

on Theatres
ht Way
the Picture Game
avorites and What

played in what is felt will prove his greatest vehicle ever presented on the screen or stage. The story has to do with the lives of a hard-working and kind Italian grocer and a wealthy banker, both of whom are called to the other side to defend their colors. The many dramatic qualities of the plot are offset by various incidents of unusual heart-interest which are brought out to particular advantage and in a manner such as only George Beban can present. Aside from the merit of the story itself, the production offers many qualities, the combination of which results in making this one of the best subjects yet given to Paramount patrons by Oliver Morosco.

ALICE FAIRWEATHER.
being invited. The pastor, Rev. F. S. Dowling performed the ceremony and there was special nuptial music by the organist, Mr. Cochrane; and Miss Valde Panton sang a marriage song. The bride, who wore a charming dress of pale mauve soft satin, also with Georgette crepe and lace. She carried a bouquet of sunburst tea roses. The groom was accompanied by Mr. G. Bruce Burpee, Montreal, as groomsmen, and Messrs. Ernest Everett and Frank A. Kinnear were ushers. The bridegroom is a son of Mrs. W. B. Howard, and is well known in St. John, not only for his association with her underwriting, but as for many years secretary of the No. 1 salvage corps. Among the many presents there was a handsome mahogany clock sent by the corps in appreciation of his work. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Howard left for Upper Canada city and will spend a short time with an aunt of Mr. Howard's in Milwaukee before returning to St. John. They will spend the summer months at Westfield with the bride's parents and in the fall will take up their home in Elliott Row.

Leonard McAffee.
The marriage took place yesterday afternoon at the rectory of St. James' church, by the Rev. H. A. Cody, in the presence of the immediate relatives of Mary E. Leonard, daughter of John and the late Mrs. Leonard, to J. Dupin McAffee of Portland, Me. The happy couple left on the Boston train for Portland, Me., and will spend the summer at Old Orchard.

-day, to-morrow
every day.

od for Bread, good
stry—good for you.

ITY
OUR
and Better Bread

ch Domestic Tragedies?

RY BERGMAN in
Drama by Metro

OF TEARS"

re Generations

UGHT HIGH-STRUNG BUSI-
UGHTLESS WIFE—the divorce
uth. A little child left in the
cruel decree, the mother finally
in turn grows deaf of her and
and the daughter, now a clever
the father's faithless husband. What
ill-fitting pictures. The final of
art-acting character, sweet and

D ORCHESTRA
E OF MUSIC

Compliments Are Being Shower-
orchestra and its chaste and
ce words inspire us to even bet-
th the while when so well appre-

"KINGS" Vitaphone
Feature

The Broad Highway

"Which We Call Life"

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"Don't!" she cried. "Don't—you name me—let me go."
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"I lost my way, Charman," he began, "but, though late, I am none the less welcome, I trust? Ah?—you frown, Cousin Peter. Quite a goulash spot this, at night, you probably find it most congenial, good cousin Timon of Athens—indeed, cousin, you are very like Timon of Athens—" And he laughed so that I, finding my pipe upon the mantelpiece, began to turn it gleefully round and round in my twining fingers.

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"Yes, I know all this."
"I have been very patient, Charman, submitting to your whims and fancies—but, through it all, I knew, and in your woman's heart—you know, that you must yield at last—that the chase must end—some day, well—let it be to-night—my chaise is waiting—"

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"I shall remain—here."
"Here? In the wilderness?"
"With my—husband."

"Your—husband?"
"I am going to marry your cousin—Peter Vihart."
The pipe slipped from my fingers and shivered to pieces on the floor, and in that same fraction of time Sir Maurice had turned and leapt to wards me; but as he came I struck him twice, with left and right, and he staggered backwards to the wall. He stood for a moment, with his head stooped upon his hands. When he looked up his face was dead white, and with a smear of blood upon it that seemed to accentuate its pallor; but his voice came smooth and untroubled as ever.

"The Mind Feminine is given to change," said he softly, "and I shall return—yes, I shall come back. Smile, madam! Triumph, cousin! But I shall come between you yet—I tell you, I'll come between you—living or—dead!" And so he turned, and was gone into the shadows.

But as for me, I sat down, and, leaning my chin in my hand, stared down at the broken fragments of my pipe. "Peter!"
"You are safe now," said I, without looking up, "he is gone—but, oh, Charman! was there no other way?"

"She was down beside me on her knees, had taken my hand, rough and grimy as it was, and pressed it to her lips, and so had drawn it about her neck, holding it there, and with her face hidden in my breast."
"Oh—strong man that is so weak!" she whispered, "Oh—grave philosopher that is so foolish! Oh—lonely boy that is so helpless! Oh, Peter Vihart—what does it mean?"
"It means, Peter—" "Yes?"
"That—the Humble Person—" "Yes?"
"Will—marry you—whenever you will—if—" "Yes?"
"If you will—only—ask her."

CHAPTER XL

Now, as the little Preacher closed his book, the sun rose up, filling the world about us with his glory. And looking into the eyes of my wife, it seemed that a veil was lifted, for a moment, there, and I read that which her lips might never tell; and there, also, were joy and shame and a deep happiness.

"See," said the little Preacher, smiling upon us, "it is day and a very glorious one; already a thousand little birds choose to sing with his glory. And looking into the eyes of my wife, it seemed that a veil was lifted, for a moment, there, and I read that which her lips might never tell; and there, also, were joy and shame and a deep happiness."

