



WARNING! Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all. Why take chances?

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

- | | | |
|-----------|-----------|------------|
| 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 Manufacture of Monocarbolic Acid of Salicylic Acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

The Broken Circle!

CHAPTER XIV.

The men who danced with her admired her the more because no flush of vanity came to her face. There was upon it the far-off look, the restless longing that nothing could gratify.

"As for lovers," the duchess of Rosedene cried, holding up her hands in horror, "there is not an eligible man in the land who has not sought her! Such offers, and all refused! Refused too, without rhyme or reason! Leah has some notion that she must love some one, that love is the great end and aim of each one's life—love—not wealth, pleasure, or gaiety, but love; and, with such ideas, what can one do?" The duchess shrugged her shoulders as she spoke. "Love, with such prospects as she has before her!"

Some of the offers Miss Hatton received were dazzling ones. The young Earl of Barberry was handsome, talented and passionately fond of her. No; she would not be Countess of Barberry. There was the Duke of Lincoln, who had country seats, a town mansion, and untold wealth, who would have made her his duchess. She would not be Duchess of Lincoln; and she had no other reason to give than that she did not love him; and the one thing she longed for in this life was love.

"Love?" said the duchess. "It will come with marriage."

"Not the love I want," she replied; "that must come before. I want a romance in my life."

"It is the way with those dark-eyed girls," said the duchess. "What a pity it is!"

Then a great legal celebrity fell in love with Leah; and of all the conquests she made that was certainly the most wonderful. He was a man whose name was a tower of strength, whose opinion was held in the highest esteem, and who had never spent one half-hour in wooing in his life. He grew desperate about her, and the wonder was that he did not run away with her. He could not realize his disappointment; he could hardly bear his life when she refused him. The duchess sighed, but said nothing. If the

GAIETY SOAP!



A thousand times a year or more you use your complexion ill or well according to the brand of your soap.

Gaiety Soap feeds the skin, purifies it of poisons, leaves it cool and creamy and preserves its bloom year after year.

Agent: T. B. CLIFT, Water St., St. John's.

"Say what you will, my dear; I am resigned."

"I have an idea that the moment I see him I shall know him. I shall look into his face, and a revelation will come to me."

"A very dangerous notion. Leah. You may fall in love with the wrong man altogether."

"How can I, if my theory be true?" she replied. "I have no doubt it seems absurd to you; but it is a serious matter to me. I should not be surprised if some day I look into a face and hear a voice say: 'I have been looking for you all these years.'"

The duchess raised her hands.

"And this," she said musingly—"this is after five years spent almost entirely with me, after three seasons of brilliant, uninterrupted success!"

"I have enjoyed it," replied Leah; "but there must be something better. Balls and operas, jetes and garden parties, dinners and picnics, dresses and diamonds, fatery and homage, are all very well—but they could not fill a life. There is no heart, no soul in them; and," she continued, half sadly, "one must tire of them after a time."

"Do you thing so?" asked the duchess, looking at her gravely.

"Yet I do. One ball is like another—there are the same people, the same dances, music, jewels; all one's partners say pretty nearly the same things. Dinners are the same—one differs very little from another. At the opera, although there is infinite beauty in the music, it is always the same story of love or jealousy. No, I do not think that even a life spent amid such brilliant scenes could fill one's heart and soul."

"You are a strange girl, Leah," said the duchess. "Who would imagine that the belle of the season had such notions as these? You have made me very uncomfortable, my dear. I shall live now in dread always that some day or other you will meet with one whom you may choose to imagine your ideal, and do something rash. I always said that there was something in your face even that made you different from other girls. But, Leah, as you have trusted me so far, trust me even further. Tell me, among all the men you have met—and you know the wisest the noblest, the best—is there not one of them whom you have liked?"

"Not one," she replied. "I shall know when I meet my ideal; my heart shall speak and tell me. I have not met him yet."

"When you do, my dear, I prophesy—Well, I will not prophesy; I will only tell you that a grand passion brings more pain than pleasure, and that if you want to be happy you must avoid the terrible fever that men call love."

CHAPTER XV.

The Duke and Duchess of Rosedene had become very much attached to Leah, and when the season ended they begged the general and her to come to pay them a long visit at Dene Abbey. They were to remain there during the autumn and winter. Sir Arthur did not quite like the idea, and a compromise was made. The whole party were to visit Brentwood first and remain there for six weeks; then they were to go to Dene Abbey and stay there as long as Sir Arthur wished—an arrangement which pleased every one. Leah by this time had grown to love the duchess so much that she never liked to be separated from her for long together.

