

Too Much Appetite

may be as dangerous as too little

When the skin is sallow or yellow, the eyes dull, the head aches or sleep broken and unrefreshing, the back aches, or there is a pain under the right shoulder blade—it is an indication that the body is being poisoned by poorly digested and imperfectly eliminated food-waste. It is a wise thing to take

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to relieve these symptoms by helping to remove the causes

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The Romance of A Marriage.

CHAPTER II.

"How beautiful it sounds!" she says, with a little, wistful laugh. "Next to dancing, the best thing is to hear the music. I expect Alice is enjoying herself now; that is, if she has got a good partner, and isn't in mortal terror lest anyone should tread on her dress. I wish I were there now."

Mark, it is the first time she has uttered that wish. She—Cinderella—has been quite content to prepare others for the ball, content and cheerful. It is the first time desire has fallen upon her.

With a yearning, wistful look in her dark brown eyes, she stands looking towards the Court, her lantern swinging in her hand.

"How plainly one can hear!" she says again. "If I were to cross the paddock and stand under the elms, I could hear every note. I've half mind to go!"

Half a mind with Paula is equal to anyone else's whole mind. With a little, short laugh she sets down the lantern, and with a quick step crosses the paddock, and climbing the two-rail fence that divides the Eastcourt grounds from the Palmers', stands in the Court garden.

As she does so, a flood of light from the great saloon falls on her, and with a little start she skirts to the left, and going stealthily on, reaches an open space of lawn just beneath the saloon windows.

Here she can hear every note, can see the shadows of the dancers cast upon the blinds, can almost feel the faint breeze of the dresses as they whirl past the window. The band is playing one of Waldeufel's waltzes, a sweet, dreamy music which one cannot listen to without longing to move one's feet.

Paula, leaning against a flower-stand, listens with parted lips and wistful eyes.

"If one had but a partner," she murmurs, "one could dance here as well as in there. How happy they must be!"

The music goes on; the fascination—it is nothing less—grows upon her, and before she knows what she is doing, she finds herself beating time to the rhythmic strains.

From beating time to actual dancing is but a short step. The smooth gravel path is as good as a ball-room floor to her lithe limbs, and, unconsciously, she begins to move to the music of the waltz. All unconsciously, without a thought, she is in a part of the garden unfrequented even in the day-time; it is not likely that anyone will see her there now.



Indigestion!



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With an indignant effort to release herself she says, breathlessly:

"My name is not Mary!"

As if he had been struck, the stranger half-drops her arm, and he raises his hat—a soft deer-stalker, matching his cord suit.

"I beg your pardon," he says. "I beg your pardon."

Well, that is all that is required. Why does she not turn and flee?

For the simple reason that, though one of his hands is engaged in lifting his hat, the other still holds her, in a gentle grasp if you will, but in a grasp that is not to be shaken off.

"I beg your pardon," he repeats. "I took you for a servant."

"And how do you know that I am not?" asks Paula, with an involuntary smile, aroused by his sudden discomfiture.

"How?" he says, his grasp relaxing, though his hand still lies upon her arm. "By your voice. I think I know when a lady speaks."

"That's nonsense," she says, quietly, with a short laugh. "Ladies and servants speak alike now, only that servants are more particular."

"I beg your pardon, then," he says. "You are a servant?"

"I did not say so."

"But," he says, evidently deeply interested, "you inferred as much. If that be so, then old Palmer is to be envied. If I were in his place, I shouldn't wish for a more lady-like servant."

"Indeed!" says Paula. "Envy whom you please; but let me go—if you please."

"Now I know you are no servant," he says, and his hand drops, for the first time, from her arm.

Now is the time for Paula to fly, but she does not. Instead, she stands with her shawl drawn over her face, with just her eyes free to scrutinize him.

"How do you know?" she asks, curiously.

"How!" and he laughs—a short, musical laugh that sounds very pleasant and companionable. "How! By the 'hom.' Servants don't say 'whom.' Come, you stand confessed!"

And he looks down at her laughingly—at the two dark eyes shining with mischief and enjoyment between the folds of the fleecy shawl.

Now, this young stranger has a very pleasant laugh; it was not confined to his lips, but shone in his eyes, and hovered about his mouth, so much of it as was not hidden by the brown moustache; it was the sort of laugh that calls up an answering smile on the face of the listener. It is a laugh that a man rarely keeps after he has passed the meridian of life, and woman—never!

