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Dr. Wilson's Herbine Bitters

"Sit down and rest, and have some wine," and she rose and filled him a glass, and held it up to his lips.
He put her hand aside, not roughly, but with a mechanical movement...

Easy to Make This Cough Remedy

Thousands of families owe it to the prompt remedy, inexpensive, and saves about 75c.

You know that pine is used in nearly all prescriptions and remedies for coughs. The reason is that pine contains several peculiar elements that have a remarkable effect in soothing and healing the membranes of the throat and chest. Pine is famous for this purpose.

before I go I want to hear from your own lips the name of the person who prompted that cruel letter. That is why I came. Tell me that, and let us part.

The Romance OF A Marriage.

CHAPTER XXIX

"Give me another," she said. "I—I have worked too long. You were right; a little more of it and I should have been ill. Put it down there where I can get it," and she swung round to the piano and dashed at the masurka again.

Weston went out of the room with a look of deeper gravity on her face than it had worn before. The masurka rang through the little house and arrested the steps of the passers-by; then suddenly it stopped, for the door opened, and hearing it Flossie looked up and saw reflected in the round mirror above the piano the face and shoulders of Sir Herrick.

She stopped and stared, motionless, her eyes full on the picture his face made, then a shudder ran through her. The face was so pale and haggard, so passion-worn and set, that it might have been the ghost of the handsome, health-crowned face she knew and loved. She did not shriek, though the cry trembled on her lips; but a sudden spasm of fear ran through her as he raised his eyes and she saw them in the glass. It was not that they were threatening; it was not that they were angry; but it was the death-like, stony determination in them.

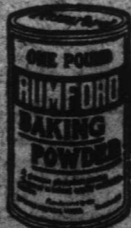
But if no passion shone in them now, there was the remains of the fire that had burnt itself out; dark and lurid, and full of infinite self-scorn as they gazed down at her. For a moment they stared at each other in that dainty piece of glass which had looked down in some ancient Venetian palace upon many scenes, but never upon a more intense one than this.

Then, with as great an effort as ever she had exerted on the stage, she forced the blood to her cheeks, and a smile to her lips, and turned round to him with both hands held out. "So you have come back, Rick!" she said, with a pleasant voice which scarcely betrayed a quiver. "Yes, I have come back," he said, and his voice was very low and grave, but not a touch of anger in it, or reproach.

A wild hope shot up in her bosom, that perhaps after all that girl in the country had not betrayed her, had not told him about the letter, and the hope sent the hectic flush to her face, and a sudden light into her eyes. "You are like the Wandering Jew, Rick," she said, laughing, and putting back the lace from her arm as she turned a bracelet. "And you look so tired, dear boy. Have you come straight back—from wherever you have been?"

He smiled grimly at her pretence of ignorance as to his whereabouts; but she hurried on:

When you want to make flaky biscuit, delicious muffins and gems, real doughnuts and cake of fine texture—then you need



RUMFORD THE WHOLESOME BAKING POWDER

MADE IN CANADA

"I-I did it alone!" she gasps. "Cruel, you call it cruel. You! Haven't you been cruel?"

"Yes," he said, with compressed lips. "Haven't you been—cowardly?" "Yes," with grim self-reproach. "You—you own to it," she says, breathing fast and furiously. "You—you left me here without a word, without so much as a sign, and—went to make love to her, a—stranger, while I—I had loved and been true to you; before Heaven! true, true to you, Rick!" And the tears welled up to her eyes as she clenched her small hands.

He looks down at her with pale, haggard face. "Flossie, I remembered that last night," he said, "last night, when I had resolved to come here and kill you, and it stayed my hand."

She trembles, but looks up at him unflinchingly. "Kill me!" she says, bitterly. "Why didn't you? I shouldn't have cared, I shouldn't have complained. Kill me now if you like," and she opens her arms with a despairing, desperate gesture. "Do you think I should care? No! I thought, when I wrote the note—for I did write it; I would write it again!—that you might do—do something rash. I wish you had; anything rather than this!"

He takes a turn up and down the room to compose himself, then he turns back. "Forgive me, Flossie. I see now that—I—was too hard upon you. You acted according to your nature. The crimson rushes to her face. "You sneer at me! My nature! You—you found no fault with me a little while ago—only a little while ago!"

His head drooped. It was all so true, so true. What could he say to her? "You are right," he said, hoarsely. "I did not come to reproach you; I did not come to anger you or make you miserable. You acted in self-defence. It was my fault; it was my hand actually that dealt the blow, though yours wrote the accursed letter. I will say no other word of blame or reproach. Believe me, I did not intend to. She taught me a lesson of forbearance."

