

# The Romance OF A Marriage.

CHAPTER VI.

"Then I—I think you might have paid more attention to them," retorts Stancy de Palmer, growing a deeper red, and trying, but unsuccessfully, to stare the stranger trespasser down.

"I did," says Sir Herrick, quietly, and with no whit of offence in his cool, low voice; but the reply arouses Mr. de Palmer's ire.

"Then—then—" he stammers, with a poor attempt at dignity, "how is it that you didn't keep away?"

"I'm sorry," says Herrick. "Confound it!" as the patient cup collapses. "I'm sorry. The water belongs to you, I apologise."

"The water is—the property of my father—Mr. Palmer, of Powis Court," says Stancy, haughtily, "as you might have read."

"I don't think I got as far as that," says Sir Herrick, going back to the stream, and becoming instantly absorbed in refilling the cup.

Stancy stares, too wrathful for instant retort, and Mr. Palmer and May come up.

"What is the matter, Stancy?" asks the great sugar-baker, pompously.

His hopeful son turns and waves his hand, the long and bony fingers covered with rings.

"Oh, nothing much," he says. "This—this person is trespassing, and I am just telling him so."

"But, Stancy," murmurs a soft voice, and May, with her eyes fixed on the graceful figure, in its well-cut suit of cords, with its air of nobility palpable as the sun on the water, approaches.

"Pray hold your tongue, May," says her brother, not over-politely.

"There's some mistake," says Mr. Palmer, and he thrusts his thumbs in the arm-holes of his white waistcoat, and approaches the daring intruder on the Palmer domain with so admirable an imitation of a full-grown turkey-cock, that Paula, hidden behind the stump, and enjoying the little farce, can scarcely suppress a laugh.

"Er—young man," says the owner of Powis Court, clearing his throat,

"are you aware that this is private ground?"

The criminal gets up as coolly as an eye.

"Yes; I've just been informed so," he says; "as I said, I am very sorry."

"You have been fishing," says Mr. Palmer, severely.

Sir Herrick nods.

"Yes, and had some very fine sport. The water seems well preserved."

Mr. Palmer gasps more like a turkey-cock than ever.

"I—I," he says, pompously, "I must request you to give me your address," he says.

"With pleasure," says Sir Herrick. "Wait one moment, if you will," and he goes to the stump slowly, carrying the cup.

But Paula, probably thinking that the fun has gone far enough, rises from behind the stump, and with a pleasant nod, says:

"How do you do? How are you, May?"

"Paula!" exclaims the soft voice, "is that you?" and May Palmer moves toward her.

The two men stand and stare for a moment; then Mr. Palmer, recovering first, comes forward with a pompous smile and an outstretched hand.

"Er—good-morning, Miss Paula! I did not know you were there. Er—been fishing?" as he sees the rod lying beside her. "Ah, I see, this is a friend of yours?"

"Yes," says Paula, taking the cup which Sir Herrick hands her as coolly and quietly as if they were alone.

"Yes, I'm very sorry, Mr. Palmer. I didn't think you'd mind."

"Not at all—not at all," says the owner of the Court, with a condescending wave of his hand. "Any friend of yours is welcome, Miss Paula."

"Why didn't he say so?" mutters Stancy, eyeing the non-chalant figure sullenly.

Sir Herrick turns with a smile.

"You didn't give me time, you know," he says.

"Oh, no!" says the gentle voice of May. "It is all—a mistake. But—with a reproachful smile and in a lower voice—"It was your fault, Paula! What a wicked girl you were to hide—"

"I wasn't hiding," says Paula. "Yes, I was—in a whisper. It was so funny. I wanted to see what they'd do."

"Any friend of yours, my dear

**EE SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE EE**



**EE STEEDMAN'S SHOOTING POWDERS Contain no Poison EE**

young lady," says the sugar-baker, condescendingly, "is quite welcome. I hope you have had good sport?"

"Yes, thanks!" says Paula, nodding; "there they are!"

"Fond of fishing?" asks Mr. Palmer of Sir Herrick, condescendingly.

"I think you will find, as you said, that the waters are very well preserved. I spare no expense; money is no object—no object whatever. I—er—do not fish myself, but I like my friends to have good sport, and I'm prepared to pay for it."

