

You wonder why
H.P. Sauce
is so delicious.

If you could see the choice oriental fruits and spices being blended with Pure Malt Vinegar to make H.P. you would know.

Just a few drops of H.P.—it makes the meal so enjoyable.

For Her Sake;
—02—
The Murder in Furness Wood.

CHAPTER XXXI

It was in her power, if not absolutely to break Lady Cameron's heart, to inflict bitter pain and annoyance upon her; and she would do it, no matter what the penalty to herself. She would tear love from her heart and trample it under foot; she would endure like a stoic pain and torture; she would willingly sacrifice the happiness of her life to thwart the plans upon which Lady Cameron had set her heart.

Diana shuddered as she buried her face in her hands. Her better nature cried out against what she had decided to do; but all reason was gone from her, and nothing but the discomfiture of the Scarsdales would satisfy her craving of her soul. She would marry Lord Clanronald, and not Sir Lisle. She would be revenged on Evadne, too for every false and unkind word, for every insult; she would take her rich and titled lover from her, and marry him herself.

She shuddered at her own meanness in even conceiving the idea; she felt in it a degradation no words could tell; but neither the warning of her conscience nor the momentary assertion of her better nature could shake her resolve.

"I will do it," said Diana. "I will not burden my soul with an impious vow; but I will do it. I have but to look at Lord Clanronald, and he will be at my feet. I will never be Lady Scarsdale!"

Yet even then, in the bitterest moment of her anger, she wondered what that stretch of life would be like in which she should see Sir Lisle no more.

Hitherto Diana had been frankness itself; no false or mean words had ever escaped her. Had the conversation she had listened to not wounded her so mortally, she would have gone to the Duchess and Lady Cameron and told them that she had overheard it; but the knowledge that had come to her, she said to herself, must be locked in her own breast. Not even to Royal, that faithful friend and counselor, must she speak of the information she had so unexpectedly acquired.

She had stood some time by the open window when a knock came at the door. It was her maid, Susanne.

"Her ladyship sent me up to see if you were here, miss. She missed you from the drawing-room."

"Yes, I am here, Susanne. You can say that I am tired, and that I shall not return to the drawing-room to-night."

Again all was silent save the sound of the wind in the trees, the distant rhythm of the waves, the faint echo of the music from the western wing. Diana's heart grew harder and colder as she resolved upon the all-important step of her life.

Presently there was another knock. This time it was Evadne at the door. "Diana, may I come in? I have a message from mamma."

For a moment Diana hesitated. She would not for any consideration have a Scarsdale find her in tears. She was at first inclined to refuse the girl admittance, but that would have betrayed ill temper more than anything else; so Diana gave a hasty glance at the mirror, and then opened the door.

ed your dress! How ill you look!" exclaimed Evadne, looking in astonishment at the pale proud figure before her.

"I am tired," said Diana, haughtily. "It is all so stupid—I am honestly tired of it."

"Stupid!" cried Evadne. "Why, every one agrees that it is the most brilliant party that has ever been given here."

"I do not think so," said Diana. "Mamma has sent me to tell you that the Duke and Duchess are going, and that she desires you to come at once and wish them good-night."

"Not for all the duchesses in England!" said Diana. "I am very tired, and am going to rest. As for your Duchess, I care nothing for her, and most certainly never wish to see her again."

"But she is mamma's friend," remarked Evadne.

"Then let your mother say good-bye, you have delivered your message."

"I suppose, then, mamma must make what excuse she can to the Duchess for you," said Evadne, trying to speak pleasantly.

"It does not interest me in the least," answered Diana, carelessly. "Good-night, Evadne."

And the words were accompanied by such a gesture of impatience that the girl hurried away, leaving Diana to her misery and despair.

CHAPTER XXXII

For the first time in her life Diana rose with a heart so heavy that she turned her face from the brilliant rays of the morning sun. She had slept the sleep of exhaustion. She had stood at the window until the last carriage had driven away and she knew that the guests had dispersed and the dinner party was over.

