

60 Years Old Today
Feels as young as ever



PEOPLE who are able to talk like this can not possibly have impure blood—they just feel fit—no headaches, dyspepsia or bilious disorders.

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

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

Sold at your store 25c a bottle. Family size, 50c. Times as large 75c.

THE BRADLEY DRUG CO., Limited,
Dr. Wilson's Dandelion Bitters, 100 Water Street, New York, N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists and first-class Grocers.

The Romance of a Marriage.

CHAPTER XXX.

It is the evening of the second day after Paula has bidden farewell to Sir Herrick that Bob returns.

Best not to enquire how those two days have passed with Paula. There are some battles that it is best to fight in secret, and without audience or spectators; a fierce battle was fought in that neat, little dimly chamber between Paula and her lost love; a struggle so severe that in after-years, when she recalls it, her soul shrinks back appalled at the mementoes; a struggle which leaves her pale, and wan, and weak, but, thank Heaven, victorious.

"For me there is no joy in day or night. Gone is the sunshine and the light of happy hours—"

she could say, but she does not. However deep the iron may have entered her soul, she has vowed that she will cover the wound decently, and hide the fox under the vestment as the Spartan boy did, "and smile even though her heart broke."

The thought of going about like a deserted maiden, with a pale face, and perchance a black dress, makes her shudder and laugh with mingled bitterness and self-scorn, and prompts her to choose the brightest frock when she comes down to meet Alice's curious and keen scrutiny.

Alice starts and raises her eyebrows when she sees the pink cotton in all its bravery; but there is a look in the pale face that warns her that any remarks would be unwelcome, and she contents herself with watching the sorrow-stricken girl covertly, and wondering whether this is really the end, or whether the major has something else in store, and when she shall hear from him.

So the two days pass, and in the evening of the second there is a great barking on the part of the dogs, the sound of a man's firm tread in the hall, and Bob comes in.

"Hello!" he says, with a faint imitation of his old, cheery brusqueness, as he enters the parlour and flings his hat on to a chair. "Here I am, you see. The return of the wanderer. All right?" and he nods to Alice, and just lays his hand for a moment on Paula's shoulder.

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



Alice smiles, and replies that, oh, yes, they are all right, and hopes that he isn't tired.

"Tired! I am as tired as a dog," he says, putting his travelling-bag down and pushing back the hair from his forehead. "Awful journey; but it's worth while doing it to get out of London—beastly place! Got anything to eat? I haven't had a decent meal since I left," he goes on, hurriedly, glancing, with ill-concealed anxiety, at Paula's pale face.

"I'll go and see," she says.

Bob goes upstairs—he must be tired to walk so slowly and heavily as he does—and when the supper appears, under Paula's superintendence, he does not seem to be very keen about it; but he talks unceasingly, as if he were talking against time and thought; and Paula, sitting back in the window, understands him.

"And have you done your business in London?" asks Alice, lying back in the arm-chair and surveying him from under her half-closed lids.

"Yes," he says, with a nod, and an intense interest in his plate.

"And what is the new fashion?" she asks. "Is it true that nearly all the women are wearing their hair short?"

"Yes—no—I think so. 'Fon my word, I didn't notice," he replies in such a helpless fashion that Paula cannot suppress a smile.

"You wouldn't remark the difference if all the women were shaved," says Alice, with lazy contempt.

"I don't suppose I should," says Bob, absently. "But they weren't shaved—at least I think not."

"And did you go to the theatre?" asks Alice.

"No," he says, with a sigh cut short in the middle—"no, I was busy."

"What! All night?" retorts Alice, incredulously.

"I suppose long skirts and trains have quite gone out?"

"Yes, I think so," he answers, gravely, with such a palpable unconsciousness of the reply that even Alice laughs.

"The fact is," she says, "you must have walked about with your eyes and ears shut."

"I wish I had," he says, with a sudden groan. Then he looks up, and colours almost angrily—almost.

"What do I know or care whether woman wear their hair short or their skirts long?" he says, impatiently.

"What is the use of asking me such idiotic questions?"

"I don't think there is any use," assents Alice. "I think I'll go to bed."

And she takes her departure, much to Bob's relief.

There is silence for just a minute, while Paula mixes him his usual glass of whiskey-and-water, and he sits, with his head resting on his hand, staring at the cloth.

Then he gets up and fills his pipe and lights it, carefully avoiding her eyes.

"Don't trouble, Bob," she says in a quiet voice, as she comes up to him and sinks down at his feet. "I know all."

He starts, and looks down at her

DRESSMAKER SAVED FROM OPERATION

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in Time.

