

160 Years Old Today
 Feel as young as ever
Dr. Wilson's Herbine Bitters
 A true blood purifier containing the active principles of Dandelion, Mandaraka, Burdock and other medicinal herbs.
 Sold at your store & a bottle, Family size, five times as large 2.00.
THE BRATLEY DRUG CO., Limited
 ST. JOHN, N. S.
 Dr. Wilson's Dublin Works, in ready supply from various, Dublin, Harlowe.

The Romance of a Marriage.

CHAPTER XXXV.
 "So it did," says Alice. "or I shouldn't have gone. I've always been a little nervous about the sea; but it looked like glass, and so it was until we got far out. But the trouble commenced before then. The yacht was an old, ugly thing, freshly done up, and the tar was wet; there wasn't a place you could sit on deck but it marked you. Poor May's dress is spilt, and Mr. Palmer's clothes, and Stancy—he was dressed in white flannel, and looked, before half-an-hour was over, as if he had been stoking a furnace."
 Paula laughs, and even Alice cannot suppress a miserable smile.
 "It's all very well to laugh; but it was serious. We might have been drowned, I tell you!"
 "How?" asks Paula.
 "Why—why," says Alice, trying not to speak spitefully, "Stancy had got an idea into his head that he could manage the vessel."
 "I see," says Paula, softly.
 "He—he is rather overconfident, I'm afraid," hesitates Alice, trying to make the best of it; "and—and no doubt it would have been all right, but a wind sprang up, and we got into a mess with the sails, and got into what one of the wretched men—I believe they were all intoxicated, half the champagne was missing—called a choppy sea; and—"
 A pause.
 "Well!"
 "Oh, we were all ill!—Mr. Palmer, and Stancy, and—that is right, laugh!" indignantly.
 Paula struggles with the laughter that threatens to break through the barrier of restraint, but she only partially succeeds.
 "I am very sorry, I am indeed, Alice. How miserable it must have been!"
 "Miserable! It was wretched! If you could have seen us lying about, helpless, covered with tar, and expecting to be drowned, even you"—angrily—"would have been sorry! And that wasn't all—"

"No!"
 "No. When we came in the tide was out, and we had to come to shore in boats, and the boats couldn't come quite to land, and we had to be carried in the men's arms or on their backs, and that finished my dress! One of the men—he was awfully intoxicated—dropped Stancy!"
 This time it is impossible to keep the laughter back, and Paula clasps her hands and collapses, and presently Alice laughs too.
 Alice stops suddenly.
 "You mustn't laugh to-night, mind."
 "To-night—why not?"
 "He wouldn't like it. You know how touchy he is."
 "Who?"
 "Who!" impatiently. "Why, Stancy. We are to dine at the hotel with them this evening."
 Paula is silent.
 "They were very kind," goes on Alice, struggling out of her wet and ruined dress. "In the midst of it Mr. Palmer crawled on his hands and knees to give me brandy. Ugh!—with a shudder—"I shall hate the smell of brandy for the rest of my life!"
 "And May—how is May?"
 "Oh, all right," says Alice, with sublime indifference. "Yes, be careful not to laugh when they tell you about it to-night, and don't hint that you think it was Stancy's fault, which you are sure to do, in that abominably rough way of yours, if you don't take care."
 "And—and you want me to go to-night?" says Paula in a low voice.
 Alice eyes her impatiently.
 "Want you to go? Anyone would think I had told you to go to prison! Of course you must go—I can't go alone. And at least I deserve a good dinner and a pleasant evening for all I have endured for your sake."
 "Well, I—will go," says Paula, gravely.
 "Yes, you had better," says Alice, with a significance in her tone. Then she colours, and says, with forced calmness, "Paula, there is a special reason why you should go to-night."
 "A special reason! What is it?" says Paula, looking up at her.
 Alice brushes her hair vigorously.
 "Because—Paula, my dear, I have got some good news for you."
 "Good news!"
 The colour flies to Paula's face, then leaves it pale and anxious. One wild hope flies to her heart—can it be news of Rick? But no—no good news of him can be possible for her.
 "Good news, the best possible," says Alice. "I wish you would sit down, and not stare so; I hate to be stared at while I am talking."
 Paula sinks into a chair, and drops her eyes to the slip of carpet that runs round the bed in the meagre, lodging-house fashion.
 "It—it is about Mr. Palmer," says Alice. "I think he meant to speak to me last night, only there wasn't an opportunity. He came and sat beside me in the cabin almost as soon as we had started, and of course before we were utterly wretched. He was very kind and—and quite opened his mind to me."
 Paula stares and colours.
 "Has he asked you to marry him?" she exclaims.
 Alice reddens.