Diana knew that Lady Cameron would be angry concerning her behavior, and would say that she had treated both the Duke and the Duchess with disrespect; but the girl was proof against her step-mother's anger, and declared to herself that she would no longer try to keep up appearances with those she abhorred.

Before her maid came Diana removed the traces of her passion and angry grief. She put away the diamonds and torn lace. She had to nerve herself before she could encounter the curious eyes of the household. One look in the mirror revealed the effect of her mental anguish.

"I look like a blossom that has been blighted," she said to herself, as the miserable face of a most unhappy girl looked back at her from the mirror.

Newfoundland Postage Stamps.

WANTED FOR CASH.—Used.
We want to purchase for cash any quantity of Used Postage Stamps of Newfoundland, especially Caribou 1919 now in use, and will pay the following prices—

1c. value per 100 25c.
2c. value per 100 25c.
3c. value per 100 25c.
4c. value, each 1c.
5c. value, each 1c.
For higher values we will allow one-third each of the face value and take any number of these at above prices.

Stamps must be in good condition, not torn, damaged or too heavily cancelled.

We will also buy for cash all other values, issues, etc. of Newfoundland Postage Stamps.

Send us all the stamps you have and we will remit promptly on receipt. We also buy West Indian Stamps. Price list free on request. We are the Oldest and the Largest Dealers in Postage Stamps in British North America.

MARKS STAMP CO.,
23 Spadina Avenue,
Toronto, Canada.

5187-1919

"I have changed from a happy girl to a miserable woman, all in one night," she thought—and it was true.

She must meet them all—Lady Cameron, whose cruel words had wounded her so deeply; Evadne, whose lover she intended to take from her; Sir Lisle, whom she loved with all her heart, yet whom she would send from her with words of disdain, because he was one of the hated Scarsdale family; Lord Clanronald, whom she despised, yet whom she meant to marry, to avenge herself.

Many inquiries met Diana as she entered the breakfast-room. Had she been indisposed or tired? Why had she left them so suddenly? Was she better? But Lady Cameron maintained a significant silence; what she had to say could not be said across the breakfast-table.

By Diana's plate lay a superb bouquet of orchids, and her face flushed as her eyes fell upon them. She had been speaking of orchids to Sir Lisle on the previous morning, and he had told her of a new and rare kind remarkable for their exquisite odor, and had promised to get some for her. There they were; and he stood watching her, hoping for a smile and a kindly recognition from the lovely eyes.

But Diana pointed at once to the flowers, and said imperiously to the footman in attendance:

"Take those away!"

Evadne glanced up in astonishment. Lord Clanronald smiled meaningly, for he had noticed Sir Lisle place the

flowers on the table. The noble lord's enjoyment was of short duration, for Diana cast such a withering, scornful glance at him that he felt for the moment exceedingly uncomfortable.

Sir Lisle, with a look of deep pain in his eyes, turned aside. He could not understand such capricious, nay, offensive conduct toward him. The night before she had blushed and trembled when he kissed her; she had looked at him, her lovely eyes softened by love; now she scornfully sent away his flowers. What, he asked himself, had brought about this revulsion of feeling?

No one could fail to see the change in Diana. The lovely lips had lost their gracious curve, and were sternly set; the brows were contracted; the eyes were cold and proud—all light of love had departed. Diana's face was as a landscape without the sun. Even Peter Cameron, who knew nothing of his daughter's early withdrawal from the night to her. That will do, Evadne; festivities—even he remarked how very ill Diana looked, and said he supposed it was caused by the excitement of the day before. Her ladyship replied that it seemed to her very probable.

Diana bore her pain as patiently as she could. She felt that it was in her power to scatter her enemies, to make them suffer, to spoil their plans; and for a moment she almost forgot her sufferings in her prospect of revenge.

