

# Genuine ASPIRIN

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Headache Colds Neuralgia Lumbago  
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**Safe** Accept only "Bayer" package  
which contains proven directions.  
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 a well known fact that Aspirin means Bayer, the public is advised that the Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

## The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER XLII.

"Hush, dearest!" said Irene, softly. "As if there were any chance of Royce ceasing to love you. And don't be unhappy or anxious about his silence, dear. Depend upon it, he is away hunting lions, and tigers somewhere in the heart of Africa, where one would be as likely to meet with a post-office as a bonnet shop," and she laughed. "What tremendous adventures he must have had, and what stories he will tell us—that sounds rather queer doesn't it? But I mean stories—when he comes home!"

"When he comes home!" echoed the countess, with a sigh. "It is time he came home, Irene. The estate, the people, want a master's presence and guiding hand. It is time he came and took his place in the county."

"Yes," said Irene, dreamily. "Then she roused herself. 'He will get a tremendous reception when he does come back,' she said, cheerfully. 'Lord Balfar says that the Government is delighted with the way Royce conducted the negotiations with the Zulus and managed the Cape Town business, and that they will offer him office when he returns to England. I don't know whether Royce would care to take it, but it is nice that they should pay him honor. Lord Balfar says that all the county is proud of him. The country newspapers printed the account from the 'times,' and everybody is talking about him.'"

The countess bent her head. Was she thinking of the day she told Royce that he had brought shame and disgrace upon the old name?

"Royce will never be a politician," she said. "He will settle down among his own people, and be satisfied with the duties of a country gentleman."

Irene nodded. "Yes, dear Royce! I think I can see him riding to the meet, or trudging through the turnips with his gun. Couldn't he import a herd of buffaloes or a tiger or two for him,

dear? I'm afraid he'll find pheasants and partridges rather tame after the big game he has been hunting lately. We must do all we can to keep him contented, mustn't we?"

The countess glanced at her as if about to speak, and if she had spoken she would have said:

"You will not find it difficult to content him," but she remained silent.

"Will you have some more tea, dear?" said Irene.

Then she got up and crossed the hall to the conservatory, reappearing after a few minutes with a bunch of white blossoms.

"I shall not be long," she said, looking over her shoulder as she moved to the door.

The countess inclined her head, but did not ask where Irene was going. In less than half an hour she came back without the flowers, and with a saddened and grave look on her lovely face.

"And now it is time to dress, I suppose," she said. "Let me help you upstairs, dear."

The countess reached for her stick—she suffered severely from rheumatism, caught the night of the fire—and put her hand on Irene's arm.

"How quiet it is!" she said, but not complainingly. "I often think that you should go away, Irene; that this dull life must be bad for you who are so young."

"Go away and leave you?" said Irene, with a laugh. How dare you propose such a thing? I am not dull, dear; there is always something for me to do, and the time passes—she was going to say 'quickly enough,' but she faltered. "Don't talk of my going away until Royce comes back," she continued, cheerfully. "I shall go then and leave you two together for—oh! quite a long time. Perhaps I shall go to Africa and see how I get on with the lions and the tigers," and she laughed again.

The countess said nothing, and they moved slowly across the hall. At the foot of the stairs she stopped, and leaning upon her stick, looked round.

"Do you think he will be pleased with what we have done—the rebuilding?" she said. It seemed as if never for a moment could she cease thinking of him.

"I am sure he will," replied Irene, confidently. "For one thing, Royce was never difficult to please, and for another, I think it has all been done so nicely. In a year or two, when the ivy has grown, no one will be able to tell the new part from the old."

(To be continued.)

## The Mouth of the Treacherous Pit — OR — Revenge That Satisfieth Not.

CHAPTER I.

The Squire had received that letter in the morning, and he had hardly stirred since. For many hours he had remained just as he was, trying to realize the utter, abject misery into which he had fallen. His hands folded, his eyes closed, his life wrecked and ruined, no more piteous sight could be conceived than the old man in his sorrow.

The door opened slowly, and into the darkened room came a beautiful, graceful girl, whose face was full of anxious solicitude. She went up to the drooping figure, and laid her loving arms round the Squire's neck.

"Papa," she said, can you not cheer up? It might have been worse—death is worse."

"Worse, Dolores?" he questioned sadly. "Ah, no! Death is much more merciful than poverty and ruin. I could face death with a smile; but I am the last of the Clifdens, and the disgrace is worst than death."

"There is no disgrace for you, papa. It is not your fault that other men are rogues and swindlers. Tell me dear, what will be the worst for us?"

