

To Cure A Cold In One Day
Take
"Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets"
 Be sure you get the Genuine Look for this signature
C. W. Snow
 on the box. 30c

The Romance OF A Marriage.

CHAPTER XIII

"Sir Herrick wants to see the armory," she says in the most innocent manner, but with rather downcast lids. "May I show him, dear May?"

May looks up—Bob is standing beside her, his hands in his pockets, holding forth, about cows and horses, of course—and turns her gentle eyes dreamily on the downcast face.

"Yes, dear, of course. The idea of asking me! Shall I send for papa—or perhaps your brother; he knows all about the various suits?"

But Bob doesn't budge an inch.

"Oh, no—that is, I don't think Sir Herrick cares."

"Go yourself, Paula," says Bob, with a nod; "you know all about it as well as any of them. Sir Herrick will have quite as much medieval history from you as he cares for."

And Paula, with a graceful glance at the unconscious Bob, glides towards Sir Herrick.

"It is in the next room, behind those curtains," she says.

They pass out—cleverly manoeuvring so that "When I am dead and gone, love" is not interrupted—and enter the armory, which even Mr. Palmer has not dared to interfere with.

Just as it was when Sir Herrick ran about it a child at play, so it stands now: tall, huge figures clad in steel ranged round the edge of the polished floor; coats-of-mail and Old-World weapons hang upon the oaken walls.

Paula looks round the room with a rapid glance, and then raises her eyes to his to see how the sight of this, the apartment of all others in the Court, likely to arouse his emotions, will affect him.

But there is nothing except a quiet, calm curiosity in the expression of his handsome face; and Paula, with a laugh, assumes the attitude of a showman, and taking up a sword, points to the first man in armour.

"Figure one is the mail suit worn by Rupert Powis at Agincourt. Observe the battle-axe, weighing fifty-six pounds, and the tunic of silver

chain. This Rupert fell at Agincourt. You may see where the arrow pierced the interstices of armour-plate—"

Then she breaks off, laughing, as she looks up at his dark eyes bent upon her and not upon the historic armour. "How absurd it is!" she says. "You don't care a pin's point about your famous ancestors. You might be the very next stranger come to visit the Court and inclined to look upon the whole thing as a bore. You don't care for it, do you? How strange it is!"

"There is only one thing on earth I care for," he says, drawing near to her and putting his arm round her while his eyes seem to sink into her soul. "Only one thing. All the ancestors and the glory in the world pale to insignificance for me beside—just one little, dark-eyed girl with red lips and red-gold hair."

"Hush!" she murmurs, her head drooping with passionate languor. "They will hear you—somebody will come."

"Only one thing," he repeats. "Think of that. That is strange, if you like, that all the things are as nothing to me compared with my own darling, my Paula. Paula, says it once more; say 'Rick, I love you!'"

She looks up at him, a quiet smile of ecstatic happiness curving the red lips.

"Rick I love you!" she says. "But, ah, you know it!"

"I like to hear it, though," he says, with suppressed passion. "I think you shall say it every time we meet! And nothing shall part us, Paula. Nothing. Say this, too."

"Nothing shall part us," she murmurs.

Scarcely had the murmur died away than the curtains open, and the elegant figure of the major steps on to the polished floor.

"The armory was always a great attraction for me," he says, evidently addressing someone close behind him—"always. You, my dear Mr. Palmer, with your strong love for all that is historic and refined, must gather the greatest pleasure from this interesting—ahem!" He breaks off as he sees the two live—very much alive—figures among the dummy steel-clad ones.

Then, as Paula slips from Sir Herrick's embrace and stands with her back to the new-comers, her face and her neck crimson, the major's pink-and-white face dimples into a charming smile.

"Ah, my dear Rick," he says in the sweetest of voices, "recalling old memories, and imparting heraldic information to Miss—Paula. Charming occupation; but I am afraid Miss Paula will not derive much benefit from your scanty knowledge, Rick. I"—and he taps his padded vest with a white forefinger—"I am the person to refer to for the former history of the Powis family. In fact—turning to Paula with a smile that wrinkles his face for all its powder and paint, "you may regard me as its guardian angel."

Simple words enough, spoken in the pleasantest tone of harmless raillery, and yet they fall upon Paula's heart as if the painted old beau were Fate itself personified.

