



Nothing Else is Aspirin—say "Bayer"

Warning! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all. Why take chances?

Accept only an unbroken "Bayer" package which contains directions worked out by physicians during 21 years of use, and saved by millions for Colds, Headache, Earache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, and Pain. Made in Canada.

Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER IX.

He even managed a laugh. "Silly child—kiss me, and say you're sorry for being cross."

This easy, half bantering way of affection was easier. He turned her face to him by his soft little chin and kissed her lips.

It was not a kiss of love, not even of passion; just a light, brotherly sort of kiss, but it swept the clouds from Eva's horizon with a magic touch; she smiled through her tears.

"I wasn't cross—it wasn't that at all."

"Then what was it?"

But she could not explain; she wiped her eyes sadly.

"Look—the sun's coming out again," she said.

"That's a good sign," he answered. "And when did you say you will marry me?"

"I haven't made up my mind."

"Very well, then, I'll make it up for you. Let me see—I suppose a fortnight is long enough for you to buy clothes in, isn't it?"

She laughed happily.

"Anybody would think I wanted dozens of frocks."

"Well, won't you?" he submitted comically. "I thought brides always had dozens of everything," he said laughingly. "Then we'll say a fortnight, shall we?"

"It's too soon—I couldn't possibly."

"Three weeks, then—not a day longer. What is there to wait for?"

"Nothing, but . . ."

"Then we won't wait. Three weeks to-day, I'll tell your father when we get back."

"He'll say it's absurd," she protested, but her heart was beating with excitement and happiness.

"Oh, no, he won't. . . . He put the clutch in and the car started slowly forward. "Three weeks to-day, you won't forget?"

"Is it likely?"

His eyes softened as they looked at her flushed face.

"How old are you?" he asked suddenly.

"Twenty-three."

It struck him as being pathetically young. He laid his hand over hers.



Headache

Recurring headaches usually come from an exhaustion of the nervous system, and they do not disappear until the vigor of the nerve cells is restored by such up-building treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Temporary relief by use of powders is often obtained at an enormous expense to the nervous system and the general health.

Get the nerves right and the headaches will not return.

Mrs. W. J. Pearce, Nunn St., Cobourg, Ont., writes:

"My system became run-down and I suffered greatly with pain in my head. This was so severe that I would have to bind a cloth tightly about my head so that I could get my work done. A friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and after taking the first box I found quite an improvement in my condition. I continued using them until I had taken about seven boxes, and they strengthened and built up my system splendidly, completely relieving the pain in my head."

At All Dealers.

Distributor:

GERALD S. DOYLE.

All druggists sell Bayer Tablets of Aspirin in handy tin boxes of 12 tablets, and in bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. 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."

"We're going to be ever so happy, aren't we?" he said.

"Yes."

"And you'll never be cross with me again?"

"I wasn't cross. . . . It was only . . ."

"She turned her face away. "Somehow this afternoon," she said hesitatingly, "it all seemed wrong."

"Everything," she explained haltingly. "Our engagement—everything . . . it seemed as if you . . . you couldn't really love me. . . ."

The wheel jerked beneath his hand and the car zig-zagged dangerously for a moment.

"That's rather an unkind thing to say, isn't it?" he asked presently.

"I really thought it," she said sadly.

"And do you still think so?"

"No. . . ."

"You don't seem very sure," he said grimly.

She did not answer, and he turned his head and met her eyes.

"Are you sorry you said you would marry me?" he demanded. He felt that he must say something to hide his own embarrassment.

She slipped a hand into his.

"I shall never be sorry for that," she said.

CHAPTER X.

Dinner was progressing rather silently at the Highway House, when Philip Winterdick suddenly pushed back his chair and announced that he was going to be married in three weeks' time.

Mrs. Winterdick gasped.

"Three weeks, my dear boy! What is the hurry—you've only just got engaged."

"I know . . . may I smoke?—thanks. . . ."

He lit a cigarette, conscious that both his parents were watching him in utter amazement.

"Come, come, Phil, there's no such hurry," his father protested. "Wait till you've got to know each other better—it's early days yet. . . ."

Philip laughed.

"Think so? Well, I don't. . . . we're going to be married three weeks to-day."

Mrs. Winterdick began to cry softly.