"The worst for me will be the workhouse or an almshouse in my old age, for you there will be hard work, Dolores!"

"Is it so bad as that?" she asked, wondering. "Must we leave White Cliffe?"

"There is not even a chair in the house which belongs to us," he replied. "The house, pictures, furniture, plate, are no longer ours. We are absolute paupers, Dolores—and that is a hard thing to say."

"Very hard, papa, but I am quite sure I can work. I can make money enough to keep you and myself. I will do anything—teach, paint, sing, I would go on the stage—I would do anything to help you."

A softened look came over his worn face.

"I knew it, Dolores; but you have never been used to work. The Clifdens have until now kept some of their old state. If I could only have lived at White Cliffe until it was time to die! If I could only have slept where all the Clifdens slept. But I shall die in an almshouse, and be buried like a pauper. How could you work for me, child?" he continued.

"I have lived in luxury all my life. I must have dainty food and choice wine! I must have comforts—food, fire, good clothes, my books, my papers. How could you earn money for all those things?"

Before she had time to answer there came a great peal at the door-bell.

"I can not see any one Dolores," he said; and even then the very utterance of the beloved name seemed to lighten his sorrow. "Dolores!" he repeated, dwelling tenderly on the word.

But the visitor would take no denial, he had followed the servant to the drawing-room.

"I must come in, Clifden," he said. "I must see you."

"It is Lord Rhysworth," said Dolores, undraping her arms, with a little flush on her face.

The visitor entered—a tall, aristocratic-looking man, rather above middle age, but not old enough to be called elderly. He was not handsome, but his face was that of a noble, generous man.

"You must forgive me, Squire," he said. "I could not help coming to see you. Is the news I hear true? Has the company failed?"

"Yes, and I am a ruined man—ruined, penniless—shall soon be homeless. I, the last of the Clifdens in my old age must die a pauper!"

The Squire's voice sunk into a murmur, and his head fell upon his breast. Lord Rhysworth turned to the girl, whose face had grown colorless with emotion.

"Is it quite true, Miss Clifden?" he asked.

"Quite true, my lord," she answered.

"I am very sorry," said Lord Rhysworth. The words were simple but they had the ring of sincerity and truth. "I am more sorry than if the same misfortune had happened to myself," he continued. "Is there no way out of it?"

(To be continued.)

## STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

Cooling and health giving. An ideal aperient for children from the period of teething to the age of 10 or 12 years.

With these powders "HINTS TO MOTHERS" (LARGE AND FULLY ILLUSTRATED) JOSE STEEDMAN & CO. LTD. LONDON, E.C.



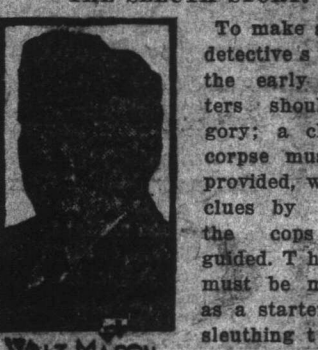
She knows what's good—this magic cereal that brings rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes.

It's all a crispy, crunchy, golden goodness of which you never tire.

**Kellogg's CORN FLAKES**  
Oven-fresh always



## THE SLEUTH STORY.



WALT MARSH

Who has been slain with rats or sabres, to prompt the keen detective's labors. The lesser crimes all prove a fiasco; the grime must pop, the blood must drizzle. Thus furnishing our early pages, the cops proceed to earn their wages. For bone-head methods we must score them; they ball up everything before them. And then we introduce the wonder, the sleuth who pulls the case asunder, who shows the truth where it is hiding, and gives the baffled cops a chiding. He always has a Watson trailing, a chump whose brains are unavailing, a skate who makes such silly queries that now and then the reader wearies. The formula is old and hoary, but if you'd write a winning story its ancient curves you have to follow—all other schemes prove vain and hollow. The story writers of endeavor to pave the beaten path forever, and give us something new and pleasing, a sleuth who has no Watson whirling, a crime in which no blood is streaming—but all their schemes are idle dreaming. A stiff must furnish the beginning, a futile Watson must be grinning, the baffled cops must pull their boners, while Sherlock finds the dagger's owners.

Wanted a Second Hand Fish Screw for cask fish. THE COWAN BROKERAGE CO., LTD.—4744.

## Converted German Rifle

SELLING IN CANADA WHOLESALE AS SHOTGUNS.

