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ayer" on tablets, you are not get- Aspirin in handy tin boxes of 12 Aspirin at all. Why take chan- tablets, and in bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid ckage which contains directions While it is well known that Aspirin orked out by physicians during 21 means Bayer manufacture, to assist

friend, Godfrey Knighton!"

knitted brow and tightened lips.

and this man's connection with it.

sternly, as if with an effort.

Will you tell me what you want?-

## winds and hills! Me, whose integrity "Flowers of the is a byword among those who know me! Bah! I will not dwell upon the miseries of the past. They are gone. Valley," tips and waved them in the air. "Ther face. are gone. I will not harrow your ten-

MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER XXIV. (To be continued)

"I was a true prophet; yes!" he said oftly. "Did I not prophesy that the lay would come when that splendid oice of yours, the voice which was our sainted mother's "Iris shudlered-"reached the ears of the world! Eh, bah! you cannot shut up he nightingale, you cannot bury the jamond! Sooner or later the hour arives when the bird sings and the world hears, the gem shines and the world gazes enraptured! So it is with you, my dear Miss Iris pardon, Howard! You have sung, and the world is t your feet, as your poor friend Bapiste foretold.'

"What-what is it you want?" she aid, when his voice had ceased. "Tell me quickly and-go." He smiled, and his teeth, his hands,

seemed to join in the mocking incolence of the smile.

"There is no such hurry," he said, weeping his hair from his face, and stroking his mustache; "when old drawing up his chair, he seized a "Superb!" he said, mockingly. "No friends meet after an absence, they knife and fork, and helped himselt to wonder they rave about you. My child, en their hearts to each other. You and I have to open our hearts, my dear young lady. Truly, yes! You want to hear my story?"

"I want to hear nothing," said Iris, gathering her strength together, and facing him for the first time.

"Peste! but it is a sad one!" he went luxury. on, as if she had not spoken. "Behold one who has been the mockery of fate, elegant! A fitting casket for so rare a the bell. the football of fortune. Miss Iris-pargem. And you live here alone, my don, Howard-behold a martyr!" and he touched his chest. "A martyr! Be- is well." You would ask me what I will trayed by treachery, destroyed by false drink? A glass of wine—a simple glass police. What will you charge me with, witnesses, your friend, your father's of wine-nothing more!" and he friend, was torn from your society, and in the charge of the myrmidons of the law, dragged across the sea to answer a charge of which he was as innocent as the unborn babe! Saints and donna, to the goddess of song, my old angels! It was a mistake, a case of mistaken identity, as your lawyers call it: but your poor Baptiste, the football of fortune, was consigned to prison! To prison! Me, who delight, like the eagle, in the freedom of the



## Got No Sleep

But now the neuritis has gone, the pains have ceased, the nervous system is restored and the writer of this letter pays a grateful tribute to the medicine which made him and her cheeks flushed.

Mr. John Woodward, P.T.O., ucan, Ont., writes:

Lucan, Ont., writes:

"It gives me much pleasure to recommend Dr. Chase's medicines, especially the Nerve Food. I was a sufferer from neuritis for several years, and tried all kinds of remedies, yet never seemed to get any better. At last my nerves and whole system seemed to give way through not being able to get any rest or sleep at nights for pain, which mostly used to take me in all parts of the limbs and feet. My nerves would twitch till my whole body would seem to jerk right up as I lay in bed. Almost at the point of despair, I decided I would get Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which I did, and after taking twenty bozes I balieve, myself almost normal again. I also keep a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills contained, and for the past year I seem to easioy my asual health."

At All Dealers,

ontemptuously, but Iris stopped him.
"I do not wish to hear anything you may have to say," she said. "I will not en! If-if there is one spark of inliness left in you, you will grant y request and leave me!"

The signor laid his hand on hi

"The simple wishes of a lady are as royal commands to Baptiste Ricardo, my child," he said, with mock dignity. "You dismiss me from your presence; you will not listen to me! Good! I go. He took up his hat, and stood eying her sideways, with a keen, cunning

look, then he drew a long sigh, "Had you but listened," he said. But, there-no matter. Baptiste Ricardo is too proud to beg from the hand out-stretched to bid him depart." Iris remained silent, regarding him

"Miss Iris," he said, suddenly, turning toward her on his way to the door, "fortune has smiled upon you, you are ears and proved safe by millions for the public against imitations, the rich, famous; I am poor, and "-he olds, Headache, Earache, Toothache, Tablets of Bayer Company will be shrugged his shoulders—"saints and euralgia, Rheumatism, Neuritis, stamped with their general trade angels! needs must when the devil drives!-I shall, as your father's old and trusted friend, stoop to borrow a five-pound note of you."

