

MECCA
MOINTMENT
for Burns, Sores, Guts, Etc.
Get Free Sample From Your Druggist

LADY IRIS' MISTAKE; or the Hero of 'Surata'

CHAPTER XIV.

The months passed by, and spring came round again. The London season had been an unusually early one, and Lord Caledon, not feeling quite so well and strong as usual, had gone to Chantoo early in May.

John Bardon and Lady Alice had not been up to town for the great desire of the millionaire's heart had been granted. An heir was born to his son, and the family which he had founded, and of which he was so inordinately proud, bade fair to stand high in the social scale. His delight and exaltation knew no bounds. It was generally believed that he considered Lady Alice the queen and ornament of her sex for having given an heir to Hyne Court. To show his satisfaction, he presented his daughter-in-law with a pair of diamonds, and his son with a superb service of gold plate, to be used for the first time at the christening; he also gave to Hyne Church a richly-carved marble font. A royal duke and duchess were invited to be sponsors; and the day of the christening of the infant heir was a proud day for Richard Bardon.

"I have founded a family, Julia," he said to his wife, "and years after I am dead and gone the name of Bardon will be a power in the land."

"I hope so, my dear. If little Dione prospers, all will go well." For amidst the superabundance of names that they had given the child they had introduced that of "Dione"—Basil Hugh Dione Albert Francis Bardon; and they had elected to call him "Dione."

Lady Alice would not hear of going up to town. She hardly trusted the child out of her sight, and all the love that was in her nature was lavished on her babe. Her love for her child made her kinder and more gentle, and even seemed to soften her heart to beautiful women. In spite of their beauty they had not little Dione, and she would rather be Dione's mother than queen of England.

One morning at breakfast, John Bardon took up the "Times," and after reading awhile, he said to his wife—

"Here is news of a friend of mine. You remember Lieutenant Allan Osburn?"

"Yes," replied Lady Alice, whose thoughts were just then occupied with the weighty matter of an embroidered pelisse for the baby heir.

"He has been appointed captain, vice the Honorable Berkeley Vane, resigned, and I am heartily glad of it."

Then the paper fell from his hands,

The Best Cough Syrup is Home-made.

Here's an easy way to save \$2, and yet have the best cough remedy you ever tried.

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? When you do, you will understand why thousands of families, world over, feel that they could hardly keep home without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will quickly earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the bottle. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you 16 ounces of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the mucus, breaks the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Relieved of throat tickle, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

and his face blanched as it had blanched before. Lady Alice, lost in contemplation of her baby in a new pelisse, did not notice his peculiar manner. The "Times" fell upon the floor, and he began, with a troubled face to walk up and down the room; his thoughts grew deeper and his fancies darker. One picture would not be put away. It was of a woman's face, pale with passion and scorn, under an almond tree.

"John," said Lady Alice, "baby is asleep, and I am afraid those heavy steps of yours will disturb him."

No answer came from her husband. The baby might wake for all he cared just then; vengeance was within his grasp, and he was weighing it against the happiness of two lives.

"I called him 'friend,'" he said to himself. "How can I be a traitor to him?"

Yet revenge would be sweet. How he would like to see the proud beauty humbled, to see her lips quiver, and tears fall from the eyes that had looked upon him with such scorn. He paced rapidly to and fro; Lady Alice's mild warnings were all unheeded; darker grew the frown upon his face, and more bitter his thoughts. Presently a hand was laid upon his arm and Lady Alice looked with a smile into his face.

"Listen," she said—

"Let every sound be dead—
The Emperor softly tread—
Baby sleeps.
Let Mozart's music stop—
Let Phidias' chisel drop—
Baby sleeps.
Demosthenes be dumb—
Our tyrant's hour has come—
Baby sleeps."

"I am obliged to quote poetry to you, John, to bring you to your senses. You seem to forget that we have a new day-nursery, and that it is the next room to this. You also forget my dear, that baby is asleep. All the affairs of Europe are as nothing compared with the fact that 'baby sleeps.'"

By this time John Bardon had quite recovered himself, and his face softened as it always did at the name of "baby."

"I am very sorry," he replied; "I hope I have not awakened the little one. I was thinking so deeply that I did not quite hear what you said."

"John," said Lady Alice, "will you tell me of what you were thinking? I have never seen an expression on your face before."

It was the first time that Lady Alice had shown deep interest in him; and John Bardon was flattered by it.

