

Indigestion!

At once!—"Pape's Diapepsin" corrects your Sour, Gassy, Acid Stomach—Relief awaits you!

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad—or an uncertain one—or a harmful one—your stomach is too valuable; you mustn't injure it with drastic drugs.

When your meals don't fit and you feel uncomfortable, when you belch gases, acids or raise sour, undigested food. When you feel lumps of indigestion pain, heartburn or headache, from acidity, just eat a tablet of Pape's Diapepsin and the stomach

distress is gone.

Millions of people know the magic of Pape's Diapepsin as an antacid. They know that indigestion and disordered stomach are so needless. The relief comes quickly, no disappointment! Pape's Diapepsin tastes like candy and a box of this world-famous indigestion relief costs so little at drug stores. Pape's Diapepsin helps neutralize the stomach acids so you can eat without fear.

The Romance of a Marriage.

CHAPTER XXV.

Paula flicks her skirt with her whip, and looks with a little, troubled smile at the fair face.

"Do not—I don't want to be congratulated," she says. "What does he do it for? It is all nonsense! Why—hesitatingly, and tilting her hat off her forehead, just as Rick tilts his, with the unconscious imitation of him—why, a few days ago he appeared totally unconscious of my existence. It was you—"

A red flush sweeps over fair Alice's brow, and the blue eyes lighten, but she smiles calmly enough a moment after.

"I mean," says poor Paula, faltering and hurriedly, "that—that he never spoke or looked at me while you were near."

"Well, you see he has changed his mind," says Alice, coolly—"in fact, he has come to his senses. Perhaps his artistic taste has awakened, and he finds that he prefers your style of beauty—rich, glowing, and meditative—to my pale insipidity. At any rate, the poor fellow seems very much in earnest. I am sure, to see him stare at that photograph of you which adorns the parlour mantel-shelf, and to hear him sigh, is quite touching."

Paula laughs.

"That hideous thing which makes me squint and look like a murderer! Well, after all, it is a joke, as I told him—"

She stops short, warned by Alice's quick, upward glance that she has made a slip and nearly broken her promise to Stancy.

"Oh, he has spoken, then?" says Alice, with a twitching of the lips; "actually spoken?"

"I did not say so," breaks in Paula, blushing deeply.

"My child, don't be alarmed. Of course you didn't. But if he had, it wouldn't have been any use, would it?"

"Use? No. How could it?" demanded Paula, wondering.

"Of course not—I say so. We have plighted our troth to Sir Herrick, the heroic and penniless, haven't we? Dear me! And she sighs. "To quote your favourite Shakespeare:

"The pity of it, the pity of it!"

Just think. To be mistress of Fowls Court and the Pows money!—to be really and truly rich, and so rich! They say that Stancy will be a millionaire. It is almost a sin to throw away such a chance."

"Please don't," says Paula. "You know it is impossible, even if—"

"If you had not met with the wandering young baronet with the dark eyes and grand, historic manner. Do you think so?"

"Yes, yes; a thousand times yes," says Paula. "It never could have been."

KEEP STRONG

One bottle of pure, emulsified medicinal cod-liver oil taken now, may do you more good than a dozen taken a month hence. It's more economical to give your body help before resistance to disease is broken down. A very little

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE MEDICINAL COD-LIVER OIL

goes a long way in sustaining strength and keeping up resistance. Resolve that you will buy a bottle of Scott's Emulsion at your druggist's on your way home, and start protecting your strength. It's Scott's you ask for.



Scott & Bown, Toronto, Ont.

If Mr. Stancy had honoured me as he has honoured you, that was all. And as you say, perhaps the major will behave liberally. I humbly trust he will, for between you and me, my dear Paula, the house of Estcourt needs a little assistance. These accounts of Bob's do not look very promising. There, don't cry," for a low sob bursts from Paula's heavy heart. "What can't be cured—and I suppose your passion for our romantic young friend cannot—must be endured. And here's Bob," she breaks off rather hurriedly, as Bob's stalwart figure mounts the steps.

"Hallo!" he says, "what's the matter? You two quarrelling as usual?"

"My dear Bob, I never quarrel," reports Alice, pleasantly. "We were having a pleasant little discussion as to who should be Paula's bridesmaids," and she smiles.

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 headache, dizziness or bilious disorders.

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

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

Sold at your store 25c. a bottle. Family size, five times as large 1.00.

THE BRADLEY DRUG CO., Limited, ST. JOHN, N. F.

Dr. Wilson's Dandelion Bitters, is made from purest herbs. Babbalanza, Montreal.

For sale by all Druggists and first-class Grocers.

Paula wipes her tears away with a covert hand; and Bob, after staring from one to the other for a moment, says in his brusque fashion:

"Well, I wish you'd see about the tea; I'm awfully hungry. Has Sir Herrick turned up yet?"

Paula does not answer; but Alice, as she rises languidly and enters the house, looks over her shoulder and answers, sweetly:

"Not yet. Business of importance detains," and Bob, with a grunt, goes into the den to change his boots.

Paula goes to her room and changes her habit for her plain blue dress, and tries to throw off the effects of Alice's worldly, cynical remarks; but it is hard work. That speech of hers about selfishness sticks like a briar.

"Poor, dear Bob," she murmurs, "if—ever I am rich, Bob shall have all that I have—every penny." Then she sighs with impatient annoyance. "What an idiot Stancy de Palmer must be to prefer me to Alice. Why didn't he ask her, and make us all happy?"

A strange feeling of loneliness falls on her as she brushes the heavy curls of red-brown hair, and a strange and heavy sense of impending evil.

"If Rick were only here!" she murmurs. "If he would only write!"

Then she goes down to the parlour and takes her accustomed place at the tea-table, Alice sitting in the easy-chair, and Bob perched at the end of the table and balancing his knife expectantly.

