

Genuine



ASPIRIN

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 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."

Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER XIII

There were many conflicting emotions in the heart of young Winterdick as he drove back alone through the silent night.

If he had been quite honest with himself, he would have admitted that he was feeling almost happy. But he had not yet reached the stage when he could be quite honest with himself. He felt shy of analyzing his emotions. There was a sort of secret wish at the back of his mind to wait a little longer—to avoid taking himself to task, or sorting himself out, as it were, till his wedding day.

Something had happened that evening which had given him a nasty shock, and, as everyone knows, a shock also often has the effect of bringing a sick man to his senses. The fact was that Philip Winterdick was almost sure in his own mind that Kitty Arlington had not really fainted at all. He hated to think it, but that is the did. He believed that the whole thing was just a pose—an elaborately-designed scene with which to play upon his feelings.

It had succeeded, too, up to a point. He had felt pretty sick with himself as he saw her fall from the chair. He had felt pretty sick, too, as he lifted her in his arms and carried her out of the room. For quite five minutes he had been convinced that he had broken her heart and half killed her by his faithlessness.

He had even been so utterly foolish as to drop a remorseless kiss on her golden hair when he thought nobody was looking, and had stood by in an agony of fear till she opened her eyes and looked—straight at him.

And that look had sown the seed of doubt in his mind. The more he thought of it, the more sure he was that the whole faint had been put on, and young Winterdick hated shams and artificialities.

Was there nothing genuine in the whole of her dainty composition? He wondered. Had he just been an easy

fool, caught by her eyes and her smile and her pretty voice?

He thought of Eva in comparison with relief and gratitude; and during the evening Calligan had unconsciously fanned the flame of his feeling for her into something greater.

Then had followed that moment of jealousy when she had refused to answer his questions in the car, and then he had kissed her, and then . . . here he shied away from what he had thought then. Though he was alone and it was dark, he coloured hotly at the memory of that moment. He felt that the night had myriads of inquisitive eyes, all of which were looking at him. He drove the rest of the way at a terrific pace.

Calligan and Mrs. Winterdick and several other men who were staying in the house were waiting up for him when he got back. Apparently there was still more champagne to be consumed, and Philip was immediately presented with a glass of it.

Across the room he met his father's eyes. "Your health, my boy," said the old man.

Philip hesitated; then he raised his glass. "To the best woman in the world!" he said.

CHAPTER XIV

There was a sound of wheels on a gravel path and a little flutter of excitement swept through the crowded church. Faces turned backwards towards the open door. There was a perturbed rustle of silken skirts.

In the front pew Mrs. Dennison grasped Mrs. Winterdick's hand.

"Has she come?" she asked in an emotional whisper. "Oh, my heart is beating so! I told her not to get here too soon, but—" Her voice was drowned in the swelling tones of the organ.

For the moment at least everyone forgot the bridegroom, and Philip Winterdick gave a little sigh of relief and squared his shoulders as he turned to look down the long aisle.

He knew now how great had been the dread in his heart that something would happen at the last moment to prevent his marriage. An enormous load was lifted from his shoulders as he saw the little procession at the foot of the church form itself and move slowly towards him.

He looked at Eva, and he was conscious of a sudden tightening at his throat. In a few moments this girl in the white frock and slimy veil would be his wife. The plain gold ring which he had slipped Calligan a dozen times during that morning not to lose would be on her hand—she would call herself by his name—she would be his own, his very own.

His eyes never left her face as she drew nearer. He wished she would look at him. He took a little step forward as if to go to meet her, but Calligan nudged him violently and checked him.

Philip's head was swimming a little. For a moment at least he had forgotten to be nervous.

Eva was beside him now. He could smell the scent of the lilies she carried, and hear the nervous breathing of Mr. Dennison as he asked Calligan in a loud whisper if everything was all right.

And now Eva had raised her eyes—such sweet eyes they were—and for a moment she looked straight at Philip.

And then the parson spoke, and Philip listened like a man in a dream, and tried to believe that everything was real, and to realize what was really happening; to understand that this was his wedding day, and that instead of feeling a miserable captive, as he thought he would feel, he was feeling absurdly happy.

