


60 Years Old Today
Feels as young as ever



PEOPLE who are able to talk like this cannot possibly have impure blood—they just feel fit—no headaches, dyspepsia or bilious disorders.

These diseases can be cured by **Dr. Wilson's Herbine Bitters**

A true blood purifier containing the active principles of Mandelic, Sassafras, Burdock and other medicinal herbs.

Sold at your store, a bottle. Family size, five times as large 51.00.

THE BRAYLEY DRUG CO. Limited, 27, JOHN ST., N.S.

For sale by all Druggists and first-class Grocers.

The Romance of a Marriage.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"You are very kind," she says, and the hectic flush grows deeper. "It is hot, very hot. I left my sunshade at home. Why did you leave it, Weston?" turning her eyes to the maid, who stands silent at her side.

"You said, miss—"

"Yes, I remember; I didn't think I should want it. Thank you," to Paula; "but how about yourself? If I take it you will be baked," and a smile that lights up the delicate face as a piece of Dresden is illuminated by a flash of sunlight, passes over it.

"I like being baked," says Paula, putting up the sunshade. "I never use it. My complexion was irrevocably ruined years and years ago," and she puts the sunshade into the thin, white hand.

"Years and years ago!" retorts the other, and a faint, pleasant mockery curves her lips, making the face quite eloquent, and conveying the speaker's meaning in an instant. "Then it must have been when you were quite a child."

Paula colours and laughs.

"Yes, when I was quite a child," she says, "is that better? You don't feel it so much now?"

"No; that is much better," says the other, gratefully, her blue eyes fixed with a distinct gaze of admiration on Paula's face. "It is very kind of you. I am afraid you are sacrificing yourself!"

"Not at all," says Paula.

There is silence for a moment, during which the beautiful invalid has glanced indifferently at the beach, and, with anything but indifference,

back again at the fresh young face above her.

Paula stands, struggling against the fascination that has taken hold of her, striving for some commonplace remark and finding none.

At last the silence grows oppressive, and she says, suddenly, after her manner:

"Have you been ill long?"

"Ill!" replies the other, and a faint smile curves the delicate lips. "Yes; if I am ill. That is a question that puzzles the doctors. I have been like I am, as you see me, for—how long is it, Weston?"

"Nearly a twelvemonth, miss," says the maid. "But—emphatically—you are better, much better now."

"I am better, much better now," repeats the invalid, with a strange smile at Paula—a mocking, yet by no means bitter smile. "I think I am quite well, really; only the doctors will not let me walk about, and insist upon my being treated like a mummy," and she draws her other arm from under the multitudinous wraps.

Paula notices that the arm—as much of it as is seen—is white and beautiful shaped, though thin, and that a magnificent bracelet, set with diamonds, glitters on the wrist; there are also costly rings half-way up the tapering fingers.

The invalid holds her hand in the sun for a moment, then plunges it behind the costly furs that envelop her as if she had received a chill.

"Oh, quite well," she says, with a laugh. "Nouvelle is working wonders for me. Have you been ill?" and her eyes seek Paula's face with evident interest.

"I," says Paula, with a smile. "No, I have never been ill."

The blue eyes look at her rather keenly.

"No! I thought you had been."

Paula colours rather under the keen glance.

"No," she says, with a smile, "excepting the measles and the whooping-cough, I have suffered nothing."

The blue eyes rest on her face still with their look of curiosity.

"Have you been here long?" says their owner.

"A few months," says Paula. "And you?"

"How long it is?" asks the other of the maid.

"Ten days, miss," is the prompt, respectful reply.

"Ten days," repeated the invalid. "I have been travelling about. I don't like to say where I haven't been; I have been to so many places. The doctors order me about as if I were a volume in a circulating library."

"And do you like Nouvelle?" asks Paula, intensely interested, and yet marvelling to herself why she should be.

"I hated it," said the invalid, with a vehemence that makes Paula stare. "I hated it until now; but I think I like it better now that I have seen some-

The Roast Beef of England

COLMAN'S D. S. F. MUSTARD is largely associated with the fame of England's roast beef, having been used with it for over a century.

Colman's D. S. F. Mustard

sauced with roast beef and other meats, fish, game, poultry, cheese, etc., causes better digestion, and assures full nutrition.

