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Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and doses worked out by physicians during 22 years and proved safe by millions for

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| Colds | Headache | Rheumatism |
| Toothache | Neuralgia | Neuritis |
| Earache | Lumbago | Pain, Pain |

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark registered in Canada of Bayer Manufacturers of Monoaceticester of Salicylic Acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer, manufacturers to assist the public against imitations, the Bayer Cross Company will be observed with their general trade mark, the Bayer Cross.

An Indispensible Favorite OR Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER XXIII.

"He is staying with some friends—at least, he has gone to stay at a few days with a brother officer at Portmouth," Yolande replies, flushing again; for it is a fact that at present she does not know where Captain Glyne really is. She had one brief letter—cut and cold—to tell her he had left Pentreath, and giving her Colonel Majilton's address, near Portmouth, if she "wished" to write to him, as he would probably stay there "for a day or two." That was nine days since; and whether he has returned to Pentreath for the old earl's funeral, or has stayed on with his friend Colonel Majilton, or gone elsewhere, Yolande is utterly uncertain.

"Well," Mrs. Sarjent exclaims, with unpleasant emphasis, rising to take her departure, "that wasn't the way of the world when I was married. Of course we weren't titled people or aristocratic people still we did think a young couple just married shouldn't go visiting about without each other. Times are changed now, I suppose. Well, I must run off. I see your Pacific Salvage shares are going down, Aunt Keren. I suppose you know?"



Baby's Skin Troubles
Chafing, redness, itching, burning sores, rashes, eczema, and other skin troubles relieved and the skin kept soft, smooth and healthy by the use of
Dr. Chase's Ointment
Apply daily after the bath.

determined with servants, my dear, and you'll be able to manage them then. Good-by, Yolande. You write for that naughty stay-away husband of yours at once—mind, I tell you, my dear!"—and Mrs. Sarjent emphasizes her warning with a kiss which Yolande shrinks from; and then the good lady goes away, leaving behind her a sensation of being stung with nettles or scratched with briars.

"I wish some one not a thousand miles off would stay away!" Yolande mutters, with her hands clinched in a passionate gesture.

"I wish Wilnot Sarjent would not talk to me about the way to manage servants," Miss Keren says, testily; "I managed servants before she was born. I don't think," the old lady adds, with the intensity of her displeasure, "that she has a nice mind!" There is silence for a little while, and then Yolande says, in a hurried unsteady voice:

"I wish, aunt, you would let me do as I said—be the housekeeper. I should like it very much. It will—will keep my mind employed."
"What's the good of your taking it up only to drop it again?" responds Miss Dormer, still irritated. "As soon as Captain Glyne, your husband, came here, you'd have to give it up. He wouldn't like it."
"I want to learn to be useful, aunt," Yolande urges, turning away her head.
"Well, there is no harm in that," the old lady admits. "When is he coming back to you, my dear?"
"I don't quite know," Yolande replies, in a low tone, "I hope—soon."
"I hope so, too," Miss Dormer says, dryly, and a little resentfully.
"I think, as Wilnot Sarjent said, young couples, newly married, oughtn't to let anything separate them, except through duty or necessity."

Yolande feels the blood rushing hotly through her veins with angry pride at hearing Dallas blamed.
"He will be here soon," she says, suddenly. "I dare say"—with lips that smile tremulously—"he will be here—this is Tuesday—well on Friday or Saturday, Aunt Keren, at the very latest. I am going to write to him this afternoon."
This means that she is going to rush upstairs to her own room, to lock the door against all interruptions, to get out her prettiest writing-paper from the new box which came home only last night, with its dainty mourning border and gray and silver monogram, and then pour out the pleading and tenderness, the truth and humility of her love straight from her heart in appeal to her husband's heart.