It was a demand, not a request, and Iris determined to resist it. "I will give you nothing, not one Pouf!" and he blew upon his finger penny," she said, in her low, quiet

His eyes glittered evilly, and, throw der, your compassionate soul, my dear ing off his suppliant manner, he strode child, with a recital of my sufferings back into the room, and flinging himthe sufferings of the innocent self into the chair, tilted his hat on to Enough that I am free-free once the back of his head with his forefinmore, and that I have been seeking for ger, and then shook it at her impresyou—for you, the daughter of my dear sively.

"You - will - not - give me one Iris stood looking down at him with penny!" he said; "soh! that is your answer? Saints and angels, but I think The man had come for some evil you will sing to another tune presentpurpose. What was it? She must know ly, my prima donna! Tut! Is Baptiste at once, and get rid of him. Not even Ricardo a child to be frightened by the Paul must know the story of her life, airs of a stage girl! I asked you for five pounds! five pounds! A mere bagatelle to you who are paid so much why you have pursued me?" she said, for every night you open your lips! will have ten, fifteen, twenty! Do you The signor glanced round the room, hear, my proud enfant, twenty!"

and his eyes rested hungrily upon the "You will have nothing," said Iris. "I am not afraid, Signor Ricardo! You "Have I the mortification of disturb- threatened my father, you levied ing you at your meal?" he said, with blackmail upon him. I know it now. I self-reproach. "No? You have finished; know it as plainly as if he had lived but for that you would ask me to join to tell me! It was for my sake that he you. You would be happier to see me purchased your silence. He is dead, at your hospitable table; is it not so? and you can prey upon us no more." My child, I hasten to gratify your de-Her eyes flashing, her graceful form sire. Why should an old friend stand drawn to its full height, she stood, a upon ceremony? Saints and angels, veritable Knighton, and confronted the no! If I had but a crust you should scoundrel.

share it, and do I not know your heart He looked up at her with an evil to be as good as mine? Soh!" and, smile.

It was evident that the martyr had I am used to stage scenes, and they endured short commons among his move me not! I will bring down that other trials, for he ate quickly and haughty crest in a word or two. You voraciously, every now and then glanc- defy me-me, Baptiste Ricardo? Soh!' ing round the room, and murmuring "I defy you!" said Iris, promptly. his appreciation of its comfort and "If you do not leave this room at once, I will ring the bell and send for a po-"Comfortable room! Comfortable, liceman!" and she laid her hand on

He leaned back in his chair and child, with the little cripple. Soh! It laughed up at her. "Ring!" he said. "Ring! Call in your my poor child?"

reached over the table and seized the "Escaping from prison!" said Iris, claret jug, filling a tumbler, and toss- firing in the dark. ing it off with a smile and a bow. "I The shot told, for the signor's lips drink to the diva, to the famous prima twitched and his eyes dropped.

(To be continued)

friend's daughter!" Iris, white to the lips, watched him, feeling like one under some horrid spell, as he filled tumbler after tum-Presently Paul opened the door and

ooked in. "I-I came to tell you the time, Mabel; we shall be late!" he said.

timidly "Ah!" exclaimed the signor, "is it my little fiddler? What do you call him?-Peter, John? No, Paul! Ah, Paul, my good enfant; come in, come in! Don't stand on ceremony; come and witness the reunion of two tired and trusty friends! Paul, my child, I

drink to you!" "Go, Paul; I will come directly." said Iris, hoarsely, and the boy stole away with a frightened look in his blue eyes.

Iris glanced at the clock. She must start in five minutes, and the man had thrown himself back in his chair as if he meant to remain. The Knighton spirit began to rise and burn in her bosom: a light flashed into her eyes.

"My patience is exhausted," she said, in a low, resolute voice, "Whatever your object may have been in persecuting me, it has failed, Go!" and she pointed to the door.

The signor looked up at her and laughed, a mocking laugh of evil con-

"Pardon, my child," he said. "My object may have been a dinner, andyou see-I have eaten. But you wish me to speak plainly, is it not so? Well. then I will do so. I forgive you for speaking thus to a friend who means you well—saints and angels, yes! I, Baptiste, mean nothing but well to the

"Leave my father's name alone!" ed Iris, her hands cline He bowed and smiled, mo "Surely yes; it must be painful to ou! I will remember. Now, my child,