"Any news from Crawford, Bob?" she asks, determined to drive Sir Herrick from her mind for a few minutes at least.

Bob looks up with a little start.

"News! Whoever heard of news being found in Crawford?" he responds, sarcastically. "Nothing ever happens there; you know that."

"And how's the market?"

"Jolly bad," he says, and the shadow deepens on his broad, sunburnt brow. "It seems to me that they'll have to build a special lot of workhouses all over the country for the farmers. foreAgriculture—but I think you have heard that remark that agriculture is going to the dogs before, so I won't trouble you with it."

"I've heard it ever since I can remember anything," says Paula, pouring out his tea. "Those dogs who have set their minds upon waiting for agriculture must be getting rather tired and impatient, Bob."

"Don't joke on serious subjects, Paula," he retorts, with rather a forced smile. "I shall go to London tomorrow."

"To—London!" echoes Paula, with wide-open eyes, while even Alice leans forward and stares.

"Great Jupiter!" he says, with a smile. "Anyone would think that I had said I was going to New Mexico. Why shouldn't I go to London as well as other people? Do you think that a journey to town is the exclusive privilege of such swells as your grand Sir Herrick, my child?"

Paula colours and laughs.

"What are you going for, Bob?" she asks.

A brief pause.

"To get my hair cut."

Paula received this audacious fable with a peal of incredulous laughter; but Alice looks at Bob's face rather curiously.

"And to buy a tooth-brush, I suppose?" says Paula in the tone of a woman whose curiosity is banished. "You might as well say one as the other. Seriously, Bob, what are you going for?"

"Mind your own business; kids should repress their curiosity!" he retorts; and, although the tone is pleasant enough, there is something at the back of it that silences Paula effectually.

Tea is no sooner over than Bob begins to fumble for his pipe, and while searching his pockets he emits a suppressed whistle.

"By Jove!" he says, penitently. "I say, little one, I've got something for you. Guess what it is. I'd nearly forgotten it."

"Quite, you mean!" says Paula. "What is it? A pair of gloves? I do hope it is! My only pair are in the most dilapidated state. Is it gloves, Bob?" and she comes and puts her arm round his neck.

"No earnestly, young 'un," he says, coolly, releasing himself and striking a light, while he guards his pocket with his other hand, knowing full well that otherwise the slim little fingers would dash in. "No, it is not gloves. What on earth should I buy you gloves for?" Though he does with tolerable frequency. "And I haven't a bonnet concealed about me, nor a new parasol up my sleeves. There, take it!" and he brings out a letter.

Paula's face flushes, then grows deadly pale with the swift emotion of hope and delight.

"Oh, Bob!" she says, with quick reproach, "and you could forget it."

"I've been busy," he says, apologetically. "I met the postman, and he begged me to save him the walk up the hill. I told him I should most probably carry it about with me until it was worn out; but of course he didn't care. And aren't you going to read it, now you've got it?" he demands: for Paula has thrust it in her pocket, and stands looking out of the window demurely.

She shakes her head with a faint smile. What! read it with Alice's cold eyes fixed on her! Read Sir Herrick's letter with other people in the room? "What a lovely evening it is," she says, with the thinnest attempt at carelessness. "I think I shall go down to the stream for a little while," and she goes out.

Yes, by the stream—where they wandered. Rick and she—she will read his letter. She goes to the stump and seats herself, and takes the letter from her pocket and looks at it; then she looks round covertly, and puts it to her lips.

It is the first love-letter she has ever received, she thinks, with a sudden flush.

(To be Continued.)

TELL THE WORLD THIS WOMAN SAYS

That Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made Me a Well Woman.

Los Angeles, Cal.—"I suffered with female troubles for years, was sick most of the time, was not able to do my own housework, and I could not get help from doctors."

"I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the newspapers, and took six bottles, and am a well woman. You can use my name to sell the world the good your medicine has done me as I shall praise it always."—Mrs. A. L. DeVore, 647 St. Paul Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Women who suffer from any form of weakness, as indicated by displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headaches, nervousness or "the blues," should do as Mrs. DeVore did, and give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a thorough trial.

For over forty years this famous remedy, which contains the curative, strengthening properties of good old-fashioned roots and herbs, has been extracting just such ailments. If you have mysterious complications write for advice to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

GREEN GRAPES!

75 kegs GREEN GRAPES—Low price on this lot.

30 cases CALIFORNIA ORANGES, Clearing out the balance of our Apples at a Big Reduction.

LIBBY'S SPECIAL PLATE BEEF. 100 barrels. Price lower than previous shipment.

CANADIAN CHEESE. P. E. I. POTATOES. P. E. I. PARSNIPS.

LUNCH TONGUE, 6's; C. C. BEEF, 6's. STAPLE & STRONG PICKLES & CHOW.

Place Your Order at Headquarters.

George Neal.

New Arrivals FROM ENGLAND.

A Fine Selection of

Serges & Tweeds;

Also, a splendid assortment of

Winter OVERCOATINGS.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

J. J. Strang,

Tailoring of Quality,

COR. WATER and PRESCOTT STS.

nov29,ed,1f

IN STOCK:

GENUINE LINSEED OIL

in casks and ten, five and two gallon drums.

The Direct Agencies, Ltd

Hardware Headquarters, Wholesale Only.

may17,1f

RED CROSS LINE!

The S. S. ROSALIND will probably sail from New York on February 1st and from St. John's on February 12th.

For passage rates, freight space, etc., apply to

HARVEY & CO., Ltd., Agents.

jan21,904,1f

Fashion Plates.

CHILD'S PLAY DRESS.



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—This style is good for gingham, chambray, lawn, batiste, nan-sook, or volle. It may also be made of fannette, 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 2s for each trade heading. Larger 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