

60 Years  
Old  
TodayFeels as young  
as everPEOPLE  
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  
Herbina Bitters**A true blood purifier  
containing the active  
principles of Dandelion,  
Senna, Burdock and  
other medicinal herbs.Sold at your store for a  
bottle. Family size, five  
times as large for \$1.00.THE BRATLEY DRUG CO., Limited,  
ST. JOHN'S, N. F.Dr. Wilson's Dandelion Bitters, in every  
form of cure. Reliable, harmless.For sale by all Druggists and first-  
class Grocers.The Romance  
OF A  
Marriage.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Then he takes May's hand and  
looks down at her.

"May," he says, and his voice is full  
of tenderness and love, "obey your  
father; go now. I see my way. Heaven  
help us both, and keep us true to each  
other. I—I will not give you up—  
Hear me out, sir," for Mr. Palmer has  
made a furious exclamation. "I can-  
not give you up, but I must go away;  
if I remained it would only be to  
cause you trouble and pain. I must  
go away for a time. But I will come  
back; always believe that, let them  
say what they will; I will come back,  
able, please Heaven, to look your fa-  
ther in the face and tell him that I  
have a home fit for you to accept.  
Good-bye, dear, good-bye. Keep up  
your heart, and—go now," he breaks  
off with a groan.

She looks up at him, her blue eyes  
filled with tears, but bright with a  
staunch, faithful gaze, and hiding her  
face in her hands, turns and leaves  
them. Bob struggles with the emotion  
that threatens to overmaster him for  
a moment, then he turns to Mr. Pal-  
mer.

"You have heard what I've said,  
sir," he says. "You have used hard  
words to me, harder than I deserve,  
for I don't think I am a scoundrel. I  
shall keep my promise. I will not  
come back until I have won a home  
for her. Don't—don't be harder with  
her than you can help, sir. It was my  
fault, all my fault, and she is too  
gentle, bless her heart, to be hardly  
used. I wish you good-bye, sir," and  
he holds out his hand.

But Mr. Palmer bends a dark and  
forbidding frown upon him.

"Go to the devil!" he says, and Bob,  
with a shake of the head, turns and  
strides off.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Nouville-by-the-Sea at noon of a  
spring day. Who does not know it?  
Who cannot, by the aid of memory,  
if he happens to have been there, and  
with the assistance of written and  
pictured description if he has not,  
who cannot call up a vision of that  
paradise of English tourists, of travel-  
ling Americans, and of pleasure-lov-  
ing Parisians? Time rolls on, dynas-  
ties totter and empires fall. Change  
comes to most things, but Nouville is  
always the same. It would seem al-  
most as if it had taken a lease of the  
king of this world, and were able to  
renew it every spring, for annually,  
every spring, the charming little  
place awakes from slumber and

starts into life like a Venus from the  
ocean.

Its one-storied wooden houses, with  
laid-out terraces and stone steps, open  
their shutters, take to themselves  
fresh garments of white and green  
paint, and say, softly, "I am ready.  
Behold me in all my beauty and fresh-  
ness! Come in—live in me!" The  
great hotel, which stands in the cen-  
tre of the promenade and parade,  
holds its tricolour, rolls out its red-  
and-white striped awning, and re-  
gards its sign—the Eagle of France.  
The shops in the principal street—  
pardon, I mean boulevard—stock  
themselves with wooden cuckoo  
clocks, wooden paper-knives, wooden  
match-boxes, of which the English  
visitor, immediately he arrives at  
Nouville, purchases, as if life depend-  
ed on the prompt possession of such  
knock-knacks; the casino calls its  
liveried servants together and cuts  
its new packs of cards and polishes  
up the roulette table, at which vast  
sums will exchange hands before the  
season is out and Nouville sinks to  
sleep again.

Nouville has been fashionable for  
so long that only the oldest inhabit-  
ant can remember it as a plain little  
fishing-station on the soft, south  
French coast; and strange legends  
are told of a certain visit paid by the  
great Napoleon, who stood with fold-  
ed arms upon the golden sands, and  
looking round the sunlit bay, declared,  
in his grim fashion, that "one might  
wish to die at Nouville." Then, in di-  
rect contradiction to the great Bonaparte,  
some fashionable doctor dis-  
covered that Nouville was the place  
to wish to live at. Other doctors,  
more or less celebrated, followed suit,  
and it speedily became the fashion for  
physicians to send those of their pa-  
tients afflicted with "weak chests" and  
similar misfortunes to Nouville—and  
so the place was made.

