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**The Romance of a Marriage.**

CHAPTER I.

"All right. Don't be angry," was the good-tempered response. "Poor Bob! I catch everything from him. It's lucky he doesn't go in for the measles or the whooping-cough. But you do look really killing to-night, Alice. You will be the one particular star, I feel sure."

"Do you really think this colour becomes me?" says the beauty, looking over her shoulder with a faint, pleased smile. "Really?"

"Really, on my word of honour. Blue is your colour, you know, Alice. Let me put your cloak on. You'll tell me all about it when you come home? I wish—"

She stopped herself with a half-sigh.

Alice turned and looked at her with a conciliatory smile.

"Would you really have liked to have gone?" she says. "If I had known—"

Paula smiled with half-concealed irony.

"You'd have stayed at home, wouldn't you?" and she laughs. "My dear Alice, it would have been more than you could have endured. No, no! We are well represented. It is all right. It is quite enough to be known as the beautiful Miss Estcourt's sister. I feel proud, I assure you—"

"Paula! Paula!"

"There's Bob! Now, I wonder what he wants? It isn't a button, for I put them all on. I'm coming; what is it?" and she bounds out, narrowly escaping the long train of the blue dress.

"Here, I say!" growls Bob in a half-choking voice. "Come in, will you? The confounded collar has come unbuttoned and got up to the back of my head," and he stands, red in the face, as if he were fixed in the stocks.

Paula pauses for a moment to laugh then she goes to his aid and secures the refractory collar in its place, and turns the wearer round for inspection.

"Well," he says, half-irritably, but with a smile of apology on his round, handsome face, "shall I do? Oh, Lor! I do feel such an idiot in these confounded clothes! What are you staring at? It anything the matter?"

"No-o," says Paula, laughing. "You've got your neck-tie under your left ear, that's all. Stand still. There! What makes your hair stand up at the end of the parting?"

"It always does," he retorts in a matter-of-fact voice. "I can't get it down. Never mind; let it alone, will you?"

"But that's awful," she says, firmly, wielding the hair-brush and dabbing him energetically. "Mine doesn't, or

anybody else's except yours, you say? Stand still, Bob!"

"Let it alone!" he growls. "I like it, I tell you."

"There! I've got it down; you will do now."

"Yes; and it will be up again directly I take my hat off. No, you don't!" seizing her arm as she raises the brush again. "My head is smarting already."

"Can't you get your gloves on farther?" she asks, laughingly eyeing the lavender that project at least half-an-inch beyond his finger-tips. "Stop! Don't pull like that! Do you think they are made of iron?"

"I think they are a beastly nuisance," he says, emphatically. "There, that will do. I shall take 'em off as soon as I get in. I feel as if they were choking me."

"Bob, my child," she says, severely, "you were never meant for polite society; the backwoods of America are your natural sphere."

"I wish I was there now," he says. "Stand out of the way!"

"Are you ever coming, Bob?" says the soft voice, coldly, scornfully.

"There she is," he says. "Yes, I'm ready. Don't dance round me, you wild cat!" he says as Paula executes a salaband of triumph. "What are you laughing at? Say one word, and I'll take 'em all off, and—"

"No, no; I'm not laughing," she protests. "It's all right. But don't you think you could manage to look a little less uncomfortable? But there! Go down!"

And she pushes him down, as she pushed him upstairs.

Alice, the beauty, stands in the little hall, and regards him with cold scrutiny.

"Are you sure he is all right, Paula?" she says. "I do not want to be made to look ridiculous."

"He is all right," says Paula. "I'll answer for it. Ah!"

And she gives a little shriek of horror; for Bob has pulled out a bright red cotton handkerchief to blow his nose. He delights in cotton handkerchiefs, and cotton handkerchiefs of a pronounced colour and pattern—what, no one knows.

"What's the matter now?" he demands, testily, with the glaring bandanna in his hand.

"Look! That hideous handkerchief!" says Alice, faintly. "Take it from him, Paula!"

