


**60 Years Old Today**  
Feels as young as ever



PEOPLE who are able to talk like this can not 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 Cascadian Mandrake, Burdock and other medicinal herbs. Sold at your store in a bottle. Family size, five times as large 50c.

THE WATLEY DRUG CO., Limited, ST. JOHN, N. B.  
Dr. Wilson's Dispensary, Worcester, in every town over the world. Babbitt, Gardner.

For sale by all Druggists and first-class Grocers.

**The Romance of a Marriage.**

CHAPTER XXVI.

And Sir Herrick? What was he doing while Paula lay prostrate with grief, and suspicion, and doubt, with the dainty, perfumed letter at her feet?

Sir Herrick was sitting in the stage-box of the Frivolity, sitting carefully screened from the rest of the audience, behind the costly satin and lace curtains with which all the boxes at the Frivolity are furnished. He sits with his hands in his pockets, his eyes fixed on the stage, gorgeous and glittering with the scene of Old King Cole's palace; but, gorgeous and glittering as it is, he sees it not—his eyes are fixed on a mental vision of a clear, running stream and a sweet, graceful figure and girlish face.

The chorus is singing one of the most effective numbers of the really pretty music with which the burlesque abounds, but he does not hear it; in his ears rings faintly the musical voice of Paula murmuring that low vow, "Nothing shall ever part us—nothing!"

And as she stares absently the chorus halts, and Flossie Hamilton bounds on to the stage. She is exquisitely dressed in her page costume; her short, golden hair curled like a boy's; her slight form as flexible as steel. A roar of pleasure welcomes her, there is an immense clapping of hands, and she comes forward and sings her song—the song of the evening.

Just before she sings she glances towards the stage-box, and a smile of gratification and satisfaction lights up her face as she describes in the shadow of the curtain the tall figure in its well-fitting evening-dress.

But Sir Herrick doesn't smile in return, as he used to do; he scarcely seems conscious of her presence on the stage, but sits, his head bent on his breast, his eyes fixed and absent. Remorse sits triumphant in his heart, and tortures him.

"Fool! fool!" he murmurs—"weak fool!" And I am afraid that the reader will echo the reproach. "If I had but carried out my resolve at once, without dallying with it, I should be by my darling's side; and now—where am I? Here, in this confounded theatre, and still in chains."

No, Sir Herrick Powis did not enjoy the successful burlesque; and when, at its close, the tempest of applause shook the theatre, and Flossie Hamilton came on and smilingly bowed her curly head in acknowledgment, Sir Herrick rose and scowled at the gaping lines of gilded youths

in the stalls, and invoked anything but a blessing upon them and the whole affair.

He did not know that in the opposite box the major sat chuckling behind the curtain, or he would have invoked the same kind of blessing on him.

The curtain came down for the last time, Flossie made her last bow, and Sir Herrick rose and got into his dress overcoat.

As he did so a sudden inspiration struck him. He would not go down to the great-room as he was wont to do, and as he was expected to do tonight, but he would send a short note excusing himself, and go home, change his clothes, and make straight for Powis.

"I shall be able to write to her from there," he muttered. "I must write. I cannot tell her. The dread of a scene makes a coward of me. Yes, I will write."

He grew so eager and hopeful with this idea working in his brain that he drew out a card and scribbled on it, there and then, with feverish haste:

"Am obliged to go into the country. Will write to you," and going out of the box, called an attendant.

"Take this to Miss Hamilton," he said, "and here—here is something for your trouble."

The box-keeper stared: the something was a sovereign.

Then he went home to his solitary chambers and paced the floor for at least a couple of hours, during which, if he repeated the objectionable epithet of "Fool!" once, he did so twenty times. A great longing to leave London, which he felt as if he hated, and to see Paula, took possession of him and mastered him; for joined to this longing was a strange, vague fear which he could not put into words—a dread lest something should "turn up" which should cause him to lose her.

And as this dread grew stronger, as he smoked cigar after cigar half through and flung it aside impatiently, Paula's beauty and sweet, youthful purity became more precious to him each moment.

"By Heaven!" he muttered, "I have been a weak-minded idiot; but I will not return to this beastly London until—he drew a long breath—"until we are married, and she is mine beyond all accidents."

At last, pretty nearly worn out, he undressed and went to bed.

Meanwhile, Flossie Hamilton, flushed with the success of the evening, descended to her dressing-room, a snug little apartment, daintily furnished, with its lace-draped mirror and white-and-gold furniture, and proceeded to get out of her page's costume and into the plain but rich attire of ordinary life, assisted by Weston.

