

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 Mandarin, Mandarin, Burdock and other medicinal herbs.

Sold at your store or a bottle. Family size, five times as large as the small.

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 XXXI.

"Yes, insult!" she repeats, and her lips tremble. "Because it sounds like it. It seems as if you thought I was something less than a woman; a—sort of doll without a heart—a thing to chop and change like a weather-cock."

"May!"

"Do you think that—that my love was such a poor kind of thing that would die out and fade away because you hadn't quite so much money—oh, how I hate the word!—as you thought you had? Well, good-bye!"

And she turns, her eyes flashing, her lips quivering, her whole little figure quivering, too.

"May—stop!" he exclaims, aghast and bewildered by this sudden change in her character.

"Well!" she says, turning her head, but keeping her face from him.

But Bob is speechless for a moment; then he says, unsteadily:

"No, May, I didn't think that—that you'd change, or that you wouldn't mind. Why! Don't I know you better than that? But I wanted to do my duty, May; and is it my duty, and the fair thing, to come to you and say, 'I'm a pauper, or next door to one, but all the same I shall keep you to your word, and you must wait until I get rich? and,' he says, bitterly, 'Why, that would have been a cowardly thing to do. Don't you see?'"

With a little cry of infinite tenderness and affection, she turns to him, and before he knows it almost, her sleek little head lies upon his broad chest.

"Oh, Bob! Bob! forgive me! you were quite right. I mean it was just like your unselfish nobleness, and I was a spiteful little cat!" vehemently; "but I can't say good-bye for all that. I won't!"

With a sudden tightening of the hands grasping his coat-lappets, and a flash of the blue eyes that sends the hot blood to Bob's cheeks, and the fire to his eyes in sympathy—"I won't! Do you think it

matters to me whether you are rich or poor? I like you better for being poor. I hate money, and all the fuss, and bother, and meanness, and pride it brings with it. Good-bye! Why, Bob!"—and here comes a little sob—"It would break my heart!"

His broad chest heaves.

"Don't tempt me, May!" he whispers, hoarsely.

"Tempt you!" she says. "I wish I knew how. I like you to talk about—about your love for me, Bob. There! see what a bold bird you are making of me! And, Bob, you do love me!"

"Very, very dearly, May, dear!" he says, with that grand simplicity which becomes him so admirably.

"I—I think you do a little," she says naively; "but I shouldn't think so if you talk about leaving me. Never—never say again what you have said just now, Bob; and as to waiting—why, I'll wait until—until I am as grey and old as old Mother Grimes in the lane, and—longer," with a sob.

He presses her to him, and looks down at the tear-dimmed eyes, speechless for a moment; then he says:

"May, you have won; but it would have been better for you, dear, if you had lost me. I know now that for all my—bravado, I couldn't have said 'Good-bye' forever, either. May, if—if you'll wait as you say, I'll go abroad—somewhere—anywhere, and I'll come back rich enough to ask your father to give you to me; and—and—if he won't—"

"But he must," she says, with a firm thrill in her tremulous voice. "For nothing—nothing shall ever make me forget you, Bob—"

"What the dev—Why, confound—"

It is not Bob who speaks, but Mr. Houndell Palmer, who stands beside them with his hands hanging helplessly at his side, his pompous face purple, his great, round eyes almost starting from his head with indignant amazement.

May utters a little cry of alarm and glides from Bob's arms, but does not attempt to run away; indeed, she keeps quite close to him, and confronts her father with something like defiance on her pale, sweet face.

Mr. Houndell, gasping like a fish out of water, stares speechless for a moment at the pair.

"What—what the deuce does this mean, eh?" he demands at last. "This is pretty conduct for—a young lady! What do you mean, by—by daring to put your arm round my—my daughter's waist?"

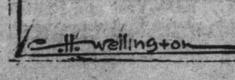
Bob, pale but calm enough, looks him steadily in the face, was scarcely fair and honest to keep it secret from you. The fact is, Mr. Palmer, I have asked May to be my wife—"

"You—you've—confound your impudence!" stutters the indignant sugar-baker, gasping—"you've dared to ask her to be your wife, and have the insolence to tell me so to my face. 'May, too! I'll trouble you to give that young lady a handle to her name.'"

"Father!" cries May.