CHAPTER XIV

If ever the major was charming, he is to-night. He puts forth all his power of fascination, ransacks his marvelous memory for little anecdotes suitable to the drawing-room and ladies' ears, smiles the sweet, angelic smile for which he is justly famous, and manages to keep Paula by his side the whole evening.

He pays her such attention, indeed, that, if he were a younger man, one might be excused in suspecting him of matrimonial motives; and Mr. Palmer, standing against the mantel-shelf and talking to Bob about the crops, wonders what it means.

"Anybody 'ud think," he mutters to himself, "that he had fallen in love with her, and that nothing would please him better than for Sir Herrick to marry her straight off," and he stares with his great eyes in stupid bewilderment.

It puzzles Paula, too, as she listens, scarcely heeding, to the major's anecdotes, and looks wistfully from under her long lashes at Sir Herrick lounging beside May, who glances up at him with a look of awe on her gentle, timid face.

Alice seems the only one quite satisfied with the state of affairs, and plays accompaniment after accompaniment to Stancy de Palmer's sentimental ditties, casting glances up at him now and again from under her white lids.

"Will he never go!" thinks Paula, as the major rattles smoothly on in his charming voice and most fascinating smile, "or is he wound up like a clock?"

But at last the major "rings down," and, glancing at the real clock on the mantel-shelf, raises with a little sigh.

"If one could but stop time in its progress, my dear girl!" he says to Mr. Palmer; "but, alas! the pleasant evening will come to an end. I fear I must quit this charming scene."

And he sighs again and shakes his head with mournful regret at Paula.

With many protestations and pleadings for delay, Mr. Palmer rings the bell and orders the carriage, and Paula, with a sigh of relief, is convinced that at last the major will depart, and that—well, perhaps she may get one word with Sir Herrick. But the major is keen to the last.

"Rick," he says, gently, "I am going your way. Will you bear me company so far as your inn?"

Sir Herrick rises, none too readily, and nods.

"Very well," he says, and though he doesn't glance at Paula, she feels as if he had looked at her regretfully.

With much fuss and stir the major makes his adieu.

"A most charming evening," he declares, bending over May's hand—poor May overcame by his splendid manner. "A lucky accident for me, my dear young lady. I trust you will permit me to retain the friendship which this evening has inaugurated."

But if his manner is impressive towards May, it is tenfold so to Paula.

"Good-bye, my dear young lady," he murmurs, pressing her hand. "I hope I shall have the extreme pleasure of meeting you again, and your charming sister, and—if he will permit me to call him so—my friend Robert. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," says Paula, staring at him, and glancing up at the calm face of Sir Herrick.

He has made his adieu to the rest, and stands now waiting beside her. He takes her hand within his own, and presses it until the blood flies to her face, and under pretence of picking up his glove, he bends and whispers:

"Good-bye, my darling. I shall see you to-morrow."

Paula lifts her eyes to his for the instant, and sends a swift, eloquent glance of love from her dark orbs, and then the brilliant room seems to have grown suddenly dark—for has he not gone?

Then Bob makes a move; and Mr. Stancy, remarking that it is a beautiful night, suggests that he will accompany them to the cottage—that is, with a little, self-satisfied smile at Paula—"if the ladies will permit me."

Paula starts and answers, absently. It is a matter of pure indifference to her who accompanies them in their homeward walk, now that Sir Herrick has gone.

"May I not go too, papa?" says May, timidly, and with a little blush, and, Mr. Palmer graciously according his permission, May scuddles upstairs for her hat and jacket.

Mr. Palmer waves them a pompous good-night from the porch, and stalks off to the smoking-room to ponder over the little bargain struck between him and the major, and the young

er of fascination, ransacks his marvelous memory for little anecdotes suitable to the drawing-room and ladies' ears, smiles the sweet, angelic smile for which he is justly famous, and manages to keep Paula by his side the whole evening.

He pays her such attention, indeed, that, if he were a younger man, one might be excused in suspecting him of matrimonial motives; and Mr. Palmer, standing against the mantel-shelf and talking to Bob about the crops, wonders what it means.

"Anybody 'ud think," he mutters to himself, "that he had fallen in love with her, and that nothing would please him better than for Sir Herrick to marry her straight off," and he stares with his great eyes in stupid bewilderment.

