

GROVE'S O-PEN-TRATE SALVE

Opens the Pores and Penetrates

A Remedy for Chest Colds, Head Colds, Spasmodic Croup, Sore Throat, Stiff Neck, Earache and kindred ailments. Apply freely to the skin just over the affected parts and rub it in.

For Her Sake;

—OR—

The Murder in Ferness Wood.

"I suppose," he continued, "that is how we pose for the benefit of our admirers—an air of patient resignation, pensive contemplation, no doubt is exceedingly attractive! The sooner you give up such nonsense the better."

There were times when she shrunk in fear from his flashing eyes, his angry face and upraised hand. She shrank now and he saw it.

"Get up," he cried, "and behave like a rational, sensible woman!"

"I am going back to the house," said Diana, trying to speak calmly. "Will you let me pass, Lord Clanronald?"

"No, madam, I will not let you pass," he answered, furiously. "I can remember how often on this very terrace you slighted me, sneered at me, and gloried in your lofty assumption over me. It is my turn now. I shall speak my mind, and you shall listen!"

and he gave vent to such a shower of abuse, such a volley of oaths, such a violent display of anger, that Diana shuddered.

She had the good sense not to answer him until he was silent from sheer exhaustion.

"I wonder," said Diana, as she looked her husband in the face, "what my father would say to you, Lord Clanronald, if he heard you using such language to me?"

He did not know and he did not care. She was his wife. The law of the land had made her his, and neither father nor any one else could interfere.

"I know that," she said, raising her lovely eyes to his face, "only too well. Sometimes I am sorry for you, as I am for myself. We can neither of us dissolve the tie that binds us. Nothing but death can give us relief."

"No," he assented, sullenly; "that is true—nothing but death. Still," he added, "I have no idea of dying to relieve or please you. On that point you may set your mind at rest."

"I will pass, if you please, Lord Clanronald," said Diana—for he stood

before her so that she could not advance.

"Not until you have heard the last word," he declared.

And then the torrent of abuse recommenced. He knew how utterly repulsive such language was to Diana, for she had told him many a time that she would far rather he should lash her with a whip than distress her with such dreadful words. For this reason he took particular pleasure in it.

She shuddered, and her very soul revolted at his horrible language fell on her ear. Then, when he had exhausted his whole vocabulary, when his passion had abated and his anger cooled, he went away suddenly, leaving his wife standing half dazed. And it was thus that Sir Royal found her, white, shuddering, and despairing, her face colorless, her hands trembling. He went up to her.

"You are in trouble again, Diana?" he said.

There were no tears, no sobs this time. He saw nothing in her face but absolute despair.

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"You are in trouble again, Diana?" he said.

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"I am always in trouble," she answered. "Oh Royal, does Heaven never send death to the unhappy?"

"No," he replied. "But Heaven often sends an avenger where death is not sent, Diana, that pale, trouble face of yours is driving me mad!"

CHAPTER LIV.

The twentieth of May was Lady Cameron's birthday, and Peter Cameron had determined to have a family reunion and a grand ball in her honor. He mentioned the project to his wife, and she professed to be delighted with it.

"I should certainly like to see the girls and their husbands at Ferness," she said; "it would be a great pleasure to me."

"Then they shall come," he declared. "Lady Cameron's birthday ought to be a day of rejoicing."

As he grew older Peter Cameron certainly grew prouder of his money, of his position, of his wife—of everything, in fact, belonging to him. Lady Cameron, in his eyes, was a person of the greatest importance. He consulted Diana on this all-important subject—not that, after his wife's approval, Diana's objection would matter at all; but she was there, and it was natural for him to consult her. Would she like to see the girls again? No, she had no desire whatever to see them.

"But," cried her father, "you will surely be pleased to see Rich?"

"Ah, yes; that is quite another thing!"

The thought of seeing Richard was delightful to her, and the prospect helped to compensate for the presence of the girls who had done their best to render her life miserable by their petty meanesses and taunting words.

Lord Clanronald grumbled when he heard of the forthcoming gathering. He had not come prepared to meet a family party, he said; but in his heart he was not displeased at the thought of seeing Lady de Vere.

"I wish to Heaven I had married her!" he said to himself. "She is not so high and mighty as my wife; she has not such fantastic and absurd ideas and standards as Diana; and, besides, she was very fond of me."

That was the real charm in Evadne; she had been fond of him.

The Marquis and Marchioness de Vere, Mr. and Mrs. Marche, Sir Royal

West, Diana and Lord Clanronald, formed part of the house party. A few other guests were invited.

Diana, when she came to reflect upon the coming family gathering, did not like the idea of it. She was sure the girls would find out the unhappiness—nay, the abject misery—of her married life, and she did not at all relish the idea. But she was growing inert in her misery, and had no courage to protest, even if it would have availed her; so she resigned herself to the inevitable.

Great preparations were made for the approaching entertainments. Mr. Cameron grew quite excited over them, and declared that they should rival those of royalty itself in their splendor and sumptuousness.

The first arrivals at Ferness were Richard and Thea, and there was nothing but rejoicing. Thea, marvelously changed and softened by her married happiness, was hardly to be recognized as the once stiff and cynical Miss Scarsdale; and she brought with her a beautiful baby boy, so like the Scarsdales that she had called him Lisle. Lady Cameron was very proud of the boy; but she did not like to be spoken of as "grandmamma." She was still a fine handsome woman, looking wonderfully young for her age, and did not wish to be thought older than she really appeared. As for Mr. Cameron, little Lisle being the first baby that had come under his notice since Diana's infancy, he absolutely worshipped him.

