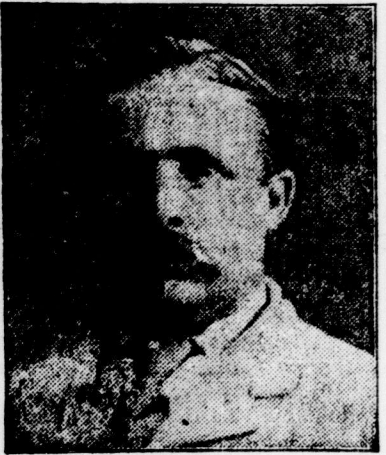


FREED OF RHEUMATISM  
BY FRUIT TREATMENT.

"Be good enough to publish for the information of Rheumatism sufferers how 'Fruit-a-tives' relieved my Rheumatism which had at least five years' standing.

"The trouble was in my right hip and shoulder; the pain almost unbearable. This kept up until I started to take 'Fruit-a-tives'. After a continuous treatment for about six months, I am now in first-class condition. This I attribute to my persistent use of 'Fruit-a-tives'."

This is the letter which Mr. James Dobson of Brant, Ont., wrote after trying the wonderful Fruit Treatment—'Fruit-a-tives'—which consists of intensified fruit juices combined with tonics.

If you suffer with Rheumatism, 'Fruit-a-tives' will make you well and keep you well.

25c and 50c a box—at dealers or sent by 'Fruit-a-tives Limited,' Ottawa, Ont.—Adv.

## ASPIRIN

Beware of Imitations!



Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions, and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for

Colds Headache  
Toothache Lumbago  
Neuritis Rheumatism  
Neuralgia Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proven directions. Handy box of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester 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."—Adv.

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Wise  
Bird"For  
Quality & Value  
SMOKEWHITE  
OWL  
CIGARS

3 for 25¢

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IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. OF  
CANADA LIMITED

Sole Distributors

## Low Tyler's Wives

The story of a Lovable Ne'er-do-well.

By WALLACE IRWIN

Installment VIII.

LEW TYLER, a good-looking young man of exceptional musical talent and a good "mixer," after failing to achieve success in his native San Francisco, goes to New York to represent a Japanese importing firm. He achieves, through his "mixing" ability, a good deal of success there.

JESSIE TYLER, his wife, whom he calls "Red," endures the hardships his carelessness brings upon them.

MEECH GARRICK, a California real estate man, of small stature but large heart, is frankly fond of Jessie, and does much to help the Tylers.

BUZZY MANDELBUSH, a hustling advertising man of California, is backed by Garrick.

MR. WINKLER, Jessie's father, is left in San Francisco.

BRAGGIE, a friend and colleague of Lew's—not a very pleasant character—quarrels with Lew over money which the latter owes him.

COLEEN MILES, an attractive young woman, proves so attractive to Lew that Jessie breaks off the intimacy their families had enjoyed. Coleen moves away, but one night, in a kindly-meant effort to show Jessie what becomes of the money Lew is earning, Garrick reveals a rendezvous between Coleen and Tyler.

BUSTER, the Tyler's little boy, dies. Lew goes out to get a "shine"—and misses the funeral, Meech going with Jessie. He arrives later in an aura of alcohol, with many promises of reformation. Jessie says she is going to leave him and goes away.

## CHAPTER XV.

## Regeneration.

Men are seldom made better through the sacrifice of pure and beautiful women. Lew Tyler, in his early and wasteful career, had lapses



"Who's the handsome Johnnie with her?"

into virtue when it was a sort of emotional luxury to lay his head on Jessie's knee and swear repentance—knowing that his sins were forgiven in advance by her whom he approached always on the side of her affections, which in any woman is her blind side.

Lew reformed an hour too late, in so far as his reform concerned Jessie.

To say that she had no part in that reformation would be unfair to that story. Her patience outworn, her faith violated, her motherhood robbed, she gained the desperate courage wherewith to cast him into a deep well, out of her sight.

The night after his baby's funeral

had learned, were postmarked New York. Lew himself had heard nothing of her since she left him, the night after the baby's funeral.

Buzzy was anxious to bring Lew into his business, but Lew refused.

In May, 1917, Lew Tyler sold out and entered the training camp at Plattsburg. He had nothing to keep him home, save his business, and this he closed with a profit of \$65,000, which he invested in securities as safe as anything could be in those precarious days.

He risked nothing except his life—which is to say that he risked everything. With the rank of captain he arrived in France in April, 1918, and as Major Lewis K. Tyler put aside his uniform early in 1919.

He came into full flower shortly after the armistice when numerous regimental "opera companies" toured among the restless A. E. F.

Ladies of quality, who brought cheerful programs of bored soldiers, petted and admired Lew Tyler. He found himself heroized; and if his talents were unimpaired, they were none the less appreciated in a man who wore his uniform to such good effect.

Meeting Buzzy again in New York, it was he who sought for terms and Mandelbush who made the bargain: Buzzy was generous, as he always was with Lew; "The greatest ad man in America," had been his superlative tribute. A little investigation showed Lew all too plainly that re-establishment of his trade in Chinese antiques would cost him another struggle.

