

**60 Years Old Today**  
Feels as young as ever



PEOPLE who are able to talk like this cannot possibly have impure blood—they just feel fit—no headaches, dyspepsia or bilious disorders.

These diseases can be cured by

**Dr. Wilson's Herbine Bitters**

A true blood purifier containing the active principles of Sassafras, Mandrake, Burdock and other medicinal herbs.

Sold at your store, 4 p. bottle. Family size, five times as large 21.00

THE BRADLEY DRUG CO., Limited  
ST. JOHN, N.F.

Dr. Wilson's Herbine Bitters, in steady use in every home. Beware of cheap imitations.

For sale by all Druggists and first-class Grocers.

**The Romance of a Marriage.**

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"Ridiculous kind of nonsense, all this, you know," he says, nervously, and eyeing Paula suspiciously, upon whose face a smile just dawned.

"You're laughing, eh, my dear? and well you may. Man 'o' my time of life and all that. But when you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do."

"But they don't all wear their clothes too tight, Mr. Palmer," says Paula.

"No, confound it," he says, with a puff. "It is that idiot of a costumer. I kept telling him that they wasn't large enough for me, and he wouldn't understand—or pretended he didn't. I must bear it, I suppose," with another unhappy tug at the band.

"Well, let's go," says Stancy, who is quite indifferent to his father's discomfort, and then the gorgeous footmen throw open the doors and mass themselves in the hall and shout for Milor Palmer's carriage, and the chariot, with the powdered coachman, and the Palmer crest on the panels, and the fat bays, as pompous and overfed as their owner, draws up, and Stancy helps the ladies in and follows them, having first stumbled over his sword, which will get between his legs, and Mr. Palmer is left to follow in a close fly.

It is Paula's first fancy-ball, and as they enter the vast, gilded saloon, crowded already, and blazing with gas and wax candles, a faint, a very faint thrill of excitement runs through her.

If it happened only a year ago and another were by her side, instead of Stancy de Palmer, how different she would have regarded the matter! As it is, she cannot but feel a thrill of surprise and excitement; the motley crowd in its confusing variety of fancy dresses, the really beautiful room, the wonderful music—it is a Parisian band, and a good one—and the air of gaiety and brilliance, so dif-

ferent to the staid quietude of an English assembly, all tell upon her.

The entrance of the Palmer party creates a sensation. Mr. Palmer has already become a notoriety of Nouvelle, in consequence of his wealth, and his elaborate display of it, and Paula's beauty, and her engagement to the heir of the Palmer millions, have rendered her famous.

To-night, as she enters, leaning on Stancy's arm—her fingers do not touch it—her tall figure wrapped in the dove-coloured domino, which, though it conceals its grace, cannot conceal its height and youthful uprightness, a murmur goes round, and eyes gleam curiously through the mask holes. Alice marks the sensation their entrance has caused, and she smiles with quiet triumph; but Paula is all unconscious, and looks round with simple curiosity and interest.

It is like a dream, a vague, grotesque dream of half a dozen different periods of the world's history rolled into a vision. Joan of Arc, in silver-plated armour, dancing with a modern Turk with turban and red slippers. A spinning dervish, eating ices and talking in a corner with a Spanish lady all mantilla and fan. An English sailor whirling round the room with a Queen Elizabeth on his arm. Jesters in motley, with caps and bells, in all parts of the room; and, threading his way with solemn strides, a headman, in his dark-red, tight-fitting costume, and carrying his awful axe across his shoulder. Fairies without number fitting here and there, in their white muslin dresses, and carrying their magic wands; a harlequin strikes an attitude before a knight in armour, and a Spanish bull-fighter lifts a brimming glass of champagne and smiles across it at a little Normandy fisher-girl. These, and a hundred other characters moving about with restless gait, the air filled with the music of the band and the light chatter and laughter of the dancers, make the new-comers' brains dizzy and their eyes ache.

