

The Best Cough Syrup Is Home-made

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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, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house 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 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth); 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 five times its cost.

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 phlegm, heals the membrane, and gives almost immediate relief. Sore did for 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 chest and chest ailments.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Love in the Abbey

Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER XIII
LADY ETHEL'S RIVAL

"Why, child, will you tell me—tut, tut! You must have been brought up in a nursery, or a stable—which was it—"

"A stable," says Kitty demurely.

"Not to know what I mean, and what has been going on beneath your own eyes; do you mean to tell me that you don't know that they want Elliot Sterne to take the head of the government—"

"I don't understand politics, but I know that," says Kitty.

"And that Lord Rosedale's influence and his combined will carry the day?"

"Kitty shakes her head."

"I don't understand—"

"And don't you see that the great plotters, and schemers, and wirepullers want to join the two houses together in the tightest and safest possible manner by a marriage—"

"A marriage," echoes Kitty, standing against the dressing-table with an ivory brush in one hand, and the other mechanically fingering a tress of hair which has fallen from its place.

"A marriage, you infant, between Elliot Sterne and your paragon cousin, Ethel."

Kitty's eyes expand to their utmost limits for a moment, then they droop, and a little twitch comes at the corner of her red lips. It is a slight sign—scarcely perceptible—the countess's eyes are sharp, in a good light, but at present the light is poor and shaded, and she does not see that little movement of the lips.

"Lord Sterne is to marry Ethel," says Kitty quietly, and without changing her position.

The countess nods.

"That's the plan, my dear, and a very good one, too, socially and politically. The two houses together, Rosedale and Sterne, can stand against all the radicals in England. Ethel will

make a capital premier's wife, and Lord Sterne—well, Lord Sterne will be everything that is admirable as a husband."

Kitty puts the finishing touch to her hair and seats herself on the corner of the dressing-table, her hands in her lap, her eyes fixed thoughtfully on the floor.

She tries to feel pleased, as she might of course, but she cannot; she tries to feel indifferent; after all, what is it to her? Ethel and she have never been great friends—have never sworn eternal friendship, which resulted in eternal quarrels, as Reg and she have done. What is Lord Sterne to her? Nothing, absolutely nothing! And yet there she sits, feeling as if some one had just told her some dreadful piece of bad news, unable to meet the gaze of Lady Ellesford's sharp eyes.

"Didn't you say you were hungry?" says the countess, breaking the silence suddenly. "I'll ask them to make up a nice little tray for you."

"Thank you!" says Kitty, with something like a start. "Yes, I am hungry and poorly."

"Very well, my dear," says the countess, and as she passes out she lays her hand on Kitty's soft shoulder and kisses her on the forehead. It is a little thing, that caress, but it makes the water come into Kitty's eyes. The kisses that Kitty receives are few very few and very far between.

She sits, swinging her feet to and fro, in the same attitude, after the countess has gone, studying the pattern of the carpet and thinking of Ethel and Lord Sterne.

Does he love her very much? Does Ethel love him? Kitty feels that it is easy for Ethel to love him; yes, that is right enough. But Lord Sterne—

"It's a funny thing, this love!" says Kitty, with rather a melancholy smile. "I'm—I'm very glad I don't know anything about it, and I declare," clenching her little hand, and striking the dressing table hard enough to make the dainty toilet set dance again: "I declare I never will!"

CHAPTER XIV
LOST APPETITE

"MADEMOISELLE," pipes a voice outside the door. "I have brought you by the way, who sent you up with this lish of Ethel's French maid."

"Come in!" says Kitty.

And the maid appears with a tempting little tray.

"Put it down," says Kitty; "I'm fearfully hungry. No, you needn't wait. By the way, who sent you up with this—"

"Ze countess, mam'telle," replies the maid.

"H'm," says Kitty; "thank you for nothing, Cousin Ethel. Tut for tut—I starved your curiosity, and you starve me!"

For all her protestations of starvation, however, Kitty doesn't seem very hungry now; for after the first mouthful she takes a drink of Burgundy, and then pushes the tray away from her. Somehow or other, her appetite seems to have taken unto itself wings, and vanished.

For the rest of that day Kitty makes herself invisible; she has a very good excuse for such seclusion, inasmuch as Doctor Greene has ordered bed and brandy and water, and Mrs. Saville brings it up with her own hands.

"How are the kittens?" asks Kitty.

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colling herself up very much like a kitten herself in an easy-chair.