"I am a wicked girl not to have done it before," she tells herself, sitting in a fresh nib and getting fresh ink so that her letter may be in all pleasing to his eyes who will read it; "but I was sure—so sure that he would come or send to me long before this!"
Tears of joy and pain together gather thickly in her eyes and fall, blurring out "My dear Dallas," which she has written. So Yolande takes another sheet, and makes such a hopeless muddle of spelling "anxiously" that she has to throw that aside. But she perseveres, though her hands

are trembling, her cheeks burning with excitement, and the hot tears welling up every few minutes.

Then the first letter is by far too incoherent, the second too tender, and Dallas may not like it—she has called him "my darling" twice—the third too cold, and not explicit enough. But after an hour's hard work Yolande's letter of love to her absentee bridegroom is written—not at all to her satisfaction, but as well as she can write it if she were to try for hours. It is as follows:

"My Dear Dallas—I have been anxiously expecting to hear from you every day. Did you go back to Pentreath for the Earl's funeral? Was it very grand? When are you coming back to town. Dearest, will you forgive me all the past, and, because I love you so much, will you—will you—oh, my darling!—love me a little and be kind to me, and I will be what you asked me to be—your own most faithful, submissive, and loving wife.

YOLANDE GLYNNE."
Then it is addressed successfully after four envelopes have been spoiled, and Yolande goes out herself and posts it, and wishes, the moment it has fallen into the box, that she had it back again, to say more in it and to say it better.

And then she begins to count the hours and days. She wonders where Dallas will be when he gets it—whether a frown will come on his face at the sight of her writing, thinking that it may be an angry, jealous, or reproachful missive. Perhaps, when he reads it through, he will smile and be pleased. There is nothing in it to displease him, except—oh, awful thought!—the recollection of her existence and the legal bonds that hold him to her, far away from his heart's desire! And then she tries to comfort herself, remembering that he certainly wished, and said he wished, for her wisely affection and obedience.

Surely he cannot be angry with her for meekly laying both at his feet! He will come without writing, most likely—just send a telegram a few hours ahead. She may look out for that about six hours after she knows the post has reached Portmouth.

But no telegram, no letter comes. Then she tells herself he has, of course, gone back to Pentreath—and to Joyce Murray, alas!—and her letter will be forwarded to him.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday pass away; Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday follow; and, in desperation, Yolande writes to Colonel Majilton to know if Captain Glyne has gone back to Pentreath, as she is very anxious at not hearing from him "for several days past."

She knows it is eighteen days since Dallas wrote her those few cold, careless lines commencing "Dear Yolande."
Ah, poor Yolande. And ending sincerely, D. Glyne."
But neither to this letter to Colonel Majilton does she receive any reply. Long afterward Yolande learns that Colonel Majilton left England, for Bermuda two days before her letter to him was written.

And the days and the weeks roll by, and Yolande lives through them as one lives through days which, when past, one looks back at with shuddering wonder a tone's power of endurance; and at last she knows that her husband has deserted her.

(To be continued.)

A great many of the small fall hats have brims turning up from the face, or with a roll at one side.

Quite a few smart gowns have wide girdles that form a kind of over-skirt, ending in interesting loops.

To be quite à la mode one should have at least one coat and one frock which make a complete costume.

Interesting fabrics, both plain and plaided are used for the slim sports coat of the wrap-around type.

Corns



Just Say **Blue-jay**
The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. Stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in clear liquid and in thin plasters. The action is the same.
At your druggist.

Twenty Days to Make It Perfect For You

SOME day you may not be able to get your Kirkman's Soap. The Grocer will tell you he is waiting for his shipment. The reason for this delay may be interesting.

The Kirkman Soap Factory is always making soap, every day in the year. But it takes 20 days to make Kirkman's Soap sufficiently perfect to satisfy the exacting standards set by Kirkman.

Making an absolutely pure soap is a careful process. And Kirkman & Son never hurry this process, even though the demand may be far in excess of the supply.