Variety and Desserts

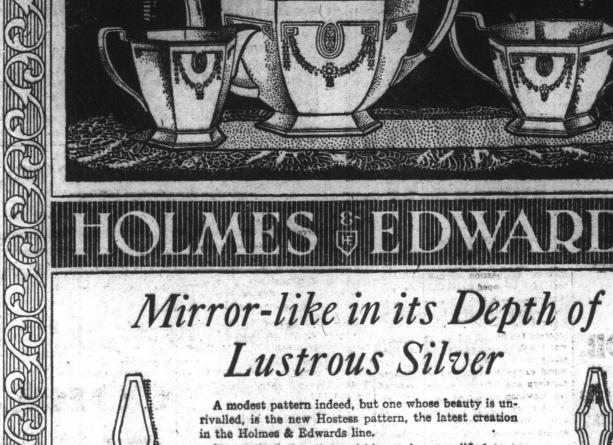
As variety is the spice of life, so variety of desserts is one of the charms of dinners. A dainty touch at the end gives the needed climax to the previous course. Many housewives are known for their desserts the secret of their dainty dishes resting in Knox Gelatine. Prove it today-try

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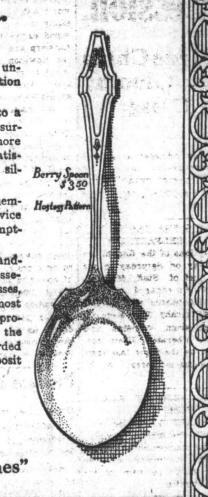
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WHAT I FOUND IN THE ATTIC. Not long ago I which departed to the dump in the cleaned out an clothes basket had had lives of reasonable length, and some utility below attic. It was in a house where the same family had lived for about 45 years and to up to the attic. As I crowned a heap of picture which they had

by Ruth Cameron

brought accumulations from the attic of the house where they had lived about 40

Teaspoon

money and human labor. years before labor and time spent to earn it. the things for which we all give our clives (for I imagine that this attic was more or less typical of millions

nteresting attic. It yielded a trundle bed, an interesting fire set, some old whale oil lamps and a few similar treasures. A Terrific Lot of Truck. But it also yielded the most terrific

lot of truck. We carried out basket-

fuls of things of this nature: Picture post cards. Books of views of various cities. The centenary book of some town in which some member of the family

had once lived. Several specimens of the burnt wood art (a woman told me the other day that she had made a thousand dollars out of burnt wood articles at the time of the burnt wood craze and I had a perfectly clear picture of that thousand dollars worth of burnt wood now reposing in innumerable attics). A great many Christmas presents of the type of which the recipient

plained, when asked what it was to be used for. "Oh, that's not to use that's a Christmas present."

A lot of books that were not worth eeping on the shelves downstairs. All Meant Money and Money Means

Some of these and similar articles

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.

of attics, or whatever takes the place

of the attic in the apartment house). The man who promptly pays his debts And I found myself asking, "Is it will see no crists prod him; he ranks worth it?" You remember Lowell's line, "Bau- boys applaud him. The man who

bles we buy with a whole soul's task- wisely saved his rocks when t'other ing. 'Tis only Heaven that is given men were blowing, can smile, though away, 'tis only God may be had for crises come in flocks, when he is homeward going. There is a crisis the asking." every day, with matinees bi-weekly, One More Thing to Dust. but when it meets the thrifty jay it

So many of these things we might have known when we bought them stairs before they were consigned to or made them would be only one more the attic, but many of them had been thing to dust. Suppose all the money tucked away in cupboards' shortly represented by those basketfuls of after they entered the house and had truck had been put into a savings spent their time there until they came | bank at the time, would it not represent a comfortable account to-day. Of course it is hard to know at the post cards with a book containing time just what does represent real views of Salt Lake City I suddenly joy and utility, and what is going to saw all these things in terms of be only one more thing to dust.

But I do think we could keep our Everything there I realized meant lives and our attics a bit less cluttermoney spent and that money meant | ed and more efficient if we thought twice before we made casual pur-In other words these are some of chases.

> CHAOS AND THINGS. There's some

Cascaret to-night will give your connew crisis every stipated bowels a thorough cleansing day, some new and straighten you out by morning. and ghastly eyil; They work while you sleep. Millions and people wring of men and women take a Cascaret their hands and now and then to keep their stomach, say, "Now for the liver and bowels regulated, and nevgreat upheaval! er know a miserable moment. Don't Our native land! for get the children—their little in-The coming wind sides need a good, gentle cleansing, too. moorings drive it; this crisis has all others skin-Dr. W. H. MacPherson.

ned, and nothing can survive it. Oh, yes, we have been scared before, our feet have oft been chilly; but this new crisis at the door is bound to knock things silly. Now chaos comes, and Cor. Water & Queen Sts. no mistake, the future's bleak and foggy, and, while our well known bulwarks break, palladiums are groggy." And still the country jogs along, despite our frenzied dreaming, and still nov21,tf still the eagle's screaming. And as of old the son of toil can amply store his larder, if he will plow the fertile sale at Knowling's Stores, East, soil and hoe his beans with arder. West and Central.—nov14,tf