"Well, miss," replies Mrs. Saville, stirring the brandy and water preparatory to making another attack on Kitty, who has refused the grog at once—"well, miss, I've scarcely seen them; you see, we are all so busy, busier than ever to-day; for monsieur—that is the French cook—"

"monsieur had so many things to make for Lord Sterne. Of course, Mrs. Pritchard, with a smile of amiable condescension, "couldn't be expected to cook a dinner, or for the matter of that, anything, for Lord Sterne; and we've arranged to send everything down quite hot."

"And when the 'everything' gets there," says Kitty, "old Doctor Greene will refuse to allow Lord Sterne to touch it—"

"Just what Lady Ethel said, Miss Kitty," assents Mrs. Saville triumphantly. "She's so thoughtful, is her ladyship, and she comes down herself into my room and had an interview with monsieur, and arranged that he should prepare jellies, and such like—her ladyship wrote the list with her own hands."

"Very kind of her ladyship," says Kitty, showing her teeth.

"Yes, indeed, miss," assents Mrs. Saville; "and the earl's been down to the abbey with Lord Sterne's valet. Quite a load there was of books and flowers—Lady Ethel cut them herself, and helped me arrange the basket."

Kitty nods.

"And has the earl come back?"

"Not yet, Miss Kitty—yes! There's the carriage now; I can hear it! Now take a little of this brandy and water, it's as weak as can be—"

"Don't depart from the truth unnecessarily, Mrs. Saville," says Kitty. "I can smell the nasty stuff from here. This day in my life will be always recalled by the smell of brandy and water. Not a drop! Not a drop! Give it to the kittens."

"Lor', miss," remonstrates Mrs. Saville, who knows Kitty, and, like most people, loves and humors her. "What strange things you do say! And about your clothes, Miss Kitty—drying them and that; if you'll give them to me I'll see to them myself; I won't trust Lady Ethel's mam'selle—she's a very clever young person, no doubt, but—"

At the moment the clever young person knocks and enters.

"If you please, mademoiselle," she says, addressing Kitty. "Milord Sterne's valet-de-chambre is waiting in the hall with a message from Milord."

Kitty looks up.

"For Lady Ethel," she suggests.

"No, for you, mademoiselle. Milord wishes to know how you are doing—whether you have quite recovered. Milord would like to know exactly, as he is very anxious."

Kitty feels the color rising to her face, but she battles with it, and says, with an assumption of indifference that is almost overdone:

"My compliments and thanks to Lord Sterne, Marie, and I am in perfect health, and have never been otherwise, excepting when I had the measles—"

"Lor', miss," exclaims Mrs. Saville, in hushed accents of horror. "You won't send that message, surely?"

"Why not?" demands Kitty coolly. "It's a true one! I am perfectly well, and I hate a fuss. But I'd like to know how Lord Sterne is," she says by way of amendment.

"Milord is better," says Marie, in her broken English. "Is that the answer, mademoiselle?"

Kitty nods.

"Yes, with my thanks."

Marie, with a respectful but emphatic shrug of the shoulders, departs, and the valet bears the characteristic reply to his master.

Then Mrs. Saville makes another spirituous attack, and being more fiercely repulsed than ever, takes her departure also, and Kitty is left alone.

Kitty eats her dinner in her own room, and remains in voluntary solitude. Once Ethel comes rustling to the door after dinner, but Kitty does not reply to the sly demand for admittance, and her ladyship taking it for granted that the patient is asleep, walks away again. The other would-be visitor is Lord Reginald, and Kitty does answer him, and to the purpose.

"Well, Kitty," he calls through the door. "How are the mustard plasters getting on? Take my advice another time, won't you? I say, though, seriously, you're all right, aren't you? Won't you open the door and say good night?"

"Not if you stay there till morning," says Kitty decisively. Then she changes her tone. "Reg!"

"Well."

"You got home all safe?"

"Rather!" he retorts triumphantly. "Then you've won your bet, and I'll give it to you to-morrow. Now do something for me. Smuggle that book of sports and hunting pictures out of the small drawing-room—do, there's a good fellow."

"All right!" says Lord Reginald. "I know you must be terribly tired. I'll get it."

And he is as good as his word. In five minutes Kitty takes the book through a slight opening of the door, and bestows a "good night." But the charm which she had found in the pictures on the preceding evening seemed to have evaporated in some mysterious and disappointing way, and at last Kitty goes to bed to dream that she and Lord Sterne, the one in a cotton dress, and the other in a blue coat and brass buttons, were drowning together in the Lombe.

When Kitty makes her appearance next morning, she is conscious that she is the cynosure of all eyes. Some of the grand gentlemen and grande dames have taken their departure, but the countess is among those who remain, and so also is Mr. Sydney Calthrop. There are plenty of others to make her uncomfortable by that cold, inquiring kind of stare, which the patrician English have always ready beneath their eyelids.

