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The Romance

Marriage.

as it was before: we will take life easy, Bob, and mind our fields, and crops, and dogs, and horses, and be happy, as in our old fashion before this-this wild young man came to break our peace; we will be happy in

His face, his clear, handsome, honest face is pale and working with distress, which is all the more marked

"Bob," she says, laying her hand upon his arm, her dark eyes fixed on his face with apprehension and concern, "what is it? There is something else. You are in trouble! Oh, Bob! how selfish and inconsiderate I have been! I have been thinking only of myself, while you-you said you were going up to London on business before -before this affair of mine. Was it bed business, Bob? Tell me," and she draws nearer to him.

He sits with his pipe in his hand,

"No. Paula: he couldn't. He saidwhat was perfectly true, and I knew that the land was mortgaged in the best times, and that now it wouldn't fetch the money lent on it. May!" and that-that-"

"Go on, go on. Do you think I can't bear it?" she says, almost wildly.

we should have to turn out Silence for a moment. Ah, it is bad indeed when sorrow will not allow

"Those were the words. He said them with a smile, because he thought I was too proud. But"-with a gesture of despair that would be comical but smile-"it will be something to do to for its awfulness-"what the devil we are to do, I don't know," and he laughs a curt little laugh. "One cannot farm without money; one cannot pay one's debts, either, without money. We've each of us a small income_it's not trodest place up, with the land, We"he draws a long breath-"we shall heve to let it, Paula-the old place

He stops and looks round the room, and then like a man refills his pipe. too wise to utter the commonplace murely, by the hedge.

sently, and with a grimace, "that Alice

must be told. She'll kick up a shine, as sure as eggs are eggs. She'll say that I have muddled the money away nd-that sort of thing."

Paula flushes angrily. "Will she?" she says. "Then you

ng two idle girls."

"It is not nonsense: it is simpl filling. "Oh, Bob! do you think I don't understand? Do you think I don't know low much you have sacrificed for us -what a father as well as a brother ous, and"-a little sob-"how unself ish? You have gone about in your old clothes, and worked like a farm-labourer while we have played the fine

grim smile, "you haven't had many

"But there shall be an end of it." she goes on, thrusting back the hair from her foreherd, "at least so far as f am concerned. He laughs.

"What do you mean to do, young 'un?" he says, half-sadly. "Don't talk rubbish about earning your own living, and going for a governess or a

"You'd box your pupils' ears before the first half-hour was over, and utabout, which seems to be the chief ocmy child, if ou could get a good situation to break in young horses, or She winces, and he stops short. "I peg your pardon, but don't get any ab surd notion of that sort into your head. As I said, there's enough for us to live upon; but the cottages and the land must be let, and- Have you seen anything of the Palmers lately?" he breaks off, with affected carelessness. Paula looks up at him, quickly, her

voman's wit reading his heart. "Oh, Bob, Bob!" she says, "what

He is sight for a moment, and his handsome face grows pale. "I don't know," he replies, simply.

'I-I shall know to-morrow."

ber hand over his.

have never thought of your trouble, and it must be as great as mine! Poor

hoarsely, his hand covering his face -yet-well, Paula, you know what mean, you have gone through the mill yourself. And—and if you can bear it. I ought to be able to, but it is awfully hard and rough. I think that I could raise the money; but you'd better go to bed; I shall sit up but-and I didn't tell him that I and finish this pipe, and try and remorrow. There's one thing"-with s fight it out with her. Put a bottle of smelling-salts on the mantel-shelf in

> And Paula bends over and kisses him, and leaves him to fight his fight

CHAPTER XXXI.

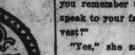
"Did you know that I was coming here?" says Bob, with a flush on his the stile that separated the Court Paula nestles closer to him; she is over May, standing, blushing de-

> "No," she says; then she hangs her head and flushes. "Yes. I watched you thought perhaps you might come." Bob wrings both her hands and

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"When did you come back? What a long time you have been away!" she says, offering to withdraw her hands them, still looking down into her blue eves with grave tenderness and some-

"I came back last night, May, dear," he says. "Yes, I have been away a me I, a pauper, had no right to love

What is the matter?" she breaks off. ing the sings of trouble or joy in her

frankly.

already moist with sympathy, "Will

"Yes." he says, widening his chest, in the pool on the early spring morn- it is a bitter parting, my dear, butings when the ice is still on the surface. "Yes, I've come to tell you, May

quickly, and with a little pant, "Is-

"It is very bad news for me, dear." in the stables. May, that I was not "You said some stupid things," she I only remembered that..."

"That you said you loved me." she

says, looking up at him bravely. He draws her to him and bends his head to kiss her, but stops suddenly pale, and shrinks back from himhalf-caress is worse than none to woman-and slowly takes her hands away. He does not try to recover them. but thrusts his own in his pockets. and looks aside.

during which poor Bob stands, fightwhile he tells his story. "Aren't you have offended you, or that-that you stable?" and her eyes fill, though she

Bod turns to her and puts his hand

"I'm trying to tell you; but don't

"I-I-thought so." she says. like stealing a rare jewel when the owner wasn't looking; for, May, do dester of Balleylicacia.

ong breath: "there will be

was always a poor man, not the man o come wooing the heiress of Powis Court; but I'm worse than a poor man now, for I'm a ruined one," and his

She looks up at him with timid. frightened eyes for a moment, then she come closer to him and puts her hand timidly on his arm.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" He inclines his head with much

"I-I knew you would be," he says. believe me when I told you that I asked you to let me love you. I didn't.

voice. "I'd believe every word you

borne to keep it silent longer; but that night you looked so beautiful and—and my resolutions slipped away like water, and so I spoke. Forgive me, May! It wasn't fair!"

strange smile. "For making me the happiest girl in the world! Yes, I'll

forgive you, Bob!" "Don't," he says, almost painfully;

make it harder to say good-bye."

"Are you going to say 'Good-bye'?"

she says, almost inaudibly. "Yes," he says, hoarsely; "I have come to tell you all. May. The fact is that I-I am a ruined man; the land I'm afraid; but, anyhow, I can't afwe are going; it doesn't matter where, can. You have forgiven me, I shall always remember that; and, May, wherever I go I shall remember you, and I hope that you will be happy."

from the light. "After all, it-it is he says, simply, and with compressed a strange light in her eyes, that are -"That if we couldn't raise the what I expected. It isn't likely her lips. "So bad that I shrink from tell- no longer timid and shy, but burn ther would give her to me, and yet ing you. But-but perhaps you are with a fierce fire. "Thank you, Is there

He shakes his head and clears his

hope some better and-and worthier fellow will make you happy."

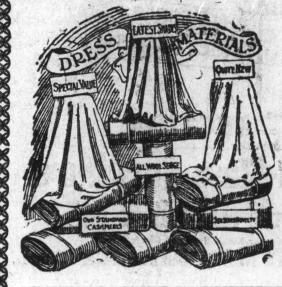
"Did you come to insult me?" she says, with a little smile direct into

"In-" he cannot repeat the word. (To be Continued.)

salted boiling water, into which is stirred enough cornmeal to make stiff dough. Shape into small cakes and bake half an hour in a hot over

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