As more English people than those  
of any other nation fancy that they  
have weak chests, Nouville especially  
became a favourite resort for the in-  
habitants of the isle of fog and damp;  
and now each spring Nouville suffers  
a British invasion, and every second  
man you meet wears the unmistak-  
able look of a Briton, and every lodg-  
ing-house and hotel is full of them.

The shopkeeper, the waiter, the  
very flymen all speak English, and  
but for the French uniform of the  
soldiers and the white caps of the  
nurses and the petois of the street  
boys, one might easily persuade one-  
self that one was at Margate or Broad-  
stairs.

Nearly twelve months have slipped  
by since Bob said good-bye to May,  
and was sent to an unimpeachable  
personage by Mr. Houndell Palmer;  
since Paula discovered that "love was  
but a snare and faith an empty word,"  
and much has happened in those  
swiftly months. The cottage and lands  
are let to a sporting gentleman, who  
is quite willing to pay a high rent for  
the privilege of shooting the game  
which poor Bob preserved so per-  
severingly. Bob is—ah, where is Bob?  
His last letter dated from an out-lying  
cattle run, away down in the wilds  
of Australia; but that letter reached  
Paula months ago, and Bob may be  
still many more thousand miles away  
in pursuit of that fortune which he  
has promised to lay at the feet of his  
darling May.

Fate plays selfish tricks sometimes;  
like a harlequin in a pantomime, he  
swings his hand round his head, brings  
it down with a tick-tack, and, heigh  
 presto! all is change and confusion.  
Fate waved the magic wand for more  
than Bob eleven months ago; for not  
only is honest Bob missing and scat-  
tered, but so also is Sir Herrick  
Fowls.

It would be more difficult to say  
where he is than to guess at Bob's  
whereabouts; for no tidings of him



Mr. J. A. McFarlane of Memphis, Ont.,  
had children so bad that he couldn't wear  
boots. Egyptian Liniment relieved them.  
Don't suffer from chills this winter.  
This liniment is also for Frost Bites, Burns,  
Scalds, Cuts, Bruises, Sore Chaps and  
Throat Inflammation, etc.

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Agent for Newfoundland  
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Box 313 St. John's

have reached the gay world, which he  
once adorned so bravely, since a day  
or two after that scene in Raglan Ter-  
race, when Flossie Hamilton lay life-  
less on the carpet of the pretty draw-  
ing-room.

Not even the major knows where  
his dear Rick is, and only shakes his  
head and sighs in answer to the num-  
erous enquiries. And as he shakes his  
head and heaves his sigh, the major  
gives you to understand that he is a  
hard-used man, and in truth quite  
considers himself in that light.

For the truth must be told that  
things have not gone as they should  
with our dear friend the major. Never  
had his "pots and pans," as Lord  
Hurstley called his plots and plans,  
turned out worse. Everything had  
gone contrary. Instead of taking  
things easy, after cutting up a little  
rough at first, Rick had been foolish  
enough to quarrel with Flossie, and  
worse still, instead of falling into  
his dear uncle's plans and settling  
down into courting "that charming  
little girl of my dear friend Palmer's,"  
had fled the scene and hidden himself  
no one knew where. Then, again,  
when the dear major had advised Mr.  
Palmer to call in his mortgage on the  
Estcourt property, he had only intend-  
ed to put a little pressure on the Es-  
cours, and thereby show Paula the  
wisdom of accepting Stancy; whereas  
the "stupid young people" had taken  
it seriously, let the house and van-  
ished.

The major felt quite upset and an-  
noyed, and very much injured. He re-  
marked at his club that it was really  
a very ungrateful world, most un-  
grateful, and that a man who put him-  
self out of the way to benefit other  
people, generally found that he had  
taken the trouble for nothing.

"As to Rick," he said in confidence  
to Lord Hurstley, over a rubber, "as  
to Rick, he has behaved like an idiot!  
I wouldn't have believed that anyone  
with the Vericourt blood in his veins  
would have been so lost to all sense  
of—er—er—honour and duty. Here  
have I, with infinite trouble and in-  
convenience, succeeded in getting him  
out of a most dreadful entanglement  
which would have ruined him for life,  
and not only that, but actually pre-  
pared the way for a most excellent  
and advantageous match, when off he  
flies like a madman, and is no more  
seen. Heard from him? If you call a  
most abusive and disrespectful letter,  
calling me the most dreadful names  
and accusing me of ruining his hap-  
piness and disgracing him—well, yes,  
I did hear from him. But that letter I  
received on the morning of his depar-  
ture, and since then I have not had a  
post-card. My dear Hurstley, I beg  
you will excuse this emotion. I am  
an old man, and ingratitude touches  
me, especially when it comes from  
the hand which—er—which I have  
cherished as a father. Enough! I have  
done my duty, and the consciousness  
of so doing must be—er—my reward.  
It's your deal, my dear Hurstley," and  
the major settled down into his old  
life and posed as a martyr.