It has received the highest awards at exhibitions all over the world.

MACOS, SON & CO., Limited
Manchester, Toronto
Canadian Agents 22

thing of it. Are you staying at the hotel?"

"No," says Paula. "I am living with my sister at Cliff Villa—that little white house there," and she points to it.

The invalid nods.

And I am lodging at—what is the name of the place, Weston?"

"Acacia Villa, miss."

"Acacia Villa, though there is nothing like an acacia in the place," says the mistress, with a smile.

Paula remembers Acacia Villa; it is one of the best houses in the place. Evidently the pale, blue-eyed invalid in one of the swells, perhaps a young lady of title.

"Yes, I know," she says; "it is nicely sheltered."

"So the doctors said"—wearily, and with a smile, as if it were a fine feat. "And you live on the cliff? I will be sure and remember. Will you take your sunshade now?"

"No," says Paula; "keep it till you return home. I will send for it."

"But—"

"Pray, pray do," says Paula, eagerly. "I do not want it. I shouldn't use it. Keep it; it will guard you against the heat, and it will send for it."

"Thank you," says the invalid, still keeping her eyes fixed on the dark ones above her. "You have been very kind to me. Why, I wonder? You are the first person that has spoken to me since I came. Would you think me very rude if I asked your name? My name is Hamilton—Florence Hamilton."

Paula repeats the name absently, mechanically.

"It is a very pretty name," she says; "mine is not nearly so pretty. It is Estcourt—Paula Estcourt."

"Paula—Estcourt!" gasps the invalid. "Paula—" and she falls back in the chair, the hectic flush flying from her face, and the sunshade slipping from her hand.

"Poor girl!" murmurs Paula, "the heat has been too much for her." And in her gentle pity she bends over the chair, to the exclusion of the maid, who has uttered a cry of alarm, and lifts the frail form in her arms.

For a full minute Flossie Hamilton lies lifeless in the arms of the girl whose life she wrecked and ruined, her head, with its short, sunny curls lying against Paula's bosom, her white, thin hand, sparkling with costly jewels, lying across Paula's strong arm.

"Poor girl!" she murmurs, her heart beating, the dark eyes filling with tears, "how ill she looks."

"Yes, miss," says Weston, acely, as she kneels beside the chair and bathes with eau-de-Cologne the white forehead, in which every vein is traced so distinctly, "my mistress is very ill indeed, but she has been worse."

"Does she often faint like this?" asks Paula, standing so as to guard the unconscious form from the curious eyes.

Weston shakes her head.

"No, miss; I have only known her to faint once before—that was at the beginning of her illness; then she broke a bloodvessel. She frightens me dreadfully; my mistress is generally so—so brave and plucky. It is the heat, I suppose. No offence, miss, but I think she has been talking too long."

"I am very sorry," says Paula, remorsefully. "I had no idea that I was doing any harm."

"Oh, no, miss, certainly not. She is coming to."

The blue eyes open with a vacant gaze that grows intelligent as it falls upon Weston.

"Where am I?" she asks. "I've had a dreadful dream. Weston—and she shudders—"dreadful!"—then, as she sees Paula, she starts, and shrinks from her. "Why are you here?" she says, with a thrill almost of terror in her voice. "You have been a long time coming. Have you come to reproach

Fashion Plates.

A UNIQUE MODEL IN "TIE ON STYLE."



Pattern 3109 here illustrated is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. For the 18 years size, 5 1/4 yards of 44 inch material will be required.

Duvelyn, serge, taffeta, satin, poplin, crepe and crepe de chine would be attractive for this model. Blue duvelyn with pipings of beige, and collar and cuffs embroidered in colored worsted is smart for this. The width of the skirt at lower edge with plaits extended is 1 1/2 yard.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A GOOD OUTFIT FOR THE HOUSE-KEEPER.



Pattern 3110 is here shown. It is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. The apron and cap may be made of one material, percale, seersucker, gingham, saten, khaki or alpaca. The apron is not cumbersome, for it is cut so as to avoid any surplus material. Size Medium requires 3 1/4 yards for the apron and 3/4 yard for the cap, of 36 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

No.

Size

Address is full:—

Name

European Agency.

