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**For Her Sake**

**The Murder in Furness Wood.**

CHAPTER XLII.

Lady Cameron did not trouble the young bride with her presence, and the guests were not surprised when they heard that Lady Clanronald was resting after the excitement of the morning.

The wedding breakfast passed with the vague confusion of a dream to Diana. Her outward appearance must not reflect the desolation of her heart and hopes. She must smile, she must answer the questions addressed to her, or every one would guess her secret. It seemed as though the breakfast would never end; but at last there was a movement among the guests.

"Go to her, Thea," said Richard, who had perceived Diana's unhappiness, and was sorely grieved. "She has no mother or sister; go to her, and be kind to her."

"For your sake," answered Thea, "not for her own."

"Yes, for her own, dear; go, and be kind to her," and Thea went.

She took Lady Clanronald to her room, and helped Susanne to dress the bride in her traveling costume. When it was time to go, she held out her hand.

"Good-bye, Diana," she said coldly. "As you have sown, so you will reap."

Then womanly pity stirred her heart as she looked at the sad, beautiful face, and, bending her head, Thea kissed her. A faint flush spread over the pale cheeks.

"Do not be kind to me, Thea," she said. "Kindness would be the greatest cruelty to me now. Good-bye."

Once more she stood in the hall, with the brilliant crowd of guests surging round her, while good wishes and congratulations were lavished upon her. To Lady Cameron she had said "Good-bye" with a pleasant smile—no kiss, no clasp of the hands, but a pleasant, careless smile. She had bidden her father farewell, her eyes so blinded with tears that she could not see his beloved face. He had whispered to her that she must try to be happy—that she must remember always she had a loving father, and a home ever warm with his love for her. Then he had kissed her, and, after a fashion, she had passed out of his life. Richard, when his turn came, had few words, and those few he could hardly utter. Sir Royal's eyes were the last that looked into hers—Sir Royal's voice was the last she heard.

"Heaven bless you, Diana!" he said. "Remember that, if ever you need it, my life itself is at your service."

Then she was in the carriage, being whirled away to the railway station, her husband by her side. He had taken her hand, and was whispering effusively that she was his wife, his beautiful wife at last, and that he considered himself one of the most fortunate of men. Diana neither heard nor heeded him. Her perverse fancy would picture Sir Lisle in his place. Ah, Heaven, how different would have been her future had he been there!

Another hour passed, and she was seated by her husband's side in a railway carriage, on their way to Rinehill, the nearest railway station to Ronald's Court, where the carriage was to meet them.

Lord Clanronald had been most attentive to his young wife. He had excused her silence by reflecting that it was only natural after so much excitement, and on leaving home with all

its old and happy associations. He had procured an ample supply of papers and magazines for her; and, as he placed her in the seat near the window, and arranged everything for her, he kissed her. She offered no resistance, and he sat down by her side.

"I am almost sorry that we are going to Ronald's Court," he said. "I am awfully afraid you will find it dull. I wish now that we had arranged to go to Paris."

It was a matter of perfect indifference to Diana—her misery would be undiminished, whatever her surroundings might be. He went on:

"I wonder whether you will like the Court? It is a fine old place; but I do not think it is equal to Ferness."

Presently Lord Clanronald opened a traveling bag that he had with him, and drew from it a flask of brandy. Diana looked at her husband in wonder as he filled a glass and swallowed the contents.

"I never travel without brandy," he said, anologically.

"Do you drink brandy without water?" she asked, wonderingly.

"Yes; I am accustomed to it," he replied; "and use it everything." He refilled the glass as he spoke, and then put away the flask.

"The smell is very disagreeable," said Diana; "it is so strong that it has ruined the delicate fragrance of my flowers."

"He laughed, as though it were an excellent joke.

Diana looked out of the window, her mind absorbed in the contemplation of the happy past, the miserable present, and the clouded future. They were passing through a beautiful sweep of country, and she was gazing at the abundance of hawthorn of country, and she was suddenly made aware that her husband was asleep. The champagne at the dejeuner and the brandy afterward had been too much for him.

To secure her revenge, to make her enemies suffer, she had given up Sir Lisle this debauchee, who slept until the journey was ended, and then woke up irritable and chilled. She could never think without the most painful emotions of that going home. By her express wish Lord Clanronald had written to the Court to say that, at present, there were to be no rejoicings; so, on alighting at Rinehill, they drove home quickly through the park. Home! The word went through her heart like a knife.

Lord Clanronald was more or less ill-tempered all the way. He had secur-

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ed his prize: there was now no further need to keep up appearances. Nothing could separate them, and it was a relief to be able to speak his mind freely. He was cold; he had no idea that the sun set so early. He was certain that the champagne was not good; he never felt well after sweet champagne. He wondered that Mr. Cameron had allowed sweet wines on the table; they should all have been dry. There was nothing like dry wines. So he continued to grumble during the drive to the Court, which was reached just before dark.

The first order Lord Clanronald gave was—"Brandy and soda, and be quick about it!"

"Welcome home, Diana!" he said, when they stood in the entrance hall.

He kissed her, and called for Mrs. Halliburton, the house-keeper, who came and looked with kindly, womanly pity at the pale, beautiful face of her new mistress.

