



Sickness Cure or Sickness Prevention

When Pasteur proved the relation of germs to infectious disease, he marked a big advance in that development of medical science which reigns today—the Idea of *Sickness Prevention*.

As a result, many plagues and epidemics that were the bane of former ages no longer terrify the world, and science has now developed an effective agent against the condition which is the first cause of over 90% of all human disease—*constipation*.

That effective agent is *Nujol*. Nujol by relieving constipation prevents the absorption of poisons which otherwise would be taken into the blood and so under-mine the whole system.

Leading medical authorities agree that pills, salts, castor oil, etc., simply force and weaken the system. But Nujol is entirely different.

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Nujol

For Constipation



The Romance of a Marriage.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I suppose so. I didn't ask to see his certificate of birth," with a smile. Alice laughs—actually laughs.

"Well, you have had quite an adventure. I hope you have enjoyed it. Is he going to stay here?"

"I don't know. I suppose he will, until he goes. He is staying at the inn."

Alice nods thoughtfully. "Bob must call," she says.

"Yes, with a tall hat and a card-case," laughs Paula. "I don't think he needs. Sir Herrick is not that kind of man; he is not a bit like Stancy de Palmer," she adds, innocently.

"For the first time the blue eyes grow hard and angry; but it is only for a moment.

"A rough diamond, I suppose," she says, lazily. "Well, he is your discovery, and I congratulate you. It is quite a boon to have a strange man in this awfully dead-and-live place."

"Quite," assents Paula. "Perhaps if we built a museum he'd consent to occupy a glass case."

Alice laughs again, with the sweetest toleration.

"You had better go and get dressed," she says. "You look as if you had been pulled through a hedge backwards, dear."

Paula laughs and opens the door, then looks over her shoulder as she passed out.

know whether I shall go; but you will, of course."

Paula holds the door for a moment, transfixed with astonishment at the reply, which she had expected to have been totally different; to have been, "I shall go; but I don't know whether you can leave."

And then goes out with a laugh of amused bewilderment.

"Bob!" she says, opening the door.

"Hallo! All over? What are you laughing at?"

"I don't know," she says. "There has been no scene at all. Alice is like butter. Quite too awfully amiable."

"She wasn't before you came in," he retorts. "Made herself beastly disagreeable. I can tell you."

"Then she vented it all off on you," says Paula. "Never mind, Bob, I forgive you."

"Not nasty at all!" he says, wonderingly.

"Not in the least," answers Paula. "Never more amiable. I left her smiling like an angel."

Bob whistles, then bursts into a puzzled laugh.

"You did? Then look out, young lady; she means mischief."

CHAPTER IX.

"Awake and call me early, brother," says Paula, the next morning, as Bob's firm, not to say heavy, step in heard passing her door.

that is of yours, Bob. Things go in at one ear and out at the other. The idea of your having forgotten it!"

"Well, I had," he admits. "Eraps I sha'n't go."

"Oh, that's nonsense," says Paula, decisively; "the party wouldn't be complete. What would May say?"

Bob growls; and Paula, knowing full well that a blush has mounted to his face, laughs. She is on the other side of the locked door, and has him at an advantage, you see.

"Of course you must go, Bob. If for no other reason, to help put us on our feet when the coach turns over."

"Stancy de Palmer's a—"

"Quite so, dear child; and therefore we shall want one wise man in the party."

"You forget your swell friend, Sir Herrick. Is going," retorts Bob, with a grin, and clatters down the stairs victoriously.

It is a glorious morning, just the morning for a picnic; and Paula comes down singing at the top of her voice, and the whole house seems to wake at her presence. Don, the big dog, comes bounding on to the verandah to meet her; the pigeons coo and flutter about her feet; Tab, the grey cat, rubs against her skirts; and every duck in the pond at the back sets up a good-morning quack.

"What fearful noise!" exclaims Alice, as, daintily clad in a morning-robe of the last fashion, she slowly descends the stairs with her soft, gliding step. "Is there anything more than usual the matter this morning, Paula?" she asks, sinking into one of the wicker chairs on the terrace, and carefully shading her delicate complexion from the sun. "My dear, you will get as brown as a berry, and increase the number of your freckles, if you stand in that glare."

"No matter," says Paula. "Perhaps freckles will come into fashion; high shoulders and nearness of sight have, you know, who can tell? Perhaps my many deformities will become points for admiration. No, there is nothing the matter, Alice; only I feel most absurdly happy and jolly."

Alice smiles with superior wisdom. "You look it, my dear Paula," she says, quietly. "I suppose it is the thought of the picnic?"

"Perhaps it is," says Paula, carelessly. "Get down, Don. Of course you will go, Alice."