Canadian Market is Now Being Flooded With Weapons Which Six Years Ago Were Used to Kill Canada's A Sons.

HAMILTON.—A hardware dealer recently called on by a Financial Post representative, told of a widespread demand for a German double-barrelled shot-gun which has recently flooded the Canadian market. This man, sold some three dozen of these shot-guns during the past year, in a community in which sporting conditions are of the poorest, and told of the incessant demand for this German gun during the past few months. An inspection of the figures of importations of German fire-arms to Canada during the past year discloses the surprising fact that while for the year ending March 31, 1923, the value of such importations was \$2,691, and in 1923 \$5,791, in the year which has ended this figure has risen to \$78,065. A wholesale hardware house selling throughout Ontario later informed the Post of its own importations of German fire-arms during the past year approximately one-half have been cheap 22 calibre sporting rifles, the other half being double barrelled shot-guns. This wholesale house also volunteered the interesting information that these shot-guns are no less than a conversion of the old German military rifle.

Truly there is no sentiment in buying when the very weapons used against our own soldiers in a war ending less than six years ago, now find a ready market in Canada. Certainly the question to buy or not to buy must be settled by the conscience of the individual, but certainly also the individual should know, as we believe he does not know at present, exactly what it is that he is buying.

## Just Folks.

By EDGAR A GUEST

TEMPER

High she held her lovely head, I had promised and forgot; Bitter were the things she said, And her voice was sharp and hot.

In her eyes a flash of fire, Lit unuttered thoughts of pain, I had crossed one sweet desire, And apologies were vain.

Those brown eyes had danced for me, Those glad lips had often smiled, New I stood aghast to see, Loveliness by rage defiled.

Till I saw her so distressed, And her charms by fury swayed, I had never dreamed or guessed, Beauty could so quickly fade.

Then we laughed the storm away, Kissed and soothed the bitter sting, But I'd learned why sages say Temper is a cruel thing.

## CORNS

Lift Off—No Pain!



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

A Spanish omelette demands an appetizer. Serve a couple of sardines, a little pickled herring, and a cheese ball on lettuce with French dressing.

## WOMAN SICK TWO YEARS

Caused by Troubles Women Often Have—Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Medina, New York.—"I had a great deal of trouble such as women often have, and this affected my nerves. For over two years I suffered this way, then I read in the Buffalo Times about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and have taken it with very good results. I am very much better and feel justified in praising the Vegetable Compound to my friends and neighbors who suffer from anything of the kind."—Mrs. Wm. H. Adams, 311 Elm Road, Medina, N. Y.

Feels Like Girl Sixteen Rochester, N. Y.—"After my twin girls were born I was all run-down. My neighbors thought I was going to die. I saw your advertisement in the paper and bought Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The first bottle helped me and I kept on taking it. I only weighed ninety pounds when I began taking it, and I have gained in weight and feel like a girl of sixteen. I never can say enough for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Virginia Donny, 16 Skene Park, Rochester, N. Y.