"Nothing very pleasant, my dear," he replied. "I was thinking of a story that I heard some time since."

"A story?" she repeated. "Tell it to me, John. I am going to take my work under the cedar, and sit in the shade there. I am about to make some lace for baby; and such lace—finer than a spider's web! You shall see it. Bring your cigar, and you can tell me your thoughts and your story there."

John Bardon did as he was told. He carried her sunshade and her work-basket, arranged a comfortable seat for her, and then lit his cigar; but the words did not flow so readily, as he had expected they would.

She waited for some minutes in silence, and then, in a soft, gentle voice, she asked—

"What was the story, John?"

But he seemed unwilling to speak; his lips grew hot and stiff, and in fancy he saw a woman's lovely face with a ripple of scorn on it, while he thought he heard a woman's sweet voice with a ring of passionate pride in it.

"It is the same old story that is ever being told—only a love story; but I heard it, Alice, and I was thinking of it."

"Let me hear it," she said quietly. And again he thought he saw the fair, scornful face.

"It was of a man humbly born, but rich; and he fell in love with a beautiful proud lady—an earl's daughter. He—so I have heard—worshiped her and loved her with the passionate love of a man's whole heart. She told him that she was interested in his career;

and he was foolish enough to think that the words meant more than they really did, and he lived for a time in vain empty hopes. She was kind to him, gave him advice, and told him how he could distinguish himself. He almost lost his senses over her."

He stopped abruptly, for it seemed to him that the wind quietly stirring the cedar branches sung over again the sad refrain—

"The wind that comes from over the mountain
Will madden me."

"Well," said Lady Alice, kindly, "how did it end, John?"

"Just as you may imagine. One beautiful summer evening he told her, without warning, how he loved her, and what a love like hers might do for him; and she—

"And she?" repeated Lady Alice, finding that he was silent.

"She treated him with the most cruel scorn, told him that his love was an insult, and dismissed him contemptuously. What do you think of a woman like that, Alice?"

Lady Alice was pale and agitated.

"I think ill of her," she replied. "The love of an honest man can never insult the woman who is the object of it. The girl who said so had but little sense."

"I am glad to hear you say that. Well, Alice, he swore to be revenged. He did not wish to hurt or slander her; but he wanted to make her feel the same pain and anguish that he had felt; and—in after years—the opportunity came to him when he could make her suffer. What I was thinking of was this—was he right, when the opportunity came, to avail himself of it, or should he have let her alone?"

Lady Alice's face grew paler and colder.

"I think that, if he had sworn vengeance, he should take it. She should have been punished if she made a good man suffer."

"The hands that held the white face trembled a little as she spoke. He was silent for some time."

"Alice," said John Bardon, at last. "I think I shall invite Captain Osburn down for a few weeks; he has leave of absence, I know. Would you like him to come?"

"Certainly; but we must ask some nice people to meet him. He would not enjoy himself with us alone. All my time is taken up with baby; and you have so many claims on yours."

"Yes, we will have a party to meet him, and make things pleasant. There will be plenty of gaiety in the neighborhood this summer."

"You are thinking," said the wife, in a quiet tone, "that he will in all probability be invited to Chantoo for the summer fete."

"Yes," replied John Bardon, in even a quieter tone; "Lord Caledon is sure to take a fancy to him, and Lady Iris will certainly like him."

.....

A fine summer morning, and a warm sun shining on the green lanes round King's Forest—lovely green lanes, with tall hedge-rows on either side; here and there pink and white may, and sweet honeysuckle in long trailing sprays; green banks covered with wild-flowers, and tall trees meeting overhead and forming a cool, pleasant shade.

(To be continued.)

With plain crepe shirts are worn embroidered tunics with wide sleeves

CRAMPS

Miss Marie Rasmussen of Nordlandet, Kristiansund, Norway, writes as follows:

"I sometimes suffer terrible pain from cramps in the hands and feet, and have found nothing that gives me more relief than Sloan's Liniment. It is certainly a wonderful preparation."

Every day brings added testimony praising the world-famed "Pain's enemy."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Don't be without it. Profit by others' experience. At all druggists and dealers.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor, St. John's.

Our First Great ANNUAL SALE

FOR TEN DAYS ONLY

OF

Fall and Winter Wear

Commencing Monday, October 9.

Tricolette Waists

All shades; ideal models to wear with costumes; sizes 36 to 46.