"How did it go to-night, Weston?" she asked.

"I'm sure you needn't ask, miss," replied Weston, with a smile, and pointing to the bouquets lying on a side-table. "One more encore than usual, miss. I have never heard you sing better."

"Do—do you think Sir Herrick was pleased? He hasn't seen it before, you know. Could you see him?"

"No, miss; but how could he be otherwise? He sat close behind the curtain; so did the major."

"The major!" repeated Flossie, with a little start. "Was he in the house? Did—did Sir Herrick see him?"

"No, miss, I think not; they both kept behind the curtains out of sight." Flossie shuddered and flushed.

"I hope he did not," she murmured. "He thinks the major is in the country."

A knock came at the door, and the discreet Weston went into the ante-room.

"Who is it?" asked Flossie, as she re-entered, and there was a certain tremor in the clear voice which revealed the fact that the actress's nerves were not in the best condition.

"It's the major, miss," said Weston; "he has got a note for you."

"I'll come out to him," said Flossie, and she jumped up and went into the next room.

The major took off his hat as if he were in a fashionable salon and was making obeisance to a duchess.

"Did I disturb you?"

"You've got a note for me," she said, cutting in with an impatient abridgment of ceremony.

"Yes," he said, with a smile. "I met the attendant bearing it; I may be candid and say I saw it given to her, and I offered to bring it to you."

She almost snatched the note from his hand, read it, and turned pale.

"He has gone!" she said, biting her lip.

The major nodded.

"By he—you mean Rick?" he said, coolly. "Is that an adieu?"

"Yes—read it," she said, holding it out to him. "Short, and not very sweet, is it?" she added, bitterly.

The major cast his eye over the couple of lines, and shrugged his shoulders eloquently.

"Never mind," he said; "it is what I expected. Yes, he has gone. Did you send that letter I dictated?"

She inclined her head moodily.

"Yes."

"Then he will soon be back," said the major, with his most pleasant smile.

"Do—do you think so?" she demanded. "Are you really sure?"

"Quite sure!" he responded. "Unless I am mistaken in my estimate of human nature—shall I say feminine human nature?—and I have studied it pretty closely, my dear Miss Flossie, our good Rick will return, and that speedily."

"Yes, he must come back to me," she said, with a feverish eagerness, as if trying to convince and reassure herself—"he must. If not, I shall—"

The major puts up his white hand rebukingly.

"Don't say die, it's such an ugly word; besides, you wouldn't, you know, you really wouldn't. My dear Miss Flossie, never say die!" Bless my soul that sounds like one of those vulgar proverbs," he says, with a little start of horror and apology. "Tut, tut! what I mean is, don't be fearful and low-spirited. If our really most ingenious epistle has reached its destination, we shall have Rick back—perhaps by the next train. There, go home and get some rest after your great and most wonderful exertions, my dear Miss Flossie. Bless you! Good-night."

And the major, with a fine and benevolent smile, takes his departure.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"If there is any mystery, I beg that I may be permitted to share it," says Alice, with cold displeasure and lukewarm indignation. "Here is Bob starting off for London at a moment's notice—"

"He said he was going to London," says Paula, leaning against the mantel-shelf, the candle in her hand throwing a fitful glare on her face, "pale as the lily and sweeter than the rose"—too pale indeed, with its dim, hollow rims round the dark eyes.

"To-morrow, yes," admits Alice, "but he has gone to-night. And what is the matter with you? What has happened, that you come in looking as if you had seen a ghost or heard bad news? Have you heard bad news?"

And she looks up with searching scrutiny.

Paula remains silent for a moment, the dark, gentle eyes looking down at the fair, cold face wistfully. One spark of sympathy between them and she could tell Alice all, and trust her; but there is no sympathy in the hard face, only keen, cold curiosity, and something more like selfish interest.

No! she cannot tell her.

"I don't think it is bad news," she says in a low, sad voice. Then she breaks off abruptly, and bursts into a rather mirthless laugh, and her eyes glitter with forced sarcasm.

"Bad news? No! Do I look like it? Oh, no, it is not bad news; it is only—only a joke, a capital joke, but somehow I seem to have missed it, that is all," and she laughs again with a defiant ring.

