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

CHAPTER. XI.

She led the way to the beautiful avenue of chestnuts for which Treham was famous. They were silent for a few minutes; then she said, quietly:

"So Diana does not like the idea of your marriage, Mr. Cameron?"

And, in his zeal for his daughter, forgetting how poor a compliment it was to her ladyship, he told her all that passed—told her of Diana's prayers and tears, of her passionate pleading for her dead mother's sake, of her wild outburst of grief, of her despair. Lady Scarsdale listened in respectful silence.

"Poor child!" she said, with a deep sigh. "I can sympathize with her; but all that display of an ill-trained, undisciplined nature shows more and more that she is a firm yet gentle hand over her. She should think of your happiness first."

"My happiness and hers have always been linked together," he replied.

There was an awkward silence, and Lady Scarsdale had difficulty in preserving her grace and dignity. There was a faint flush of color to her handsome face when she next spoke.

"And so," she said, carelessly, "you care so little for me that a few tears and entreaties from your daughter made you resolve to forget me?"

"I assure you," he cried, eagerly, "I could never forget you! I shall always retain—"

"My dear Mr. Cameron," she interrupted, "you must be reasonable; the hysterical cries of a child must not be allowed to interfere with well-considered plans."

"But Diana must be happy," she replied. "Trust to me for that. You cannot pay me so poor a compliment as would be implied by the fact that you have thought only of Diana, and not of me. You wanted to make me happy, did you not?"

"Certainly I did," answered Peter Cameron, religiously believing the

words he uttered. And then he found Lady Scarsdale's white hand within his.

"I should not like to think," she said, softly, "that your sole interest in me was for Diana's sake; I should like to believe that some, at least, was for my own."

"You may be sure it was so," declared the elderly lover, more at a loss for words than he had thought possible; and there came to him, with the scent of hawthorn, the memory of the green lane in which he had wooed his first wife.

"You can see for yourself how the matter looks," resumed Lady Scarsdale. "You ask me to marry you; and then, because your daughter, as is perfectly natural, disapproves, you beg that there shall be no marriage. I appeal to you, does not that look as though you wanted to marry me entirely for her sake?"

"It looks strange, I must admit," he said; "but I—"

"Let me speak," she interposed, gently. "If I thought it best for you and for Diana, I would break off the engagement at once, in spite of all that might be said, and the unenviable position it would place me in; but I do not. Honestly speaking, the best thing you can do for Diana is to give her into the hands of a sensible, well-trained woman; and the best thing for yourself is to marry some one who can give you rank and position. That is disinterested advice." She turned to him with a smile altogether charming, bright, and gracious, and looked into his face. "For myself," she said gently, with a blush that became her greatly—"for myself, what if I tell you that—I like you so well that it would be a pain to lose you, and that I like you for yourself, for your nobility of character, your generosity, and your simple goodness of heart? What if I tell you that our separation would distress me?"

"In that case," he said, "I—I must resist Diana's tears."

"She will not shed them for long," remarked the lady, softly; "but I—if you, left me—should be unhappy for the remainder of my life."

"Do you really mean that, Lady Scarsdale?" he asked in great agitation.

"I do," she answered, softly, her eyes fixed on the ground.

"Then pray forgive my indecision. If you care for me, love me, feel that I shall be a support to you, a comfort to you, I will, as I said, resist Diana's tears."

"You have worked hard all your life, you have achieved great and signal success; it seems to me only just that you should now reap the reward," said Lady Scarsdale, "and enjoy a few years' repose in the manner you most desire. I shall try my utmost to make you happy."

"I must be happy with you," he responded.

But Diana's tears seemed to burn his hands where they had fallen, Diana's piteous cries sounded in his ears.

"And now that we have arranged the difficulty so far," said Lady Scarsdale, "I should like to suggest something to you—something that will save Diana's tears."

They walked for a long time under

the chestnut trees, for Lady Scarsdale had much to say. She did not want to lose the prize which she had secured for the second time with so much skill and tact, and she saw that stringent measures were absolutely necessary if she was to carry her scheme to a successful issue. She therefore persuaded him that the best thing he would be to return home and say nothing to Diana, but let her imagine that the letter remained unanswered and then, in a few weeks' time, to go up quietly to London, where they could be unostentatiously married from the little bijou house.