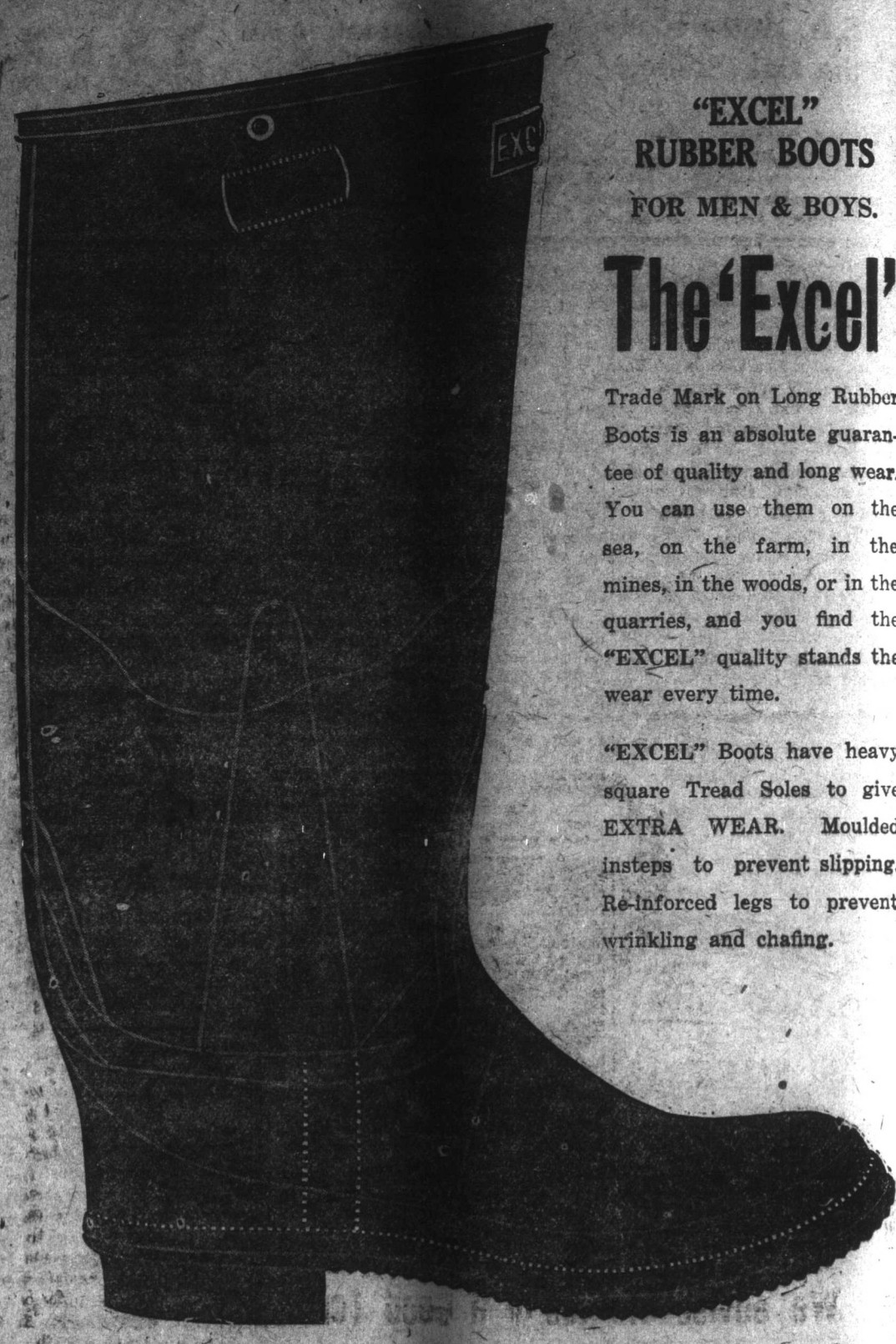
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"EXCEL" RUBBER BOOTS FOR MEN & BOYS.

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Trade Mark on Long Rubber Boots is an absolute guarantee of quality and long wear. You can use them on the sea, on the farm, in the mines, in the woods, or in the quarries, and you find the "EXCEL" quality stands the wear every time.

"EXCEL" Boots have heavy square Tread Soles to give EXTRA WEAR. Moulded insteps to prevent slipping. Re-inforced legs to prevent wrinkling and chafing.



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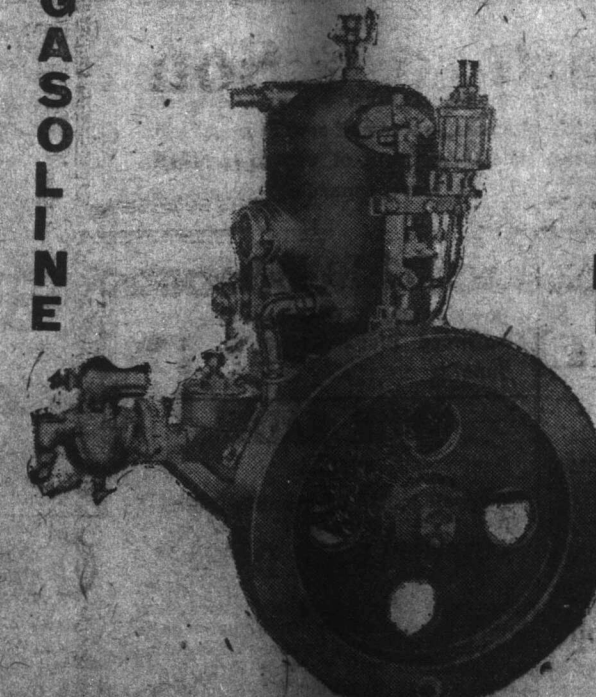
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ST. JOHN'S.

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If there seems hardly enough of the main hot dish for generous servings, accompany it with a pat of cold sliced meat. A great deal of ice melts when refrigerator doors are opened and shut. Keep them closed as much as possible. Peas are excellent baked with bread crumbs, cream sauce and a little sliced bacon. MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR CORNS.