"And so we turned together, side by side, and left him standing amid his roses."
Silently we went together, homewards, through the dewy morning, with a soft, green carpet underfoot, and leafy arches overhead, where bees hum to whisper benedictions and shook down jewels from their dewy leaves upon us as we passed; by merry brooks that laughed and chattered, and gurgled of love and happiness, while over all rose the swelling chorus of the birds. Surely never had they piped so gladly in this glad world, though—not even for the gentle Spencer, before he says:

"There was none of them that feigned to sing, for each of them him pained; To find out merry, crafty notes They're spared not their throats."

And being come, at length, to the Hollow, Charman must needs pause beside the pool among the willows, to view herself in the pellucid water. And in this mirror our eyes met, and he and she turned her head aside, and she turned her head aside, and "Don't, Peter!" she whispered; "don't look at me so."
"How may I help it when you are so beautiful?"

And, because of my eyes, she would "There was none of them that feigned to sing, for each of them him pained; To find out merry, crafty notes They're spared not their throats."

When the stomach gets out of order the whole system seems to become affected in one way or another. The breath becomes foul, the tongue furred, the appetite becomes disturbed, and vomiting occurs, there is a rising and souring of food caused by the acidity of the stomach, and the stomach and bowels become disordered, causing flatulency. Unless these symptoms are met with immediately, dyspepsia or some other serious trouble is liable to follow as a consequence.

That grand old remedy, Burdock Blood Bitters, has been on the market for the past forty years, and we claim, without any fear of contradiction, that there is not another medicine on the market today that can compare with it for the cure of all disturbances of the stomach.

Miss Lillian E. Phillips, Plimmesco, N.B., writes: "My stomach was so bad I was in pain and misery. I could eat hardly anything. I had been treated by skillful doctors for it, but they did me no good. I was giving up in despair when I happened to hear of Burdock Blood Bitters. You can't think how fast it helped me, for I had only taken two bottles before I was better. I will recommend your medicine very highly to all my friends and sufferers."

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THE STANDARD, ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1916.

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"To meet—Sir Maurice Vihart."
"To meet Sir Maurice?" I repeated dully—"Sir Maurice?" And in that moment she broke from me, and stood with her head thrown back, and her eyes very bright, as though defying me. But I remained where I was, my arms hanging.

"He was to meet me here—at nine o'clock."
"Oh, Charman," I whispered, "are all women so cruel as you, I wonder?" And, turning my head upon her, I leaned above the mantle, starting down at the long-dead ashes on the hearth.
But, standing there, I heard a foot-step outside, and swung round with clenched fists, yet Charman was quicker, and as the door opened and Sir Maurice entered, she was between us.

He stood upon the threshold, dazed a little by the light, but smiling, graceful, debonair, and point-device as ever. Indeed, his very presence seemed to make the mean room the meaner by contrast, and as he bent to kiss her hand, I became acutely conscious of my own rough person, my worn and shabby clothes, and of my hands, coarsened and grimed by labor; wherefore my frown grew blacker and I clenched my fists the tighter.

"I lost my way, Charman," he began, "but, though late, I am none the less welcome, I trust? Ah?—you frown, Cousin Peter. Quite a goulash spot this, at night, you probably find it most congenial, good cousin Timon of Athens—indeed, cousin, you are very like Timon of Athens—" And he laughed so that I, finding my pipe upon the mantelpiece, began to turn it gleefully round and round in my twining fingers.

"You have already met, then?" inquired Charman, glancing from one to the other of us.
"We had that mutual pleasure nearly a week ago," nodded Sir Maurice, "when we agreed to—disagree, as we always have done, and shall do—with the result that we find each other agreeably disagreeable."
"I had hoped that you might be friends,"

"My dear Charman—I wonder at you!" he sighed, "so unreasonable. Would you have us contravene the established order of things? It was pre-ordained that Cousin Peter should scowl at me (precisely as he is doing), and that I should shrug my shoulders, thus, at Cousin Peter—a little hate with, say, a dash of contempt, give a zest to that dish of conglomeration which we call Life, and make it almost palatable."

"But I am not here on Cousin Peter's account," he went on, drawing a step nearer to her, "at this moment I heartily wish him—among his hammers and chisels—I have come for you, Charman, because I love you, I have sought you patiently, I found you—and I will never forego you so long as life lasts—but you know all this."

"Yes, I know all this."
"I have been very patient, Charman, submitting to your whims and fancies—but, through it all, I knew, and in your woman's heart—you know, that you must yield at last—that the chase must end—some day, well—let it be to-night—my chaise is waiting—"

"When I ran away from you, in the storm, Sir Maurice, I told you, once and for all, that I hated you. Have you forgotten?—hated you!—always and ever! and tried to—kill you—" "I, Charman! I have known such hate transfused into love, before now—such love as it only worth the winning. And you are mine—you always were—from the first moment that our eyes met. Come, my chaise is waiting; in a few hours we can be in London, or Dover—" "No—never!"

"Never is a long time, Charman—but I am at your service—what is your will?"
"I shall remain—here."
"Here? In the wilderness?"
"With my—husband."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Broad Highway

"Which We Call Life"

Continued from yesterday.
"Oh, are you still so blind? Must I tell you?" she cried, lifting her head proudly. "Why did I live? Why did you here in the wilderness? Why did I work for you—contrive for you—and seek to make this desolation a home for you? Often my heart cried out its secret to you—but you never heard. Often it trembled in my voice, looked at you from my eyes—but you never guessed—Oh, blind! blind! And you drove me from you with shameful words—but—oh—I came back to you. And now—I know you for what you are, after all, and—even yet—" She stopped, suddenly, and once more hid her face from me in her hands.
"And—yet yet, Charman?"

"Very still she stood, with her face bowed upon her hands, but she could not hide from me the swift rise and