The little fortunes of Mandelbush and Tyler were fused in corporation to be known as the Publicity Educational Institute. The title was Lew's, somewhat sarcastic in its origin; but it was avidly seized upon by Buzzy, who rejoiced in a firm name so respectable, so ponderous and—more important than all else—so elastic.

But Lew Tyler's enthusiasm was flagging just a little. He was growing rich, according to his standards. With neither vices nor family upon which to lavish his money he became as a full lake with no outlet.

If he had mended his ways and won to success merely as a means of proving his worth in Jessie's eyes, that joke was pointless, too. He had heard nothing of her since the day when divorce papers were served on him and he had refused to appear in his own defence.

He thought of her continually. Something irreplaceable had been taken from his side. In crowds he was always glancing up, imagining that he had caught a glimpse of her vivid hair or of her faithful eyes.

Heigho! What has become of her? Married, no doubt, and happy again, for Jessie was too pretty and too clinging to sleep for long beside an empty pillow.

CHAPTER XVI.  
Virginia.

The Merlino's grill room was vibrating with music and the younger set were indulging in those jerky movements which the upper levels of society have borrowed from the lower. The Anchovies were giving the third of their subscription dances for the winter of 1920.

Mrs. John Struthers Kemball sat behind a pillar with Mr. Plantagenet Van Laerens, indulging in gossip which touched, more or less directly, upon a newcomer, Mr. Lewis K. Tyler. The admirable Van Laerens—"Plumie," one usually called him—had aged during the war and was inclined a little to fat and to evening stupors.

His oyster-colored eyes were closed,

ing after a slender girl, who had thrown her head back to laugh at something her tall partner had just said; her short black hair lay in garlands about her ears and contrasted with a milky skin. The brows above her dark eyes were somewhat heavy for the mode, but they were smoothly arched. In Virginia Phillips one could not determine the boundary line between art and nature.

"Virginia looks lovely tonight," mused Rita Kemball.

"These beautiful old maids irritate me."

"You couldn't call Jinny that?"

"Thirty-two," computed Plumie, languidly. "Who's the handsome Johnnie with her?"

"A Mr. Tyler. I shall always be sorry for Lew Tyler. He has one of the saddest stories—"

"I've got a sad story, too," broke in Plumie, "but you wouldn't give me a crust if I wept for a year."

It was shortly after supper when Virginia Phillips, declining another dance, found herself alone with the interesting Mr. Tyler. They had appropriated a small table in a corner farthest removed from the orchestra's popular bedlam, and Virginia was smoking a cigarette which she slipped daintily through a long ivory holder. Under her full skirts a rosy ankle showed.

Virginia was suffering from the pain of curiosity. Was Tyler still in love with the wife of whom he had told her? How had the woman hurt him? "Would you mind my coming to see you some time?" he said when they parted, and there was the sound of fate in his query.

"Oh, I should like it," was her stereotyped reply. "If you'll telephone."

Her last impression, before she went to sleep, was of a man reconstructed. His wounds still ached, that she knew.

Virginia Phillips was not whimsical; wherever she differed from the conventional type she differed for a reason which was justified in her

own mind at least.

Daughter of materialists, she had grown up to be a luxury loving and instinctively extravagant; she had gone through youth, admired for her looks, yet had somehow evaded marriage up to the narrow edge of spinsterhood. She had reasons for this, no doubt.

That winter and early spring she was often in Lew Tyler's company, partly by her own arrangement.

More than anything else, she was curious about him. After the few bare facts of his life, thrown at her recklessly upon their first meeting, he had shut up, as the saying goes, like a clam. Women, like wild birds, are lured by that which puzzles them.

She must have shown him conspicuous favors, for the news penetrated the Tory Club's brick walls and reached the table where Seumas Phillips, her father, sat at bridge.

"Jinny, how serious is this man Tyler?" he asked when next he saw her.

"Serious?" He had caught her up so suddenly that she had nothing adequate to reply.

"Nowadays they show a lot of liberty to girls of your age"—she winced at this—"but there's no use getting talked about with nothing to show for it. I saw you with him Wednesday at the opera—presentable-looking fellow. But where does he come from?"

"He's a San Franciscan," she explained, and added a mendacity born of her own ideal: "Of a very good family."

"I'm too old to start asking questions for what women do and don't. Only it seems queer that a girl with your education and looks and—er—family should go knocking about on the loose till her hair turns gray—if it ever does nowadays. I know you're fastidious, Jinny, and I'm proud that you are. But there were two or three times when you had chances that ought to satisfy any girl alive."

She wondered if he, if anyone, anticipated for a few cents.—Adv.

realized that her chances were never real opportunities. His fish nibble and get away. Virginia knew that she was unmarried because she had tried too hard to marry well.

"Was he ever married before?"

"Yes, once."

"Divorced?"

"Yes."

"That's a point against him," he concluded.

"Daddy," said Virginia, "you're a perfect darling—but please don't excite yourself about Lew Tyler."

"Didn't say—"

"Because," she interrupted, "I wouldn't think of marrying him—not any more than I'd think of marrying the man in the moon."