A quiet wedding will be the most suitable for us, after all," she said. "Then we can go to Paris; and when we return all will be well. I am sure," she continued, with energy. "Mine will be the best plan, for it will save Diana's tears."

And he acceded, for he was like wax in Lady Scarsdale's skillful hands.

CHAPTER XIII.

June had passed by with its crown of roses, July with its sunshine and wealth of flowers, and August had come with its ripe fruits and golden grain. Furness looked more beautiful than ever, with the hedges burdened with wild roses, the lanes filled with wild flowers, the gardens a blaze of beauty, the woods resplendent with their many-hued foliage, the sea shimmering brightly beneath the rays of the August sun. Diana was once again enjoying the pleasures of her home, for the danger that had menaced it was past, the wily woman who had sought to draw her father away from her was gone. Lady Scarsdale had driven over with her daughters to say good-bye to the girl whom she intended to supplant; but Diana, to her own great relief, was absent.

She was gone, and the dark shadow she had recently cast over Furness Court had gone with her. Mr. Cameron was kinder than ever to his daughter. He seemed unable to do enough to atone for the pain she had suffered. He lavished rich presents upon her, until she bade him cease, telling him that she had more ornaments now of every kind than she knew what to do with. She felt that he was trying to make up to her for what she had suffered, and she rebuffed her caresses in turn. Every kiss from Diana was a reproach to him, every loving word, in its way, a wound. He had never before kept a secret from her, and this one tried him sorely. Twenty times each day he was on the point of breaking down and telling her the whole truth; but some wily words of Lady Scarsdale would return to him and fortify him against himself. The spell was upon him, and he could not break it. He admitted to himself that the treachery was cruel, and that he ought to tell Diana what had happened; but he was fast in the coils of a clever woman, and his bonds were so strong and so artfully woven that he could not break them asunder.

Diana was quite unsuspecting. The series of picnics had been a great success, and every one congratulated her upon them. Once, when Lady Clowyn began to speak of the Scarsdale's Diana turned to her with a pale, scared face.

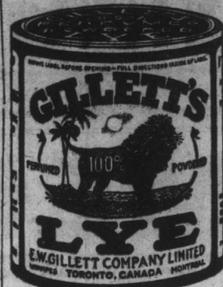
"Dear Lady Colwyn," she said, earnestly, "pray do not mention the name; I cannot bear it. I wonder, now that the danger is over, that I did not die when my father told me he was going to bring that terrible woman here. What an escape it was! Do you know, the very name turns my heart cold. I try to make myself so much to papa that he has not one moment's time in which to miss her."

"He does not miss her," remarked Lady Colwyn. "It was she who lured him on, not he who ran after her. Three millions of money are not won every day, and it is Lady Scarsdale, not Mr. Cameron, who feels the separation. I am quite satisfied about your father now. So may you be."

"So I am," declared Diana. But she grew anxious, at times, about him; for, although her father seemed, and was, devoted to her, he had of late grown strangely quiet. He would look at her for some minutes in silence, then sigh deeply; he seemed preoccupied, and would ask abrupt questions; in speaking of the future he would pause suddenly, as though some new idea had occurred to him.

"Rich," said Diana, one morning, as they stood together at the breakfast-room window, "do you notice any change in my father?"

"Yes," he replied; "he seems always preoccupied, and is more silent than usual. Perhaps he has some



speculation on hand. He appears to have something on his mind."

"Do you think so? Why, Rich, that has an awful sound—something on his mind! But I know the cause of it. He has never been so happy since that affair—you know what I mean. He seems so sorry that he caused me pain, and ever since then he has been exceedingly anxious about my happiness."

"It was a very good thing you knocked it on the head, Diana. You need never fear again. There cannot be a second Lady Scarsdale."

"No; that would be impossible," she replied. "I must be more devoted than ever to him, Rich."

"You are always exceedingly good, Diana," observed Richard. But the beautiful young heiress was not content until she had consulted her other counselor, Sir Royal.