Sale Price, 1.98

Ladies' Wool Knitted Dresses
All colours.
Sale Price, 7.90

Ladies' Navy Serge Dresses
Wonderful value for \$15.00.
Sale Price, 6.75

Tams
For fall and winter wear. Only a limited number. Come early and get your choice.
Sale Price, 95c

Silk Blouses
Of exceptional value, neat shirt-waist style, in all shades; sizes 34 to 44.
Sale Price, 1.45

We also have a full range of

Fall & Winter Wear

Specially priced for this sale, such as:

LADIES' COSTUMES

Sizes 34 to 42. We also have stout sizes 42 to 54.

HATS

PLEATED SKIRTS

SWEATERS

Ladies' and Misses' Coats

All now on display and ready for your inspection.

S.L. LEVITZ & COMPANY,

256 WATER STREET

Joining Roper & Thompson, Jewellers

Liner's Blue Riband.

BRITAIN'S BIG SHIPS ARE THE SWIFTEST.

To hold and keep the record of the fastest voyages from America to England during some fifteen years is a thing to be proud of. The Cunarder, Mauretania, has done it, but not without a struggle.

But it is good to know that the record is Britain's, and has been for well nigh seventy years, with the exception of a seven-years' lapse.

From the middle of last century the record of the Atlantic has been a jealously guarded British possession.

It was held successfully by such vessels as the Scotia, a Cunard paddle-steamer; the Britannia, the White Star racer of '70; the twenty-knotters, Majestic I and Teutonic in '89, and in '93 by the Campania and Laconia.

Both these last ships developed speeds of over 22 knots. They were the last word in speed; but to maintain this the owners ran up terrific bills.

Germany Gets Envious.

For every twenty-four hours steaming Laconia burned 500 tons of coal. She had a prow like a knife, but when she met a heavy sea she drenched everything from stem to stern. For four years Laconia was the quickest vessel ever to sail the Atlantic.

Then foreign competition began. It came from Germany. For long she had looked anxiously on our fast liners.

In 1897 two German boats appeared on the Atlantic route—Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse for the Norddeutscher Lloyd Co., and Deutschland for the Hamburg-American Line. For seven years nothing could touch these vessels for speed.

But then their owners were subsidised by the German Government. Not till our Government realised how useful such fast boats would be in time of war did they subsidise our shipping companies.

Then came the Lusitania and Mauretania from Clydebank and Tyne-side. Both did over 25 knots on trials. The blue riband was ours again.

Where the "Course" is Stagnant.

Mauretania held, and holds, the record. Before the war she averaged 26 knots for a passage. On a recent voyage from New York to Southampton she averaged 25.26 knots—doing the journey in 5 days, 8 hours and 9 minutes.

A new comer is Majestic II., an ex-German liner of 56,000 tons, also driven by oil. In trials she did 25 knots, and her owners predicted that the record would go to her. As a matter of actual fact, Majestic II. touched 27 knots for a short time on her maiden voyage, but failed to equal Mauretania's records.

For the purpose of establishing a record a liner's log—the speedometer of the sea—is set at Ambrose Channel, 24 miles out of New York, and is taken up at Daunt's Rock, west of Queenstown. Between these points ships are driven "all out." Once past these spots their captains are not particular.

It is doubtful whether this record will ever be equalled, since 20-knot boats are now the usual thing with our large shipping companies.

The Marriage of Priests.

MADE EASIER IN RUSSIA.

MOSCOW—Questions relating to the right of marriage of the clergy have been thrashed out at the congress of the "new living church," which aims to succeed the old orthodox church of Russia. The conclusion was reached by the "young clergy," as they call themselves, that virtually all restrictions of wedlock be removed.

After devoting several days to discussing matters of matrimony it was decided to permit married priests to become archbishops; to allow priests to marry a second time and retain the same dignity as before; to permit monks to marry after they have renounced their vows and without losing their rank of honor, and to permit priests to marry widows. It was also decided not to consider as an obstacle to marriages the fourth degree of relationship.

Requests to the Soviet government providing for the transfer of all the treasures of the churches and monasteries of the old regime, were framed as part of the programme gradually to take over the affairs of the old-orthodox church.

The new living church desires the establishment of a single church treasury, and in this connection it has made plans for handling all the sums collected in the various churches throughout Russia, the government having been asked to make it possible for the new element to take over administration of church affairs. This includes a tax to be collected from the worshippers, revenues from the cemeteries, and the various other sources from which money is derived.

