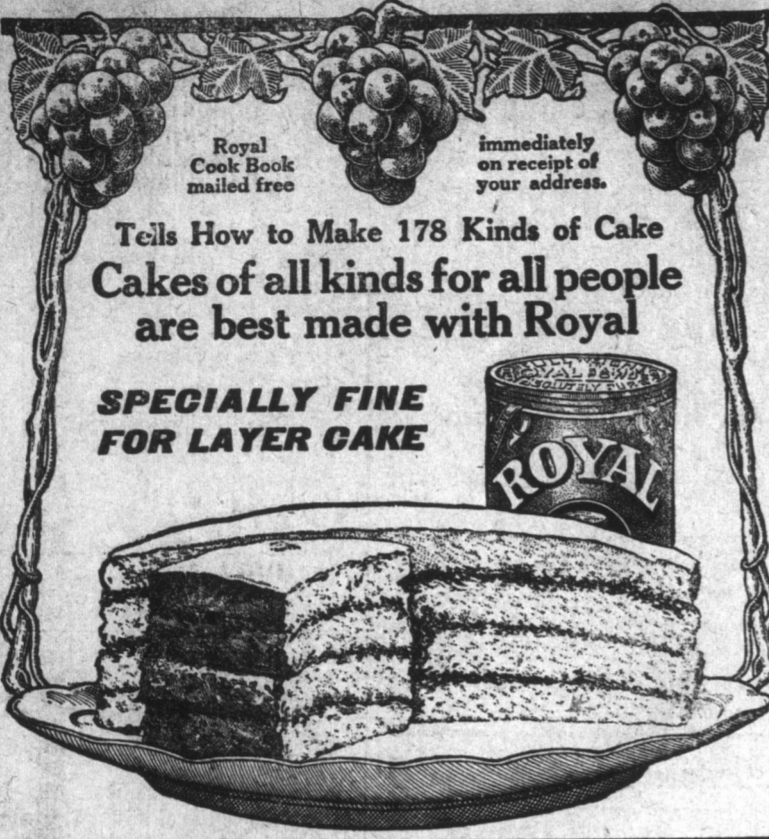


Royal BAKING POWDER



The MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT

"It is really time that a properly-qualified governess had charge of those girls," observed my wife, as Mary and Kate, after a more than usual romp with their papa, left the room for bed. I may here remark, *inter alia*, that I once surprised a dignified and highly distinguished judge at a game of blindman's buff with his children, and very heartily he appeared to enjoy it too. "It is really time that a properly qualified governess had charge of those girls," Susan May did very well as a nursery teacher, but they are now far beyond her control. I cannot attend to their education, and as for you—"The sentence was concluded by a shrug of the shoulders and a toss of the head, eloquently expressive of the degree of estimation in which my governing powers were held. "Time enough surely, for that," I exclaimed, as soon as I had com-

posed myself: for I was a little out of breath. "They may, I think, rub along with Susan for another year or two. Mary is but seven years of age." "Eight years, if you please. She was eight years old last Thursday three weeks." "Eight years! Then we must have been married nine! Bless me, how the time has flown; it seems scarcely so many weeks!" "Nonsense," rejoined my wife with a sharpness of tone and rigidity of facial muscle which, considering the handsome compliment I had just paid her, argued, I was afraid, a foregone conclusion. "You always have recourse to some folly of that sort whenever I am desirous of entering into a serious consultation on family affairs." There was some truth in this, I confess. The "consultations" which I found profitable were not serious ones with my wife upon domestic matters; leading, as they invariably did, to a diminution instead of an increase of the little balance at the banker's. If such a proposition could therefore be evaded or adjourned by even an extravagant compliment, I considered it well laid out. But the expedient, I found, was one which did not improve by use. For some time