Tobacco, N. Y.—"Three years ago I suffered from pains in my right side, so severe that I could not raise my feet from the floor. Pains would shoot down my limbs and through my back, and the doctor said I had an abscess. I was in bed two weeks with an itching on my side and expected any day that I might have to go to a hospital for an operation. A friend came to see me and told me of your wonderful medicine—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began taking it, and after taking six bottles I feel well and strong, do my own work and dressmaking for others. I cannot speak too highly of your medicine and recommend it to others who suffer with female troubles. It is a Godsend to all women, and you may use my name at any time."—Mrs. PERMILLA HULSHOF, 218 E. Fall St., Kansas, Mo.

Women who shrink or faint from any such ailments should not fail to try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

with a sudden look of surprise and almost alarm on his frank face.

"You know—" he says, hesitatingly.

"I know all," she repeats, her eyes fixed on the Japanese umbrella in the fire-place, her white hands locked together on her lap. "Bob, he—Sir Herrick"—she winces as the name leaves her lips—"Sir Herrick has been here."

He almost springs to his feet.

"He has been here? Curse his impudence!" he exclaims, deprecating his teeth.

"Hush! Don't curse him, Bob," she says, with a little shudder. "I can't bear that, for all that he has done!"

He looks down at her with a man's tender pity and a man's fierce anger in his face.

"Paula, my dear," he says, and his strong voice falters, "he—he is a villain—a miserable, double-faced scoundrel!"

She looks up at him for a moment, and her lips frame a "No."

"A man who ought to be—be shot, and would have been if he had lived fifty years ago; and I wish to Heaven we were fifty years back. I'd shoot him like a dog!"

"Your promise, remember your promise," she whispers, taking his hand. "And—and Bob, dear, don't say hard things about him."

"Hard things!" he repeats, with suppressed indignation. "Perhaps you don't know all, Paula?"

"I think I do," she says. "But—but tell me what you know. Don't be afraid!" she adds, looking up at him with a wan face. "I can bear it. I shan't make a scene, Bob. I never do, you know! I've had my bad half-hour, as the French say, and am quite reasonable. Tell me all, Bob."

He is silent for a moment, puffing at his pipe furiously.

"It isn't much, my dear," he says, gently. "But that cursed letter was true—true, every word of it. I suppose he denied it. Those kind of gentry always do."

"No," she says in a low voice. "No," he didn't deny it. I don't think he would lie to me."

"He!" he retorts, bitterly. "He would do—say anything to gain his end. Paula, what I said when I first heard his name was true; he is a bad lot. Remember, he comes from a bad race. The Powells! Why, they can tell you stories a mile long about 'em down at the Arms."

"I daresay," says Paula, wearily. "But what did you hear, Bob?"

"I heard—I heard all that was bad of him," he replies, with a sigh and a groan. "He is just one of the fastest of a fast set—a spendthrift and a gambler."

She smiles—ah, so sadly! She could have forgiven him all that; there is only one sin under heaven that a woman will not forgive the man she loves—he may break nine of the Commandments, and she will cleave to him, so long as he will love her, and her only.

"A regular bad lot," continues Bob, moodily. "I hadn't got to go far before I found that out. The other I didn't know of, and I wouldn't have discovered it but for meeting an old school-fellow."

Paula looks up, with a little gasp. "Go on," she says.

"He—this school-fellow of mine—is a man about town, a young barrister; and he knew something about Sir Herrick—knew him by sight. It is quite true—there is another woman he is fooling with."

Her head droops.

"He is a villain!" says honest Bob—"a right-down bad-hearted scoundrel!"

"Bob!" pleadingly.

"Yes, that's not too strong for him. Why, Paula, he was riding about with this other one only two days ago. My friend saw them!"

Paula is silent a moment.

"I know it, Bob—he admitted it," she says in a low, tremulous voice.

"He did, did he? I wish he had admitted it to me."

"Bob, did you—did you find out who she was?"

"No," he says, throwing down his pipe viciously—"no; my friend didn't know, and I didn't trouble to enquire elsewhere. Why should I? The fact was enough."

"Quite, quite," she says, despairfully. "But—but somehow I should have liked to have known. Is she—is she very beautiful?"

Bob grunts angrily.

"I don't know—yes, my friend says so."

A low, deep sigh.

"How he must love her!"

Bob kicks the fire-irons.

"Love! Such men don't know what love means," he says, scornfully.

"Don't—don't think any more about him, Paula."

She looks straight before her, and laughs a strangely bitter laugh.

"That is good advice, Bob," she says, "but, like most good advice, it is difficult to follow. Think!"—and she stretches out her clasped hands with a sudden, short gesture of despair—"I think of him night and day. There is not an hour when I am awake that I do not think of him. I can see his face, hear his voice as plainly as if he were here at my side. It is shameful, unmaidenly, isn't it, Bob? But—with a shudder—"I can't help it: I have fought against it, oh, so hard! but I cannot forget him—not yet, not yet; I shall in time. One forgets everything in time, they say; and I shall learn to think of him with a smile, perhaps—who knows? But that time seems a long way off—a very long way indeed, Bob."