"She!" broke from the panting lips. "She is an angel, of course. If you didn't come to browbeat me, don't do worse, and mourn over her to my face. She! Who is she—what is she that you should desert me for her? Is she more beautiful than I am?" and she sprang to her feet and confronted him, her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling, her Grecian head thrown back, her whole being a model of graceful loveliness. "Is she cleverer? Can she make a thousand people laugh and cry as I can, and do? Can she make them mad for love of her? Can she do more than I can do? Who is she, and what, that in a few short hours she should snatch you from me? You pity her—her! Who is to pity me—me?" and her arms went out towards him with a wild gesture.

He raised his head and looked at her. "I," he says, gravely. "I, Flossie, I have no punishment; I have not shrunk from it. Nothing you can say can be more bitter than the reproaches my conscience utters. I could have written my good-bye; it would have been better for both of us; but I would not spare myself, and

He inclines his head. "Then I have done. Good-bye, Flossie," and he moves to the door.

But with a spring she is beside him, and, hanging on to his arm, slips to the ground at his feet. "No, no, Rick! You shall not! You must not go!" she gasps, her eyes dilating, her form trembling. "I—I will tell you, I will do anything if you'll stay. Don't leave me! Don't go! I have been cruel! I see it now—I I made her suffer as I suffer—I have been awfully wicked and mean; but it was not me alone! I should not have known, should not have done it but for him. He wanted to stop it. He did, indeed. He said it would ruin you; think of it, ruin you, and I was to save you. And—I—told me what to write, word for word. He did, Rick. Oh, Heaven! don't look like that!" and she covers at his feet and hides her face on his arm.

"Who—who?" he demands, hoarsely. "The—the major!" she pants, with a shudder.

He doesn't start—perhaps he guessed it from her first words—but his face turns dark with suppressed emotion, and he stands silent and still for a moment.

Then he stops and raises her. "Get up," he says. "I—I might have guessed it. It was worthy of him. Get up, Flossie; I am not angry now; I will not say another word."

"You—you will not leave me, Rick, you will not go back to her?" A spasm passes over his face. "I must leave you, Flossie," he says, almost gently, with a dull, death-like impassiveness. "When I am gone, and you think it over, you will see that it must be. Between us two there can never be even friendship again. If it be hard to say so, I cannot help it. I cannot help it!" he repeats. "You will see that. But"—and his lips quiver—"if the thought be any consolation to you, I am not going back to—I am going to leave England. I start to-morrow when—when I have seen the major."

With a shudder she steps from him and sinks on the couch, and a minute, a full minute, passes in silence.

Then she looks up with a weird change in her face. "I think I understand," she says in a hollow voice. "Your love for her has put away your—your love for me, I understand. Well! Good-bye," and she points to the door.

He comes and bends over her for a moment and holds out his hand. But she looks up at him with a defiant smile and shakes her head, and after waiting a moment he goes out with the same grim, impassive expression on his haggard face.

As the outer door closes—every sound can be heard in the tiny house—she starts to her feet and throws up her arms. "Rick! Rick! come back! I want—I want to shake hands! I—"

But as she moves forward she staggers, a quiver runs through her, and covering her mouth with a strange gesture, she falls full length on the floor.

Weston rushes in just too late to catch her, and raises her; she is a feather's weight in her arms. "Oh, Miss Flossie, Miss Flossie, what is it? What—" Then she breaks off with a wild scream of horror, for her eyes have caught sight of a thin stream of blood that runs from between the thin, white fingers, and stains the dainty, pink dress.

That which the faithful maid has dreaded so long has happened at last. Flossie has broken a blood-vessel. (To be Continued.)

Give a Thought to Music!

You are probably giving many thoughts and considerable attention to the heating of your house these cold days. Don't neglect the piano. It also requires attention and probably tuning and regulation. Have it done now with care and precision by MARSHALL H. FINDLATER, 188 Water Street, and Ordnance Street. Phone 649A.

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Also BEDSTEADS and SPRINGS, MATTRESSES of all grades.

The C. L. March Co., Ltd.,

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Valentine Social.

The Ladies Aid of the Congregational Church held their annual Valentine Social in the lecture room of the Church, last night. The room was artistically decorated. Mr. P. H. Cowan acted as chairman, and the following programme was greatly enjoyed by those present:—Duet, by Miss Ferguson and Miss Langmead; solo, Miss Mews; solo, Mr. Courtisday; recitation, Mr. F. Gushue; solo, Miss Langmead; solo, Mr. Thos. Seymour; recitation, Miss Estelle Barnes; solo, Mr. Macklin, and selections by the Briton's Band. The chairman, Mr. P. H. Cowan, at the request of one of the performers, gave an imitation concert solo. Mr. Gordon Christian acted as the accompanist during the evening. During the evening candy and ice cream was on sale, and an excellent cup of tea served. The affair was a decided success.
California Sunkist Oranges, all sizes; California Apples, Lemons, Walnuts, Hazel Nuts, Brazilian Nuts, Almond Nuts, wholesale and retail at GLEESONS, 108 Water St. Feb 13, 1920.
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