She looked out with dull eyes on the beauty of earth and sky, and her heart recoiled as she contemplated the fearful penalty she would pay as the price of her victory. But then she would be revenged.

The terrace, with its wealth of statuary and flowers, the spot she had always loved so well, looked dull and uninteresting to her this morning. She had no inclination to visit the rose garden, where a few late roses still lingered, for she felt that their very fragrance would mock her. She would vowed to herself that she would never, come what might, enter the conservatory again; and, as she recalled all that had occurred there, her face grew whiter and her heart throbbed more violently. It was there that Sir Lisle had spoken to her; it was there that he had kissed her; and with a low cry Diana buried her face in her hands. How long was it since she had stood in the midst of her little band of friends and sung of sunshine and roses—merciful Heaven, how long!

She was standing at the window of the breakfast-room, which opened on the terrace, her mind in a tumult of confusion, when she heard Sir Lisle's voice at the other end of the room. She knew instinctively that he was looking for her. On the morning before she would have waited there for him, would have welcomed him with smiles and blushes; but to-day she hastily unfastened the long French window, and was gone almost before he knew what had happened, leaving him struck with wonder and dismay.

On the terrace she met Lord Clanronald, who had gone thither to solace himself with a cigar. It was hastily flung away when he caught sight of Diana, and he advanced immediately to greet the young heiress.

"To what do I owe my good fortune, Miss Cameron?" he cried. "I can hardly realize it. How many times have I longed for a walk with you on this prettiest terrace in England; but you have always so many adorners round you that I might as well wish to walk with a royal princess."

"She would doubtless amuse you better than I can," said Diana, carelessly.

Mechanically she walked by his side, he keeping up a running fire of compliments to which she gave no heed.

Having reached the end of the terrace, where a profusion of flowers and foliage almost hid the seat that had been placed there from view, Diana sat down, and Lord Clanronald, enchanted by her condescension, placed himself by her side. Diana heard no word that he said; she was steadfastly looking into his face and asking herself the question, "can I marry him?"

Some people would have considered his face a handsome one. It was of the Saxon type, and well formed—a face with a well shaped brow, high and white, and large blue eyes. He wore a handsome beard and mustache; but when the lines of the mouth were visible, the man's true character could be read at a glance; for the lines denoted weakness and cruelty. Lord Clanronald was a peer of the realm and a wealthy man; but he was not one of Nature's noblemen.

(To be continued.)

Fashion Plates.

A PRACTICAL "COVER ALL" STYLE

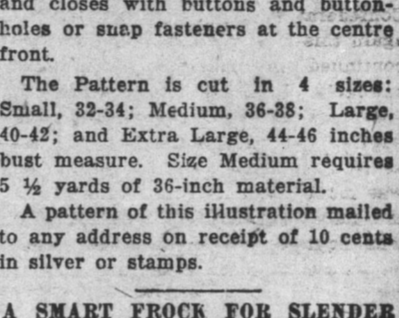


2532—For this comfortable model, one may use seersucker, percale, flannel, chambray, khaki or lawn. The design is made to slip over the head, and closes with buttons and button-holes or snap fasteners at the centre front.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

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

A SMART FROCK FOR SLENDER FIGURES.



3015—For this, one could choose velvet and satin, serge and taffeta. The design will also be effective with a decoration of braid or embroidery. It is nice for combinations or plain woolen and plain serge, or moire and velvet.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 3 3/4 yards of 54 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 3/4 yard.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

No.
Size
Address in full:—
Name

European Agency.

Wholesale orders promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all British and Continental goods, including: Books and Stationery, Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motor Cars and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Sample Cases from 50 upwards, Fancy Goods and Penmanship, Hardware, Machinery and Metal, Jewellery, Plats and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Oilsman's Stores, etc., etc.

Commission 2 1/2% on 5 p.c. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account. (Established 1814.) 25 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. Cable Address: "Maritime, Lon."

William Wilson & Sons

WARNER'S Rust-Proof Corsets!

