

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 Mandrake, Burdock and other medicinal herbs.

Sold at your store in a bottle. Family size five times as large \$1.00.

THE BRATLEY DRUG CO., Limited,
ST. JOHN'S, N.F.

For sale by all Druggists and first-class Grocers.

The Romance of a Marriage.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Quite right, quite right," says Mr. Palmer, with a pompous smile. "I'm what you like, Stacey; anything to make the ladies happy; and never mind the expense; do the thing 'and-some,' and with his old watchword on his lips he makes his adieu.

"Good-night, dear," murmurs May, "we shall see each other to-morrow, sha'n't we? Oh! I am happier to-night than I have been for such a long time."

Paula goes back to the window and looks far out to sea. Her brain feels confused; the reappearance of the Palmers has recalled the past, that past which had been growing dim and obscured as if a veil were falling between it and her. Then something else seems to haunt her, and suddenly she discovers that it is the pale, wan face of the girl in the bath-chair; but she is not to be left long in silence to commune with her thoughts.

Alice, who has been humming one of the light airs with which the band favours them daily, breaks off abruptly.

"Well," she says, coming into the bay and locking her arm in Paula's, "a penny for your thoughts, my dear?"

"You'd get a bad bargain," says Paula, quietly.

"Should I, Miss Doleful?" she retorts, lightly. "What a pleasant evening we have had! Oh, it seems like new life! Is that true about the yacht?"

"Mr. Stacey said something about it."

"Mr. Stacey! How formal we are!" says Alice, with a laugh. "Really, it's awfully good-natured of him. But he always was good-natured, and how much he has improved!"

Paula looks round at her to see if she is indulging in sarcasm, but the clear, cold eyes meet hers unflinchingly. "So much more to say for himself, so very pleasant. What a singular thing it is that he won't get married."

He is an awfully good part, you know. Oh, my dear, simple Paula!" and she puts her arm round Paula's waist. "What a lucky girl you might be. How many young persons would give their eyebrows to be in your place."

"And yet there is a dreadful draught here," says Paula, looking at the window with a smile.

Alice laughs.

"You foolish girl!" she murmurs, chidingly. "You remind me of the child that cried for the moon on a cold night when there was a good fire for him to sit by if he only chose! What would I give for your chance! Of course you see it; you would be blind if you didn't. It is plain to all of us."

"What is plain?" asks Paula, desperately.

"That Stacey de Palmer is still waiting to make this foolish sister of mine the future mistress of Powis Court."

"Is it?" says Paula, with a flush on her face, and a light in her eyes. "And is it not equally plain that she is not willing to be mistress of Powis Court or any other court?"

Alice laughs.

"Don't fly at me like a tigress, my dear," she says, "and don't make hasty resolutions. Let us wait awhile. Even you"—accidentally—"can't sit and weep forever for a man who doesn't and never did care a pin for you!"

Pale and trembling, Paula looks down at her steadily.

"That is between me and—him," she says in a low voice. "Leave the past alone."

But Alice is not discouraged.

"I shall be charmed, my dear," she says, "if you will do likewise, and think a little of the present. But that is what you sentimental people will not do, is it? Of all selfish classes, commend me for pure, unadulterated selfishness to the disappointed lover. You think me selfish, and heartless, and worldly; but, my dear, I cannot hold a candle to you. Here are we—not only we two, but poor Bob, poor Bob you are so fond of, you know!"—with a sneer—"struggling with genteel poverty which you could raise us from with a word—for you could make your own terms with the Palmers, but you will not; you prefer to sit and weep over that miserable scapegrace, while your nearest and dearest lie in the gutter! It does not strike me as very noble, my dear Paula; but then, you see, I have never had the good fortune to be jilted by that flower of his sex, Sir Herrick Powis!"

And with a shrug of the shoulders that gleam whitely through her muslin dress, Alice turns away, and Paula is left to digest the bitter words and make the best of them.

With a gasp as if for breath—with the low, inarticulate cry of a wild animal driven to bay—she covers her face with her hands, and sinks to her knees, shuddering with horror and loathing.

No! no! not even for Bob's sake could she do this thing which Alice wants her to do—not even for Bob's!

The Romance of a Marriage.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

When she came down next morning, pale and heavy-eyed, Paula finds her sunshade lying on the table of the sitting-room, beside it a small bouquet of hot-house flowers. Tied to the

GENUINE ASPIRIN HAS "BAYER CROSS"

Tablets without "Bayer Cross" are not Aspirin at all



Get genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in a "Bayer" package, plainly marked with the safety "Bayer Cross."

Genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" are now made in America by an American Company. No German interest whatever, all rights being purchased from the United States Government.

During the war, acid imitations were sold as Aspirin in pill boxes and various other containers. The "Bayer Cross" is your only way of knowing that you are getting genuine Aspirin, proved safe by millions for Headache, Colds, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis, and for Pain generally.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—also larger sized "Bayer" packages can be had at drug stores.

Aspirin is the trade mark (Newfoundland Registration No. 761), of Bayer Manufacture of Monacoeast-Gieseler of Salicylicacid.

The Bayer Co., Inc., U.S.A.

handle of the holder is a small slip of paper with "For Miss Paula Estcourt, with grateful thanks," written on it in a thin, Italian hand.

There is something else for her on the table—nothing less than a letter bearing the huge crest of the Palmers, and addressed to her in the scrawling handwriting of Mr. Stacey. It is to the effect that he has hired a yacht of a man he met at the hotel after he left "the delightful society of Miss Paula last night," and that the writer will be much honoured if Miss Paula and her sister will try the vessel to-day.

Paula crushes the letter in her hand and flings it in the grate; the bou-quet and its tiny note she carries to her own room, with an instinctive desire to conceal them from Alice, who comes down radiant and full of anticipatory joy.

"Anything from Stacey?" she asks.

"He promised to let us know the first thing this morning."

"Yes," says Paula, indifferently. "There was a note from him, asking us to try a new yacht he had hired. He wants us to go this morning."

"No! Really?" exclaims Alice, delightedly. "Of course we shall go."

"Not I, I think; indeed, I'm sure," says Paula, trying to speak carelessly and, if possible, avoid the torrent of remonstrance and expostulation, not to say indignation, which she knows will presently overwhelm her.

"Not you!" retorts Alice, incredulously. "Why—why—what nonsense! Why not?"

"I don't want to," says Paula, with a shrug of her shoulders. "Perhaps I'm afraid of the treacherous ocean. Indeed, I feel like the man in the comic song, 'That I was never meant for the sea.'"

"That's all nonsense and—and subterfuge," says Alice, angrily. "You know he has got this yacht expressly for you! You know he only cares about your going—"

"I know nothing of the sort," says Paula, a touch of crimson coming into her face, and her brows drawing straight and ominous. "And I do not wish to know it. Why do you worry me?" she says, with an unusual burst, half-indignant, half-pleading.

"Worry you!" exclaims Alice.

"Yes, worry me. Why should I do this or refrain from that when I choose to be exactly the reverse. Have I ever worried you? Ever since I can remember I have leant to your will, Alice, and indeed I have not minded the submitting—not much—but when it comes to this—" she turns her head away.

"To what, pray?" demands Alice, with an air of injured innocence. "To simply asking you to avail yourself of the first opportunity of pleasure and enjoyment that has fallen in our way for nearly a twelvemonth?"

"It would be no pleasure nor enjoyment to me," says Paula, quietly. "You must go along with May. Please go and enjoy yourself, and—with a laugh—"I hope you won't be ill, I'm sure, or nearly sure, that I should."

Alice opens her lips to renew the argument; but there is something about Paula's face, a light in her eyes, that warns Alice that even Paula can be driven too hard.

"Very well, dear," she says. "Of course I shall go, and of course Stacey de Palmer will be very disappointed;

but I'll make the best of it."

"I am sure that you will do that," says Paula, with a laugh; and she goes upstairs.

As she has no wish to meet Stacey de Palmer, and have to contend against his remonstrances and exhortations, she puts on her hat immediately after breakfast, while Alice is decking herself in a galates—a wretched costume, which has been lying by in anticipation of some such chance as this—and goes down to the beach.

There, in a sheltered nook between two rocks, she coils herself up, book in hand, and watches the green sea ruffling in over the yellow sands, which are already dotted by the various specimens of Nouvelle society.

But they pass unheeded, as usual, before Paula's absent eyes. She is thinking that to-day the mail will come in from the colonies; that, perchance, there may be a letter from dear Bob, fighting with Nature, and trying to wrest from her iron grip the wherewithal to enable him to keep his promise to May.

With a little sigh she opens her book; but as she does so, happens to look up and sees the maid, who walked beside Miss Hamilton's chair, standing at a little distance from her.

Paula lays down her book, and goes up to her.