But Kitty is not to be stared down; fresh and beautiful as the flowers in the obergne, she walks down the room, her little shapely head erect, her eyes ready to be defiant at a moment's notice.

Alone she would face them all, but she is not to be doomed to a solitary defense. No sooner has Ethel reached up her face to give her a frosty kiss, than Lady Ellesford makes room for her at the table, and as she seats herself, she finds Mr. Sydney Calthrop taking his seat beside her.

"I hope you did not catch cold—in the water," says Calthrop.

"I am very well—I never catch cold," says Kitty.

"How much you are to be envied!" says Sydney Calthrop. "Show me a man with a good digestion, and I'll show you a happy man," said the philosopher, and show me a lady that never catches cold, and I'll show you a happy woman."

"I'm not usually unhappy," says Kitty.

"Perigot pie," he goes on, indicating the dishes as he speaks, "truffles, pate de foie gras, minced veal, and strawberries and cream. Which is it to be? To my mind, strawberries should be eaten with the dew on them—early in the morning, with cream, if you can steal it from the dairy as you pass, but otherwise without."

Kitty answers in the same style, and while they are talking, there enters the earl and the Honorable Francis. Sydney Calthrop sees them before Kitty does, and he chooses, out of the kindness of his heart, to come again to her help.

"Here is the earl," he says, in a low voice. "Now we shall have politics. Had you been but half an hour earlier, we might have escaped."

"I have finished," says Kitty, catching at the suggestion of flight as a drowning man catches at a straw.

"Let us go into the garden if you have finished," says Sydney Calthrop, coming to her relief.

And just as the earl—tall, thin, and clothed in morning gray—comes down the other side of the table, with the Honorable Francis also thin and gray, but looking like a wax figure well preserved, Kitty rises and takes to flight.

(To be Continued.)

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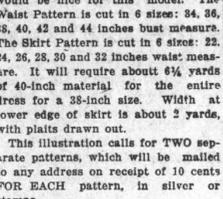


Waist—2640. Skirt—2616.

This model comprises Ladies' Waist Pattern 2640, and Ladies' Skirt 2616. The waist is one of the popular tie-on models, and the skirt has a smart plait trimming at each side. Chiffon taffeta in a new shade of green, with matching crepe and self-covered buttons, would be nice for this model. The Waist Pattern is cut in 9 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It will require about 6 1/4 yards of 40-inch material for the entire dress for a 38-inch size. Width at lower edge of skirt is about 2 yards, with plaits drawn out.

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 stamps.

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2626

2626—This model is easy to develop, and comfortable to wear. The sleeves may be in wrist or 3/4 length. Gingham, seersucker, chambray percale, lawn, linen and khaki, cotton sateen, repp and poplin may be used to develop it. The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4 1/4 yards of 44-inch material. Width at lower edge of skirt is about 2 1/2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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LONDON GOSWELL

LONDON, Nov. 2, 1918.

had been arranged for the Prince to go to Cambridge this year for an officers' staff course, though the University had offered him, when the plan was altered, the Prince was directed to go to France, where he is visiting in the various sectors of the front forces of the Allies. He has with the Canadians, and will visit the American and French armies, acquaint himself with their traditions and personnel. The Prince is developing, but remains boyish. It is curious to reflect that when Edward as Her-Apparent was the Prince of Wales, he had married for five years, had two children, and was admitted the chief in the social world. He had a club, and generally he set the fashion in London. The son of the Prince of Wales' marriage is in abeyance, as is that of Prince. Queen Victoria was particularly that her daughters should marry young, and openly said so. She was influenced by the unhappy fates of her aunts. Queen Alexandra encouraged match-making for her daughters, nor does Queen for hers.

THE EXPENSE

An expert has been employed at Friedrichshagen in months and months in Geneva, Switzerland, and the expense of the restoration of the original owners of the "loot" property, and notably of art, as can be traced. In fact, it is of interest to that information has been received more than one quarter here the past few days that attempts made in Berlin to catalogue the valuable items of "loot," pictures, statuary, and tapestries, taken from Belgium and France, and the services of a noted expert were invited, but without success, and it is believed that the now being done by a German. Meantime there apparently been established a private bureau in the German capital where officers may register their "loot" for sale.

DANCES FOR OFFICERS.

problem of the war seems the Friedrichshagen

The second cup is tempting after you have tried the first and you may drink as many as you please without harm.

INSTANT POSTUM

