

How to Stop a Cough

A constitutional remedy that removes the cause by building up the system, will stop a cough and break up a cold. These elements contained in Vinol—Beef and Cod Liver Peptones, Wild Cherry, Iron and Hypophosphites—soon create an energy that throws off the cold and prevents its recurrence.

Here is Proof that Vinol is a Great Remedy for Coughs and Colds.

"I had a severe cold and cough, no appetite and headaches, and was tired all the time. I read about Vinol and decided to try it, and the result was most satisfactory as I was soon as well as ever and my cold and cough had disappeared."—L. Sage, 189 Elgin St., Brantford, Ont.

"For years I suffered with a chronic cough, so I could not sleep nights and continued to lose flesh. My druggist asked me to try Vinol. It cured my cough. I can sleep nights and have gained twelve pounds. Vinol is the best tonic and tissue builder I have ever taken."—W.D. Ren, Lagrange, N.C.

For all run-down, nervous, anemic conditions, weak women, overworked men, feeble old people and delicate children, there is no remedy like Vinol. Your money will be returned if Vinol fails—Leading Druggists.

Vinol Creates Strength

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

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I will," she answered.

"Then I ask you to give me the pretty white lily you have been wearing all the evening."

As Diana detached the lily from her dress and gave it to him, she saw Evadne watching her with laughing malicious eyes. An angry light flashed in her own; she did not wait to think. Snatching the flower from Sir Lisle's hands, she tore it into pieces and flung it upon the ground. The young man was far too surprised to express his annoyance. She turned to him with the defiant gesture of an injured queen.

"Never do that again," she cried imperiously, "never ask me for a flower or for anything else! I forbid it."

"I will obey you," he replied, and with a low bow he left. He was stunned by her conduct, and for some minutes hardly realized what had taken place.

Every soft and gentle feeling died in her heart; in that moment a torrent of fury raged in her breast, and she heartily hated him because he was a Scarsdale. He should not call her Diana; he should not ask her for her flowers; she would neither look at him nor speak to him in future. But when the moon shone in at the window, and the stars lit up the blue sky, she was ashamed of herself, and she fell upon her knees, crying out that she wished Sir Royal were there to impress upon her the need of self-control and self-discipline, for she was so proud—so proud—and was it not written, "Blessed are the humble!" So sobbing, Diana fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXV.

"What have they done to you, Diana?" asked Sir Royal, gazing with bewildered eyes on the lovely young face which seemed so changed to him.

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



She rose early, as was her custom at Ferness, and took breakfast long before the others were awake. Ah, the dear old home, with its stately rooms and broad corridors, its lofty windows, its sweet fresh perfumed air, so different from the vitiated atmosphere of the house in Mayfair! She hastened to the conservatory, to gaze upon the fountains and the flowers. She went to the terrace where everything was bright and beautiful. In her delight she could have kissed the marble statues; she could have fainted that even they smiled upon her and welcomed her home. On repairing to her favorite spot—the rose garden—she found that it had been well cared for in her absence, and a few late roses were still in flower. It was there Sir Royal found her.

"I knew you would be here, Diana," he said; "I came direct to you."

Sir Royal gazed steadfastly upon the fair form before him, for it was no longer that of the child he had petted, teased, and consoled. Diana, tall and fair, in a morning dress of pale blue cashmere with a rich cascade of lace, a knot of autumn roses at her throat, was like a vision to him. He looked at her steadily, although his heart beat with a rush of passionate love. He did not attempt to kiss the beautiful face; but he held the dainty hands closely in his. It was then that he asked the question:

"What have they done to you, Diana? You have changed from a child to a woman."

"I am not changed, Royal," she said; "I am just the same."

"Ah, my dear," he rejoined gently, "there is something in your face that was not there when you left home! You were a child then; you are a woman now."

"I shall never change to you, Royal," she said sweetly.

"Let me see your eyes, Diana. Why should you seek to hide them from me? I have shared every secret of yours since you came home here to Ferness, a laughing, happy child."

She raised her lovely eyes obediently enough to his, and he looked at her earnestly. Then his face grew pale, and he dropped her hands with a sigh—a long hopeless sigh.

"It is the love-light that shines in your eyes, Diana," he said; "and love was the one thing wanted to bring your fair beauty to perfection, even as the warmth of the sun brings a rose into full bloom. That is the change in you, Diana. It could not fail to come sooner or later; it has come now."

He leaned against one of the statues, his face white as the marble near him, fighting Heaven only knew how fiercely, with the bitter pain tearing at his heart. He had always known he must lose her—indeed she had never been his—but now that the blow had fallen, it almost crushed him.

"You have learned to care about some one, have you not?" asked Sir Royal, after a brief pause.

"I hardly know, Royal," she answered, as a faint blush stole over her face.

"You are not quite sure?" cried Sir Royal, and his eyes were lighted with love and hope.

"No, not quite—at least I think not," replied Diana, with charming indecision.

"You are not engaged—not promised in marriage?" he interrogated earnestly.

Diana laughed, blushed, and shrunk back a little.

"Oh, no, Royal—certainly not!" she said. "I am quite sure I do not look like that."

Then came the great struggle of his life, the one great battle with himself, in which he was defeated and overthrown. He loved her with an intensity that consumed his heart. True, he was more than twice her age, and he considered that he had nothing worthy of her acceptance. He had an ancient title and a fair estate; but she deserved ten thousand times more than he had to offer. His very love for her had up to this time kept him silent, for she had seemed to him such a sweet innocent child that he would have deemed it a desecration to speak to her of love or marriage. He had settled in his own mind long since that he was unworthy of her, and that he must bury his love and his sorrow in silence, and think of her only as a child. But, now—now that he fancied she was awakening to the knowledge of love and that the possibility of a rival for her hand appearing, he must speak or die.