Mr. Palmer, quite overcome by this scene, gasps a "Good 'evens!" and sinks on to a seat, nearly crushing a little lady in the habit of a Spanish flower-girl; and Stancy, struggling with awe and amazement, finds breath to remind Paula that she has promised him the first dance.

"Did I?" she says; "I do not remember it."

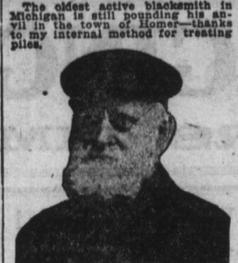
"Nonsense," says Alice, always ready to prompt and watch over her, "of course you did. Give me your domino, I'll take care of it."

As Paula takes off the friendly cloak rather reluctantly and stands revealed as Moonlight, a murmur of admiration rises from three or four gentlemen standing near them, who stare through their masks, after the bold fashion of the sons of France. Paula shrinks slightly, and a burning blush shows beneath the lace of her mask; but Stancy looks round with a conceited, boastful simper, and putting his arm round her waist, starts off.

Dancing is not one of Stancy's accomplishments, and before they have made half the circuit of the room he has collided with at least a dozen cou-

**Cured His Piles**

Now 88 Years Old But Works At Trade of Blacksmith and Feels Younger Since Piles Are Gone.



The oldest active blacksmith in Michigan is still pounding his anvil in the town of Homer—thanks to my internal method for treating piles.

Mr. Jacob Lyon, Homer, Mich.

I wish that you could hear him tell of his many experiences with ointments, salves, dilators, etc., before he tried my method. Here is a letter just received from him:

Mr. E. R. Page, Marshall, Mich.

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 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, dilators, etc., but send today for a Free Trial of my internal method for the healing of piles.

Whether your case is of long standing or recent development—whether it is seasonal or permanent—you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live—no matter what your age or occupation—if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon—but do this now—TODAY.

**FREE PILE REMEDY**

R. Page, 352 Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Please send free trial of your Method to:

.....

.....

.....

ples, has banged Paula's breath out of her body, and stamped on her toes; but he is quite satisfied and happy.

"Jolly, isn't it?" he says, panting and perspiring.

Paula murmurs something that may be taken for an assent, and thinks of that waits in the gravel path outside the Court so long, ah, so long ago!

"Have another turn?" he says. "You dance first-rate, Paula; just got my step, and it isn't many girls who do, I can tell you."

"No," says Paula, gravely.

"No; but you have got it to a T. Come on," and he renews the martyrdom for another five minutes; at the end of that time, having nearly knocked down a fat Frenchman and his equally fat partner, he pulls up, and Paula suggests quietly that they shall take a rest.

"All right," he says, and he drags her into a comparatively clear corner, and proceeds to wipe his face after his exertions.

Paula stands looking on at the scene with rapt attention and amusement, and presently one of the stewards comes up; he is an Englishman and known to the Palmers.

"Mr. Palmer," he says, "will you please ask Miss Estcourt's permission to introduce me? I have been besieged by a host of gentlemen who are anxious to have their names on her programme," and he bows to Paula in the grave English fashion.

Stancy makes the introduction in his awkward, shambling way, and the steward departs to bring up two of his friends, who implore a dance.

Paula hesitates; but before she can positively decline, their names are down and her hand is in the arm of one of the applicants.

He is a tall, distinguished-looking man, the sort of man one meets at foreign watering-places, well up in all the accomplishments which go to make life pleasant, and he dances like an angel.

For the first few minutes Paula is as absent as usual, but after a time the music, one of Waldteufel's waltzes, exquisitely played, and the admirable performance of her partner, begin to tell upon her, and she enjoys it. 'or a time he is silent, but presently he begins to talk—quite easily, not with puffs and groans, and Paula answers. She looks up at him with some little curiosity. He is dressed like a gentleman-in-waiting of the Henry VIII. man, and wears the dress as if he had been accustomed to it for years.

"An amusing scene, Miss Estcourt," he says.

