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This home-made remedy is a sure-ty for quick results. Easily and cheaply made.

Here is a home-made syrup which millions of people have found to be the most dependable means of breaking up stubborn coughs. It is cheap and simple, but very prompt in action. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, throat tickle, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. This way, you get 16 ounces—a family supply—of much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for \$2. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its prompt healing effect upon the membranes.

To avoid disappointment ask 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.

For Her Sake; The Murder in Ferness Wood.

CHAPTER LVIII

When Diana descended, almost the first person she met was Sir Lisle. She saw his start of admiration, the rapture of love, the passion of despair depicted on his countenance, but he made no effort to come near her to speak to her.

"He is going to-morrow," she thought, "and he has done what I wish. He will say no more to me except 'good-bye.'"

Further off she observed Sir Royal, talking to Mrs. Marche. He looked very ill, with a strange expression in his eyes. Her husband, she supposed, would be by the side of the Marchioness de Vere; he generally took her down to dinner. But to her surprise, he was not there. She looked round the large salon, but could not see him. He was evidently not present.

At first she felt some little alarm. Where could he be? Diana was a meal he never missed. Then she felt relieved that he was not present. Evidently his better sense had prevailed, and he was sleeping off the effects of his dissipation. He would come to the ball-room later on, and all would be well. Nothing, she vowed to herself, should ever induce her to visit anywhere with him again—nothing. She would go back to Ronald's Court, and shut herself up there until she died. Never while she lived would she go through such humiliation again.

Long before the dinner ended, the sound of carriage wheels was heard, and dance-music echoed through the house. Then, when she was free, Diana went in search of her husband—to their rooms first; but there was no sign of him. Then she rung for Jules, the valet, and asked him where his master was.

The man answered that he did not know—that his lordship had told him not to come near his room again until he rung for him.

"I shall find him in the ball-room," she thought. While on her way thither, she met the Duchess of Stone, who commenced an animated conversation. Some time was thus passed, for the Duchess had a great deal to say, and Diana, in patiently and politely listening to her, forgot her own anxieties and fears. Presently there was an influx of guests, and the Duke, approaching the two ladies, declared that his wife was doing wrong in monopolizing the queen of the fete. He begged permission to escort her to the ball-room himself; and, in the excitement of the scene, Diana momentarily forgot that she was in search of her missing husband.

CHAPTER LX.

As the strains of the "Estudiantina" echoed through the ball-room, Diana thought she had never gazed on a fairer scene. The graceful ferns, the slender, shapely palms, the masses of exquisite flowers, the little rippling fontaine, gave her the idea of a miniature fairyland. She never dreamed that she herself was the most beautiful object in that room, as the light fell full on her lovely face, on the lead-white silk and gleaming ruffles.

The Duke had asked her to wait

with him; but Diana had excused herself. She was obliged to talk to him, to smile at his insipid remarks, but she would not dance with him. She could not forget the misery her father's desire to know him had caused. But for the Duke of Stone and his own miserable pride, her father would never have married again, and she would not have been Lady Clarendon.

She was looking indifferently round the room, on the faces of fair women, on rich jewels, waving plumes, costly dresses, exquisite flowers, when she noticed Sir Lisle talking to a fair-haired girl who looked admirably into his handsome face, and a quick, sharp spasm of pain shot through her heart. She saw Sir Royal chatting to Richard, and again she was struck by her old friend's careworn appearance and vacant stare. Her eyes wandered so carelessly, the Duke still talking to her. They rested on Lady Cameron, her handsome face glowing with pride and delight; then they lingered on her father. He was talking to the Duchess, and she knew by his expression how glad and happy he felt.

In after life the scene was like a dream to her. She could never realize what had happened. Her father was evidently explaining something to the Duchess, for she was looking up with an air of inquiry, when the conversation was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a footman with a message for his master. Diana's eyes seemed riveted on the man's face, for it was perfectly white with the pallor of fear. Watching intently, a strange conviction came over her that the message deeply concerned her. Her father's face grew white as that of the man who spoke to him, and she saw what seemed like a shudder of horror pass over him. Then he bowed to the Duchess and went away.