Brentwood was looking its best at the end of July. The lovely month was fair as it could be—not too warm, but with all the glory of sunlight, the song of birds, the bloom of flowers, the beauty of spreading trees and sing-brooks. There are few counties in England so charming as Warwickshire. Shady woods, green hills, clear, deep streams, meres on which the great white water-lilies sleep, valleys full of ferns and wild flowers, render it a beautiful country; and Brentwood was one of the most beautiful places in it. The mansion was built on rising ground overlooking the river Brent—a deep, clear stream, full of lights and shadows, that meandered through the fairest woodland and seemed to sing as it wandered, of the scenes it had behind it.

(To be continued)

Make an egg-and-fish loaf, using tinned fish or salmon and flavoring with onion. Serve with tomato sauce. Creamed eggs and mushrooms should be served on slices of toasted bread and sprinkled with mushrooms.

Millard's Liniment for Burns, Etc.



Indoor Life

Spending more time indoors makes women far more subject to constipation than men.

The liver becomes sluggish and torpid, the bowels constipated and the system poisoned by impurities.

If you would get away from the myriads of ills which result from constipation, it is only necessary to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

The benefits from their use are as lasting as they are prompt and certain.

Mrs. John Barry, 18 St. Amable Street, Quebec, Que., writes:

"This is to certify that I was troubled for years with constipation and tried all kinds of medicines without relief. At last my husband suggested that I try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I did so, and must say that they have given me more relief than all the medicine I have taken during the last fifteen years. I may also add that I have used Dr. Chase's Ointment for piles with excellent results."

At All Dealers. Distributor: GERALD S. DOYLE.

At the Mercy of Mutineers.

THREE THOUSAND MILES IN AN OPEN BOAT.

Many years ago, near the end of the eighteenth century, the crew of a British man-of-war, the *Bounty*, mutinied while cruising in the Pacific Ocean, set their captain and certain of their shipmates adrift in an open boat, and sailed away into the unknown.

For four-and-twenty years nothing more was heard of them, and the affair had almost passed out of men's minds, when it was recalled by a startling discovery.

A cruiser sighted Pitcairn Island, an isolated speck of land in the South Pacific, supposed to be uninhabited. A boat's crew put off to try to effect a landing when, to their intense surprise, they were hailed in good English by a lad, who informed them that the island was peopled by the descendants of *Bounty* mutineers.

Cause of the Mutiny. They had, it appeared, landed there soon after the mutiny had taken place, bringing with them from Tahiti a number of native "wives." They had scuttled their ship after taking everything of value out of her, and so had to remain on the island—nobody from the outside world having visited them, or, indeed, knowing they were there.

The above story is fairly well known. What is not so well known, however, is the story of the events that led to the famous mutiny. Mr. R. I. Jack, in "Northernmost Australia," makes it plain.

Indirectly, the mutiny was the fault of the *Bounty's* commander, Captain Bligh. He was—we are told—a sea-wolf, a rude, brutal and intrepid man. He never slept, and could not bear that any of his crew should sleep. He was a poor eater, and he desired that his crew should diet themselves on his scale.

All his words were words of anger.

Be Prepared for that Pain

YOU can stop excruciating pain instantly if you will only apply SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Sloan's Liniment is pain's greatest enemy, and is backed by 40 years of success the world over. It is an invaluable remedy for

- Rheumatism
- Scoliosis
- Sore Throat
- Backache
- Spasms
- Bruises, etc.
- Chest Pains
- Stiff Neck

It penetrates right to the seat of trouble, warms and soothes the nerves and tissues, banishing pain.

Try it now. At all druggists and dealers.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT (PAIN'S ENEMY)

GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

All his orders were threats. All his threats were of the lash. The day came when his crew revolted, and laid hold of their pitiless captain.

Set the Captain Adrift. "Cease your cries," said the mutinous sailors. "We don't want to kill you, but we will not obey you. We will put the launch in the water, and you in it with four sailors, all good swimmers. Then you can beat the waves with those hands that are always so ready to strike. Farewell, Bligh, and a good voyage."

The words, of course, were words of irony. Not in their wildest dreams did the mutineers imagine that their commander would be able to reach any civilized place, let alone that he would get back to England. If that possibility had entered their minds they would have killed him then and there.

Yet Bligh actually succeeded in sailing his tiny craft three thousand miles to the mainland of South America—one of the most wonderful feats of his kind on record. And from there he took passage home.

Two years later he was back again in the Pacific, intent on wrecking vengeance on the men who set him adrift. But he never found them, and at last went to his grave without knowing what became of them.

The Last Great Pirate.