"I can't bear the thought of losing you. The house won't be the same without you."

Philip looked at her with hard eyes.

"Oh, I dare say you'll see me almost as often as you do now," he said. "I don't fancy we shall live in town a great deal after all."

"In town? But, Phil. . . ."

Philip went on rapidly.

"Mr. Dennison is giving us a town house for a wedding present; he's going to furnish it and all the rest of it. I saw him to-night, and it's all settled. . . . Very generous of him, isn't it?"

His parents exchanged glances, and after a moment his father ventured another mild protest.

"It's a bit of a shock to your mother, you know, my boy; we hadn't thought of a wedding so soon. Why not put it off for a bit? Why not wait?"

"Because, if I put it off now, it will be for ever," Philip interrupted passionately. "If we wait, it will never come off at all. Once we're married, it will give us both a chance to settle down. As it is. . . ."

He laughed gleefully. "Another month of this and I shall have given the whole show away," he added.

"He got up and began to walk about the room."

"There's nothing for you to worry about, mother," he said more gently. "Eva's all right—she's a thundering sight too good for me. I shall shake down comfortably enough. It's only just . . . just the idea of it. . . . I've been so free—I've never been tied at all. . . ."

He laughed rather guiltily.

Was this how he would have felt if Kitty Arlington had been the girl he was to marry? He wondered. Somehow, in spite of everything, he did not think so. It had been easy to make love to her. He pushed the thought from him resolutely. She had thrown him over. He had wiped her out of his life for ever.

"I had hoped that perhaps you might both live here with us," Mrs. Winterdick said falteringly. "I am

sure if I spoke to Eva about it . . . she seems such a nice girl."

Philip interrupted.

"She'd hate it, and so should I. It's kind of you, mother, but you know it never pays. We're far better in a house of our own . . . and as it's going to be given to us free of charge, well . . ."

"Phil. . . . Phil," said his father, rebukingly. He was shocked at the hardness in his son's voice.

The young man swung round. His eyes looked very fiery.

"I thought you'd both be pleased," he said loudly. "I quite expected to be overwhelmed with congratulations. Haven't I done the right thing? Don't you want me to get married after all?"

Mr. Winterdick had risen. He stood rubbing his hands together nervously.

"Yes, yes—of course, of course," he said. "It's only that we're so surprised—it was so unexpected."

Philip stared at him, then he burst out laughing.

It really struck him as being intensely funny after all that had happened that his father should say he was surprised. . . .

"Well, it's all signed and sealed," he said more quietly. "So you can see about a new get-up, mater. . . . It seems that we've got to have half the country to see us married. Old Dennison is going to give us what he calls a slap-up wedding! Champagne flowing like water, and all the rest of it. . . ."

He broke off suddenly.

Buried deep down in his heart there had been such dreams of the future—such tender dreams of his wedding-day—dreams of which he had been half ashamed, and now . . . a loveless marriage! An impossible future—this was all he had to look forward to.

There was a tragic silence in the beautiful room. Then Mrs. Winterdick went over to her son and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Phil," she said gently.

"Yes, mother. . . ."

"You shan't do it, dear," she said tremblingly. "You've got all your life before you, and ours—mine and your father's—are nearly done. It's not too late—the girl can be told the truth—she must be made to understand. . . ."

She looked away from him, and her eyes wandered over the room. She loved every inch of it, but she loved this man more.

"Oh, I must have been mad, mad!" she said passionately. "To think that I could ever really sacrifice you, Phil, my dear boy, let me tell you—I can take the blame—I can tell her the truth. . . . It's not too late. She must be made to understand that this marriage cannot take place. . . . The money can be given back—after all, there is nothing dishonourable in having to leave this house. . . ."

Her voice faltered and died away.

Philip raised his hand, took hers, and kissed it on the soft palm. Then he put her gently away.

"You don't understand, mother," he said gently. "It is too late—it's . . . it's much too late. I ought not to have said what I did just now—I hope you'll both forget it. . . ."

He turned to go, but she caught his arm.

"What do you mean, Phil? . . . not . . . you can't care for her—you don't want to marry her. . . ."

He shook his head. "I'm not the only one to be considered, am I?" he asked.

She understood. She let him go without a word. Her husband came over and patted her shoulder.