The value in Warner's Rust-proof Corsets has always been one of their features. That is why we are able to guarantee them to you.

Our new models have arrived and among them are unusual values, in the latest fashion lines such as are here shown for average figures.

We have also many specially recommended styles for stout figures and slender—all guaranteed not to "RUST, BREAK or TEAR."

Price from \$2.00 pair up to \$5.50.

Marshall Bros
Sole Agents for Newfoundland.

Ladies' Wear.

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.

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.

The Winsor Rigging Works,
Workshop: Adelaide Street. Office: 26 Water St. West.

We invite you to get our prices on any Rigging work you may have. We have competent desmen to do our work.

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
may17.ecd.tr

John Cotton's Smoking Mixture Tobacco.

We have just received from the land of the Heather a shipment of this famous brand. It is a Smoking Mixture of Highest Class and Exceptional Quality.

1/4 lb. tins, Nos. 1 and 2.

CASH'S TOBACCO STORE, WATER STREET.

Advertise in The Telegram

\$300 For V
What Sir Mich Victory

More than 250 voters of Petty Harbour and the Gouls gave right royal welcome to Sir Michael Cashin at Petty Harbour last night when he was known in the settlement. The Premier would visit the district during the evening to meet the people, and when he arrived accompanied by Hon. John R. Bennett, and Messrs. Mullaly and Martin, the voters were present to receive him. At 8.15 a meeting was called in St. Andrew's Hall the chair being taken by Mr. Thomas Whitten, sr., one of the most highly respected fishermen of the settlement. The chairman intimated that the meeting was called to welcome Sir Michael Cashin to Petty Harbour, and called upon Hon. Mr. Bennett to address the gathering. Hon. Mr. Bennett, in opening said it afforded him extreme pleasure to introduce Sir Michael, the fisherman of Petty Harbour, one of St. John's West's most important fishing settlements. Sir Michael was a fisherman himself, and a man who was intimately acquainted with the fishing industry and was more fully qualified to deal with the requirements of the fishermen of the country than any other leader who ever appeared. Sir Michael Cashin, he said, represented an important fishing settlement for the last 27 years, and naturally being a fisherman himself, was in full sympathy with the hardy toilers who seek their livelihood from the deep, and one who would do all that is possible for the fisherman throughout the country. His colleagues and Sir Michael Cashin, he said, would address the voters at the meeting presided over by Mr. Bennett continuing dealt at some length with the policy of the Liberal Progressive Party, and criticized most caustically the tactics of the opposition, who through the Press and other means were attempting to inflame the passions of the people, and create a stampede, with the hope of "sunning" themselves under the Government canopy, and using indiscriminately the people's money. Their attempt to throw dust in the eyes of the electorate in the hope of diverting the attention from the real issues by such false cries as Confederation and greater must go, was almost too silly to deal with, but for fear that any voter might be deceived, he wished to point out that the only confederate plot known of was the connection of R. A. Squires with the Reids and the \$5,000 affair. These appeals to passion and prejudice made by the Opposition could only emanate from a diseased brain. It was a weak cause indeed the Coaker gang had when they resorted to such means. St. John's West has always produced a class of candidates who never stooped to such low-down tactics, and it was almost incredible that men who call themselves citizens should so far forget the ethics of politics. He wished to impress upon the voters present that when polling day came around they would use the judgment, and not be carried away by false appeals. The casting of a ballot was not a personal matter, it was sacred duty and much depended on it. The voter should not consider his own personal interests, he should take a broader view and vote in the interests of his country, his children and future generations. The vote should not be swayed by cheap threats or by idle promises that were impossible of execution. The idea of cheap domestic purposes was absurdly ridiculous, if not manifold, and the people should resent such insults being heaped on them. Mr. Bennett exhorted his hearers, as they valued his connection with them during the pe-

RAM PORCH PROTECTION VERANDAH AN

For Sale by