

### TODAY'S WATCHWORD

**Sickness Prevention**

The guiding inspiration of modern medical science is *Sickness Prevention*. As this idea has worked itself out, smallpox, cholera, yellow fever and other infectious diseases already have given way. And science has finally developed an effective agent against the plague which is the originating point of over 90% of disease.

That plague is constipation, and that agent Nujol.

The dangers of constipation are so widespread because by reducing the body's power of resistance through self-poisoning it makes it easier for any disease to develop. Nujol by relieving constipation prevents the absorption of the poisons which otherwise would be taken into the blood and infect the whole system.

Leading medical authorities agree that pills, salts, castor oil, etc., simply force and weaken the system.

Nujol softens the food waste and encourages the intestinal muscles to act naturally.

Nujol helps Nature establish easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world. Get a bottle from your druggist today.

For reliable health booklet—“Thirty Feet of Danger”—free, write Cowan & Company, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey) 60 Broadway, New York.

**Warning:** Nujol is not to be used in cases where the bowels are already relaxed. It is not to be used in cases where the bowels are already relaxed. It is not to be used in cases where the bowels are already relaxed.



## Nujol

For Constipation

SICKNESS PREVENTION

## The Romance of Marriage.

CHAPTER X.

Sir Herrick tries to snatch the reins from Stancy's fingers; but ere he can do it, Stancy pulls the horses aside. But it is too late to ensure complete safety. The landau is saved, but the coach swerves suddenly, and the next moment topples over into the ditch.

Paula's first impression is that every man and woman of them will assuredly be killed, and she closes her eyes and clutches the rail nearest her, resolved to cling like a limpet to a rock; and so clinging, she hears in that brief moment the shrieks of Alice, the shouts of the grooms, the plunging of the horses, all in a confused mingling of noises that seems deafening.

Then suddenly, possibly in the next instant, she feels an arm round her waist, and hears a voice, low and earnest, in her ear.

"Are you hurt? Speak to me! Cling to me, Paula; I will take care of you."

And she opens her eyes to find Sir Herrick's handsome face above her.

"I am all right," she says, rather tremulously.

"Let go the rail," he says; "the coach will fall lower yet—let go! Do as I tell you, and hold me tightly!"

There is something in the low, earnest, but still calm tones, something in the tenaciousness of his grasp, something in the set, handsome face that will not brook disobedience; and with a swift, red flush, she loosens her hold of the rail and clings to him.

Almost as if she were a baby he

grasps her round the waist, and letting himself down by the back of the seat, lowers her to the ground.

It is not a moment too soon, for scarcely has she felt terra firma beneath her, before the coach tilts right over on the other side, amidst a warning shout.

She looks round, and stands aghast for the moment; then, even in the midst of her anxiety, she can scarcely repress a smile at the scene.

Fortunately for them all, the ditch is not flanked by a stone wall, but by a dozen yards of green turf which runs parallel with the road, and on the green turf and in the ditch itself lie the unfortunate personages.

Alice and May are standing clutching each other and shaking their dusty dresses. Bob sits on the edge of the ditch with his hat caved in and the side of his face plastered with mud. Beside him squats Mr. Palmer, pale and trembling, with wide-open eyes of horror and alarm; but first and most moving spectacle of all is the exquisite figure of the cause of the mishap—Stancy de Palmer.

The first to pitch off the box, he alighted on his hands and now squats, bareheaded and confused, staring with goggle-eyed wonder at the general ruin.

His light coat is split up the back; his hands are covered in mud; his eye-glass hangs glassless; the ruin of Sir Wolfert's tomb is not more complete.

Something in the helpless attitude and dejected appearance tickles Paula beyond endurance, and she leans against the overturned coach and laughs.

"Oh, dear me!" groans Mr. Palmer. "I'm afraid I've broken every limb in my body! May, where are you? Oh, dear! oh, dear! Are you hurt?"

"No, Miss May is all right," says

Bob feeling her arm. "I think we are all—right, so far as that goes."

"Is nobody hurt, no limbs broken?" asks Mr. Palmer, dolefully.

"No," says Bob, "unless Stancy—"

Then he stops and bursts into a fit of laughing.

"Get up, man," he says, "and shake yourself."

Stancy gets up slowly and stares down at his wretched smock sullenly.

"Oh, he's all right," says Bob. "Where is Paula?" and he looks up quickly.

