

How To Get Rid of a Bad Cough

A Home-Made Remedy that Will Do it Quickly, Cheap and Easily Made

If you have a bad cough or chest cold which refuses to yield to ordinary remedies, get from any druggist 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), pour into a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Start taking a teaspoonful every hour or two. In 24 hours your cough will be conquered or very nearly so. Even whooping cough is greatly relieved in this way.

The above mixture makes 16 ounces—a family supply—of the finest cough syrup that money could buy—at a cost of only 64 cents. Easily prepared in 5 minutes. Full directions will Pinex.

This Pinex and Sugar Syrup preparation takes right hold of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough in a way that is really remarkable. It also quickly breaks the inflamed membranes which accompany a painful cough, and stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough. Excellent for bronchitis, spasmodic croup and winter coughs. Keeps perfectly and tastes good—children like it.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in ginseng, which is so healing to the membranes. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex"—do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Phyllis Dearborn

OR, THE

Countess of Basingwile

CHAPTER X.

"You may take what you please," she said.

She did much better work than Carrie, but it was evident at a glance that she had not the same natural ability as the little cripple. She watched his face as he looked over the pictures, and then said:

"I think you know something about art. You must, or you could not have said what you did of Carrie's work."

"Well?" he said.

"Can you give me an honest criticism, without fear of my feelings?"

"I can," he answered.

"Will you?"

"Why should I?"

"It would be of service to me; that is all," she answered, gently.

"You always put me in the wrong," he said.

"I don't mean to. Will you tell me what you think of my work?"

"It is better than Carrie's," and he smiled at the little figure on the bed.

"I know it," said Phyllis. "What else?"

"Carrie has more talent than you."

"I know that, too," she answered; "but what I don't know is, is it worth my while to keep on trying at it. Is it?"

"What else could you do?"

"That doesn't matter. Lots of things, probably. Is it worth my while?"

"You will never be a great artist."

"I had thought so, too," she said, but there was a ring of despondency in her tone that smote Lionel to the heart; but before he could say anything to counteract the effects of his honesty she had recovered and said,

"but, of course, what does it matter? We can't all be great, and I will be content to see Carry shine. I will put the picture in Carrie's portfolio. If you take them all, I am sure she will throw in the portfolio, won't you, Carrie?"

"Yes, I will."

Lionel saw that Phyllis wished him to go; so he selected a picture and gave it to her to put with Carrie's. He watched her wrap up the portfolio, and when she had handed it to him he said to Carrie:

"Suffer No Longer From Constipation!"

You can immediately relieve and permanently cure yourself with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. One thousand dollars will be paid for any case that isn't corrected within three days. Dr. Hamilton's Pills contain no injurious drugs; they are composed entirely of soothing, vegetable extracts that strengthen the stomach and bowels at once. It is absolutely impossible for Dr. Hamilton's Pills to fall curving biliousness, sour stomach, indigestion, headache or constipation. Even one box has brought vigor and renewed health to chronic sufferers, so you owe it to yourself to try Dr. Hamilton's Pills at once; 25c. per box at all dealers.

"I will bring you the money tomorrow, shall I?"

She looked inquiringly at Phyllis.

"No," said Phyllis; "please send it."

"Hard as flint," said Lionel. "Well, good-by, and many thanks to you both for some of the happiest moments of my life. I think I may say now that I believe I shall be better for having met you two. Good-by, Carrie. Don't forget me, and be sure I shall not forget you." He took her hand, and carried it to his lips with the same respect that he would have accorded his mother. "Good-by, Miss Phyllis," and he took her hand in his, but did not put his lips to it. "You won't be sorry to have met me, will you?"

"I shall always be glad," she answered.

And so he went out, and when he was gone Phyllis locked the door after him, and flung herself sobbing on the bed by the side of frightened little Carrie, who was not used to seeing brave Phyllis break down.

CHAPTER XI.

In the meantime—that is, since the night he had been knocked down for insulting Phyllis—the Marquis of Gree had been keeping close in his great house, not even receiving his most intimate friends, and giving out through the servants that he had gone to one of his country places on a flying trip. There was, in fact, a little contusion on his forehead which he wished to disappear before he resumed his daily walks in the world.

It was not a serious matter, and the skill of a discreet surgeon, with a day or so given to solitary contemplation, were all that was needed to restore him to his normal condition. His thoughts gave him ample occupation, though they were chiefly on one subject, with its variations. The subject was Lionel, as might have been surmised.

He had always hated Lionel—really hated him, though that is a strong word. There had never been any special cause, but there was something in the man that gave offense to the marquis. Lionel was a reckless, dissipated spendthrift, but somehow he never seemed soiled by his follies. There was so much of nobility in his nature that he actually seemed for the time to dignify even his misdeeds. But the marquis was pretty nearly everything that Lionel was not; for, where-as Lionel never had done and never would do anything base, either for himself or for others, the marquis rather preferred the low way of accomplishing anything. There are plenty of titled blackguards, and the Marquis of Gree was emphatically one.

Well, if he had hated Lionel before, there were simply no words to express his feeling for him after the blow and the contemptuous words of that night. Besides, there was another thing. He knew that Lionel had supplanted him with Lady Flora, and while, perhaps, he did not love her, he did admire her; and, what was more, had fully made up his mind that she was to be the Marchioness of Gree, so that Lionel was doubly hateful to him.

However—and an evil smile crossed the rather good-looking face of the sequestered marquis when he thought of these things, and for the hundredth time, perhaps—he drew from his pocket-book a little slip of paper, and spread it out before him, and gazed over it. The paper had been in this history before. It was the same that Lady Flora had torn in pieces, and scattered over the conservatory. In fact, it was the piece of paper which she had not torn up, unfortunately for her. Lady Flora had—well, she had lied about it. A very unpleasant thing to say of a woman.

The marquis spread it out on the little table that had been drawn up by his chair to accommodate his brandy and water, and studied it. He read it over. He could have quoted it readily enough, for he had read it so many times that it was very clear to him.

"Bertram dead," he read. "That means that Warne will be Earl of Basingwile, the heir of the miserly old scoundrel who has done nothing but save for these last—I don't know how many years. I wish it had been Warne instead of Barham to die. I would have been willing to help him to it, curse him! Twenty thousand a

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