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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 Monocetoneester 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."

"Flowers of the Valley,"

MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER XXIV. (To be continued)

"I was a true prophet; yes!" he said, softly. "Did I not prophesy that the day would come when that splendid voice of yours, the voice which you your sainted mother's—? Iris shuddered—"reached the ears of the world! Eh, ha! you cannot shut up the nightingale, you cannot bury the diamond! Sooner or later the hour arrives 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 at your feet, as if your friend Baptiste foretold."

"What—what is it you want?" she said, when his voice had ceased. "Tell me quickly and go." He smiled, and his teeth, his hands, seemed to join in the mocking insolence of the smile. "There is no such hurry," he said, sweeping his hair from his face, and stroking his mustache. "Behold! Friends meet after an absence, they open their hearts to each other. You said 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 on, as if she had not spoken. "Behold! one who has been the mockery of fate, the football of fortune. Miss Iris—pardon, Howard—behold a martyr! He touched his chest. "A martyr! Betrayed by treachery, destroyed by false witnesses, your friend, your father's friend, was torn from your society, and in the charge of the myrmidons of the law, charged across the sea to answer a charge of which he was as innocent as the unborn babe! Saints and 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 well.

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

"It gives me much pleasure to recommend Dr. Chase's medicine, 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 night for weeks, which nearly led to my death. I decided I would get Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which I did, and after taking twenty boxes I believe myself almost normal again. I also keep a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills on hand, and for the past year I seem to enjoy my usual health."

At All Dealers. Distributor: GERALD S. DOYLE.

contemptuously, but Iris stopped him. "Do not wish to hear anything you may have to say," she said. "I will not listen! If there is one spark of manliness left in you, you will grant my request and leave me!"

The signor laid his hand on his heart. "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 outstretched to bid him depart."

Iris remained silent, regarding him fixedly. "Miss Iris," he said, suddenly, turning toward her on his way to the door. "Fortune has smiled upon you, you are rich, famous; I am poor, and"—he shrugged his shoulders—"saints and 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 penny," she said, in her low, quiet tone.

His eyes glittered evilly, and, throwing off his suppliant manner, he strode back into the room, and flinging himself into the chair, tilted his hat on to the back of his head with his forefinger, and then shook it at her impressively.

"You will not—give me one penny!" he said; "so! that is your answer? Saints and angels, but I think you will sing to another tune presently, my prima donna! Tut! Is Baptiste Ricardo a child to be frightened by the airs of a stage girl? I asked you for five pounds! I asked you for five pounds! I asked you for five pounds! You who are paid so much for every night you open your lips! I will have ten, fifteen, twenty! Do you hear, my proud enfant, twenty!"

"You will have nothing," said Iris. "I am not afraid, Signor Ricardo! You threatened my father, you leaved blackmail upon him. I know it now, I know it as plainly as if he had lived to tell me! It was for my sake that he pursued your alliance. He is dead, and you will prey upon us no more."

Her eyes flashing, her graceful form drawn to its full height, she stood, a veritable knight, and confronted the scoundrel.

He looked up at her with an evil smile. "Superb!" he said, mockingly. "No wonder they rave about you, my child, you are an actress!"

"I am not an actress," she said, with a slight smile. "I am a woman, and I will not be treated as a plaything. I will have my share of the world, and I will not be treated as a plaything. I will have my share of the world, and I will not be treated as a plaything."

He leaned back in his chair and laughed up at her. "Ring! Call in your police. What will you charge me with, my poor child?"

"Escaping from prison!" said Iris, frowning in the dark. The shot told, for the signor's lips twitched and his eyes dropped.

(To be continued)



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"Protected Where the Wear Comes"

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

WHAT I FOUND IN THE ATTIC.

Not long ago I cleaned out an attic. It was in a house where the same family had lived for about 45 years and to which they had brought accumulations from the attic of the house where they had lived about 40 years before.

Which departed to the dump in the clothes basket had had lives of reasonable length, and some utility below stairs before they were consigned to the attic, but many of them had been tucked away in cupboards shortly after they entered the house and had spent their time there until they came up to the attic.

As I crowded a heap of picture post-cards with a book containing views of Salt Lake City I suddenly saw all these things in terms of money and human labor.

Everything there I realized meant money spent and that money meant labor and time spent to earn it. In other words these are some of the things for which we all give our lives (for I imagine that this attic was more or less typical of millions of attics, or whatever takes the place

of the attic in the apartment house). And I found myself asking, "Is it worth it?"

You remember Lowell's line, "Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking." 'Tis only Heaven that is given away, 'tis only God that may be had for the asking."

One More Thing to Dust. So many of these things we might have known when we bought them or made them would be only one more thing to dust. Suppose all the money represented by those basketfuls of trunk had been put into a savings bank at the time, would it not represent a comfortable account to-day.

Of course it is hard to know at the time just what does represent real joy and utility, and what is going to be only one more thing to dust.

But I do think we could keep our lives and our attics a bit less cluttered and more efficient if we thought twice before we made casual purchases.

CHAOS AND THINGS.

There's some new crate every day, some new and gaudy thing, and people wring their hands and say, "Now for the great upheaval! Our native land! The coming wind will from its moorings drive it! This crisis has all others shaken, and nothing can survive it. Oh, yes, we have been scared before, our feet have often been chilly; but this new crisis at the door is bound to knock things silly. Now chaos comes, and no mistake, the future's bleak and foggy, and while our well known bulwarks break, palladiums are groggy."

And still the country goes along, despite our frenzied dreaming, and still there sounds the dinner gong, and still the eagle's screaming. And as of old the son of toil can amply store his larder, if he will plow the fertile soil and hoe his beans with ardor.

of the attic in the apartment house). And I found myself asking, "Is it worth it?"

J. J. St. John

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RECOGNITION.

The care of the teeth is now recognized as a necessity. In fact the large hospitals all over the world examine the patients' teeth and where it is possible put them in good condition before attempting a surgical operation. Experience has shown that a patient has a better chance for recovery with a clean healthy mouth than without it. This ought to convince the most skeptical that care of the teeth is requisite to health.

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WITH AFRICAN STRIK

JOHANNESBURG The strike of miners as the largest on the continent. One thousand natives were affected.

IMPROVEMENT IN I ATION.

LONDON The Irish Conference met this afternoon at the impression of the meeting was a flood of support. The examination of the proposals of the Government where they were conveying, it is believed that Sinn Fein will refuse any of its proposals unless the Government is reported to be abandoning or cancelling it. It is said, has proved a number of all obstacles to the question of partition. The meeting was a flood of support. The examination of the proposals of the Government where they were conveying, it is believed that Sinn Fein will refuse any of its proposals unless the Government is reported to be abandoning or cancelling it. It is said, has proved a number of all obstacles to the question of partition. The meeting was a flood of support. The examination of the proposals of the Government where they were conveying, it is believed that Sinn Fein will refuse any of its proposals unless the Government is reported to be abandoning or cancelling it. It is said, has proved a number of all obstacles to the question of partition.

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