"Miss Paula has come to no harm," says Sir Herrick's calm voice. "You have not, have you?" he rejoins in a low voice. "Are you crying?"

"No," says Paula, behind her handkerchief, "laughing; don't tell them!"

He smiles and looks round for her hat.

"Well, we've come off very well," he says, grimly.

"Very well indeed, I am delighted to observe," says a clear, highly polished voice behind them.

Sir Herrick turns quickly; and Paula, following his example, sees the gentleman belonging to the landau standing behind them, and looking on the scene with something approaching a sarcastic smile, concealed under a nicely affected air of polite anxiety.

He is exquisitely dressed, this gentleman, with such attention to details that attracts observation at once. The fur cloak—it is June, he it remembered—sits upon him with graceful, distinguished ease, his gloved hands hold a stick of ebony tipped with silver, and a delicate suggestion of perfume emanates from his aristocratically refined person. The face matches the figure; refinement, wit, irony, sit in the keen, grey eyes, and upon the clear-cut lips. It might be the face of a man of fifty, or sixty, or eighty; impossible to decide; the wig is so skilfully made and naturally worn, the complexion so admirably preserved.

Paula has just time to take something of all this in when an exclamation from Sir Herrick draws her eyes to him.

It is not an exclamation of pleasure by any means—scarcely one of surprise.

"Hallo!" he says, "is it you, uncle? Where did you come from?"

The gentleman waves a gloved hand towards the landau, and smiles with an air of calm amusement.

"From the carriage, my dear Rick," he says, airily. "You, I presume, have just arrived from the ditch."

It is impossible to describe the exquisite calmness, the delicate irony of the retort, accompanied, as it is, by a charming smile that robs the question and response of any offensiveness.

Sir Herrick nods curtly.

"I trust," says this mould of fashion and glass of form, "that the ladies have not sustained any injury, my dear Rick?"

"I think not," replies Sir Herrick.

"I am greatly relieved," says the gentleman, with a wave of the hand. "Immensely relieved. I feared the most disastrous consequences of the accident. An accident, permit me to add, my dear Rick, which seems to me incomprehensible. If I were not well assured of your affection for your uncle, I should have imagined that you had intended sacrificing him to Jugernaut in the shape of a four-in-hand. I thought you were a better whip, my dear Rick."

"I was not driving," says Sir Herrick, with a smile.

"Indeed!" is the calm response, and the gloved hand raises a gold eye-glass, through which the keen eyes scan the group, now on its feet and collected on the green plot. "Indeed! I am glad to hear it. Will you introduce me to your friends, my dear Rick?"

Sir Herrick turns, not with the best of grace, to Mr. Palmer—Mr. Palmer, pale and puffing, with the caved-in hat and mud-spattered white waistcoat.

"This is my uncle—Major Verlocourt," he says. "Mr. Palmer, of Powis Court."

A light, the faintest, most transient expression, crosses the major's face, and he lets his eye-glass fall and raises his hat.

"Delighted, I am sure; though I could have wished that our meeting could have taken place under more favourable auspices. Trust you are not hurt, my dear sir!"

"No, I think not. Pleased to make your acquaintance," says Mr. Palmer, raising his battered hat and making an elaborate bow to the dainty, ex-

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## Fashion Plates.

A POPULAR STYLE.



3036.—Here is a very attractive one-piece dress. The closing is effected at the left side of the panel front. The sleeve shows a new style feature in the cuff shaping. This is a good model for serge with satin, velvet with faille or moire, or for any plain cloth with a trimming of braid or embroidery.

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. The dress measures about 2 yards at lower edge, with plaits extended.

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

A POPULAR STYLE.



2733.—This simple model is easy to develop, and is most becoming to slender figures. The back and front are pleated, and the closing is effected at the left side of the front at shoulder and under the plait.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 will require 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material.

Serge, corduroy, velveteen, satin, jersey cloth or gabardine could be used for this style. Blue velveteen with sleeves and belt of Georgette crepe would be pleasing, or brown serge with matched satin. The dress measures about 2 yards at the foot.

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Into a 16-oz. bottle, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth); then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the bottle. Or, desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you 16 ounces of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage. Cures a dry, hoarse or tight cough. It's the plague, heals the measles, soothes a sore throat, relieves the relief of throat tickle, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis and bronchial catarrh.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with the name and logo on the wrapper. Anything else is not guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

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