Diana was cogitating upon what had just occurred, when the footman returned, went up to Richard Marche, and a similar scene was enacted. She could neither move nor speak; she was momentarily paralyzed by some great impending fear. She was conscious that the Duke was still talking to her; but she had no idea what he was saying.

Then, above the music, she heard a cry of distress outside the house. Some of the dancers heard it, and stopped abruptly. A sense of indefinite awe came over the guests, one face paling after another.

"What is it?" was heard on all sides. "What is the matter?"

Again outside the house a cry arose, and still Lady Clarendon stood paralyzed with fear.

"You are ill, Lady Clarendon," the Duke remarked.

She looked up at him, and her white lips parted; but she was unable to speak.

There was a dread silence for some moments, when a perfect babel of

voices arose. In the midst of it some one came to Lady Clarendon, and, gently taking her hand, led her away.

She knew afterward it was Richard Marche. She wondered vaguely why people made way for her, why they looked at her so strangely and pityingly. What had happened?

Richard led her from the ball-room, and, when they reached the door she clutched his arm.

"Rich," she cried, "what is it?"

Once outside the ball-room door, she knew the whole house was in confusion. She heard the sounds of hurried voices, of hurried footsteps; and she looked at him again, her strength failing her.

"What has happened, Rich?" she asked.

"You shall know soon, Diana," he replied. "Your father wants to see you."

He opened a door of a retiring-room, and she entered. There she saw Lady Cameron lying on the sofa in violent hysterics, and her father, who was standing by the table, trembling in every limb, so white and weak that he looked as though he too must fall.

"We are disgraced forever!" cried her ladyship; "I shall leave the place—leave England! I shall—"

Peter Cameron turned to her with more dignity than he had ever shown in his life before.

"Forget yourself," he said, "and think of her! What disgrace will touch us? It will be here—poor child!—if disgrace there be."

Then Diana approached before her father, and he looked into her face with sad loving eyes.

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"Have I trouble to bear?" she asked, slowly.

"Terrible trouble!" he replied.

"Then let me bear it here," she said; and she threw her arms around her father's neck, her head on his breast. She felt his strong frame tremble; she knew that tears were falling from his eyes. She heard the smothered weeping of Lady Cameron.

"Tell me quickly, papa," she said, "or I shall die here."

He laid his hand on the fair head so dear to him. Did his thoughts go back in that moment to the time when he had married against this beloved daughter's will, merely to gratify his own pride?

"My darling Diana," he said, "a terrible affair has happened. Lord Clarendon has been found—dead!"

"Dead," she cried, clinging to him with tightening clasp—"dead?"

"Yes, dead—murdered, we are afraid."

"Murdered?" she repeated, vaguely. "Yes; shot through the heart."

At those words Diana fell, with a stifled groan, at his feet, as though she herself were dead. Peter Cameron thought it was the shock of her husband's death; but that which had felled her to the ground, white, mute, and senseless, was the sudden and vivid memory of Sir Lisle's words—"He richly deserves shooting!"

They laid her on the couch, sprinkled water on her forehead, and brought her back to the world, of which she was so weary. When she opened her eyes again, her father read a new fear there.

she replied. Ah, Heaven, did any one know or guess who else had been with her?

"He did not come in to dinner, and in the bustle no one seems to have gone out to look for him. I thought he was purposely staying away to sleep."

"So did I," moaned Diana.

"It seems that he had told Jules not to go to his room again until he rung," Mr. Cameron went on; "but, after dinner, finding that his master did not come or send, Jules went out to look for him, but without success. On making inquiries, he learned that he had last been seen asleep on the bench in the chestnut walk. Jules hastened there, and found him dead—shot through the heart. You left him there, Diana?"

Why, he wondered, did that expression of more than mortal anguish pass over the white face raised to his?

"Yes," she replied. "But he was not asleep when I left him, he was awake and angry. He wanted me to send him some brandy, and I would not consent. I asked him to come to the house, but he would not. I—I did not think that I should never see him again."

"He must have fallen asleep after you left him," said Mr. Cameron.

Diana raised her tear-stained face. "Papa," she whispered, slowly, "who has done it?"