"Yes," says Paula, wondering faintly how he managed to accomplish that most surprising of feats, catching her name at the introduction. "Yes, very amusing for me. It is my first fancy-ball."

"Indeed," he says. "You must be intensely interested. It is a good ball; the room is rather hot, though," and he takes off his mask and slips it on his arm in the most natural and easy manner.

Paula regards him curiously. It is a handsome, middle-aged face; one she seems to remember vaguely.

He catches the glance, and replies to it in the direct English fashion.

"We are scarcely strangers, Miss Estcourt," he says, "although I think we have never met formally. I have heard your name, and I daresay you may have heard mine. It is Hurstley."

Paula starts slightly and smiles.

"You are Lord Hurstley?" she says. He nods.

"Yes. You live in my country, do you not?"

"No," says Paula. "We did."

He nods again quickly, seeing that he has touched on a wrong chord.

"Ah, yes. I remember to have heard your name from a friend of mine—Major Vericourt."

Paula inclines her head.

"Yes."

"Yes," he says, and then falls a silence. He feels with a gentleman's keen instinct that there is some awkwardness here.

"Is—is he quite well?" says Paula, vaguely.

"Yes, he was when last I saw him. A wonderful man!" and he laughs. "One of those men who never grow old. Lucky fellow!"

Paula smiles.

"Is that so fortunate a state?" Lord Hurstley laughs.

"If you put it to me, I don't know that I can answer 'yes,'" he says. "But we regard him as lucky. Nothing ever troubles him or upsets him. I've known him for years, and his nephew Sir Herrick Powis, too."

The name is out of his lordship's lips before he knows it, and he would give something to recall it; but Paula does not change colour ever. She lifts her eyes to his gravely.

"Indeed, is—is Sir Herrick Powis well? Have you seen him lately?" Lord Hurstley breathes a sigh of relief. He has expected that she would show some sign, and let him know that he had sinned.

"I have not," he says, with a smile, "and I don't know who has. He seems to have disappeared from human ken. Always was fond of wandering about."

"Yes," says Paula, quite calmly, though her heart is palpitating.

"Shall we have another turn?" says Lord Hurstley, and Paula assenting, they join the dancers.

Disappeared from human ken! What does it mean? Perhaps he has married—that other, and they are living quietly out of the world as he had told Paula that he and she would have to live, she thinks; and her thoughts go back to that far-away time beside the stream, and Lord Hurstley talks to deaf ears.

The dance over, the other partner comes up and claims her, and soon before the evening is half over, she finds herself besieged. Stancy come up to get a dance, to discover that her card is nearly full, and goes off sullen and growling.

**His Death Expected**

New Brunswick Man Saved

Mr. Isidore Thomas, of Tully's Road, Gloucester County, N.B., while expecting death, availed himself of help that was offered at random. Here is part of a letter he wrote to us—

"I beg you to publish my letter, so that people may know what Gin Pills did for me. My case was very serious. I was so sick every-body expected my death any day. Finally, an advice from friends, I tried Gin Pills, and in a short time was well again, and soon had gained 30 pounds."

Kidney and bladder troubles, very often, work in secret ways. A bad condition may exist, with only a backache to indicate it. That is why the slightest pains in back or sides should be investigated. These pains, along with sciatic neuralgia, rheumatism, dizziness, constipation, laminitis, lumbago, highly-colored urine, headache, swelling speaks before the eyes, gravel, indicate kidney trouble. A course of Gin Pills, taken at once, will give relief, and prevent the progress of the disease, enabling the organs to right themselves and restore good health. Gin Pills are the sure, safe, quick remedy. Get a box from your druggist or dealer—50c. Money refunded if no relief found. Send for free sample.