Paula, looking and listening, felt her own lips curve; but she suppressed the inclination, and tried to look grave.

"I don't know what I stand confessed of," she says. "I am not conscious of having done anything very wicked."

"No, no!" he says, quickly. "Perhaps it was rather foolish to—to—Did you see me dancing?" she asks, quickly, and ready to be offended if he should smile.

But he doesn't smile.

"Were you dancing?" he says, with an evident evasion. "It was very natural. It's a good band—a very good band. I could dance myself."

"Do, by all means," says Paula. "Good-night!" and she flaps the end of the shawl over her shoulder with a peculiar feminine gesture and turns.

"Don't go!" he says, quickly. "I mean—"

She stops and looks over her shoulder, not coquettishly, but with simply enquiry.

"I'd offer to escort you back to the ball-room, but for two reasons," he says. "Firstly, because—looking down with a smile—"I am scarcely in ball-room attire; and secondly, because I am not a guest."

Paula laughs.

"Am I in ball-room attire?" she says.

He looks at her, and his eyes rest rather unnecessarily long on the supple figure in its simple, brown merino dress.

"I see," he says, slowly. "Then you are not one of the party?"

"No," she replies, shaking her head. "You merely came to—to look on?"

She says:

"You were doing the same, you know."

"Yes."

And he laughs again.



"And I've driven you away. There is no occasion for you to go. I am a trespasser here, and I'll take my departure; unless—"

And he pauses.

"Unless what?" she asks.

"Well," he says, with a certain frankness which has a charm of its own, "I was going to suggest that, as we are both lookers-on, we should both stay. There is nothing particularly wrong in that, is there?"

Paula hesitates a moment. There is nothing particularly wrong in it—at least from her point of view; from Alice's, it would be different.

"I think I'd better go," she says.

As she speaks, the hand strikes up another waltz—the "Manola." Paula's favourite waltz, one she would walk a good many miles to hear. Almost as if he knew this, he says:

"Wait until this waltz is over, will you not? If you do not, I shall think I have driven you away."

This is the strongest argument he could use, if he but knew it.

"Why should you drive me away?" she says, with a touch of the pride and self-reliance which are her chief characteristics; and she seats herself on the garden-seat and leans back with the air of one entirely alone.

He glances at her for a moment, and then at the lighted window, on which the shadows of the dancers come and go fitfully; then he sinks down on to the arm of the seat at a respectful distance from Paula, and slowly takes out a cigarette-case.

"Do you mind my smoking a cigarette?" he says.

Paula shakes her head; her foot is beating time to the music.

"Not at all."

He lights his cigarette and smokes in silence for a moment, then he says: "Pretty waltz."

"Isn't it?" she responds, with a little sigh. "My favourite waltz."

"It's a pity you are not in there too."

"Isn't it?" she assents, with a laugh. (To be continued.)



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VERY MAN WHO WEARS A BUT-TON MAY NOT HAVE WON IT.

Sergt. Aldons of the battalion was supposed to be armorer-sergeant. He was not efficient; never ought to have been along at all. The colonel fancied him though, back in Toronto during the formation period, and although he was not fit for the job, he was not in his desires. It is a way of things have at times, and a mighty awkward way it is, too. The sergeant reached England with his inefficiency, so France with the same incubus. Here, his brave front went to pieces, and he was a burden to all concerned. Over saw the front, never tinkered with it, never earned his passage, was a nuisance. So, back he came to talk largely of his experience, always growing larger, to get a button and become a veteran.

Late in 1918 the last batch of fifteen went forward; they naturally included many of those who had got over before. The batch also included many who were quite un-fitting, and quite the last lot one could pick for heroics. Bill Foulks was a sample of the latter. His general make-up and character shoved him into the cook-house help class. These are generally men who, husky though, do not yearn for drill and harness, but rather for easy-going life about camps and such. He reaches France about November, 1918, is attached to a celebrated Toronto unit, does his share of cookery chores, still craving the fleshpots, and comes back in the spring of 1919 as a hero, by the cheers which greeted him; gets a button, too.

The captain in this salade had been a captain for some years before the war. He was the very soft-

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