It was some comfort to Diana, in the midst of her misery, to see Richard's honest, gentle, kindly face. His quick eyes at once discerned the real state of things; but he said little. He knew that on such a subject the less said the better. But one afternoon, when Lord Clanronald had distinguished himself by getting intoxicated and then fighting with a groom who would not allow him to ride a valuable horse of Mr. Cameron's, there had been a great scandal and disturbance. Mr. Cameron was much annoyed; Lady Cameron was contemptuously angry.

"How glad I am, after all, that he did not marry Evadne!" she said to herself. "Diana has all the disgrace." It was the first exhibition of this kind that Richard had seen, and he was utterly disgusted with the conduct of Diana's husband. That she, the proud beauty, should be the wife of such a man seemed terrible to him. He knew it was useless to condole; yet he could not refrain from seeking her. He found her in the conservatory, whither she had gone to escape notice. She was ashamed to meet the eyes even of the servants, for the sounds of the disturbance had filled the whole house.

He went up to her in the old familiar manner.

"Heaven help you, Diana," he said. "I understand it all, Heaven help you, for no man can!"



Could Not Sleep

Mr. Earnest Clark, Police Officer, 338 King St., Kingston, Ont., writes:

"For three years I suffered from nervousness and sleeplessness. I believe my condition was brought about by overwork. I had frequent headaches, neuralgic pains and twitching of nerves and muscles. I had indigestion, was short of breath and easily tired. I commenced a treatment of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and seven boxes of this medicine cured me of all my symptoms. I am now feeling one hundred per cent. better than I was, and have to thank Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for the good health I am now enjoying."

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"Do not speak of it, Rich," she answered, gently. "No one can help me; and I deserve it all." The beautiful head drooped and the blue eyes filled with tears. "Never refer to the subject again, Rich. If you see me suffer, remember that I deserve it, and that I must bear it. I can bear anything but pity."

"Then you shall never have it from me," said Richard. "Oh, Diana, I am so happy myself I cannot—"

She checked him with a gesture of the hand.

"Not another word, Rich, about me!" she cried. "I am glad that you are happy. There was always something frank about Thea. She was a fair foe; Evadne was not."

"And what do you think of our little Lisle?" asked Richard, all a father's love and pride shining in his face.

Hers grew pale at the mention of the name.

"He is a beautiful boy," she said gently. "I envy a child of yours, Rich, the tenderness it will receive from you."

She asked him some few questions about Lady de Vere, who was expected that evening, and Rich answered them laughingly.

"She is quite the grande dame," he said—"Marchioness de Vere, stately and patronizing. Thea has visited her; but she has never been to the Manor-house. I do not believe a marchioness could breathe there."

And Diana smiled as she remembered Richard's deep-rooted disdain for titles.

The expected visitors arrived. Lord Clanronald was awed into silence and sobriety by the stately presence of the Marquis de Vere, and for some hours Diana was free from the haunting fear that her husband might compromise himself and her.

Lady de Vere had improved in appearance. The glitter of her loveliness was greater, her eyes had a brighter light, her hair a more golden sheen; the rose-tints had deepened on her fair face. But she did not look like one who had much heart, or soul, or sentiment. She might have been a lovely tinted statue. She was desirous of making a favorable impression on her old lover, and she came down to dinner in a superb dress of blue velvet, with pearls round her shapely throat and in her hair.

Two more lovely women probably never met than Lady de Vere and Lady Clanronald, and yet no two could have been more different in style; the one was pretty and artificial, the other beautiful and artless, her loveliness being enhanced by her perfect freedom from affectation.

Lady Cameron watched with some anxiety the meeting between her daughter and Lord Clanronald. He paid Lady de Vere some very pronounced compliments, at which she did not seem too well pleased; he himself was rather excited.

The Marchioness and Lady Clanronald exchanged but very few words; nothing could ever remove the hatred for Diana that lived in the heart of Lady de Vere.

(to be continued.)

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Fashion Plates.

GIRL'S DRESS WITH SURPLICE WAIST.



3042—Serge, rabardine, poplin, voile, checked and plaid woolen and all wash fabrics are good for this style. The collar and cuffs may be of contrasting material. The dress has a body lining. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 4 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

A NEW SET FOR MISS DOLLY.



3061—This attractive group comprises a simple dress, good for lawn, batiste, silk or dimity, a stylish cape that may be developed in satin, flannel, velvet or silk, and a bonnet to match the cape or to be of lawn, velvet, or embroidery.

The Pattern for this set is cut in 5 Sizes for Dolls: 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches in height. Size 18 will require 3/4 yards of 36 inch material for the dress, 3/4 yard of 40 inch material for the cape and 1/4 yard of 20 inch material for the bonnet.

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JOB'S S

oct22,tf

"Pigeon, V.C."

Many visitors to London walk down Whitehall and never see a building under the shade of the War Office which contains some of the most interesting relics of British history. The building is the Royal United Service Institution, founded in 1829, and placed originally in Vanburgh House. Various models were then given to the institution, which now is housed in the banquet hall of the old Whitehall Palace.

Recently there have been interesting additions to these exhibits. For example, there is a model of the German warship Scharnhorst. This was being taken out by the Germans to attack East Africa, to be shown in