"Rich says that papa appears to have something on his mind, Sir Royal. Do you agree with him?" she asked.

"No, I do not, Diana. I think your father is freer from care than nineteen men out of twenty."

"Sir Royal," she asked, slowly, "do you think that papa has regretted Lady Scarsdale? I hate to mention her name, but I must this time. Do you think he regrets the loss of her at all?"

"No, I do not, Diana," was the cheery reply—"not for one moment. I think Lady Scarsdale managed the whole affair herself, and is the only one who now regrets that it fell through. She was attracted, without doubt, by your father's wealth, and I should think he is relieved that it is all over."

Neither Diana nor her friends were in the least degree prepared for the denouement; for the false security in which they had been lulled was increased by the departure of Lady Scarsdale from the neighborhood. They had reckoned without the principal actor in this little domestic drama.

To the day of her death Diana never forgot that August night when her father, after pacing restlessly up and down the long drawing-room, asked her to walk with him on the terrace. The sun had long set, and the August moon was shining brightly in an unclouded sky. A silvery flood of light fell on the sleeping flowers and graceful statuary as father and daughter passed through the French window.

"I am going to London to-morrow, Dian," said Peter Cameron; suddenly; "is there anything you require?"

"To-morrow, papa!" she cried. "You did not tell me."

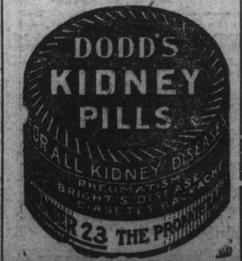
"I decided this morning," he said, evasively. "What can I bring you, Dian?"

"Nothing but yourself back again," she answered, as she clasped her hands round his arm. "I am sorry you are going away—I shall miss you so much. Why, papa, you are trembling! Are you ill?"

"No, but the heat is very oppressive to-night. The drawing-room seemed so stifling that I could not remain in it."

"One expects heat in August," laughed Diana; "but it is not like you to complain of the weather. How long will you be absent, papa?"

(To be Continued.)



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Enlarging the Sanatorium.

Work on the enlargement of the Government Tuberculosis Sanatorium on Topsail Road is now on in full swing, and a gang of more than a hundred men is engaged in digging the foundation and laying the concrete basement. Mr. B. Bowering, Contractor, has been awarded the contract, and, with his customary earnestness and thoroughness he has gotten things going and the job is well on its way.

Mr. Bowering has taken over the superstructure of the Beverley, just down from the Sanatorium, and his men live there. Cooks have been engaged, and in this way the men are always near their work. Topsail road is a busy scene, with the contractor's motor trucks and horses hauling lumber, cement and rock to the scene of construction.

Two long wings of 200 feet in length and 35 in width and a staff house are to be added, and when the whole is finished the Sanatorium will be a splendid building. At present the building is an oblong one, just off the road. The wings will extend from the back of the building backward, forming a letter U, with a space in the centre. At the ends of the wings the staff house will be built, this enclosing the land and forming a sort of letter O, which will be a court for recreation. The wings will be one storey ones with glass windows fronting the walls. In fine weather the windows slide up, leaving the wing entirely open and exposed. Together the wings will hold coats, which, with those already there, will make a large capacity.

The staff-house, which will be two-storied, will house the doctor, nurses, sisters and general staff of the big institution. It is being laid out in a most efficient manner, and fitted, when the whole job is finished, it will be a credit to the town.

It is nearly a twelve months' job, and the Government has awarded the contract to Mr. B. Bowering.

Coaker's Opinion of Higgins.

The following is a delightful treatise on Hon. W. J. Higgins—the representative of good old Liberal St. John's East, and was written by Coaker himself in the "Advocate" less than a year ago.

"In 1913, his first entry into public life, he contested the district of St. John's East, after a tremendous campaign he was elected second on the 'poll, consisting of six candidates, the present Mr. Justice Kent leading. Since the death of the late John Dwyer he has been the sole representative of the District."

"As a member of the House of Assembly he is held in general respect by his fellow members. A determined and able exponent of any principle"

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