He put out his hand and found Eva's and held it, and when he felt how her fingers trembled his own nerves suddenly steeled down, and he felt himself years older than she was; and the desire to be good to her and make her happy wiped out every other thought; and then he woke to the fact that it was time to produce the ring, and that Calligan had given it to him, and then . . . well, then he lost himself in the

Appetite Good, Gained 20 lbs. Could Not Feel Better

From a nervous wreck this man was restored to health, strength and happiness.

He tells his own story in this letter.

Mr. Ralph A. Roberts, Loverna, Sask., writes:

"In 1917 I had lost all appetite, failed 25 pounds in weight, became very nervous and shaky and in fact given up all hope of recovery. For some time I had suffered from constipation, which kept getting worse, until I was fast becoming a total wreck. Doctors and their drugs were sending me to my grave at the age of 39.

"Then I read about people being restored by Dr. Chase's Medicines and after three months' use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and Kidney-Liver Pills I found that my bowels were restored to normal movement each day and the constipation was no more. I had a good appetite, had gained 20 pounds and could not feel better. I shall always be grateful for these benefits."

At All Dealers.

Distributor:

GERALD S. DOYLE.

seriousness of it all, and only woke again to realities when he and Eva were in the vestry, and somebody was saying, "I must be the first, to kiss the bride."

And he saw his mother take Eva in her arms and kiss her fondly, and then somebody kissed him, and he knew that it was Mrs. Dennison, and somebody else half shook his hand off, and somebody else wished him luck; and somebody else thumped him on the back; and then he signed his name with an abominable quill pen that squeaked, and there were more kissing and handshaking, followed by a walk down an aisle that seemed endless, with Eva on his arm, and thousands of people staring at them both—then a wild rush into a closed car to escape confetti and rice—the slam of the door—a frantic cheer led by Calligan—and it was all over, and he was driving away from the church—a married man.

And the sun was shining, and he had never felt so happy in all his life—and he still held Eva's hand, and suddenly he bent his head and kissed the finger that wore his ring—kissed it again and again.

And it was just on the tip of his tongue to tell her the wonderful discovery he had made during the past two days when the short drive was at an end, and there were more congratulations and handshakes and speeches; and a cake to be cut and champagne to be drunk, and telegrams to be opened; and though Eva stood beside him most of the time, everyone else was claiming her attention and kissing her, unconscious of the fact that Philip was one burning impatient to get her to himself and tell her that this was the happiest day of his life, because he knew now that he loved her—that nobody had ever meant to him what she meant; that whatever had gone before, it was all wiped out now and forgotten . . .

But the time dragged on leaden feet, and it seemed an eternity till someone took Eva away to change her frock.

Philip gave a huge sigh of relief—it was one step on the way at least. He looked round for an excuse to escape from the noisy throng, but Mr. Dennison bore down upon him—Mr. Dennison, who had drunk quite as much wine as was good for him, and got hold of Philip's hand, and refused to let it go, and called him "Dear Boy" and grew almost maudlin at the thought of losing his daughter, and was only finally persuaded to desist when a message came that Eva wanted to speak to him, and he was escorted off upstairs, and Eva came out to meet him on the landing, and slipped her hand through his arm—and kissed his flushed face and tried to thank him for all he had done for her.

Mr. Dennison slapped himself on the chest with pride.

"I promised you a slip-up wedding, and you've had it," he said. "I'll give Apley something to talk about for weeks—eh, my girl? . . . I didn't mean to give 'em a chance to say I'd been mean where my only daughter was concerned." He fumbled in the pocket of his coat and produced an envelope.

"A little cheque," he said as airily as he could. "Just a little cheque to help pay for the honeymoon—eh?"

She laughed, though there were tears in her eyes.

(To be continued)

COQUETRY is the spice of love, and when you may obtain it by the simple, inexpensive means of a box of MOIR'S—why hesitate!

MOIR'S LIMITED HALIFAX

FRED Y. CHESMAN, St. John's.



MOIR'S Chocolates

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

PEOPLE WHO USE MISLEADING HEADLINES.

Not long ago I heard a woman complaining about a certain newspaper (needless to say, not this one) because the desk man put such sensational headlines at the head of their news columns.

"The facts they print are usually true enough," she said, "but they give a wholly false emphasis and twist to them by the way they take out some unimportant detail and blazon it forth in the headlines. I don't think I shall take that paper any more."