Have you a Suit or Overcoat to be made. Bring it to FARRELL THE TAILOR, Adelaide Street. First class work at moderate prices.—sept28,12

MOTHER!

Clean Child's Bowels with "California Fig Syrup"

Even a sick child loves the "taste of California Fig Syrup." A little tongue is coated, or if your child is listless, cross, feverish, full of colic, or has colic, a teaspoonful will fail to open the bowels. In a few minutes you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the constipation poison, sour bile, and waste out of the system, and gives a well, playful child again.

"Millions of mothers keep 'California Fig Syrup' handy. They know a spoonful to-day saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for 'California Fig Syrup' which gives directions for babies and children all ages, printed on the bottle. Mothers must say 'California' or you get an imitation fig syrup."

Woodcutting Still.

Former Emperor William Emphasizes His Position.

DOORN, HOLLAND, BY A.P.—The dismissal of the Prussian General von Gonthard, former Emperor William's Court Marshal, from the household here, William has begun a much freer existence, and he no longer appears to fear the gaze of the public. Count von Gonthard, a strong advocate of the strict seclusion, but now that he is no longer in office the former emperor does not hesitate to work in his garden, full view of passers-by. He clips his trim fir trees within a few feet of the footpath which encircles the grounds, and with only a wire between him and the public he talks incessantly on forestry and care of trees. The former war hero is having the dense woods which surround the park thinned out, and himself taking an active part in the work. He looks cheerful and happy.

INDIGESTION!!!

UPSET STOMACH,

GAS, GAS, GAS

Chew a few Pleasant Tablets Instant Stomach Relief

Pape's DIAPESIN FOR INDIGESTION

Instant relief from sourness, or acidity of stomach; from indigestion, flatulence, palpitation, gas, ache or any stomach disorders.

"The moment you chew a 'Pape's Diapessin' tablet your stomach feels fine."

Correct your digestion for a few cents. Pleasant! Harmless! Any store.

The Mighty Fallen.

SMALL COMMANDS NOW THE LEAD OF GERMAN MARINERS.

PETROGRAD, BY A.P.—The port of Petrograd, principally frequented by small German steamers, has been striking illustration of the confusion of Germany's big liners by the Allies has done to the old officers of the German merchant marine. Once upon the bridge of a big liner carrying thousands of passengers, these officers are now commanding, or standing watches on tiny tubs that skirt the shores of the Baltic. From over 50,000 tons to less than 1,000 tons has, for example, been the change in the command held by William Witte, once captain of the "Imperator." He recently brought 350-ton Karlshafen from Cologne to Petrograd.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, BRONCHITIS, DIABETES, BACILLARY DYSENTERY, AND ALL THE URINARY AFFECTIONS.

4087 THE PHARMACEUTICAL

Have you a Suit or Overcoat to be made. Bring it to FARRELL THE TAILOR, Adelaide Street. First class work at moderate prices.—sept28,12

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, BRONCHITIS, DIABETES, BACILLARY DYSENTERY, AND ALL THE URINARY AFFECTIONS.

4087 THE PHARMACEUTICAL

Have you a Suit or Overcoat to be made. Bring it to FARRELL THE TAILOR, Adelaide Street. First class work at moderate prices.—sept28,12

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, BRONCHITIS, DIABETES, BACILLARY DYSENTERY, AND ALL THE URINARY AFFECTIONS.

4087 THE PHARMACEUTICAL

Have you a Suit or Overcoat to be made. Bring it to FARRELL THE TAILOR, Adelaide Street. First class work at moderate prices.—sept28,12

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, BRONCHITIS, DIABETES, BACILLARY DYSENTERY, AND ALL THE URINARY AFFECTIONS.

4087 THE PHARMACEUTICAL

Have you a Suit or Overcoat to be made. Bring it to FARRELL THE TAILOR, Adelaide Street. First class work at moderate prices.—sept28,12

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, BRONCHITIS, DIABETES, BACILLARY DYSENTERY, AND ALL THE URINARY AFFECTIONS.

4087 THE PHARMACEUTICAL

Have you a Suit or Overcoat to be made. Bring it to FARRELL THE TAILOR, Adelaide Street. First class work at moderate prices.—sept28,12

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DISEASES