The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, United States Agents, No-Drug-Co., Inc., 203 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

**Nature's Greatest Washers**



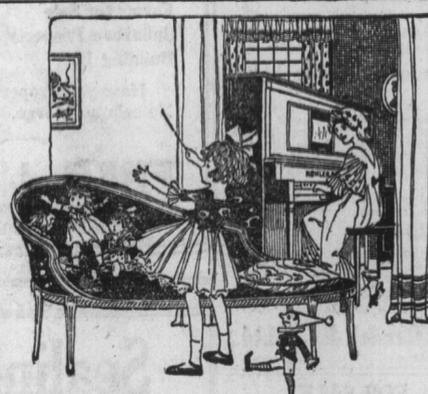
The sea washes the world—Pears' Soap washes its inhabitants!

For over a century, Pears' has been making its way round the world. Ask for it in your local store; it is there! From the Cape to Cairo, in the bazaars of India, throughout Australia, Canada, the U.S., and South America Pears' has made its way with civilization,—on merits!

Pears' Soap is transparent because it is pure; it is the most economical soap because it wears but does not waste. It cleanses and purifies the skin and freshens up body and mind.

**"Pears"**

is not heavily scented. Its delicate perfume comes from pure natural ingredients; the difference is important,—it means again that Pears' soap is pure.

**Kohler & Campbell PIANOS**

The Best Piano in the World at the Price.

**Musicians' Supply Co.**  
Duckworth St., St. John's.

**FIRE INSURANCE. FIRE INSURANCE.**

SCOTTISH UNION & NATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

GENERAL ACCIDENT, FIRE & LIFE ASSURANCE CO., LTD. OF PERTH, SCOTLAND.

The above Insurance Companies carry on a successful and extensive business, and always have maintained the highest character for the honourable and liberal discharge of their obligations.

Our first aim in every policy we issue is to ensure the holder complete protection, our second to grant that protection at the lowest possible rate. Write or phone us.

**Nfld. Labrador Export Company, Limited,**  
s.t.t. Agents, Beard of Trade Building.

**Fashion Plates.**

LADIES' HOUSE GOWN OR LOUNGING ROBE.



(Perforated for Sack Length in Straight or Pointed Outline.)

Pattern 3114 furnishes this model. It 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 5 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for the garment in full length, and 4 1/4 yards for sack length.

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

A GOOD SUIT—STYLE FOR THE SMALL BOY.



2748—For the blouse, one could use galatea, gingham, drill, or linen; for the trousers, these materials are suitable too, and likewise flannel, serge, velvet and corduroy.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yard of 27 inch material for the waist, and 1 1/4 yard for the trousers.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No. ....

Size .....

Address in full:—

Name .....

**THE LONDON DIRECTORY,**

(Published Annually)

enables traders throughout the World to communicate direct with English MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS in each class of goods. Besides being a complete commercial guide to London and Suburbs, it contains lists of EXPORT MERCHANTS with the goods they ship, and the Colonial and Foreign Markets they supply; also

PROVINCIAL TRADE NOTICES of leading Manufacturers, Merchants, etc., in the principal Provincial Towns and Industrial Centres of the United Kingdom.

Business Cards of Merchants and Dealers seeking

BRITISH AGENCIES can now be printed under each trade in which they are interested at a cost of 45 for each trade heading. Larger advertisements from 15 to 50.

A copy of the directory will be sent by post on receipt of postal order for 17.50.

**The London Directory Company, Ltd.,**  
25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

**DON'T BUY DUST**

DUST-LADEN TEAS ARE CHEAP AND TRASHY AND POSITIVELY INJURIOUS TO GOOD HEALTH.

**"SALADA"**

CONSISTS OF PURE WHOLE LEAF TEAS PROPERLY BLENDED AND IS ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM DUST.

BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS ST. JOHN'S

The Little

Oxo Cubes convenience hands of the thing to cook—the cooking—and well

10 lbs.

1 lb. tin

Eno's F

"DEL

"SUNK

A

Duck

Ste

We a lowest p

STEEL ENAM

P

PLATE WASH

WASH

BEDST

We a see our there to

Mar

Most housewife cheaper in the best heated over

MUTT AND

MV

RE

FINA

OF

THE

SA

NS

LO

152