious than you expect, Archie."

"The only thing I dread is the loss of you," he said, gently, and with a smile. "You have reassured me on that point, and I defy you to frighten me now. What is it, darling?"

She is silent for a moment; and he, watching her face, sees the dark eyebrows draw straight across the white forehead, and the beautiful eyes grow troubled.

"Archie," she says, "I don't know where and how to begin."

"Don't begin at all, Dulcie," he says.

She shakes her head.

(To be Continued.)

The World's Appetiser



Made in England, but enjoyed all over the world.

The flavour of H.P. is so delicious and so different from any other sauce you have tried before.

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(To be Continued.)

Nerves of the Stomach

Were Weak and Inactive as Result of Nervous Prostration—Lost Twenty Pounds—Had to Take Sleeping Powders to Get Any Rest.

St. Catherine's, Ont., November 13th

Many people never realize that the movement and action of every organ of the human body is dependent on the energy supplied by the nervous system.

When the nervous system gets run down there is weakness throughout the entire body. You feel tired and languid and your stomach and other digestive organs are similarly affected. Appetite fails, digestion is poor, you do not get the good of what you eat and gradually grow weaker and weaker.

This process can only be stopped by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which goes directly to create new nerve force and thereby to invigorate the whole human body.

Mrs. Geo. S. Ellise, 46 Davidson street, St. Catherine's, Ont., writes: "My husband had an attack of nervous prostration, and, although he doctored for some time and tried different other medicines, he could not get relief. He had to resort to sleeping powders given him by the doctor to make him sleep. The greater part of the trouble seemed to be with the nerves of his stomach. He began to lose weight, and kept on going down until he had lost twenty pounds. We had read advertisements in the newspapers for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and noticed that it seemed to be doing a lot of good for people troubled with nervousness, so my husband decided to try it. He found benefit almost from the start, and continued this treatment until he had taken about twelve or thirteen boxes. The results were most satisfactory. He is now enjoying good health, sleeps well, and has gained back nearly all the weight he had lost. He also uses Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills occasionally, and thinks them an excellent remedy. I have also used this latter medicine for dizzy spells and liver trouble, and was completely cured of these complaints. We think a great deal of Dr. Chase's medicines, and cannot speak too highly of them."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.75, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

WARD'S LINTWEN'S CURE

forward' to a life of love together, heedless of the fact that neither is, as yet, fitted for life's responsibilities.

Sometimes, when a mother discovers one of these youthful romances, her first sensation is one of anger. Yet, if ever a girl needed gentleness and kindness and consideration it is at this time. She should not be scolded like a naughty child for the right treatment will make her a loyal friend of the mother for all time and turn

her into the way which leads to good and noble womanhood and save from other and more serious mistakes. The wrong treatment may alienate her confidence and trust.

Stafford's Prescription "A"—Cure for diseases of the Stomach: Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Gastritis and Nervous Dyspepsia.—nov6,17

STYLISH SUITS and **Overcoats!**

Before deciding on your New Suit or Overcoat, let us show you our stock. All stylish cut and tailored finish.

SUITS!

Men's Dark Tweed and Fancy Worsted, all well made and good patterns, \$7.50, \$9.00, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$13.00, \$14.00, \$15.00, \$17.00.

Fine Navy Serge Suits, Up-To-Date Cut, \$9.00, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$14.00, \$15.00, \$16.00, \$17.00, \$19.00.

OVERCOATS!

Men's Stylish Overcoats, in Greys, Browns, Greens, \$8.00, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$14.00, \$15.00, \$17.00.

STEER Brothers

ON YOUR BACK WE CAN PLACE A SUIT OR OVERCOAT THAT WILL PLEASE YOU EXACTLY

We have a large stock of

Seasonable Goods

Marked at Lowest Prices, as the following list will convince you, viz:

Ladies' Mackintoshes \$5.00	Men's Rubbers (Goodyear Brand) \$1.25
Ladies' Winter Coats \$4.50	Men's Sweater Coats (Navy) . . . \$3.55
Ladies' Felt Hats \$1.10	Men's Winter Caps \$1.25
Ladies' Cloth Skirts \$2.95	Men's Fleece Lined Underwear 85c.
Ladies' Blouses 35c.	Men's Working Shirts 75c.
Ladies' Overall Aprons 65c.	Men's Laundered Shirts 85c.
Ladies' Corsets 65c.	Men's Tweed Suits \$7.50
Ladies' Camisoles 30c.	Men's Pants \$2.55
Ladies' Coloured Underskirts. \$1.10	Men's Overalls \$1.25
Ladies' Underwear 65c.	Men's Suspenders 45c.

Also:

Blankets, \$2.50 pr. Wadded Quilts \$4.95 ea. and White Counterpanes, \$3.50.

Also a lot of White and Cream Curtain SCRIM, selling by the pound.

Also a few MEN'S SUITS, slightly soiled selling at cost.

The C. L. MARCH CO., Ltd.,

Corner Water and Springdale Streets, St. John's.

Your Boys and Girls.

Sometimes a young girl of sixteen finds her dreams embodied in a youth of her own circle. He is the untrained boy of whom her mother knows little or nothing. This is often fraught with danger, although neither boy or girl wishes evil to the other. The boy is only an inexperienced young creature, thirsting for life, like the girl herself. The two often look

Ever

As soon as the amazed how quick keeper should keep For cuts, bruises, pensable, and nothing scalp sores, ulcers and piles. All dead

Za

War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

ITALIAN NEW LINE.

Italian Headquarters, Nov. 12.—reconcentration of the Italian army is now virtually an accomplished fact. Trenches and gun emplacements have been made ready and the whole organization is preparing for the attack which is not far off. The men in good spirits, and a feeling of termination prevails in all ranks. Retirement of that part of the Austro-Germans in the Carnic district, Northern Venetia, has completed Italian main force, which now presents a compact line extending twenty miles along the new defences to the sea. The Allies represented on the new front by British batteries from the Carso, presence of Allied forces is regarded as of highest importance for moral effect on the Italian troops.

HOLDING AUSTRO-GERMANS.

Italian Headquarters in Northern Italy, Nov. 12 (by Associated Press).—The Italians are holding the Austro-German advance on the Carso line. Early reports from the front to-day were favorable. Heavy fighting is in progress along the front.

A SINGLE FRONT.

PARIS, Nov. 12.—A single front, a single army, the requisite for future victory, said Premier Painleve at a luncheon in honor of Lloyd George, the British Premier, who just returned from Italian war zone, and Signor Bonomi, the Italian Minister of Education. After all the lesson of the war, taught us the Allies were not of that sacred internationalism, then in spite of their sacrifice would not be worthy of victory.

IN NORTHERN ITALY.

Italian Headquarters in Northern Italy, Nov. 12.—Italians are engaged back of the west bank of the River, and the Austro-German forces are now taking the place advanced guard on the east bank, strip of water between the two lines is about a half mile, wide.

FETO

Illustration of a woman in a dress.