She minded the individual instance.

She was very indignant at that moment because some affair in which friends of hers were involved had been made ridiculous by that method. I don't really think she minded the method so much when it was used to savor for her delectation news about people in whom she had no personal interest.

Be that as it may, what interests me about her declaration was this. She is a great person for putting sensational, misleading headlines on things herself.

I once happened to be present at a conversation between her and another woman in which both got pretty angry. Later I heard her describing that conversation to a third person.

Stories of the Prince.

When the Prince was inspecting a hospital in New Zealand he said to one patient—an ex-soldier: "Is there anything you want?"

"I'm entitled to one bottle of stout a day," said the soldier. "Do you think you could get me another?"

The colonial is a much more easy-going person than the Englishman, as the following incidents from "With the Prince in New Zealand," by Hector Bolitho, prove. At Greymouth, the Prince was reviewing some veteran soldiers. "How old are you?" he asked one of them.

"Eighty-one and never in gaol yet," was the reply.

"How are you, old chap?" he inquired of another.

"Pretty well, thanks, young 'un," replied the veteran.

As the Prince was travelling during the night, on one occasion, all the people living in farmsteads and houses by the line turned out to give him a cheer.

In one place a loyalist, who had overstept himself, was seen in the cold and early hours of the morning standing by the line, cheering lustily—wearing only his night clothes and bare feet.

Fashion Plates.

A SIMPLE "EASY TO MAKE" APRON



Pattern 3751 is here illustrated. It is cut in one size: Medium and requires 1 1/2 yard of 27 inch material.

Gingham, seersucker, drill, linen, lawn, sateen, chintz and cretonne may be used for this style.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A POPULAR, COMFORTABLE DRESS STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



Pattern 3753 is here attractively illustrated. The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size requires 2 3/4 yards of 36 inch material for the Dress and 3 1/2 yards of 32 inch material for the gumpie.

Figured gabardine is here combined with crepe de chine. Satin and serge, tulle and organza, silk and tulle may be combined for this design.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

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ARE RIGHT IN FIT, STYLE AND FINISH.



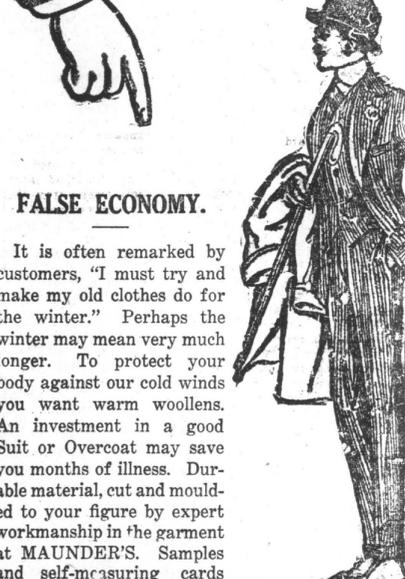
FALL AND WINTER OVERCOATINGS

in Tweed, Cheviot, Nap, Melton and All-Wool materials now on display. Our New Fall and Winter Suitings due to arrive by next steamer from England. Indigo Blue Serge always in stock.

CHAS. J. ELLIS, 302 Water St.

FALSE ECONOMY.

It is often remarked by customers, "I must try and make my old clothes do for the winter." Perhaps the winter may mean very much longer. To protect your body against our cold winds you want warm woollens. An investment in a good Suit or Overcoat may save you months of illness. Durable material, cut and moulded to your figure by expert workmanship in the garment at MAUNDER'S. Samples and self-measuring cards sent to your address.



John Maunder,
Tailor and Clothier, 281-283 Duckworth Street

PENMAN'S Re-Built Piano Case Organs!

In beautiful walnut and mahogany cases, with top rail and mirror; all six octaves, four to six sets of reeds. Every instrument guaranteed.

Musicians' Supply Co. (Royal Stores Furniture.) DUCKWORTH STREET. oct29, nov3



Fads and Fashions.

The new separate skirt has a fringed sash.

Suit skirts continue to feature the apron tunic.

The little cockade often appears on the small hat.

Many Parisian suits show 24-inch-length jackets.

The changeable pastel taffetas are embroidered in silver.

Afternoon wraps are generally featured in draped scarf or shawl style.