after marriage it answered remarkably well; but each succeeding year of wedded bliss marked its rapidly-declining efficacy. "Well, well; go on." "I say it is absolutely necessary that a first-rate governess should be at once engaged. Lady Maldon has been here to-day, and she—" "Oh, I thought it might be her new ladyship's suggestion. I wish the fountain of honor" was somewhat charmer of its knights and ladies, and then perhaps—"What, for mercy's sake, are you running on about?" interrupted the lady with peremptory emphasis. "Fountains of honor, forsooth! One would suppose, to hear you talk in that wild, nonsensical way, that you were addressing a bench of judges sitting in banco. Instead of a sensible person soliciting for her and your children's welfare." "Bless the woman," thought I, "what an exalted idea she appears to have of forensic eloquence! Proceed, my love," I continued; "there is a difference certainly; and I am all attention." "Lady Maldon knows a young lady—a distant relative, indeed, of hers—whom she is anxious to serve—" "At our expense?" "How can you be so ungenerous?" "Mr. Willoughby is the orphan son of the late Reverend Mr. Willoughby, curate of Heavy Tree in Warwickshire, I believe; and was, I believe, educated for a first-class governess and teacher. She speaks French with the true Parisian accent, and her Italian, Lady Maldon assures me, is pure Tuscan—" "He-e-e-m!" "She dances with grace and elegance; plays the harp and piano with skill and taste; is a thorough artist in drawing and painting; and is, moreover, very handsome—though, I admit, is an attribute which in a governess might be very well dispensed with." "True; unless, indeed, it were catching." "I need not prolong this connubial dialogue. It is sufficient to state that Edith Willoughby was duly installed in office on the following day; and that, much to my surprise, I found that her qualifications for the charge she had undertaken were scarcely overcolored. She was a well-educated, elegant, and beautiful girl, of refined and fascinating manners, and possessed of one of the sweetest and gentlest dispositions that ever charmed and graced the family and social circle. She was, I often thought, for her own chance of happiness, too ductile, too readily yielding to the wishes and fancies of others. In a very short time I came to regard her as a daughter, and with my wife and children she was speedily a prodigious favorite. Mary and Kate improved rapidly under her judicious tuition, and I feel for once positively grateful to his-

The Quickest, Simplest Cough Cure

Easily and Cheaply Made at Home. Saves You \$2.

This recipe makes 16 ounces of cough syrup—enough to last a family a long time. You couldn't buy as much or as good cough syrup for \$2.50.

Simple as it is, it gives almost instant relief and usually stops the most obstinate cough in 24 hours. This is partly due to the fact that it is slightly laxative, stimulates the appetite and has an excellent tonic effect. It is pleasant to take—children like it. An excellent remedy, too, for whooping cough, sore lungs, asthma, throat troubles, etc.

Mix 2 cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water and stir for 2 minutes. Put 1/2 ounce of Pinex (50 cents' worth) in a 16 oz. bottle and add the Sugar Syrup. It keeps perfectly. Take a teaspoonful every two or three hours.

Pinex is one of the oldest and best known remedial agents for the throat membranes. Pinex is the most valuable constituent compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in gaitol and all the other natural healing elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula. The prompt results from this recipe have endeared it to thousands of housewives in the United States and Canada, which explains why the plan has been imitated often, but never successfully.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Lady Maldon for her officious interference in my domestic arrangement.

Edith Willoughby had been domiciled with us about two years, when Mr. Harlowe, a gentleman of good descent and fine property, had occasion to call several times at my private residence on business relating to the purchase of a house in South Audley Street, the title to which exhibited by the vendors was not of the most satisfactory kind. On one occasion he stayed to dine with us, and I noticed that he seemed much struck by the appearance of our beautiful and accomplished governess. His evident emotion startled and pained me in a much higher degree than could have easily accounted for even to myself. Mr. Harlowe was a widower, past his first youth certainly, but scarcely more than two or three-and-thirty years of age, wealthy, of ill-looking, and, as far as I knew, of average character in society. Surely, an excellent match, if it should come to that, for an orphan girl rich not in fine talents and gentle affections. But I could not think so. I dislike the man—instantly disliked an untrusting him; for I could assign no very positive motive for my antipathy.

"The reason why, I cannot tell. But I don't like thee, Dr. Fell." These lines indicate an unconquerable feeling which most persons have I presume, experienced; and which frequently, I think, results from a kind of cumulative evidence of ungentleness or unworthiness, made up of a number of slight indices of character, which, separately, may appear of little moment, but altogether produce a strong, if undefinable, feeling of aversion. Mr. Harlowe's manners were bland, polished, and insinuating; his conversation was sparkling and instructive; but a cold sneer seemed to play habitually about his lips, and at times there glanced forth a concentrated, polished ferocity—so to speak—from his eyes, revealing hair and stony depths, which I shuddered to think of a being so pure and gentle as Edith might be doomed to sound and fathom. That he was a man of strong passions and determination of will, was testified by every curve of his square, massive head, and every line of his full countenance.

My aversion—reasonable or otherwise, as it might be—was not shared by Miss Willoughby; and it was soon apparent that, fascinated, intoxicated by her extreme beauty (the man was I felt, incapable of love in its high, generous, and spiritual sense), Mr. Harlowe had determined on offering his hand and fortune to the unportioned orphan. He did so, and was accepted. I did not conceal my dislike of her suitor from Edith; and my wife—who, with feminine exaggeration of the hints I threw out, had set him down as a kind of polished human tiger—with tears inflicted her to avoid the glittering snare. We of course had neither right nor power to push our opposition beyond friendly warning and advice; and when we found, thanks to Lady Maldon, who was vehemently in favor of the match—to, in Edith's position, the dazzling temptation of a splendid establishment, and to Mr. Harlowe's eloquent and impassioned pleadings—that the rich man's offer was irrevocably accepted, we of course forbore from continuing a useless and irritating resistance. Lady Maldon had several times very plainly intimated that our aversion to the marriage arose solely from a selfish desire of retaining the services of her charming relative; so prone are the mean and selfish to im-

pute meanness and selfishness to others.