"You have learned to care for some one, Diana; and yet you are not sure, you do not know. Oh, Diana, if this be true, let me urge my love for you! I have worshipped you, my darling, ever since you came here, a laughing, lovely child, bringing sunshine and music in your train. Every glance of your beautiful eyes, every sound of your voice is inexpressibly dear to me. My life has long centered in my love for you; I have no care or interest but you."

"You have always been good to me," she acknowledged.

And he saw, with a bitter pang, that she had not the faintest idea of his meaning. He looked into the sweet unconscious face, determined to know his fate before the interview closed.

"Dian," he said, "if you have learned to care for some one, the thought of love and marriage must have occurred to you. How shall I say what is in my heart? How can I frame the words? Oh, Diana, my idol, if you can love and marry any one, why should not I be the favored one?"

A mist came before his eyes, his heart beat violently. He had spoken the words that had burned in his heart so long; the die was cast. Alas, she drew back from him with a startled face and shadowed eyes!

"You?" she cried. "Oh, Royal, I do love you, but not in that way!"

"I know, my dear," he said, with a look of desperate longing—"I know I have always been the dearest, truest of friends to you—an elder brother, indeed. But have you never thought of me in the light of a lover?"

"Oh, no," she replied—"never!"

And she was so earnest that the hope, faint as it was, died in his heart when he heard the words uttered.

"So that, if some months ago I had asked you to marry me, you would have said 'No'?"

"Some months ago?" she repeated.

"I do not know; I cannot tell. I did not know the difference then."

"And you know it now, Diana?"

"Yes, I know it now," she answered, dreamily.

She was thinking to herself how different it would have been had Sir Lisle stood there in his place.

Then Sir Royal knew that he had heard his doom, and that Diana's heart had gone from her for evermore. He stood unmoved while his last hope died; then he said, gently:

"I will not ask you any questions, Diana. I respect your secret; perhaps I shall know it in good time. But, if I can never be your husband, Dian, or your lover, may I always be your friend?"

"Always," she replied. "You are the best friend I have ever had or shall ever have, I am sure, Royal."

"Heaven bless you for your kindly thought of me!" he said. "I shall bury all my hopes—not that I have ever really entertained any serious hope—I shall bury my love, and never bring its ghost to startle you; but the ties of friendship will always live between us, Diana?"

"Yes, always," she replied. "Why, Royal, you have ever been a part of my life to me. From the time I first knew you, how you have scolded, lectured, and petted me! You have spoiled me more than papa has ever done."

"Yet I have told you some disagreeable truths, Diana."

"Yes, at times," she allowed. "But with all their unpalatable truths, I like your lectures, Royal, for I know they are intended for my good."

Then Sir Royal took her hands in his and looked into the lovely young face with its rich flush of youth and beauty. That his own in that moment wore a pallor like death, while his eyes were dark with pain, mattered little to him.

"Give me a pledge this morning, Diana," he said, pleadingly. "I may never be your husband or your lover; but pledge me your word that, since I am your friend, you will trust wholly in me, that, above all, if you are in trouble, you will seek me, and that you will never keep a secret from me. Do you promise me that?"

And Diana, looking at him with loving eyes, answered:

"I promise, Royal."

And she kept her word. In the dark after-time, when her heart was rent with the sorrow which her unbending pride had wrought, she went to him, and he remembered this hour.

(To be Continued.)

Try Phorotone for that nasty Cough and Cold you have. Price 30c. at STAFFORD'S Drug Store.—0018,11

Fashion Plates.

A PRETTY GOWN FOR HOME OR AFTERNOON WEAR.



Blouse 2986 and Skirt 2865.

Comprising Ladies Blouse Pattern 2986, and Ladies Skirt Pattern 2865. In this instance figured silk voile and crepe de chine was used. The skirt could be of serge, and the blouse of matched silk, crepe or velvet, with lace or embroidery for trimming.

The Skirt Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. The Waist in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 7 1/2 yards of 44 inch material. The width of skirt at lower edge with plaits extended is 2 3/4 yards.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or 1 c. and 2c. stamps.

A PLEASING DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



2882—This style has good lines, and though simple, is very smart and becoming. The tunic portions may be omitted. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. Serge would be good for this, in blue or brown. Gingham, linen, chambray, repp and poplin are suitable for this model.

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A WOR

There will and Saturday a Chesman's. A

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Big Strike in ing in Pitt ter Cause shorem ---Terms 000 Loan.

FOOD ROTTING IN DENMARK

NEW YORK

Millions of dollars' worth is rotting in Denmark and increased from fifty to a cent, because of a labor strike in Copenhagen, according to who landed to-day from Helligolav. More than gers had been delayed leaving Copenhagen. The ced no difficulty from the harbor strike, because the force of the steamship worked all night to unload gage.

RIOTING IN PITTSBURGH

PITTSBURGH

Rioting broke out in the district at Braddock street noon. According to reports by the police, a mob of gathered in the vicinity of and fighting resulted in a ber of rioters were in state trooper was serious and brought to a hospital. A troop of state police was rushed to the scene and clock were engaged in the crowd.

CRISIS IN STRIKE ST

NEW YORK

A crisis in the strike of York longshoremen was day. The International Marine, which has fort up in port, put strike work removing cargoes

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