WITH FINGERS! CORNS LIFT OUT
 Freezone is magic! Corne and calluses lift right off— Doesn't hurt a bit!



A few cents buys a tiny bottle of the magic Freezone at any drug store. Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. Instantly that troublesome corn or callus stops hurting, then shortly you lift it out, root and all, without any pain, soreness or irritation. These little bottles of Freezone contain just enough to rid the feet of every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes and the calluses on bottom of feet. So easy! So simple. Why wait? No humbug!

"No. I wish to Heaven he had! Who on earth but you would have thought of that?"

"I beg your pardon. What was it, then?"

"It was about Stancy," says Alice. "Poor fellow! What a good fellow he is, with all his faults! It seems that the poor fellow has been rather wild lately, quite upset, in fact, and his father has been very much troubled about him. Mr. Palmer was naturally most anxious, and couldn't account for it, until they learnt that Stancy had something on his mind."

Paula is just about to remark that it must be a very small something, or Mr. Stancy's "mind" wouldn't hold it; but she wisely retrains.

"Something on his mind," repeats Alice; gravely and solemnly, "something that has made him reckless, and desperate, and—all that, and that Mr. Palmer asked him pointblank, and the poor fellow admitted that he was in love."

Paula's eyes trace the pattern of the carpet.

"He admitted that he was deeply—deeply attached to a certain young lady, and that he should never be happy unless she consented to accept him, and—and—of course his father asked her name."

Silence for a moment.

"Now, Paula, of course you know who it is. There is no occasion for evasion or affectation; of course it was you."

Paula's lips open, but Alice holds up her hand.

"Stop a minute. Let me tell you all that passed. Mr. Palmer told me all this, and—with tears in his eyes—asked me if I thought there was any chance for Stancy. Fancy asking if there was any chance for Stancy! He Palmer, the son of one of the richest men of the day. I told him, of course with all proper reserve, that I thought there might be—"

"Alice!"
 "Hear me out; and he was quite overdone; he said, of course, that Stancy, with his prospects, might have expected to look high—very high indeed, and that he might have married into the nobility; but under the circumstances, and to save Stancy, whose heart was set upon you, he would give way—hear me out!—and he was most liberal—liberal!—no, lavish and princely! He told me to tell you that he would settle three thousand a year on you, and give you a thousand pounds on the day of the marriage."

Silence, for the full effect of the offer to sink into Paula's mind.

"Three-thousand—a year!" says Alice, with solemn intensity. "It is magnificent—three thousand for your own private use! Great Heaven! And more! a thousand pounds down to go what you like with—and no questions asked. I thought of Bob—poor Bob!—directly—"

A low, stifling cry breaks from Paula's white lips.

"I thought—I knew where that money will go! It will be the making of poor Bob, starving and struggling away at the other end of the world—"

"Don't—don't!" pleads Paula; but Alice knows her strong point too well to relinquish it.

"I thought, I know Paula's true, generous heart too well to fear that she will throw away the chance of making poor Bob happy. And I told

him that I would speak to you, and we arranged that Stancy should try his fortune to-night!"
 A pause.
 "So now, dear, you see why you must go don't you? Three thousand a year! Why, if he had offered to settle a thousand, it would have been amply sufficient, and all that could be expected. But three thousand! And that is, of course, not all. When he goes there will be oceans more. My dear, you are a very fortunate girl!"

Silence for a moment. Then Paula rises and looks at her, pitiously, imploringly.

"Alice—"

"Well!" with affected cheerfulness.

"Alice, I—I cannot do this. It is impossible. Oh, I cannot, cannot! If you know what it is you ask; but you cannot—will not understand! Alice, not even for Bob's sake could I do this. Ask yourself—put yourself in my place! You know what has passed; you know—oh, it is hard to speak of it while you stand there, cold and scornful—but don't you know that when I said good-bye to—so Rick, all the love in my heart went with it; and that the mere thought of marrying anyone—stiffes me!" and she puts her hand to her throat as if, indeed, she were suffocating. "Let there—let there be an end of it!" she says, white and desperate. "I know all that the offer means, and, if it were possible, I would sell myself—"

"Sell—" breaks wrathfully, passionately, from Alice's scornful lips.

"Yes, sell!" says Paula, trembling.