But though the world missed Sir  
Herrick, whose handsome face had al-  
ways been as welcome at the ball-  
room and five-o'clock tea-table as at  
his club, the world missed Flossie  
Hamilton much more seriously and for  
a much longer time.

Society, indeed, received a heavy  
blow on that morning when it read in  
the papers at breakfast-time that the  
popular young actress had been struck  
down in an instant, and that never  
more would they see the lithe, grace-  
ful form, never more hear the blithe  
young voice, never more laugh at the  
saucy smile; or encore the great song  
in "King Cole."

The good manager of the Frivolity  
nearly went out of his mind when he  
was informed that his great draw had  
made her last appearance on the

boards, and for a time he positively  
refused to accept such a decision. But  
though the doctors held out good hope  
of her recovery, Flossie was firm, not  
to say obstinate, in her resolution to  
retire from the stage, and in answer  
to the manager, who appeared at  
Raglan Terrace and pleaded, with  
tears in his eyes, that she would at  
least give him some hope, that she  
would take a rest, a long rest if she  
liked, before deciding, she would give  
him but one answer:

"I'm tired of it. I shall never go on  
again. I have capered and sung long  
enough for them."

"A mere girl," he persisted.  
"With the heart of an old woman,"  
she said, with a strange smile. "No;  
let others have a chance. Don't be cut  
up, Mr. Manvers, you will soon find  
someone else; there's plenty of talent  
waiting for an opportunity, and before  
the season is over they will forget  
me. They always do forget us if they  
lose sight of us. At any rate, whether  
they do or they don't, they will see  
me no more!"

"But," said the manager in despair,  
"what on earth do you mean to do  
with yourself? You'll be well again  
directly. You're all right now; a little  
pale and that, but nothing serious. I  
never saw you look better. What will  
you do? You can't hide yourself, my  
dear. You'll go melancholy mad with-  
out the work, you will indeed. What  
will you do?"

And Flossie had answered, "That's  
my business."

Then she sank back amidst her  
cushions and motioned the faithful  
Weston to her side, and the manager  
was dismissed and went off full of  
despair. And soon a new favourite  
dawned upon the boards of the Frivol-  
ity, and sang her songs and danced  
her dance. And Flossie's words came  
true—she was forgotten by all save  
those few who remember faithfully  
the stars that have waned from the  
dramatic hemisphere.

Presently the house in Raglan Ter-  
race was shut up and the dainty draw-  
ing-room, which had so often echoed  
the laughter of lords of high degree,  
in which the gay little supper parties  
had held their revels, was shrouded  
in brown holland and consigned to  
silence and solitude, and a short  
paragraph in the society papers, stat-  
ing that Flossie had gone abroad for  
the benefit of her health, and express-  
ing a hope that a softer climate would  
restore the bloom to the cheek and  
the vigour to the frame of the talent-  
ed young actress whose disappearance  
from the stage, which she had adorned  
and enlivened, was so deeply de-  
plored.

All this had happened in those  
eleven months; but the world rushed  
on pretty much the same—especially  
at Nouville, where, on this spring  
the sun poured down with soft, ben-  
eficent rays upon the little promenade,  
"light and brilliant with its gay fre-  
quenters. The hand—a fine hand led  
by a conductor of note—played on its  
rotunda. A group of negro minstrels  
twanged the light banjo, and sang the  
usual sentimental ditties on the sands,  
within hearing of the groups of bath-  
ers disporting themselves in the  
smooth, pond-like sea that lapped  
gently in as if quite aware that it  
would be impolite to break into waves  
before so distinguished a company.

(To be continued.)

"Syrup of Figs"  
Child's Laxative

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child is having the best and most  
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little stomach, liver and bowels.  
Children love its delicate fruity taste.  
Full directions for child's dose on  
each bottle. Give it without fear.  
Mother! You must say "California."

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Pattern 3115, cut in 7 Sizes: 34,  
36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust  
measure, is here portrayed. Size 38  
will require 5 1/2 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, repp or cotton poplin,  
also for flannellette, lawn and serge.  
The width of the skirt at lower edge  
is 2 yards.

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to any address on receipt of 10c. in  
silver or stamps.

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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 5 1/2 yards  
of 44-inch material. Width of skirt  
at lower edge, is about 1 1/2 yard.

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