"You might do worse," he said, but whether he referred to the early Lew or the lunar Lew was a matter of conjecture.

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Tomorrow's Installment Tells How Virginia Found a Lover and a Letter.

HOW "TIZ" HELPS  
SORE, TIRED FEET

Good-bye, sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, sweaty feet, smelling feet, tired feet.

Good-bye corns, callouses, bunions and raw spots. No more shoe tightness, no more limping with pain or drawing up your face in agony. "Tiz" is magical, acts right off. "Tiz" draws out all the poisonous exudation which puff up the feet. Use "Tiz" and forget your foot misery. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel. Get a box of "Tiz" now at any drug or department store. Don't suffer. Have good feet, glad feet, feet that never smell, never hurt, never get tired. A year's foot comfort guaranteed for a few cents.—Adv.

WEAK NERVOUS WOMEN  
SOON STRONG AGAIN

Thousands of Women, Exhausted By Their Tasks, Can Rebuild Their Bodies and Restore Their Nervous Systems

Countless thousands of women must work day after day in offices, stores, manufacturing establishments or in their own homes who are really unfit for their tasks. With bodies and nerves overstrained, they get through each day almost by will power alone. At night, worn out, despondent life holds little of pleasure for them. They should not be content to drag on, making their sacrifice of health, beauty and happiness. Each one should resolve to at once begin the rebuilding of her body: the creation of red blood and flesh tissue that fills out hollow cheeks and wasted forms; that restores strength and nerve power and brings back vitality.

When weighed down by weakness and worry such women should begin at once the harmless home treatment of Wincarnis, the restorative. They should obtain from their druggist a bottle of Wincarnis. This strength creator and nerve tonic is so effective that only three tablespoonsful a day are taken, which makes the cost only ten cents a day and amazing results are often obtained in from eight to twelve days, then weak, nervous women need worry no longer.—Adv.

Here's Economy!  
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A rich old-fashioned flavor! New in economy! Delicious golden spread for all syrup uses, at a cost of only about 28c a quart. Try it for flavoring, too!

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Robert's  
Syrup

of the Extract of Cod Liver & Tar  
for COUGHS, COLDS  
and BRONCHITIS



Nearly five centuries ago a little band of Spanish adventurers lured by rumours of a land that teemed with gold, disembarked on the shores of Peru. By ruthless conquest, they achieved mastery of a princely native race and amassed riches beyond the wildest dreams of avarice.

The early Spanish conquerors of Peru in their greedy search for gold literally trod under foot an undreamed treasure of liquid gold which today has become the heritage of Canada through the efforts and activities of Canadian enterprise.

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that Ended in Peru—

Scientific investigation establishes the fact that only a small portion of the world's crude oil supply possesses the necessary properties for the production of perfect motor lubricants.

The search for new sources of crude oil supply goes feverishly forward in every latitude. The reward for discovery is the richest prize offered in the oil industry—possession of a product of unsurpassable excellence.

This prize has fallen to Canada! In a far corner of Peru, Imperial Oil Limited now controls a matchless crude oil which is

brought across countless leagues by sea and land to Canadian consumers.

When you buy one of the five grades of Imperial Polarine Motor Oils, you have the assurance that it is made from selected crude stock, scientifically refined to preserve all the rich lubricating properties so necessary to smooth-running, trouble-free motor operation. *Change the oil in your crank case today* and refill with the proper grade of Imperial Polarine—the results will convince you that here at last is a finer motor oil.

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

IMPERIAL  
Polarine 5 GRADES  
FOR LUBRICATION OF  
MOTOR OILS  
AUTOMOBILES TRUCKS  
AND TRACTORS

Make of Automobile	Engine	Transmission	Differential	Maxwell	Star
Dodge Bros. (1923)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Dodge Bros. (Other Mod.)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Durant (4 cyl.)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Durant (6 cyl.)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
East	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Ford	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Ford (Commercial)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Franklin (1923-24)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Franklin (Other Mod.)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Gray Dorr	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Haynes (6 cyl.)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Haynes (12 cyl.)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Hupmobile	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
King (8 cyl.)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Liberty	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Lincoln	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
McLaughlin (1923)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
McLaughlin (1924)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
McLaughlin (Other Mod.)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Marmont	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Overland	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Packard	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Paige (Cont. Eng.)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Paige (Cont. Mod.)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Paige (Other Mod.)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Pontiac	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Pontiac (All Mod.)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Roe (All Mod.)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Roamer (Mod. 4-75)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Roamer (Model 6-54)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Roamer (Other Mod.)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Saxon	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Standard Eight	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Studebaker	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Studebaker	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Stutz	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Vauxhall (35 H.P.)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Vauxhall (30-38 H.P.)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Vauxhall (Cont. Eng.)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Vauxhall (Other Mod.)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Wescott (Mod. D-48)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Wescott (Other Mod.)	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH
Willys-Knight	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH	IPH

NOTE—If your car is not listed above see the complete Chart of Recommendations which is displayed wherever Imperial Polarine Motor Oils are sold.