"I cannot think who, or the reason that prompted the deed," he replied. "It cannot have been for robbery; nothing upon him has been touched. It cannot have been suicide, for the weapon has disappeared. He must have been shot in his sleep, for there is no sign of a struggle; and his death must have been instantaneous, for his face is as calm as that of a sleeping child."

Another cry rung through the house. Diana knew the voice; it was that of the Marchioness de Vere, who had just been told what had happened.

"Oh, Mr. Cameron," she cried, "that is my friend! I must go to her or send for her. What will the marquis say, if he finds she is so distressed because of Lord Clarendon's death? He will think there is something wrong."

"He will attribute it to the shock, my dear," said Mr. Cameron, feeling slightly bewildered.

His daughter drew his head down to her lips.

"Papa," she whispered, "who did it? Who is suspected?"

"No one, my dear," he replied, wondering what the awful fear was that he read in her eyes. "There is no one to suspect. We have sent for the local superintendent of police, and we have telegraphed to Scotland Yard for a skilled detective. Rich thought of all that."

"Had he any enemies?" she whispered; and her very soul seemed to be in the words.

"I think not, my dear. He was not a great favorite, poor fellow; but I do not think he had any enemies."

She closed her eyes for a few minutes, then opened them suddenly.

"Are you sure, quite sure, that he is dead, papa? I will go to him. There may be some mistake; he may have swooned."

"There can be no mistake, my dear," he answered; "and you shall see him soon—not just now. The doctors must see him first. Poor fellow; I would not have had it happen for the whole world!"

Then Diana lay back with a deadly pallor upon her countenance, and Mr. Cameron stood watching anxiously by her side.

Lady Cameron rapidly recovered from her hysterics, and withdrew to attend her inconsolable daughter.

Diana's heart was racked by an awful fear, a terrible dread, the words ringing through her brain—"If ever he injures one hair of your head, I will kill him!" To her it seemed clear as the day that Sir Lisle had killed her husband because he had seen the blow given to her that afternoon. But did any one else know it? Would any one find it out? How could the best screen him? She did not doubt for one moment that her suspicions were true, and she was utterly unable to face the horror of them. She closed her eyes with a prayer on her lips that she might never open them again.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY. THERAPION No. 1 THERAPION No. 2 THERAPION No. 3

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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 4 1/4 yards of 36-inch material.

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A PRACTICAL MODEL.



3037—Here is a very comfortable work dress; suitable for gingham, percale, lawn, linen, drill, chambray, repp, or poplin. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

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Commons Vote Against Bonds Proposition

Message to Congress of Domination by Italy

Textile Strikers British Field Ma

LOTTERY BONDS. LONDON, Dec. 1. A substantial majority of 192 the House of Commons today decided against the proposition to float Pre-war Bonds in order that the Government might raise the needed money from the cheering that greeted the announcement of the figures of the decision of the chamber was a positive one.

SHIP OFF DALMATIAN COAST. COPENHAGEN, Dec. 2. A number of allied warships were sighted on Stradita on the Dalmatian coast of Svalbard, according to a despatch.

THE REDS AND THE WHITES. ROME, Dec. 1. The struggle for the domination of the Italian Chamber of Deputies has developed into a fight in which the Socialists and Catholics have been aligned. The Socialists today are the carnations, while the hundreds of members of the Catholic party are the white lilies.

SHIPMENT OF THE PRESIDENT. BOSTON, Dec. 2. A radio message intercepted at Race and forwarded to the navy communication office here tonight that a steamer which had departed engine trouble was flying a red ensign and was in need of assistance in latitude 44° 55' north, longitude 61° 39' west. The name of the vessel was not given. A message from the Portuguese station at Portland of the sinking of an unarmored schooner one mile south east of Cranigan Island. There was no word of the crew.

WILSON'S ADDRESS. WASHINGTON, Dec. 2. A general recommendation on legislation to combat the cost of living, war unrest, radicalism and the adjustment of the nation to a peace were the features of President Wilson's annual message to Congress.

NOTICE! 1915 Star from the War Office and to all ranks of the Royal Army and Navy. Those entitled to this call at ROOM 3, Department of the hours of 10 a.m. and 10 p.m. To those residing in the United Kingdom, the medals for next year will be forwarded by registered post.

W. F. R.