"Oh, well, if it's a secret, pray do not let me intrude—"

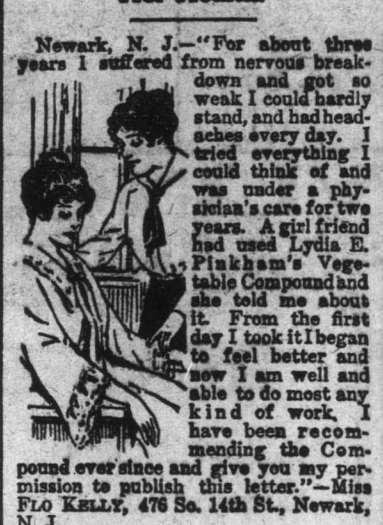
"As Paula Pry says," murmurs Paula, half-unconsciously.

"I suppose I shall learn in time," goes on Alice. "But pray remember this: that if anything should be the matter, that I warned you most distinctly—I mean, if it has any reference to Sir Herrick Powis."

"Thanks. I won't forget," says

**A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN**

Miss Kelly Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.



Newark, N. J.—"For about three years I suffered from nervous breakdown; and got so weak I could hardly stand, and had headaches every day. I tried everything I could think of and was under a physician's care for two years. A girl friend had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she told me about it. From the first day I took it I began to feel better and I am well and able to do most any kind of work. I have been recommending the Compound ever since and give my permission to publish this letter."—Miss FLO KESLEY, 476 So. 14th St., Newark, N. J.

The reason this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, was so successful in Miss Kelly's case was because it went to the root of her trouble, restored her to a normal healthy condition and as a result her nervousness disappeared.

Paula, with a weary smile. "I will be sure and remember your direful prognostication, and give you an opportunity of saying, 'I told you so.'" Then she laughs again, and goes to her own room.

Surely it is the longest night that ever the world saw! Paula, lying with wide-open, or at least with closed eyes that seem to see through the lids, listens to the hours as they chime from the stable clock at the Court, watches the darkness grow into grey dawn, and grey dawn into rosy morning. She cannot sleep, can scarcely think: love, overmastering love, sits triumphant on his throne and dominates her.

"If he would come back and tell me that it is all false!" is her one ardent, feverish desire. Sometimes a shudder of fear runs through her as she recalls Bob's face as he read that dreadful letter; but Bob has promised, and with Bob a promise is a secret thing.

So the day comes, as it will come to the sick and the hale, the glad and the sorrowful, for Time is no respecter of persons; he will neither hasten nor tarry, but moves on ever with the watchword "Forward" to the end which men call eternity.

But notwithstanding her sleepless night, Paula does not come down looking broken-hearted or forlorn; the sweet face is a little pale, and the dark eyes the darker and more impressive for the ring of shadow round them—for with the bright morning sunlight hope has sprung up in her heart. The letter is an imposture, a libel; it might be true of another man, but not of Sir Herrick Powis—not of her knight of the noble countenance, not of her beloved Rick!

So she meets Alice's keen eyes with a confident smile, and makes an admirable pretence at eating a hearty breakfast, goes out to the pigeons, converses with the pups, gives the colt the handful of corn which he relishes far more than he does the liberal feed from the manger, and then—ah, then, what shall she do with the day? The postman comes up the hill; but though her heart beats with a wild hope, she will not run down to meet him, but waits at the gate, for Alice is at the window, watching her with a cold smile.

(To be continued.)

The newest emerald costumes are ornamental solely by jewels.

For Colds or Influenza and as a Preventative  
Take  
"Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets"

Be sure you get the Genuine Look for this signature  
E. W. Grove  
on the box. 30c

**Vi-Cocoa!**

The Food Beverage of the People.

A nutritious, delicious and digestive beverage, prepared with a view to sustaining and invigorating the mind and body. It is a delectable drink and a true "Pick-me-up."

Can now be obtained at all grocers.

**Vi-Cocoa, Ltd.,**  
England.

nov24.201.m

**American School of Practipedics DIPLOMA**  
To all to whom these

Announcing the Graduation of  
**Mr. Robt. Grouchy**  
from the American School of Practipedics of Chicago

He learned all about the human foot, its construction, its ailments, its deformities, and how these may all be overcome by simple, but scientific means. He will be found at this store at all times, ready to examine the feet and give expert advice without charge. You are invited to call and consult him about feet or shoes.

This Means  
**Foot Comfort For YOU**

His education as a foot specialist has shown him that  
There is a  
**Dr. Scholl**  
Appliance or Remedy for Every Foot Trouble

and he will gladly demonstrate, on your own foot, how the proper Scholl Appliance will make it possible for you to wear the stylish shoes you like without the slightest discomfort. He uses the same methods as the famous authority, Dr. Scholl, and employs the devices which Dr. Scholl invented. Come in and see for yourself. No charge whatever for his services. Everybody invited to get "foot-happy."