"You mustn't blame yourself—you mustn't fret—it's my fault—all my fault," he said brokenly.

She turned on him passionately. "It's my fault—oh, I must have been mad—to think of sacrificing him—his whole life—his whole happiness! What do a few years matter to us? It's of him we ought to have thought; our only son—our only son. . . ."

But she knew that Philip was right when he said it was too late. She knew that in honour bound—or at least what was left to them of their honour—they could not go back.

(To be continued.)

Household Notes.

Never make tea in a metal teapot. String beans are good, dressed in olive oil.

Baked pears are a tempting breakfast fruit.

Split left-over muffins, toast, and serve with syrup.

Keep Clean

Internal cleanliness means health.

Without forcing or irritating, Nujol softens the food waste. The many tiny muscles in the intestines can then easily remove it regularly. Absolutely harmless—try it.

The Modern Method of Treating an Old Complaint.

Nujol

For Constipation

For Constipation

For Constipation

January Clearance Sales!



Children's Wool Caps

A full line of Children's Wool Caps in several shades; to fit from 2 to 8 years.

Each, 69c and 98c



Gloves

It takes this year to bring back the old-fashioned Glove values for which this store is famous. Present market conditions were never more favorable for accomplishing this. Ladies' fine Wool Gloves in shades of Brown, Grey, Heather mixture and Fawn.

Per Pair, 98c



Ladies' Tan Boots

A beautiful line of Ladies' Ox Blood with both blunt and pointed toe, medium heel; nine inches high; a real dressy boot.

Per Pair, 5.98



Ladies' Nightgowns

Here is a new showing of those good quality Flannelette Gowns which have found such favor with our customers. Among the styles are Gowns with double yokes.

Each, 1.98

Ladies' Wool Scarfs

Charming

Scarfs for late fall and winter or early spring wear—for golfing, skating or motoring; in pretty color combinations in Blue and Grey and Blue and Fawn.

Each, 6.98

MURPHY'S GOOD THINGS

The Pendulum of Values Swings Higher Still While Prices Strike Their Final Low Level

NOT since the days when A. T. Stewart and John Wanamaker established the idea of a lowest price for the highest value, has there been a clearance sale in which we have offered such excellent merchandise at so greatly reduced prices.

The reductions made only for our January Clearance represent savings which command the attention of every man and woman who realizes the great economies they present.



One Interesting Chapter in Our January Sale:

Ladies' Pullovers

Our story of January Savings wouldn't be complete if we failed to tell you about these Sweater bargains. Your profit will not be complete until you have shared these bargains. In shades of Green, Fawn, Brown, American Beauty, Rose and Grey.

Each, 3.98



Ladies' Winter Hose

The most complete line ever shown in the city in Fleece, Cashmere and Wool. Colors: Black, Brown, Grey, Fawn and Green Heather.

Per Pair, 19c to 1.49

We Are Cleaning Up All FALL HATS

The pencil of the price marker has gone over practically every price ticket on every hat, and the result is some of the best offerings for the figure that we have ever presented for this season.

Each, 1.98



Boys' Winter Overcoats

Never was there anything shown any way near this price for the same class of coat; made of heavy Dark Grey coating, with belt half way round, double breast; to fit boys from 11 to 17 years.

Each, 6.98



Men's Wool Mufflers

Made of soft Canadian wool, 56 ins. long and 8 ins. wide, with beautiful soft fringe on each end; color white.

Each, 1.84

PHIL. MURPHY

317 WATER STREET.

Store Open Every Night and Every Holiday.



YOU CAN'T PASS UP Shirt Values Like These

Even if the bureau drawer is jammed full of shirts, you'll find room somewhere for some of these shirts. Why? See the Shirts, and the prices!

Each, 1.98



SOCKS

We've told you our January Sale isn't missing much in our store. It even includes Socks! These prices will make you feel like sitting up for a year; all shades.

59c to 1.25



RARE VALUES IN Good Looking Ties

The fact that sale prices are named does not detract one bit from the quality. Indeed, it adds interest for the patterns and colors are most desirable.

49c to 1.49



LOTS OF "EXCESS VALUE" IN THESE

Men's Overcoats at 17.98

We've grouped all our best Overcoats for men at this low January price. Every garment is in good style and worth a whole lot more than our Sale Price.

Each, 17.98

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