"Very kind," murmurs Sir Herrick, calmly.

His manner rather disconcerts the great sugar-baker. It is not thus that his advances are usually met, and his face grows rather red, while that of Stancy waxes crimson.

"I suppose you haven't been fishing with a worm?" he says rudely.

"No," says Sir Herrick. "How do you do it?"

Stancy drops his eye-glasses, and looks daggers, but it doesn't occur to him at the moment to speak out.

Once more May, evidently the peace-maker, steps into the breach.

"How is dear Alice?" she asks, hurriedly. "I hope she isn't knocked up after last night. Did she enjoy herself?"

"Very much," says Paula. "She wasn't up when we left."

"And—your brother?" asks May, her eyes dropping for a minute. "I'm afraid he was rather bored."

Paula laughs.

"Bob enjoyed himself amazingly," she says, with a polite disregard of the truth.

"I'm very glad," says Mr. Palmer, pompously. "We—er—do our best to amuse our guests. Expense is no ob-

ject—none whatever. If you are going to do a thing, do it well, I say."

"Come, father," says Stancy de Palmer, suddenly, "we shall be late for luncheon."

"Er—yes," says Mr. Palmer, but he still eyes the tall figure standing so easily and quietly outside the conversation. "Good-morning, Miss Paula. Er—any friend of yours is welcome to fish, you know—any friend of yours or your brother's. This—er—gentleman is a friend of your brother's, I suppose. Come on business, I suppose?"

This is more than Paula can stand. She had intended letting Mr. Palmer's go their way in that state of bliss which springs from ignorance; but the pompous, condescending tone of the sugar-baker landing it on the very land which should have belonged to the man standing so quietly by her side is too much for her.

"No," she says, "he has not come on business; he has come on—pleasure. This is Sir Herrick Powis, Mr. Palmer."

Now, if there is anything Mr. Palmer and his son worship besides money, it is rank.

A lord is, in Mr. Palmer's estimation, a being of different clay to the rest of mankind; a being to be looked up to and lauded; even a baronet he regards as something to kowtow to and fawn over; but a Powis of Powis, notwithstanding their downfall, is the creme de la creme.

For a moment he stands gasping, his eyes and mouth wide open with horror as he realises that he has been actually rude and overbearing to one of the upper ten; then he turns pale and raises his hat.

"Er—this is a pleasant surprise," he gasps. "My dear Miss Paula, why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"I hadn't time," says Paula in a very fair imitation of Sir Herrick's voice, and with a side glance at him.

"I—er—beg ten thousand pardons, Sir Herrick," he stammers, the perspiration standing on his red forehead.

"I'm very sorry! Of course, I couldn't know!" as if it were a pity that baronets and earls didn't wear their titles emblazoned on their shirt-fronts.

"Couldn't possibly know, now could I? I hope you're well, Sir Herrick. Permit me to have the honour of shaking hands, Sir Herrick," and he extends a fat, podgy palm.

Sir Herrick shakes hands, with a smile of suppressed amusement.

"Stancy," says Mr. Palmer, effusively, "this is—er—Sir Herrick. You've often heard me talk about him. We've often talked about you, Sir Herrick. I assure you; haven't we, May?"

But May stands silent, with a little look of shame and pain on her face.

"Hoften and hoften," continued Mr. Palmer, who is apt to get wild with his "h"s" when he is confused—"hoften and hoften I have said how 'appy I should be if I could meet Sir Herrick."

Sir Herrick inclines his head in acknowledgment, and tries hard to look duly impressed.

"And where are you a-stopping, Sir Herrick? At Myrtle Cottage?"

"No," says Sir Herrick. "I am staying at the King's Arms."

"No! Really!" exclaims Mr. Palmer, shocked at the face of a real living baronet staying at a country inn.

"And how long 'ave you been there?"

"A day or two," says Sir Herrick, with an amusement which Paula and the silent May can plainly discern.

"No!" exclaims Mr. Palmer in accents of sorrowful regret. "Dear me! If I'd only known it! I assure you I didn't know it, Sir Herrick. If I had I should have ventured to ask you to honour me with your presence at our little party last night."

"Very kind," murmurs Sir Herrick, with a tone which plainly says, "How long is this going to last?"