And she laughs.

"And—and what did you say to him?" he asks, looking down at her with gentle pity and wonder. "Did you call him a scoundrel, and tell him that if you hadn't made me promise—I was a fool to give that promise—that I'd have broken every bone in his body?"

She laughs again wearily.

"No," she says, with a sigh. "We parted very good friends. Isn't that the right expression? Very good friends—think of it, Bob! When only four days ago we were all in all to each other. No"—with a shudder—"I mean that he was all in all to me. That makes all the difference, doesn't it? We parted quite kindly. I think we shook hands—yes, we did, and I wished him every happiness. Poor fellow!—don't be angry!—he looked so wretched. I suppose even the worst of men don't like being found out. And—and"—suddenly throwing up her head to force back the tears that glisten in her beautiful, dark eyes—"that's the end of it! Let there be no more talk between us, Bob! The end has come. From to-night I mean to drive—to force him out of my mind. I will think of him as the husband of that other beautiful girl, and I will not wear the willow any longer. Never let us mention his name again, Bob. He came like a dream, let him go like one. I shall wake some day and forget all about it."

(To be continued.)

INDIGESTION CAN'T STAY

Stomach Pain, Sourness, Gases, and Acidity ended with "Pape's Diapepsin"

Out-of-order stomachs feel fine at once! When meals don't fit and you belch gas, acids and undigested food. When you feel indigestion, pain, lumps of distress in stomach, heartburn or headache. Here is instant relief.

Just as soon as you eat a tablet or two of Pape's Diapepsin all the dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach distress caused by acidity will end. These pleasant, harmless tablets of Pape's Diapepsin always put sick, upset, acid stomachs in order at once, and they cost so little at drug stores.

35 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. Cable Address: "Annuaire, Lon." (Established 1814.)

European Agency.

Wholesale orders promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all British and Continental goods, including:

Books and Stationery, Boots, Shoes and Leather, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motor Cars and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Piece Goods, Sample Cases from 350 upwards, Fancy Goods and Perfumery, Hardware, Machinery and Metal, Jewellery, Plate and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions, etc., etc.

Commission 2½ p.c. to 5 p.c. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

35 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. Cable Address: "Annuaire, Lon." (Established 1814.)

Willam Wilson & Sons. Advertise in The "Telegram."

Fashion Plates.

A GOOD DRESS FOR WORK OR LEISURE.



Pattern 3118, cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure, is here portrayed. Size 38 will require 6½ yards of 36 inch material.

Gingham in a neat check pattern or percale in dots or figures, would be good for this model. It is excellent for linen, drill, rep or cotton poplin, also for flannellette, lawn and serge. The width of the skirt at lower edge is 2 yards.

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

A PRETTY GOWN IN ONE PIECE STYLE.



2917—This design is nice for serge, satin, silk, bordered goods, gabardine and velvet. The loose panels may be omitted.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5½ yards of 46-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge, is about 1½ yard.

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

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

American School of Practipedics DIPLOMA

To all to whom these services are rendered.

Announcing the graduation of

Mr. Robt. Grouchy

from the American School of Practipedics of Chicago

He learned all about the human foot, its construction, its ailments, its deformities, and how these may all be overcome by simple, but scientific means. He will be found at this store at all times, ready to examine the feet and give expert advice without charge. You are invited to call and consult him about feet or shoes.

This Means Foot Comfort For YOU

His education as a foot specialist has shown him that There is a Dr. Scholl's Appliance or Remedy for Every Foot Trouble

and he will gladly demonstrate, on your own foot, how the proper Scholl Appliance will make it possible for you to wear the stylish shoes you like without the slightest discomfort. He uses the same methods as the famous authority, Dr. Scholl, and employs the devices which Dr. Scholl invented. Come in and see for yourself. No charge whatever for his services. Everybody invited to get "foot-happy."

ASK THE FOOT EXPERT AT PAKER & MONROE, Ltd. "Watch Your Feet!"

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.

SLATTERY'S Wholesale Dry Goods

are now offering to the trade the following English and American Dry Goods.

English Curtain Net. White Curtains. English Art Muslin. Valance Net. White Nainsook. White Seersucker. Children's White Dresses. Ladies' Gingham Dresses. Misses' Colored Dresses. Ladies' Handkerchiefs. Gent's White Handkerchiefs. Gent's Colored Handkerchiefs.

Also a very large assortment of SMALLWARES.

SLATTERY'S DRY GOODS STORE, Duckworth and George Streets.