ROBERTS, THE DANDY. It is two hundred years ago that Bartholomew Roberts, who was according to literary tradition, the origin of Scott's Cleveland in "The Pirate," perished in battle on the quarterdeck of his own Jolly Roger flagship, the *Royal Fortune*. He was one of the last, if not indeed the very last, of the great romantic pirates.

Robert's career was a short one. He "began pirate" in 1718, and he died on February 26th, 1722.

He was mate of a ship that was plundered by pirates on the Guinea Coast in 1718, and he joined his captors, succeeding to the command of the band when their leader, Howell Davis, died. He was as bold a man as Davis. He emulated the latter's feat of taking James Fort, the British Royal African Company's stronghold on the River Gambia, by capturing Bruce Island Fort in Sierra Leone within a few weeks of his election to the command. He followed that up by the capture of a hundred merchant ships in twelve months, and the Company raised so much clamour at home that Captain Ogle, with the *Swallow* and Weymouth, was specially detached to round him up.

Captain Ogle Arrives. He was found at anchor in Capt. Lopez Bay by the *Swallow*, the Weymouth being away searching another part of the coast. Roberts had with him the *Royal Fortune* and the *Ranger*, which was commanded by a Welshman named Skyrme. Ogle, standing off to avoid a sandbank, gave Roberts the impression that he was afraid, and the pirate contemptuously sent his smaller ship to deal with the *Swallow*. Ogle drew off until he and the *Ranger* were out of sight and of the *Royal Fortune*. Then he turned and after two hours' fighting, captured his pursuer. Roberts's contempt for his adversary was so great that when the *Swallow* returned he refused to believe that she could be anything but the *Ranger* coming back victorious. When he was at last convinced of his mistake he slipped his cable and, with double-shotted guns, made for her. He made, we are told by an eye-witness of the fight, a gallant figure, "being dressed in a rich crimson damask waistcoat and breeches, a red feather in his hat, a gold chain round his neck with a diamond cross hanging to it, a sword in his hand, and two pairs of pistols hanging at the end of a silk sling slung over his shoulders (according to the fashion of the pirate)."

The Last Fight. After the first exchange of broadsides the *Royal Fortune* bore away, Roberts's intention being, apparently, to run her ashore and let his men escape. But a shift of the wind, or bad steering, foiled him. The *Royal Fortune* was taken aback and the second broadside ended the career of Roberts. He was struck full in the throat by grape-shot, and fell dead on the tacksles of a gun.

His crew threw the body overboard with his arms and ornaments on, but his flag (with the figure of a skeleton on it and a man with a flaming sword in his hand, intimating a defiance of death itself) was pinned under the fallen mainmast, and was taken by the *Swallow's* men when they captured the ship.

Raining Frogs and Geese. Though it has never actually rained cats and dogs, a good many weird things have at times fallen from the sky.

Some years ago a cloud-burst in Spain left the whole countryside covered with tiny frogs, which fell in myriads from the rain drops.

Several places have experienced showers of little fish! How they got into the clouds is a mystery. It is suggested that, like the frogs, they were sucked up at a time when evaporation was particularly strong.

Perhaps the strangest storm was one that occurred recently near Seattle, in the United States. The thunder and lightning were terrific; the rain came down in torrents. When the storm was at its height large bodies came hurtling through the air and struck the ground with loud thuds. They were wild geese! Hundreds of them were in flight when the storm burst and the lightning electrocuted numbers of them.

NOTE:—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c each.



BEAUTY OF THE SKIN is the natural desire of every woman, and is obtainable by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Pimples, blackheads, roughness and redness of the skin, irritation and eczema disappear, and the skin is left soft, smooth and velvety. All dealers, or J. J. Ross, 100 St. George Street, Toronto. Sample free if you mention this paper.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

The Last Great Pirate.

ROBERTS, THE DANDY.

It is two hundred years ago that Bartholomew Roberts, who was according to literary tradition, the origin of Scott's Cleveland in "The Pirate," perished in battle on the quarterdeck of his own Jolly Roger flagship, the *Royal Fortune*. He was one of the last, if not indeed the very last, of the great romantic pirates.

Robert's career was a short one. He "began pirate" in 1718, and he died on February 26th, 1722.

He was mate of a ship that was plundered by pirates on the Guinea Coast in 1718, and he joined his captors, succeeding to the command of the band when their leader, Howell Davis, died. He was as bold a man as Davis. He emulated the latter's feat of taking James Fort, the British Royal African Company's stronghold on the River Gambia, by capturing Bruce Island Fort in Sierra Leone within a few weeks of his election to the command. He followed that up by the capture of a hundred merchant ships in twelve months, and the Company raised so much clamour at home that Captain Ogle, with the *Swallow* and Weymouth, was specially detached to round him up.