ASK THE FOOT EXPERT AT  
**PAKER & MONROE, Ltd.**

"Watch Your Feet"

Quality ← From the inception of our business we have insisted steadily on only sending out work of high QUALITY.

If you are in the habit of dealing with us you will know the high standard we have set ourselves. If you are not in the habit of dealing with us, why not commence NOW? We can please you.

**F. NOSEWORTHY,**  
Photo Studio: 406 Water Street West.  
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.  
Jan 21, 3m. aod

**FREW'S MID-WINTER SALE!**

Our Annual Winter Sale of  
Dry Goods, Boots, Rubbers, Readymades, Etc.

now in full swing. Wonderful bargains in every department. Remember, every purchase here means a save for you.

**WILLIAM FREW, Water St.**

**Fashion Plates.**

CHILD'S PLAY DRESS.



2969

2969—This pretty model is just the thing for romping and playing. It makes an ideal, simple, home dress. The style is suitable for khaki, drill, seersucker, gingham, poplin, lawn or percale. Unbleached muslin finished with blanket stitching and with belt and bunny in some contrasting color, would be very attractive.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 requires 2 yards of 36 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

A NEAT FROCK FOR THE LITTLE MISS.



3053

3053—This style is good for gingham, chambray, lawn, batiste, nain-sook, or voile. It may also be made of flannel, poplin, repp, or silk.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/4 yards of 36 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

No. -----

Size -----

Address in full: -----

Name -----

**LONDON DIRECTORY.**  
(Published Annually)

enables traders throughout the World to communicate direct with English MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS in each class of goods. Besides being a complete commercial guide to London and Suburbs, it contains lists of EXPORT MERCHANTS with the goods they ship, and the Colonial and Foreign Markets they supply; also

PROVINCIAL TRADE NOTICES of leading Manufacturers, Merchants, etc. in the principal Provincial Towns and Industrial Centres of the United Kingdom.

Business Cards of Merchants and Dealers seeking

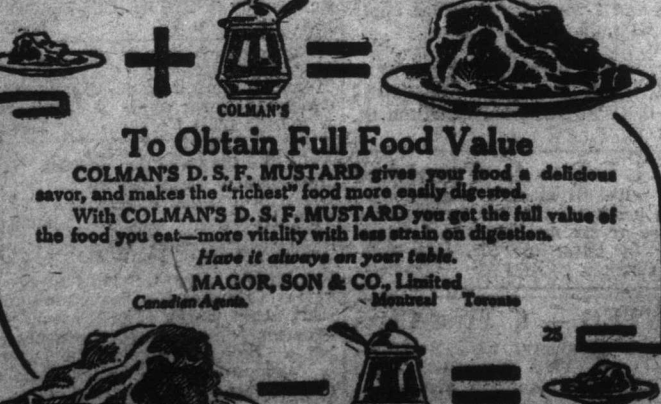
BRITISH AGENCIES can now be printed under each trade in which they are interested at a cost of 5s for each trade heading. Largest advertisements from 15s to 50s.

A copy of the directory will be sent by post on receipt of postal orders for 27.5s.

**The London Directory Company, Ltd.,**  
25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4

**To Obtain Full Food Value**  
COLMAN'S D. S. F. MUSTARD gives your food a delicious flavor, and makes the "richest" food more easily digested. With COLMAN'S D. S. F. MUSTARD you get the full value of the food you eat—more vitality with less strain on digestion.

Have it always on your table.  
MAGOR, SON & CO., Limited  
Cavendish Square, London, W.1.



No

Extra

1ST—TH

2N

FULL

PA

nov17.20

Engla

Ne

Switzerl

Lead

John

Consid

Three

GRASPING THE

STOC

Peace negotiat

Britain and Soviet

progress, accordi

tributed to Adolp

departure from B

led a Bolshevi

THE ADRIATIC

Hope is enterta

rence circles the

would accept Ital

the settlement of

fon, the Italians

modifications that

ital.

BAUKING

Swiss Federal

Gro

Oper

A Remedy

Throat, S

and kind

just over

O

is also a

Throat.

It should

will be

in the p

contagion

crowded

epidemic

fluencia

destroys

germs ca

Place G

6-PEN-T

sick room

the heat

patient

to anyo

Asthma.

Whoopin

The Hea

patient

box. If

postage

Spadina

be maile