"But I don't complain; it is the way of the world! Everything can be bought now, everything—even women; but; but—oh, Heaven!—what is there in me that he should want to buy my trembling soul when there are so many thousands ready to sell themselves?"

With the brushes clenched in her hands, Alice confronts her.

"You—you refuse!" she says, white with passion. "Selfish, heartless girl! Leave my room—get out of my sight, or you will drive me mad!" and indeed she looks almost insane.

"Alice—"

"Go!" she says, pointing to the door. "You and I must part. I have borne with this farce long enough—go!"

Paula, pale but steadfast, goes slowly out, and leaves Alice statuesque, with the brushes outstretched and her soul in a frenzy. Baulked ambition, and worldliness, and greed—for she has said nothing about a certain generous "present" which Mr. Palmer has promised her—deplete themselves graphically on her face, which is distorted out of all its usual prettiness.

How long she stands thus wrestling with disappointment and rage she does not know; it may be an hour, or a half only, but she is roused by the opening of the door and turns to pour a fierce torrent of scorn upon Paula, when the volume is arrested on her lips, and the blood flies to her heart with a sudden amazement; for there is something in Paula's face which now is white as that of the dead—something in the dark eyes, hollow and fixed as if with despair, that gives the schemer a sharp stroke of hope.

"Well!" she says, with a breath, and her eyes swiftly glance at an open letter which Paula has in her clenched hand.

Paula comes up to her and stands quite firm and untroubled, and looks at her, with a far-way look in her eyes that seem to pass through Alice as if she were but a phantom.

"I have come back," she says in a low, hollow, mechanical voice.

"Yes," eagerly, almost affrightedly. "I—have changed my mind."
 (To be Continued.)

To Prevent Grip Take "Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets"

Be sure you get the Genuine Look for this signature

C. W. Snow on the box. 30c

Ladies' English Cashmere HOSE
 In Coloured Makes from **\$1.80 pair.**
 This price includes shades of Light Gray, Light Tan, Nigger Brown and Coating.
 We show other shades in other prices
HENRY BLAIR

A Suit or Overcoat at Maunder's, selected from a splendid variety of British Woollens, cut by an up-to-date system from the latest fashions, moulded and made to your shape by expert workers, costs you no more than the ordinary hand-me-down. We always keep our stocks complete, and you are assured a good selection. Samples and style sheets sent to any address.

John Maunder, Tailor and Clothier, 281-283 Duckworth Street.

Very latest workmanship
 Is guaranteed every
 Customer who buys
 This famous brand
 Of High Class Clothing.
 Right up to the minute in style,
 You should try a suit and
 Become one of the
 Really satisfied "DRESSERS."
 Any first-class Store in
 Newfoundland can supply this
 Desirable line of clothing.
 WHOLESALE ONLY BY
The White Clothing Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

Fashions and Fads.
 Picture hats match formal frocks. A great white season is predicted. Sleeves feature applied trimmings. Plaids will have a great vogue. Batik hats are among the novel-tyes. The basque is a decidedly good black onyx.

Fashion Plates.
 A MODEL VERY ATTRACTIVE FOR SLENDER FIGURES.

Pattern 3101, cut in 3 Sizes: 14, 16, and 20 years, is here depicted. Its crepe de meteor was used for its development, with head embroidery for decoration. This would be nice in brown satin or crepe, with embroidery in colors. The 16 year size will require 5 1/2 yards of 36 inches material, with 3 yards of ribbon or material 1/2 inches wide, for the sash. Width of skirt at lower edge is 1 1/2 yard. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

A SMART GOWN.

Pattern 3107 here illustrated is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 5 1/2 yards of 44 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 1/2 yard. As here shown grey taffeta was used, braided with white soutache. One could have this in brown serge or satin, with worsted, head or chenille embroidery. Black velvet with facings of ivory satin, or taupe duvetyne with old blue pipings would be very attractive for this design. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

European Agency.
 Wholesale indents 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 \$50 upwards,
 Fancy Goods and Perfumery,
 Hardware, Machinery and Metal,
 Jewellery, Plate and Watches,
 Photographic and Optical Goods,
 Provisions and Oilmen's Stores,
 etc., etc.
 Commission 2 1/2 p.c. to 5 p.c.
 Trade Discounts allowed.
 Special Quotations on Demand.
 Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.
 25 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.
 Cable Address: "Annular, Lon."
 (Established 1814.)
William Wilson & Sons.

And the Worst is Yet to Come