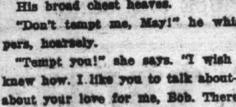
"Don't talk to me, Miss Impertinence!" he roars. "I won't stand it! I wonder you ain't ashamed of yourself, a—meeting a young man on the sly, like this, and allowing him to talk such stoopid nonsense; him so much beneath you, too. Why—why, it might as well be 'a' beep one of the grooms out

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



HOW YOU CAN TELL GENUINE ASPIRIN

Only Tablets with "Bayer Cross" are Aspirin—No others!



If you don't see the "Bayer Cross" on the tablets, refuse them—they are not Aspirin at all.

There is only one Aspirin, that marked with the "Bayer Cross"—all other tablets are only acid imitations. Look for the "Bayer Cross!" Then it is real Aspirin, for which there is no substitute.

Aspirin is not German but is made in America, and is owned by an American Company, all rights being purchased from the U. S. Government.

Genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" have been proved safe by millions for Pain, Headache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—also larger "Bayer" packages, can be had at any drug store.

Aspirin is the trade mark (Newfoundland Registration No. 761), of Bayer Manufacturing of Monocetacidester of Salicylicacid.

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

of the stable," and he glares at Bob furiously.

"Father! father!" cries May, her eyes flashing, her cheeks scarlet. "You—your forget yourself and me, Bob!"—turning to Bob with outstretched, appealing hand—"don't mind him; he doesn't mean it; he is angry and—and excited!"

"Don't I mean it? But I do!" exclaims Mr. Palmer, with a snort; "and he knows it, too. And it's true. If it ain't, why don't he come and ask me like a man, not entice you, you little fool, to meet him on the sly? What's he got to say to that?"

Bob, pale and quivering, keeps his temper.

"There's something in that, sir," he says. "I ought to have come to you: I see it now. But, you see, when a man fears the answer he shirks putting the question—"

"Answer, yes. I'd have given an answer sharp enough," retorts the sugar-baker, with a sneer. "I'd have sent you about your business pretty soon. A pretty thing! Do you know who the young lady is, young master?"

An answer scarcely being necessary, Bob wisely remains silent.

"I'll tell you, sir. She's my daughter—Houndell Palmer's—of the Court—daughter—and who are you to have the impudence to fall in love with her—for that's what you'll talk about, I suppose? Who are you, I say? Are you a young lord? No! Perhaps you've got a big fortune at your back?"

Bob shakes his head gravely.

"No!" with a snarl. "I know that well enough. You're as poor as a church mouse. Oh, I see your game as clear as print: you think you'll feather your nest with my money, do you?"

Still Bob is silent. "He is her father," he keeps repeating to himself. "I have not been straight with him. I've got to bear it."

But May cannot keep silent.

"Father, for shame!" she pants, with heaving bosom and flashing eyes. "It's true, you stupid little idiot!" he says. "It's your money he wants, not you."

"That's a lie!" says poor Bob, stung into speech at last; and May, as she hears the grim, honest response, feels her heart bound with admiration, even in the midst of her terror and sorrow.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I didn't mean to give you the lie, but it is not true. I love her for herself alone, and I don't care—I wish to Heaven she hadn't a penny."

"I daresay," retorts Mr. Palmer, thrusting one hand in his pocket and shaking the other at the pair. "Well, I'll tell you what: if she was to be fool enough to listen to you and disobey me, you'd have your wish for I'm—I'm hanged if she'd ever touch a penny of mine!" and he shakes his head fiercely until his face grows even more purple than before.

"I am content to take you at your word, sir," says Bob, gravely. "I am a poor man."

"Poor! I should think you were!" puts in the sugar-baker, with angry contempt.

"But a poor man can be an honest one, and can love as well as a rich one," Bob says, with bitterness. "I love your daughter, Mr. Palmer, and I am sorry I did not come to you before and tell you so straight out."

"I don't care whether you're sorry or not," he snarls. "It don't make any

difference to me. I don't take any concern in you or your feelings. All I've got to do with is my gal; and I tell you flat that I ain't toiled and slaved for all these years to see my money wasted on the likes of you. I don't want to quarrel with you"—he adds, sullenly, and with a shake of the head—"and I don't want any row or fuss. All I say is, that this piece of cursed, stoopid nonsense must come to an end. The deal! But there, as I say, I ain't going to say anything unpleasant. Give me your word that there's an end of it, and we won't say no more about it," and he holds out his hand as if he had made an extremely magnanimous offer, which the most unreasoning of young men would not refuse.

But Bob looks at him steadily, and May, glancing from one to the other—from the vulgar, purse-proud, overbearing face of her father to the pale, handsome one of her lover, creeps closer to Bob, and waits, breathless, for the answer. Bob looks him steadily in the face.