"Yes, certainly," continues the master of Powis Court. "But I had no idea! How should I?"

"How, indeed," assents Sir Herrick.

"But now we know," says Mr. Palmer. "I hope you'll honour us with your company. The King's Arms is no place—oh, dear me, no!—for such as you, Sir Herrick. You must come and stay at the Court. We'll do our best to make you comfortable—oh, May?"

But May does not speak. She just lifts her eyes and drops them again. Stancy de Palmer stands eyeing the tall graceful figure of the man he has tried to insult, with a sullen, uncertain air. Paula, seated on the stump, watches the group with an amused smile.

(To be continued.)



**CHRISTMAS MEETINGS**

**"You Must be Tired"  
"I Am Rather That Way"**

I do not know how you ever stand it day after day like this. One afternoon's shopping does you up for about two days.

I suppose we will get a rest after Christmas.

But don't you have terrible headaches? I always do after shopping. The doctor says it is the eye strain which exhausts the nervous system.

No, I do not have headaches any more. I used to but by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I got my nervous system in good condition and that is how I am able to keep going and stand the strain of Christmas shopping.

I have often heard my friends tell about using this Nerve Food but have never tried it myself.

Well nearly all the girls here use it when they get run down and tired out and it is wonderful how they are benefited.

Do you know I think I must need something like that or I would not tire out so easily.

Our Welfare Department recommends it to the girls as the best way to keep up their vitality and also as a means of fortifying the system against contagious diseases such as the "Flu" or even common colds.


That is something I did not think about.

It is important to us for we are constantly in contact with all sorts of people and never know when they are carrying disease germs. We are told that the best way to fight disease germs is by keeping fit and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food helps to keep the system in good healthful condition.

Well, good bye, I am going to get some before I go home.

You can obtain Dr. Chase's Nerve Food from all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto, 6 boxes for \$3.75. On every box of the genuine you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.

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**SKATES, SKATES, SKATES.**

We are headquarters in the city for the famous Automobile Hockey Skates, and we are now enabled to supply our friends with all grades at the following prices:

Automobile A,	\$4.50 pr.
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C,	7.00 "
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Also  
**Hockey Sticks and Pucks.**



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**Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!**

We are now offering the following goods which were damaged by fire in building. Prices greatly reduced for quick sales. **THE C. L. MARCH CO., Limited.**

30 only BUREAUS,
35 only WASH STANDS,
20 only COUCHES,
200 MATTRESSES,
200 BEDSTEADS,
200 SPRINGS.

Of the above lines of goods Bedsteads and Springs have just arrived, but we are marking them very low for quick sales.

**The C. L. March Co., Ltd.,**  
Corner WATER and SPRINGDALE STREETS.

**Advertise in the Telegram.**

**Famous Avia**

Sir John Alcock  
France -- Phoenix  
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Viscount French  
Hostility to Lloyd  
Home Rule Bill  
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**DENEKINE CLAIMS VICTORY.**  
HELSINGFORS, Dec. 19.  
General Denekine has gained an important victory in the Voiga Valley, according to newspaper despatches received here.

**ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF LORD FRENCH.**  
DUBLIN, Dec. 19.  
An attempt was made at one o'clock this afternoon to assassinate Viscount French, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Lord French was driving between Ashton Gate of Phoenix Park and the Vice-Regal Lodge when a shot was fired. A civilian nearby was struck and instantly killed by the bullet. A policeman was wounded at the same time. Lord French escaped.

**FRENCH "ALL RIGHT."**  
LONDON, Dec. 19.  
The news of the attempt to assassinate Viscount French in Dublin was confirmed this afternoon by the Irish offices. A late message from Dublin said Viscount French was "all right."

**FRENCH'S ASSAILANTS.**  
LONDON, Dec. 19.  
A despatch to the Exchange Telegraph Company from Dublin says that the assassins of Lord French and his party numbered fifteen or twenty persons.

Several shots are said to have been fired by Lord French's assailants. The military present promptly returned to fire and one of the assailants was shot dead. His body lay by the roadside. Ambulances were immediately rushed to the spot. Information gathered indicated that the assailants were from a field militia the Vice-Regal party was passing along the road. Most intense excitement prevailed.

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