It puzzles Paula, too, as she listens, scarcely heeding, to the major's anecdotes, and looks wistfully from under her long lashes at Sir Herrick lounging beside May, who glances up at him with a look of awe on her gentle, timid face.

Alice seems the only one quite satisfied with the state of affairs, and plays accompaniment after accompaniment to Stancy de Palmer's sentimental ditties, casting glances up at him now and again from under her white lids.

"Will he never go!" thinks Paula, as the major rattles smoothly on in his charming voice and most fascinating smile, "or is he wound up like a clock?"

But at last the major "rings down," and, glancing at the real clock on the mantel-shelf, raises with a little sigh.

"If one could but stop time in its progress, my dear girl!" he says to Mr. Palmer; "but, alas! the pleasant evening will come to an end. I fear I must quit this charming scene."

And he sighs again and shakes his head with mournful regret at Paula.

With many protestations and pleadings for delay, Mr. Palmer rings the bell and orders the carriage, and Paula, with a sigh of relief, is convinced that at last the major will depart, and that—well, perhaps she may get one word with Sir Herrick. But the major is keen to the last.

"Rick," he says, gently, "I am going your way. Will you bear me company so far as your inn?"

Sir Herrick rises, none too readily, and nods.

"Very well," he says, and though he doesn't glance at Paula, she feels as if he had looked at her regretfully.

With much fuss and stir the major makes his adieu.

"A most charming evening," he declares, bending over May's hand—poor May overcame by his splendid manner. "A lucky accident for me, my dear young lady. I trust you will permit me to retain the friendship which this evening has inaugurated."

But if his manner is impressive towards May, it is tenfold so to Paula.

"Good-bye, my dear young lady," he murmurs, pressing her hand. "I hope I shall have the extreme pleasure of meeting you again, and your charming sister, and—if he will permit me to call him so—my friend Robert. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," says Paula, staring at him, and glancing up at the calm face of Sir Herrick.

He has made his adieu to the rest, and stands now waiting beside her. He takes her hand within his own, and presses it until the blood flies to her face, and under pretence of picking up his glove, he bends and whispers:

"Good-bye, my darling. I shall see you to-morrow."

Paula lifts her eyes to his for the instant, and sends a swift, eloquent glance of love from her dark orbs, and then the brilliant room seems to have grown suddenly dark—for has he not gone?

Then Bob makes a move; and Mr. Stancy, remarking that it is a beautiful night, suggests that he will accompany them to the cottage—that is, with a little, self-satisfied smile at Paula—"if the ladies will permit me."

Paula starts and answers, absently. It is a matter of pure indifference to her who accompanies them in their homeward walk, now that Sir Herrick has gone.

"May I not go too, papa?" says May, timidly, and with a little blush, and, Mr. Palmer graciously according his permission, May scuddles upstairs for her hat and jacket.

Mr. Palmer waves them a pompous good-night from the porch, and stalks off to the smoking-room to ponder over the little bargain struck between him and the major, and the young

Delicate Mothers



Nothing will build you up like **Vinol**

The Well-Known Cod Liver and Iron Tonic—Without Oil

It banishes weakness, makes you eat, sleep and feel well. Your money back if it fails—at leading drug stores—look for the Vinol sign on windows.

CHESTER KENT & CO., WINDSOR, ONT. THE ARTHUR SALES CO., TORONTO

people set off.

Now, usually, on such occasions the magnificent Stancy devotes all his attentions to Alice, and Paula walks by their side in silence, or lags behind, conversing with her own maiden fancies free, as she would prefer to do to-night. For ah! she has so much to think of; no less than every word, every smile, of the king she has shrined in her innermost heart; but Mr. Stancy de Palmer's feeble fancy is apparently still set Paulaward, and it is to her and not to Alice that he addresses a choice selection of remarks upon the moon and the glories of the heavens.

In fact he is very sentimental indeed; at any other time Paula would meet his question, as to whether the moon did not always make her feel sad, with a laugh of good-natured mockery; but to-night she scarcely hears him and answers at random, and even when, with a sigh and a droop of the head, he offers to, and actually does, repeat a "little poem" of his own composition, Paula does not smile. At last he sees that his sentiment and his poetry are being wasted like drops on a sandy desert, and he says, rather stiffly:

"Your thoughts are wandering, Miss Paula, to-night. Your soul is afar, I am afraid."