"You ask too much, sir," he says in a low tone. "I—I can't give her up I have tried, but I cannot do it."

Something like an oath slips from the sugar-baker's lips; but Bob goes on steadily:

"I will not do it. If you had asked me to wait—wait until I could come better fitted to ask for her, I would have said 'Yes' gladly. Don't be too hard upon me!" he pleads, his voice breaking for the first time.

"Hard be hanged!" retorts Mr. Palmer, coarsely. "You won't give her up, you say. Well, I'm obliged to you for speaking out. I shall know what to do. May, go home!" and he points to the house.

But May does not move; she creeps, indeed, a little nearer to Bob, and her hand stretches out to him pleadingly. "Go home!" roars Mr. Palmer. "You've seen the last of the impudent young scoundrel."

"Father! father!" she implores, the tears springing to her eyes, her hand raised as if to silence him. "If you only knew him half as well as I do you wouldn't say that!"

"I know him well enough!" he retorts. "And I say he's a scoundrel to steal a man's daughter behind his back!"

"And I say he did not steal!" says May, with a sudden drying up of her tears and a steadfast look in her eyes. "He did not steal, for I gave myself to him, and no one—on, father, not even you—shall take me from him. You force me to speak out; he—he has stood and borne all your hard, cruel words; but I cannot any longer. I love him—I love him, and I will never—never give him up while—while—her voice breaks—"while he does not wish it!"

Mr. Palmer stands like a man turned to stone for a moment, then, with an oath, he takes a step forward, almost as if he were about to strike one or both of them. May stands her ground; but Bob steps in between them and holds up his hand with a warning gesture.

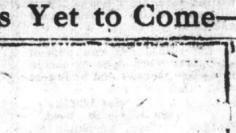
"No, no!" he says, hoarsely, and there is something in the tone that arrests Mr. Palmer's steps. "No, no," he repeats. "Keep calm, sir. There—there must be nothing like that between you!"

Then he takes May's hand and looks down at her.

(To be continued.)

LIFT OFF CORNS!

Apply few drops then lift sore, touchy corns off with fingers—No pain!



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little Frezzone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. Yes, magic!

A tiny bottle of Frezzone costs but a few cents at any drug store, but is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Frezzone is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius. It is wonderful.

European Agency.

Wholesale orders 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.

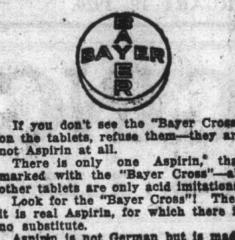
Commission 2 1/2 p.c. to 5 p.c. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Consignments of Produce held on Account.

25 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. Cable Address: "Annuaire, Lps." (Established 1814.)

William Wilson & Sons.

Fashion Plates.

A GOOD DRESS FOR WORK OR LEISURE.

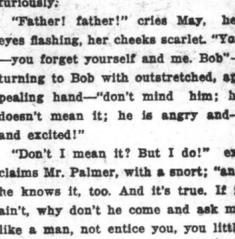


Pattern 3115, cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure, is here portrayed. Size 38 will require 5 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.

Gingham in a neat check pattern or percale in dots or figures, would be good for this model. It is excellent for linen, drill, repp or cotton poplin, also for flannel, lawn and serge. The width of the skirt at lower edge is 2 yards.

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

A PRETTY GOWN IN ONE PIECE STYLE.



2917—This design is nice for serge, satin, silk, bordered goods, gabardine and velvet. The loose panels may be omitted.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge, is about 1 1/2 yard.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

No.

Size

Address in full:—

Name

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.

It is well to plan to refer suggestions.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED

CANADA HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL

LONDON, ENG. ESTABLISHED 1911

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

Ladies' Felt and Velvet HATS

Clearing at 50c., 75c. and \$1.00 each only.

These are Bargains.

HENRY BLAIR

NEW ARRIVALS

In 5 lbs., 10 lbs. and 55 lbs. Boxes

HARRIS & ELLIOTT, Ltd.

Wholesale Only.

now in stock. Good quality.

200 Barrels Good Winter Keeping Apples—No. 1
100 Cases California Oranges—Navel.

Sizes: 252, 216, 176.

BURT & LAWRENCE,

14 New Gower Street.

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.

It is well to plan to refer suggestions.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED

CANADA HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL

LONDON, ENG. ESTABLISHED 1911

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