"Oh, the wiper!" he says, and he resigns it meekly, taking a white one in exchange. "Now, I'm ready, I think, and I wish to Heaven it was all over."

Don't sit up, Paula," he says, as he stoops to get into the fly, the whole of the interior of which appears to be filled up by the pale-blue dress. "Where am I to go, if you take up all the room? Don't sit up, Paul; and I say— Hi!"

"Well?" demands Paula.

"Just look at the coat, will you!" he says, with one foot on the step and his head bent, as if he were going into a hole two feet high. "I had to shove him into the stable all of a hurry—"

"Pray come in!" says the cold voice, impatiently.

"All right. And give him a little corn, will you? And—I say, Paula!"

"Well?"

"I forgot to feed the pup."

"Will you come in and shut the door? Surely this is no time to go over a list of your wretched animals!" says the cold voice, angrily now.

"All right; don't hurry. And, Paula, if Parkins comes about those pigs—"

But Paula, with a laugh, pushed him into the fly and shut the door, aid, sinking helplessly into the six inches left clear by the blue dress, he is silenced and the fly starts at last.

Paula stands at the open door looking after them, the smile still upon her face; then it fades slowly, and she looks towards the lighted windows of the Court wistfully; and, as she looks, girl-like she calls up a vision of what is taking place there.

CHAPTER II.

She sees a brilliantly lighted room, ladies in gay dresses, handsome men in evening attire; she hears, in fancy, the strains of the London hired band playing dance music. The vision of all the splendour and enjoyment rises before her, and a little sigh escapes the red-ripe lips.

It is Cinderella over again, sitting beside the cold hearth after her sister's departure for the ball. But she knows that no fairy godmother will come down the chimney to her; that no pumpkin-carriage will bear her away from the silent cottage; that no prince will pick up her slipper. It is Cinderella without Cinderella's chance.

She stands in the misty moonlight, gazing at the old, historic house which the sugar-baker has bought—stands while one can count twenty; then, with a little sigh that may be pardoned her, she goes in, and, running up the stairs, begins to set Bob's room straight.

But as she picks up collars and scarves, and calls forth order from

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Doesn't hurt a bit! Sore corns lift right off with fingers.

Magic!



Costs few cents! Drop a little Freezone on that toasty corn. Instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right off with the fingers.

Why wait! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of Freezone for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and caluses, without soreness or irritation. Freezone is that much talked of discovery of the Cincinnati genius.

the awful litter which Bob has made, she still hears the music of the band, and her feet seem bound to move to the entrancing strains.

"Poor Bob!" she says, with a little laugh, "what would I give to be in his place! And he will be unutterably miserable! How he will fly for that awful pipe of his when he comes back! And he will want some supper, too. I must see to that. Bob is always hungry after a funeral or a ball."

Then she goes down-stairs into the kitchen, where Mary, their only servant, sits making a cup.

"Marry, you'd better have a—yes, a Welsh rare-bit ready for Master Robert. He will want something when he comes home."

"Yes, miss."

"And oh, Mary! I was near forgetting the colls and the puppies. Light the lantern, will you?"

"You are not going out to-night, miss!" said Mary, with an affectionate anxiety which she never displays for Alice.

"Why not?" demands Paula. "A lovely night like this!"

"Then put something over your shoulders, miss," says Mary, "or you'll catch your death."

"Catch my death in June!" laughs the girl. "Marry—severely—you want to make a molly-coddle of me. Well, put it on then."

"It is Mary's check shawl snatched from its hook behind the kitchen door.

Mary wraps it round the shapely shoulders and folds it. Red-Riding-Hood fashion, round the clear-cut, oval face.

"There, miss," she says, "you can't catch cold now. But can't I go, Miss Paula?"

"No," laughs Paula. "I'm going to the coat, Mary, and you know you are frightened to go near him. Give me the lantern," and with the stable-lantern swinging in her hand, she goes out.