Wholesale orders promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all British and Continental goods, including:

Books and Stationery, Boots, Shoes and Leather, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motor Cars and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Piece Goods, Sample Cases from \$50 upwards, Fancy Goods and Perfumery, Hardware, Machinery and Metal, Jewellery, Plate and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Olives' Stores, etc., etc.

Commission 2 1/2 per cent. to 5 per cent. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

25 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. Cable Address: "Annuaire, Lon." (Established 1814.)

William Wilson & Sons.

WARNER'S Rust-Proof Corsets

The value in Warner's Rust-proof Corsets has always been one of their features. That is why we are able to guarantee them to you.

Our new models have arrived and among them are unusual values, in the latest fashion lines such as are here shown for average figures.

We have also many specially recommended styles for stout figures and slender—all guaranteed not to "RUST, BREAK or TEAR".



Price from \$2.00 pair up to \$5.50.

Marshall Bros
Sole Agents for Newfoundland.

How About That Office Desk?

You've been talking Office Desks for some time? Intending to renew with modern ones? To get a good Typewriter Desk for the busy stenographer? Here's your chance to select Solid Oak Desks in various designs—roll or flat tops, different sizes and finishes from a supply only just arrived from the best makers in the U. S. A.

Just remember—Your office equipment has a lot to do with the business impressions you create. Keep yours up-to-the-minute!!!

U.S. Picture & Portrait Co.

Hardware Headquarters

Cast Soil Pipe, Lead and Iron Pipe, Lead Traps & Bends Pipe Fittings.

The Direct Agencies, Ltd

No Matter How the Fire is Caused

If you're not insured, you're a loser. Take time to see about your policies. We give you the best companies and reasonable rates.

PERCIE JOHNSON,
Insurance Agent.

Advertise in The Evening Telegram

Grove's O-Pen-Trate Salve
Opens the Pores and Penetrates

A Remedy for Chest Colds, Head Colds, Sore Throat, Stiff Neck, Earache, Spasmodic Croup and kindred ailments. Apply freely to the skin just over the affected parts and rub it in.

GROVE'S O-PEN-TRATE SALVE

is also an Excellent Germicide for the Nose and Throat.

It should be applied to the nostrils so that you will be continually inhaling the vapors while in the presence of patients who are sick with contagious diseases, or when you are entering crowded cars or other public places during an epidemic of Grip or Influenza. Any Grip or Influenza germs breathed through the nose are destroyed by this germicide salve before the germs can reach the throat.

FOR THE SICK

Place One Level Teaspoonful of GROVE'S O-PEN-TRATE SALVE in a hot saucer in the sick room. The Antiseptic Vapor rising from the heated salve makes breathing easy for the patient. It induces sleep and is a great comfort to anyone suffering with Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Diphtheria or Pneumonia. The Healing Effect of the Vapor relieves the patient and is very comforting. Price 35c per box. If your Druggist hasn't any, send 35c in postage stamps to Paris Medicine Company, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto, and a full-size box will be mailed to you promptly.

OUT O' ORDER STOMACHS

Indigestion, Acidity, Sourness and Gases ended with "Pape's Diapepsin"

The moment you eat a tablet or two of Pape's Diapepsin all the lumps of indigestion pain, the sourness, heartburn and belching of gases, due to acidity, vanish—truly wonderful!

Millions of people know that it is needless to be bothered with indigestion, dyspepsia or a disordered stomach. A few tablets of Pape's Diapepsin neutralize acidity and give relief at once—no waiting! Buy a box of Pape's Diapepsin now! Don't stay dyspeptic! Try to regulate your stomach so you can eat favorite foods without causing distress. The cost is so little. The benefits so great.

Ma
po
Ship
H
sic
--
C
W
DON'T
With
the note
Adriatic
despatch
known
situation
that nega
ed to co
come a p
les. The
Acting S
the Whi
after wh
mission.
SPAN
The S
day.
CABINE
News
rd repo
added, h
favors t
the retir
GENNA
T
The r
prisoners
thorized
advers a
of Court
be by w
THE
The p
foods of
in the p
was rep
Ardroon
out here
change o
cause of
AN
The C
Unions
quarter
by the
with the
moulders
states. B
of this e
beyond t
through
TURKS
The C
Bro built
trayers.
Fremant