"Dinner is ordered for half-past eight, Diana," said Lord Clanronald. "You will therefore have plenty of time to make the necessary alteration in your toilet. Mrs. Halliburton will show you your rooms. Now, Towner, the brandy and soda quickly."

"I wonder," thought Diana, "whether he is always drinking brandy and soda-water? It really looks like it."

She went away to her rooms with Mrs. Halliburton, tired and depressed beyond words. What a home-coming!

"You look ill, my lady," said the housekeeper, whose heart went out in pity and sympathy to the lovely but sorrowful bride. "Has she found out

about his lordship's weakness?" she wondered. "Ah, if I had known that she was so young and beautiful, I would have given her a warning before allowing her to ting her life away!"

She noticed the distressed look in the eyes of the bride, her want of interest in everything—for Diana never even cast a cursory glance round the rooms to see what they were like. She walked straight to the window, after speaking a few gentle words to Mrs. Halliburton, and stood there, silent and motionless, until Susanne told her she would be late for dinner unless she dressed at once.

When her young mistress's toilet was completed, Susanne cried out in admiration. Diana did not even look in the glass, but went down to dinner, her face white as the silk she wore, in the listless manner that she had evinced since her arrival at the Court.

Lord Clanronald had recovered from the effects of the champagne that he had drunk, and was now talkative and full of compliments. He praised his wife, praised her dress, her flowers. He persisted in drinking her health. Glass after glass of champagne was drunk in her honor, until Diana caught the butler's eyes fixed anxiously on her, and then she rose from the table.

"I will follow you," said Lord Clanronald, with a smile.

She was very beautiful, and very graceful, but he found it difficult to make himself agreeable to her.

"Bring me the brandy, Towner," he said to the butler, as soon as his wife had disappeared.

He thought to himself that a glass of cognac would inspire him, and that he would then be able to talk eloquently to his wife and make her look at him with bright wondering eyes. He took one, and did not feel quite so eloquent as he had expected; he took another, and then felt stupid; he took a third, and then remembered nothing more. Two hours afterwards, when the butler returned, he found his master sound asleep, and all efforts to awaken him were in vain.

"He will have to sleep off the brandy," said his valet. "He will not wake until to-morrow morning." Nor did he.

While Diana waited in the drawing-room, she tried to sing and to read, listening now and again with a beating heart for the footsteps that never came.

Long after midnight, when the moon was shedding her silvery beams over the fair grounds of Ronald's Court, Diana sat by her window brooding over the dead happy past and contemplating the black dreary future; while she did so, she fell asleep there; and it was not until the birds began to sing that Diana woke from her slumber.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"I should like to show you the house, Diana," said Lord Clanronald, when he met his wife in the morning.

He was very contrite, very much ashamed of himself. He had apologized to himself again and again, and declared that Towner, the butler, must have given him too much brandy, that he would take care such a thing never happened again.

So Diana went over the house with her husband. It was a grand and spacious mansion, but it was not equal to Ferness. The rooms were lofty, light, and handsomely furnished. The picture-gallery ran round the whole of the building, and was unique in its way; the ball-room was one of the largest in England; the suit of drawing-rooms, ending in a fine large conservatory, was spacious, and decorated with great taste; the large dining-room contained several paintings of mail-clad warriors and much-betried ladies, the ancestors of the present owner of Ronald's Court; the smaller one was most comfortably arranged; the staircases were wide, the corridors large. But the gem of the whole place was her ladyship's boudoir—an octagon room with three large windows that looked over the deep still waters of a picturesque lake. It was luxuriously furnished in blue and white, the very colors, Lord Clanronald assured his wife, for a blonde. No more charming room could have been imagined. The few pictures, all by modern artists, were well chosen. There was a lovely face by Millais, a Roman scene by Alma Tadema, a landscape by Linnell. There was a statuette of pure marble—copies of the world's most prized art treasures—and a profusion of choice flowers. Diana uttered a faint cry of admiration when the door was opened, and Lord Clanronald was delighted.



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**NATIONALIZATION OF MINES.**

LONDON, Nov. 12. A special Congress comprising representatives of all organized Labour was called to-day to meet in London on December 9th to discuss the nationalization of the mines. It will consider what action might be taken to compel the Government to bring into effect the recommendation of the Sankey Commission that Nationalization be effected.

**I. W. W. AGITATORS ARRESTED**

CENTRALIA, Washington, Nov. 12. Nineteen alleged Industrial Workers of the World are in jail here to-day. The men were rounded up yesterday and last night after the firing on the Armistice Day parade, which resulted in the death of four members of the American Legion and the lynching of an I. W. W. member. There was no disorder here this morning.

**TRADE GETTING BETTER.**

LONDON, Nov. 12. The American Chamber of Commerce of London, in a report for October notes a gradual revival of British productions, especially of coal, and an increase of trade in British foreign markets, particularly as strike continues to cripple the American export trade.

**NEWSPAPER TROUBLE.**

NEW YORK, Nov. 12. Increased advertising rates and reduction in the size of newspapers were urged to-day by Franklin D. Glass, of Birmingham, Ala., President of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, at a special meeting here to consider the newspaper shortage. "Every newspaper," he said, "should agree to cut down its average number of pages, both week days and Sundays, and hold down its advertising volume to a fixed number of pages. This will probably necessitate an arbitrary reduction of at least 25 per cent. in volume of business. Radical advances should be made in advertising