I might, however, I reflected, be of service to Miss Willoughby, by securing for her such a marriage settlement as would place her beyond the reach of any possible consequence of caprice and change. I spoke to Mr. Harlowe on the subject; and he under the influence of headstrong, eager passion, gave me, as I expected, *corte blanche*. I availed myself of the license so readily afforded: a deed of settlement was drawn up, signed, sealed, and attested in duplicate the day before the wedding; and Edith Willoughby, had undoubtedly made a surprisingly good bargain.

It happened that just as Lady Maldon, Edith Willoughby and Mr. Harlowe were leaving my chambers after the execution of the deed, Mr. Ferret, the attorney, appeared on the stairs. His hands were full of papers, and he was, as usual, in hot haste; but he set down abruptly as his eye fell upon the departing visitors, looked with startled earnestness at Miss Willoughby, whom he knew, and then glanced at Mr. Harlowe with an expression of angry surprise. That gentleman, who did not appear to recognize the newcomer, returned his look with a supercilious, contemptuous stare, and passed on with Edith—who had courteously saluted the attentive Mr. Ferret—followed by Lady Maldon.

"What is the meaning of that ominous conjunction?" demanded Mr. Ferret as the affianced pair disappeared together.

"Marriage, Mr. Ferret! Do you know any just cause or impediment why they should not be joined together in holy wedlock?"

"The fellow's wife is dead, then?"

"Yes; she died about a twelve month ago. Did you know her?"

"Not personally; by reputation only. A country attorney, Richards of Braintree, for whom I transact London business sent me the draft of a deed of separation—to which the unfortunate lady, rather than continue to live with her husband, had consented—for counsel's opinion. I had an interview with Mr. Harlowe himself upon the business; but I see he affects to have forgotten me. I do not know much of the merits of the case, but according to Richards—no great shakes of a fellow between ourselves—the former Mrs. Harlowe was a martyr to her husband's calculated violence and legal—at least not illegal, a great distinction, in my opinion, though not so set down in the books—despotism. He espoused her for her wealth; that secured, he was desirous of ridding himself of the embarrassment to it. A common case!—and now, if you please, to business."

To be continued.

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"Luther Burbank, a famous American horticulturist, says that he employs about twenty men on his horticultural experiment station, and he has made a discovery that he cannot employ men who are drinkers of smokers in budding and other delicate work." So reports the Independent. "They can do the coarser work but this they call 'puttering,' and they cannot concentrate their nerve force to it. Even those who smoke one cigar a day cannot be trusted to do the most delicate work steadily." "As the result of investigations on the danger to young people of the use of tobacco, the Japanese Government has prohibited smoking to all young persons under the age of twenty. Such facts as these will make ammunition for the Anti-Cigarette League. We wish it a million times from boys to its anti-venereal pledge to abstain utterly from alcoholic drinks and tobacco. At the head of the list of its Advisory Council we find such good names as President David Starr Jordan and Judge Benjamin B. Lindsay."

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Mr. Wm. Branton, Victoria St., Stratford, Ont., writes:—My nervous system seemed all unstrung. I could not sleep, had no appetite, my digestion was poor and I had jerking of the limbs. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food helped me and I continued until I had taken twenty-four boxes. This treatment has made a radical change in my condition, building up the system and strengthening the nerves. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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My aversion—reasonable or otherwise, as it might be—was not shared by Miss Willoughby; and it was soon apparent that, fascinated, intoxicated by her extreme beauty (the man was I felt, incapable of love in its high, generous, and spiritual sense), Mr. Harlowe had determined on offering his hand and fortune to the unportioned orphan. He did so, and was accepted. I did not conceal my dislike of her suitor from Edith; and my wife—who, with feminine exaggeration of the hints I threw out, had set him down as a kind of polished human tiger—with tears inflicted her to avoid the glittering snare. We of course had neither right nor power to push our opposition beyond friendly warning and advice; and when we found, thanks to Lady Maldon, who was vehemently in favor of the match—to, in Edith's position, the dazzling temptation of a splendid establishment, and to Mr. Harlowe's eloquent and impassioned pleadings—that the rich man's offer was irrevocably accepted, we of course forbore from continuing a useless and irritating resistance. Lady Maldon had several times very plainly intimated that our aversion to the marriage arose solely from a selfish desire of retaining the services of her charming relative; so prone are the mean and selfish to im-