"I don't know," says Alice, leaning back. "I haven't got anything to go in," and she smooths the killing of her gown with a little, plaintive, long-suffering air.

Paula stares at her, then breaks in to a laugh.

"And your wardrobe stuffed full of dresses," she says, incredulously.

"But they—the Palmers, I mean—have seen them all," says Alice.

"That's bad, certainly," admits Paula, with a smile. "Couldn't you chop up two and mix them together?"

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Dear Sir: I want you to know what your treatment has done for me. I had suffered with piles for many years and used suppositories and all kinds of treatments, but never got relief until I tried yours. Am now completely cured. Although I am 88 years old, and the oldest active blacksmith in Michigan, I feel years younger since the piles have left me. I will surely recommend it to all I know who suffer in this way. You can use my letter any way you wish and I hope it will lead others to try this wonderful remedy.

Yours truly, J. L. LYON.

There are thousands of afflicted people suffering with piles who have never yet tried the one sensible way of treating them. Don't be cut. Don't waste money on foolish salves, ointments, dila-tors, etc., but send today for a Free Trial of my internal method for the healing of piles.

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FREE PILE REMEDY. Mr. E. R. Page, Marshall, Mich. Please send free trial of your Method to:

upstairs to dress.

"Anything will do," she said; but, though a sentiment easy to express, it does not seem so satisfactory when she stands before her scanty wardrobe and eyes the few dresses which she can call her own.

As a rule Paula is almost indifferent to her "get up," as Bob would call it, but this morning, for the first time, a certain half-awakened desire to appear nice and presentable takes possession of her.

"Alice will look like an angel in that light pink," she says, taking up one dress after another and eyeing them with strong disapproval; "an angel out of a bandbox. I wish I had saved one decent morning-dress; it's the animals that wreck me totally," and she glances at the mark of Don's great feet on her cotton frock; "it is almost a pity that animals are so demonstrative. And yet—no!—poor old Don! His only way of expressing affection is by treating you as a doormat, and one couldn't deprive him of that satisfaction. But it is sadly destructive of one's wearing apparel. Now, then, which shall it be? After all, there is only one dress I can wear," she concludes, with a laugh, and she takes out a Galatea stripe—a simple morning-dress that happens, most fortunately and fortuitously, to be clean, and puts it on. Then she puts on the well-worn hat with the large brim—the hat that has borne the rays of the sun and the downpour of many a shower, and just glances in the glass.

"Ugh!" she says, with a pout. "You'll make an excellent foil for your beautiful sister, young lady; and therefore, though certainly not ornamental, you will be useful. All right, Bob; don't shout the roof off! I am coming."

Meanwhile, there is some little excitement at the Court. Footmen are hurrying to and fro bearing picnic baskets containing the elaborate, cold collation and cases of wine, which constitute Mr. Houndell Palmer's idea of a "omely spread."

Mr. Houndell Palmer himself, got up in a suit of tweed with a white waistcoat across which meanders a gold cable strong enough to hold a man-of-war, stands in the hall promptly issuing directions and struggling with a pair of gloves. May stands by his side, a faint blush on her timid cheek, a touch of wistful doubt in her eyes.

(To be continued.)

Fashion Plates.

A PLEASING BIT OF LINGERIE.

2045—This comfortable model is lovely for crepe, silk, lawn, nainsook, dimity, or satin. For trimming one may have bands of embroidery and edging or lace with insertion to match.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42, and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 2 3/4 yards of 36 inch material.

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

A PLEASING, COMFORTABLE HOUSE DRESS.

3032—This is a good model for gingham, chambray, lawn, percale, gabardine, or flannel. The sleeve, in regular style, is roomy and comfortable at the armhole and may be finished so that it can be turned up for convenience when working.

This 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 36 inch material. Width of dress at lower edge is about 2 yards.

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Peace Treaty to go

Powers Will Not -- Bloodshed in Hungary -- Un-Says Belfast is Claims Eight V Forecasted for

UNITED STATES DELAY DOES NOT AFFECT TREATY.

BERLIN, Dec. 26. The allied reply to the latest German note regarding the peace treaty protocol was published here today. The first paragraph of the reply expresses satisfaction that the German Government shares the point of view of the allies that the dispositions of the treaty of peace are applicable from the moment of the treaty's entry into force, whether ratification by the United States has or has not occurred. The allies take note that Germany admits in principle that no contracting party can refer to the non-participation of the United States in the first deposit of ratification documents as ground for questioning any stipulation of the treaty.

PARIS, Dec. 26. Conference will begin here early next week between Allied and German delegates on measures preparatory to putting the peace treaty into effect, it was announced today. The session will be held under the presidency of general Leonard, member of the French delegation.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26. A storm that may reach gale proportions is predicted.

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And the Worst is Yet to Come



And the Worst is Yet to Come