A SIMILARLY careful policy is followed in buying raw material. Only the finest and most carefully selected ingredients are ever used. Of course, this can result in but one grade of soap: The very best. You will recognize the superior quality when you use your first cake.

For the sake of your hands it is well to remember that regardless of price, there can be no purer soap than Kirkman's for every cleaning purpose in your home.

Without Question or Argument
Kirkman's Soap is sold to you with the distinct understanding that it satisfies YOU in every way. Your grocer will return your money without question or argument if you are not pleased with results. You alone are the judge.

The Economical Soap for Intelligent Women



Your Hands Will be Grateful

BEST Value PROCURABLE Men's Overalls

Good Weight, Strong, Hard Wearing Material

The Blue Shade

With that Good Appearance

only

\$1.35 garment

HENRY BLAIR

Household Notes.

Eggs are tempting when poached in cups made from hollowed-out rice-tortillas.

Cold sliced hominy is delicious, dipped in beaten egg and browned in bacon fat.

Creamed sweetbreads, and mushrooms served in timbale cases are a dainty entree.

Cubes of sugared fresh pineapple or canned pineapple make a delicious breakfast fruit.

Balls cut from the heart of a chilled watermelon are a cooling breakfast fruit.

Add a few chopped cucumbers to the mayonnaise which you serve with crab croquettes.

For an unusual Sunday morning breakfast serve beans in individual muskies.



AIDS TO BEAUTY
may be had at The Maritime Drug Store in a variety and effectiveness. We recommend Woodbury's Facial Cream, Woodbury's Facial Powder, Day Dream Toilet Water, etc. Try our let preparations and you will be convinced of their great merits.

Maritime Drug Store
6, W.V.A. Bldg. Water St. Phone
June 21, 1923, 502

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Ru-Ber-Oil

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Gearoid

Get Our Prices and be Convinced.

The quality needs no comment.

USE IT
And You will be satisfied.

GEAR & CO

Limited
June 20, 1923, 111

JUNKS

AND
Kindling Wood

Birch junk, finest quality for sale cheap; also kindling wood delivered daily to any part of city.

West End Wood Factory

Box 1366
Dec 12, 1923, 11

ASK FOR

DOMINION PORK & BEANS, TOMATOES, CORN, PEAS.

"Ask Cowan he probably knows" where you can get Dominion brand of goods.

THE COWAN BROKERAGE CO.

Phone No. 24. 276 Water St. June 23, 1923, 11

MIRARD'S LINIMENT

Irish

results Look... ment—Be... Suggests... insured for... recovery in... araja Gaec...

IRISH ELECTIONS
DUBLIN, June 23.—The election on the 21st inst. from Kilkenny City, Mr. P. H. O'Higgins, Minister for the Interior, was elected. Mr. O'Higgins, Minister for the Interior, was also returned in Wicklow, Government Whip, Mr. John McNeill, Minister for the Interior, was returned in Wicklow, Government Whip, Mr. John McNeill, Minister for the Interior, was returned in Wicklow, Government Whip.

THE BELGIAN

Belgium's reply to Foreign Minister... method of procedure... suggestions... the old system of... remarks that if... debt is necessary... obliged to pay... material damage... of pensions... on Germany, 1923... share to an... The Ruhr... is what the German... to be by their... and, M. Poincaré... alone responsible... situation in the... fifty-two pages... of her priority... Belgium has... and only a little... or France... are exact figures... 1,175,000,000... 2,000,000; other... In conclusion... security of the... there can be no... reduction in... WITHOUT JUDG... BOSTON, June... is without... United States... to-day refused... for the arrest... week attacks... corner J. Scott... report, and shot... Moore and... Department of... has been... HEAVY INFR... TORONTO... insurance... five million... on the life of... coverer of insur... the premiums... by the Rocke... statement is... has thus become... insured men... EDITS MAKE... CHICAGO... While three... over three... robbers took... of whiskey... Waken and Mc... bonded warehouse... the robbers... dealers prices... of the whites... dollars.

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