Captain Ogle Arrives. He was found at anchor in Capt. Lopez Bay by the *Swallow*, the Weymouth being away searching another part of the coast. Roberts had with him the *Royal Fortune* and the *Ranger*, which was commanded by a Welshman named Skyrme. Ogle, standing off to avoid a sandbank, gave Roberts the impression that he was afraid, and the pirate contemptuously sent his smaller ship to deal with the *Swallow*. Ogle drew off until he and the *Ranger* were out of sight and of the *Royal Fortune*. Then he turned and after two hours' fighting, captured his pursuer. Roberts's contempt for his adversary was so great that when the *Swallow* returned he refused to believe that she could be anything but the *Ranger* coming back victorious. When he was at last convinced of his mistake he slipped his cable and, with double-shotted guns, made for her. He made, we are told by an eye-witness of the fight, a gallant figure, "being dressed in a rich crimson damask waistcoat and breeches, a red feather in his hat, a gold chain round his neck with a diamond cross hanging to it, a sword in his hand, and two pairs of pistols hanging at the end of a silk sling slung over his shoulders (according to the fashion of the pirate)."

The Last Fight. After the first exchange of broadsides the *Royal Fortune* bore away, Roberts's intention being, apparently, to run her ashore and let his men escape. But a shift of the wind, or bad steering, foiled him. The *Royal Fortune* was taken aback and the second broadside ended the career of Roberts. He was struck full in the throat by grape-shot, and fell dead on the tacksles of a gun.

His crew threw the body overboard with his arms and ornaments on, but his flag (with the figure of a skeleton on it and a man with a flaming sword in his hand, intimating a defiance of death itself) was pinned under the fallen mainmast, and was taken by the *Swallow's* men when they captured the ship.

Raining Frogs and Geese. Though it has never actually rained cats and dogs, a good many weird things have at times fallen from the sky.

Some years ago a cloud-burst in Spain left the whole countryside covered with tiny frogs, which fell in myriads from the rain drops.

Several places have experienced showers of little fish! How they got into the clouds is a mystery. It is suggested that, like the frogs, they were sucked up at a time when evaporation was particularly strong.

Perhaps the strangest storm was one that occurred recently near Seattle, in the United States. The thunder and lightning were terrific; the rain came down in torrents. When the storm was at its height large bodies came hurtling through the air and struck the ground with loud thuds. They were wild geese! Hundreds of them were in flight when the storm burst and the lightning electrocuted numbers of them.

Fashion Plates.

A STYLISH WRAP.



3890. Simple and attractive and suitable for silk, velvet, cloth or fur fabrics.

The Pattern for this design is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 24-26; Medium, 28-30; Large, 42-44; Extra Large 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 4 1/2 yards of 44 inch material. The collar may be worn high or rolled as shown in the small view.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A PRACTICAL STYLE FOR SCHOOL WEAR.



3884. Here is a blouse with a very practical and pleasing closing. The Russian effect is up-to-date. The sleeve is a new feature. The straight plaited skirt, ever popular with girls of school age. One may have plaid or check cutting for the skirt, and crepe, poplin or Indian head for the blouse. A pretty development would be red serge for the blouse, and black and white check wools for the skirt.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 12 year size requires 3 yards of 44 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

No.

Size

Name

Address in full:—

NOTE:—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c each.

Opening Millinery Display!

LADIES' JOB Straw HATS

in Best Quality Straws, smart shapes. Values \$3.00 to \$4.00.

Price only \$1.50 each

Small selection of

LADIES' MILLINERY HATS

Smart styles at Blair's. Usual Reasonable Prices.

Flowers and Hat Ornaments.

Newest Parisian and London Styles.

Hats Made to Order

There are Hats and Hats, and the Hat that you may have in your eye you may never see. But give us your ideas and we can fashion it to your design. Or if you are not sure what you want, only that you want something different, give the Artists in our Millinery Department the privilege of designing for you. They will please you.

HENRY BLAIR

JUST RECEIVED:

Latest Records, Brunswick and Gennett, 75c. and upwards.

A bundle of New Music given with each Record.

CHARLES HUTTON,

The Home of the Gramophone.

Hard-shelled squash need not be pared. Cut into pieces, cook, remove slices, will fry nicely, making a good breakfast or luncheon dish.

White crepe paper makes excellent bureau scarfs for the summer cottage. Place poached eggs on fried pieces of sprig and a little chopped ham, sauce and a little chopped ham.