"Good-morning," she says. "How is Miss Hamilton this morning?"

Weston makes her a respectful little bow.

"Thank you, miss. She seems about the same; I think she's a little paler and weaker, perhaps."

"I am so sorry," says Paula. "She will not be out to-day, I am afraid!"

Weston shakes her head.

"No, miss; she said she shouldn't go out to-day. Sometimes she'll stay in for days and days together, lying on her sofa and looking at the sea, or watching the people."

"I wanted to thank her for the beautiful bouquet she was so kind to send me," says Paula.

Weston bows.

"I'll tell her, miss."

"Do, please; and will you say that I hope she will be better, and soon able to get out again? This air must be good for her."

"Yes, miss," says Weston; then she looks at Paula, wistfully and hesitatingly.

"Well!" says Paula, with a smile of encouragement, "what were you going to say?"

"I was going to presume, miss—to ask if you'd be so good—you were so kind yesterday—as to come and see my mistress."

Paula colours, conscious of the existence of a desire on her part to comply.

"She sees no one, and it is so dull," says Weston, pleadingly; "and—begging your pardon, miss—she seemed to take to you so yesterday."

"Do you think so?" says Paula, with a little blush. "Well, I shall be very pleased, if you think she would like to see me. When shall I come?"

"Will you come now, miss?" asks Weston. "I am sure she will be pleased to see you, miss, quite sure."

Paula picks up her book at once—and yet a strange feeling of hesitation, almost of repugnance, seizes her; but she shakes it off, and there is no sign of it on her face as she climbs the gentle slope beside Weston, who ventures to make some truly British remarks on the customs of the Nou-villites.

(To be Continued.)

Stafford's Liniment for Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism and all kinds of Aches and Pains. Price 20c. bot. For sale everywhere.—Feb 24

For Little Tots on Chilly Mornings.

Warm, comfortable homes mean healthy, happy children. No winter colds from evening or morning exposures in homes equipped with the Humphry Radiant Fire. Ask the Gas Company for full particulars. dec16, 1919

Humphry's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

VI-COCOA!

England's Medical Journal, the "Lancet", says:—

"Of distinct value as a restorative and stimulating food."

It is at once a delicious drink, and a true stimulant. A perfect beverage for children and invalids, and all who are subject to mental and physical exertion.

Vi-Cocoa can now be obtained at all grocers.

Vi-Cocoa, Ltd.,
England.

nov27, 1919

JUST ARRIVED:

Box Stoves

for burning wood up to 35 in. long.

Elevated Oven Cooking Stoves.

Also large assortment

Tinware, Buckets and Enameledware.

JOHN CLOUSTON,
140-2 DUCKWORTH STREET.
PHONE 406. P. O. BOX 1243.
St. John's

Opportunities in Long-Term Bonds

Bonds maturing in 1919 or 1920 may now be sold advantageously, and the funds reinvested in longer term securities. The benefits of present high interest yield rates may thereby be secured for a period of ten years and longer.

We shall be glad to offer suggestions.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED
CANADA LIFE BUILDING
MONTREAL ESTABLISHED 1906

Toronto London, Eng.

C. A. C. BRUCE, Agent, St. John's.

LOOK!

TO YOUR EYES.

Do they pain? Do they get inflamed? Do they see double? Does your head ache? Do you get dizzy? Do you get nervous? If you suffer from any of the above consult

R. H. Trapnell, Ltd.,
Jewellers and Opticians.

Fashion Plates.

A MODEL VERY ATTRACTIVE FOR SLENDER FIGURES.



Pattern 3101, cut in 3 Sizes: 24, 26, and 28 years, is here depicted. Blue crepe de meteur was used for its development, with head embroidery for decoration. This would be nice in brown satin or crepe, with embroidery in color. The 16-year size will require 5 1/2 yards of 36 inches material, with 3 yards of ribbon or material 8 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 gray taffeta was used, braided with white soutache. One could have this in brown serge or satin, with worsted, bead or chenille embroidery. Black velvet with facings of ivory satin, or taupe duvetyn 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.

DISORDER

Workers have seized and proceeded according to Central N. taken place Carabine were wounded occurred luna as w patch say RAILWAY

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 Olives' 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: "Annuaire, Lon." (Established 1814.)

William Wilson & Sons

There's an Ingersoll for Everyone



The sign of a store that keeps Ingersoll low price watches of quality. Look for this sign—and for INGERSOLL on the dial of the watch you buy.