"Not very far," says Paula, with aggravating cheerfulness. "But I beg your pardon; perhaps you won't mind repeating the words again; or, perhaps," as a happy thought, "Alice would like to hear them. Alice, Mr. Stancy de Palmer has been composing some verses to the moon;" and Mr. Stancy, with a modest blush, is thus compelled to transfer his attentions to Alice, who receives them with a sympathetic smile, and Paula is left in peace.

It is Bob and May who lag behind to-night. Bob, with his hands thrust in his pockets sauntering along, and May tripping besides him, now and then glancing up at his face.

(To be continued.)

Fashion Plates.

A SIMPLE SCHOOL DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



3035—This is a model good for serge, gabardine, voile, checked or plaid suiting, and also for all wash fabrics. As here shown, brown serge was used with collar and cuffs of tan poplin. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require 5 1/4 yards of 27 inch material.

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

A GOOD SCHOOL FROCK.



3037—For this one could have gingham, lawn, linen, repp or poplin, serge or plaid suiting. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. Braided or embroidered forms a suitable finish.

This Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 will require 3 1/2 yards of 27 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

"SKIPPERS"

Norwegian Brislings.

Each tin of Skippers is warranted to contain only the finest selected Autumn-caught Norwegian Brisling. Every care is used to make them the finest obtainable brand.

A Purity Guarantee is given with every tin.

If you like "Skippers" we would recommend to you

"Jack Tar" Pilchards

in Tomato Sauce—an Ideal Breakfast Delicacy.

Angus Watson & Co.,
 England.

nov24.201.m

We Always Have Some Good Values

to offer you that you won't strike everywhere, and still have some to-day, despite the ever advancing American market and the extra ten per cent. exchange we are "soaked" for the privilege of paying them our good coin.

Floor Coverings.
CONGOLEUM—2 yards wide; the best of the American Floor Cloths.
 Special Price,
\$1.89 yard.

Blankets.
COTTON BLANKETS, from \$2.69 pair only.
WOOL NAP BLANKETS, full sizes, at \$6.90 and \$7.70 pair.
WOOL BLANKETS at the lowest prices.

Men's Overcoats.
BEST AMER. TWEED COATS—Unlined, but heavy, and tailor finished. Reg. \$25.00 for \$17.50.
 (Just to turn the stock into money.)

TRENCH COATS—Value a surprise to everybody, only \$15.00 to \$20.00 and upwards.

Flannels and Flannelettes.
STRIPED FLANNELETES at 37c. and 39c. yard.
WHITE WELSH FLANNELS.
PURE WHITE SAXONY FLANNELS.
RED FLANNELS.

HENRY BLAIR

And the Worst is Yet to Come



CH. Wellington

MRS. SANFORD'S MESSAGE TO WORKING WOMEN

Laurel, Miss. — "Eight years ago I was suffering with pains and weakness caused by a female trouble. I had headaches, chills and fevers, and was unable to do my work part of the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me and I took twelve bottles of it, and my health has been good ever since. I am able to run the machine and do dressmaking besides my housework. You are at liberty to publish my letter if it will help some poor suffering woman."

—Mrs. J. C. SANFORD, 1227 Second Ave., Laurel, Miss.

Thousands of women drag along from day to day in just such a miserable condition as was Mrs. Sanford, or suffering from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, backache, headache, nervousness, or "the blues."

Such women should profit by Mrs. Sanford's experience and try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and find relief from their sufferings as she did.

For special suggestions in regard to your ailment write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their long experience is at your service.

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 45 for each trade heading. Larger advertisements from 15 to 60.

A copy of the directory will be sent by post on receipt of postal orders for \$7.50.

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

How About That Office Desk?

You've been talking Office Desks for some time? Intending to renew with modern ones? To get a good Typewriter Desk for the busy stenographer? Here's your chance to select Solid Oak Desks in various designs—roll or flat tops, different sizes and finishes from a supply only just arrived from the best makers in the U. S. A.

Just remember—Your office equipment has a lot to do with the business impressions you create. Keep yours up-to-the-minute!!!

U.S. Picture & Portrait Co.