The light mist has lifted a little, and as she opens the stable-door a shaft of mild, peaceful moonlight follows her and plays softly, like a strain of music, about her head.

With the lantern lifted she goes up to the coat, who stares at the light for a moment, then, recognising her, pushes his warm nose into her hand and whinnies.

There is not an animal in the place, from Don, the mastiff, whose bark makes the blood of strangers run cold in their veins, to the last chicken hatched, that does not know and love her and whom she does not love.

She stoops and passes under the wooden bar, and cresses him for a minute or two, then fetches him a feed of corn, and stands beside his head while he eats it, a couple of puppies yelping at her heels all the time. To them she throws a couple of biscuits, and then, with a good-night put to the coat, she goes out into the open air again.

As she does so, the strains of music fall upon her ear, not in fancy this time, but in reality.

Yes, the London band is playing a well-known waltz, and she stops and listens. Listens, her young girl's soul in her ears.

(To be Continued.)

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We can also supply SAWS, MANDRELS, HOISTS, etc.

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Oct 22, 11

**Preparedness!!  
The Xmas Slogan.**

A good beginning makes a good ending to Xmas Shopping—shop early.

Days are flying as they always do when the Xmas Season comes around, and when there are so many preparations to make Xmas Eve will be here before you know it.

Fancy Goods are most largely demanded as Xmas Gifts, and in our Fancy Goods Dept., early in the shopping season, you can surely find a suitable gift for every one on your list. How about the following articles? They are only a few chosen at random from our stock.

- Silverware
- Cruets
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Remember to shop early. First week of December shopping will be a pleasure. Second week it may be satisfactory. Third week it will be a whirl, and the last half week will be a crush!!! Shop early.

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June 25, 08

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MORE AMERICAN ASSISTANCE FOR KOLCHAK.

HONOLULU, Dec. 10. The United States Government has filed Japan's demand that America should not "hand over" policy in Siberia, and will send no further assistance to the Kolchak forces, according to a Tokyo cable published here to-day by the Nippo Jiji, a Japanese newspaper.

SATISFIED WITH CHANGE.

BERLIN, Dec. 10. The Entente notes are more conciliatory in tone than has been previously assumed," says the Volksrecht. "They contain tangible concessions, the final clause of the proposal providing that the Entente could any time take military action against Germany has been dropped. Negotiations also can take place regarding certain modifications in the protocol concerning the surrender of docks."

COAL STRIKE SETTLED.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 10. The strike of 400,000 bituminous coal miners of the country was settled here to-day when the general committee of the United Mine Workers of America agreed to accept the plan offered by President Wilson. The plan provides that the miners shall return to work at once at an increase of 10 per cent in wages, that a commission of three be appointed to investigate and determine within sixty days a basis for a new wage agreement. The conference was made up of representatives of the Executive Board and members of the organization.

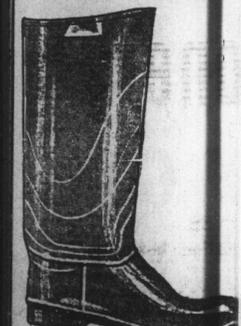
DISCUSSING THE ADRIATIC QUESTION.

LONDON, Dec. 10. Important conversations regarding the Adriatic question are reported between Lloyd George, the British Premier, and Vittorio Scialoja, the Italian Foreign Minister, whose trip to England is said to be mainly for the purpose of achieving a quick settlement of the issues involved. Foreign Minister Scialoja was to have left London to-day, but postponed visit to Premier Clemenceau, of France, who will enter the conference on his arrival from Paris. The result of the conversations is eagerly awaited by diplomatic circles, where there is a feeling of hope that an agreement may be reached in solution of the Adriatic problem.

THE IMPERATOR IN TROUBLE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10. An offer to settle the case against the British liner Imperator, which has been denied clearance papers at New York because she took on six thousand tons of coal instead of twenty-five hundred tons, which her permit called for, was made to the railroad administration to-day by representatives

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