Suit jackets have low closings and flat shawl collars.

Dress skirts will be ankle length or longer from now on.

Long sleeves or flit are effective in an ecru-colored gown.

The crystal-headed bag harmonizes with the light frock.

Many of the hats are fashioned out of broad ribbons.

White and light colored frocks will be worn at the resorts.

Ordered 368 "Dozen" Instead of 368.

Because a clerk of Matthews, Towers & Co., Ltd., Montreal, unintentionally included the word "dozen" in an order he was preparing for Lazare Steinberg, clothing manufacturer, the former's order read "368 dozen pairs of pants" instead of "368 pairs of pants."

This slip resulted in Lazare Steinberg delivering the huge order, without question, which Matthews, Towers & Co. refused, protesting that they only wanted "368 pairs," not "368 dozen pairs." Steinberg replied that an order was an order, whether intended or not, and claimed that, under law, they were compelled to accept "368 dozen pairs."

The matter was accordingly brought before the Superior Court, which decided in the plaintiff's favor. Matthews, Tower & Co. however, took the case to the Court of Appeal. After hearing all the evidence, it was decided that the company's liability under its order extended only to the loss incurred, until the mistake was discovered—about one-half of the order as received by Steinberg. For the balance, the latter's claim was disallowed.

Fried bananas are delicious. Cut them lengthwise, then in two. After dipping in a batter of beaten egg, fry in hot butter. A sweet egg sauce flavored with lemon is delicious with them.

Old V. C. Hero.

Sergt. George Richardson, 90 years old, of Toronto, is the world's oldest V.C. hero. He placed a wreath on the grave of America's unknown soldier on Armistice Day in behalf of Canada's veterans. Queen Victoria decorated him with the V.C. for his heroism in the Indian mutiny of 1858.

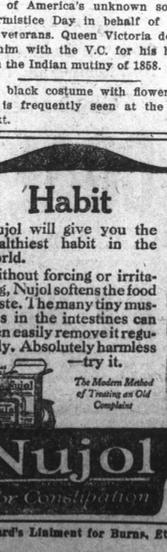
The black costume with flowers in color is frequently seen at the restaurant.

Habit

Nujol will give you the healthiest habit in the world.

Without forcing or irritating, Nujol softens the food waste, like 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

Minard's Linctant for Burns, Etc.

To complete a good dinner—a Knox Gelatine Dessert

After the heavy dishes of a dinner, there is nothing so fitting or so appreciated as a light, sweet dessert. You will give your guests the right, delicious and satisfying morsel, when you serve one of the Knox Gelatine desserts. Try this for tonight's dinner—

Knox Spanish Cream

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine, 1 quart milk, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup raisins, 1/2 cup orange juice, 1/2 cup lemon juice, 1/2 cup vanilla.

Soak gelatine in milk. Put on fire and stir until dissolved. Add juice of oranges and table-spoonful sugar well beaten. Stir until it comes to the boiling point. Remove from fire and have whites of eggs well beaten with four table-spoonfuls sugar. Add whites, stirring briskly until thoroughly mixed. Flavor and turn into mold. If desired, serve with whipped cream. This will separate and form a jelly in the bottom with custard on top.

Table Spoonfuls—Plain

Both Making Two Quarts (16 cups) of jelly.

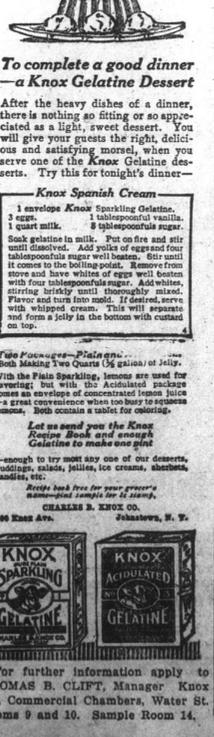
With the Plain Sparkling, because we use the best quality of concentrated essence which is a great convenience when too busy to separate juices, and because it is so delicious.

Let us send you the Knox Recipe Book and enough Gelatine to make one quart.

—enough to make six cups of our delicious puddings, cakes, jellies, ice cream, sherbets, candies, etc.

Ready to send you the Knox Recipe Book for 10 cents. Name and address on separate card for 10 cents.

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