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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 Mono-acetic acid ester 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."

Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER XLIII.
Calligan did not flinch.

"If I knew, I would tell you," he said quietly. "Not because you deserve it—not because you deserve any consideration from her or from me, but because I care for her so much that I'd give my life to see her happy." Now—he flung at young Winterdick with defiance—"you've got your answer, and I hope you like it."

Philip passed a shaking hand across his mouth. He was half convinced of his friend's honesty, but that drive up from Apsley through the darkness had been torture for him, and he could not so readily forget it.

"She meant to come to you—I know she did—" he said again with anguish. "Where is she if she's not here? There's nobody else she would have gone to. . . . Oh, don't stand there like that!" he broke out stormily. "Say something—suggest something . . . for God's sake . . ."

Calligan's face quivered. "You'd better search the place," he said hoarsely. "If you don't believe me, I tell you I don't know where your wife is." His pale face blazed suddenly. "I suppose you've been torturing her and half driving her mad. In the name of heaven, Philip, what's come over you? You seem very sure that she would come to me. I wish I were so sure—I wish I knew that she cared enough to come. . . . His voice rose excitedly. "I wish she cared one-hundredth part as much for me as she does for you. She shouldn't ever have gone back to you, I promise. She—"

Philip turned slowly.

"Care for me!" he said in a hoarse

voice. "She never cared for me. . . . He waited a moment, staring at Calligan with eyes that pleaded for a contradiction of his words, that implored it, even while in his heart he knew there was no smallest hope of getting it.

It was Calligan who looked away first.

"You've never deserved that she should," he said with an effort. "But if we men only got what we deserve it would be a pretty poor look out for some of us." He raised his sad eyes to Philip's again and suddenly he said agitatedly: "Phil—you don't mean . . . you weren't such a fool as not to know that she cared?"

Philip tried to speak, but no words would come. He groped backwards for a chair and dropped into it, his arms outflung on the table, his face buried in them.

Then Calligan drew a breath like a sigh. He laid a hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Poor old chap . . . As yet his mind was but a chaos of agitation in which he groped blindly for the truth; but as he was beginning to see it slowly, and to understand that after all it had not been only Eva who had suffered.

He walked over to the sideboard and mechanically mixed a couple of whiskies. He brought them back to the table and gave Philip a little shake.

"Here—buck up," he said with rough kindness. "I can't help you till I know what's happened . . ."

Philip raised his head.

"She's gone . . . We—she . . . Oh, I was a brute. She never answered me when I—but I knew—I could see it in his eyes—all through that confounded dinner . . . She looked like death, and then . . ."

"Well, the thing is to find her. You say she left Apsley. You were sure—sure?" Calligan's voice was wrung with anxiety.

"Yes—as sure as I can be." Philip got to his feet. He looked like a man on the verge of a bad breakdown.

"Peter's outside—I brought him up in the car."

Calligan left the room and came back a second later with his overcoat.

"I'm ready," he said. "She may have gone to the flat."

"No—no, she won't have done that. They went down the stairs together. At the bottom Philip said shamefacedly: "Tom—"

"Well?"

"I—I should like to beg your pardon."

Calligan laughed mirthlessly.

"Oh, I shouldn't do that. As I told you, if I'd been given the opportunity you might be looking for me now with a revolver."

He went on into the street hurriedly to avoid further words. He spoke to Peter—a cold, miserable-looking Peter, huddled up in the car, half-asleep.

Peter listened sulkily to Calligan's brief explanation.

"It's all a wild-goose chase," he said irritably. "She's probably at Apsley all the time. Why doesn't Philip 'phone up and see?"

"He couldn't get an answer at this time of the morning; nobody would ever hear the ring." He gave Peter a little shove. "Move up and make room—we're going round to the flat."

The three crushed into the narrow seat and Philip took the wheel again.

(To be continued.)



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 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 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.

The Broken Circle!

CHAPTER I.

When he came down to breakfast on this fine May morning, there the words were, looking him steadily in the face, while his pretty daughter Doris was gazing at them intently. She turned when he entered.

"Papa," she asked, "what is a Radical?"

The old lawyer's face flushed hotly.

"I will not answer you until I feel calmer; to say the least of it, it is most atrocious to place that name there."

The girl looked at it with softened eyes.

"Martin Ray," she said—"it is not a bad name, papa."

"It is not the name, but the man," rejoined the lawyer. "The fellow is capable of anything; and unfortunately he is a fine orator, they say."

"I should like to hear him," said Doris.

"Hear him! Do you want your ears to burn, Doris, through listening to such doctrines as his? Take my word for it, the man who does not believe in and serve his guest fails to serve his Maker."

Doris made no answer, but in her heart she said that such a sweeping condemnation was unfair—that many men to whom the word "royalty" even was an abomination tried their best to lead a pure life.

"I do not see what politics have to do with religion," said Doris dreamily.

"When a man is true in one thing, he is likely to be true in all," declared the lawyer; "and if he is false in one, he is apt to be false in all. Give me my hat, Doris; I will have that poster down."

His daughter smiled.

"You can tear down the bill, papa; but you cannot remove the man," she said.

"Unfortunately, no; if I could, I would have him locked up."

"I should like to hear him," said Doris. "I have never heard a really eloquent speaker. May I go to the lecture?"

"I shall be ashamed if you do," replied the lawyer.

But Doris laughed.

"Not quite that, Sir John Durke. In going, with his wife and daughters, I should like to go also."

"Well, you can go, Doris—that is, if you cousin will accompany you. Just once will not matter, and it will prove to you what nonsense such men talk. You will certainly hear a fine orator. I have heard that Martin Ray's words fall like flame and set his hearers' hearts on fire. Go, but do not mention the man's name to me again."

Mr. Hatton finished his tea and went off to the office, where, in the intricacies of "Larson v. Gotlar," he forgot all about Martin Ray; nor did he dream that a tragedy had begun that day.

Harbury was a quiet town, with very few amusements, and such a thing as a great political lecture, no matter on what side, was not to be neglected.

Doris Hatton was well pleased to go. She had all her life heard her father speak of Radicals as of a class of beings quite different from other men. Here was a chance of seeing the enemy. Partly because she had nothing to do, partly because fate or destiny led her, Doris Hatton went to the lecture.

Looking over the sea of faces, changing, brightening, or darkening under the fire or scorn of his words, Martin Ray saw one that lived in his heart for evermore—a pale, refined, pretty face, with great earnest eyes and a tender mouth, the face of a girl who must be a hero-worshipper by nature. The expression of it was rapt and attentive; the eyes never left his; the face paled; the lips quivered, the eyes brightened, and the face flushed as he changed his theme. It was like playing on some grand harp; touch what cords he would, the response was certain. After awhile the girl's face held him captive—he found himself speaking to it, thinking of it, watching it as it changed and paled. It was no longer himself and his audience, but himself and this girl. He was explaining to her his doctrines; imbuing her mind with his ideas.

(To be continued.)

MOTHER!

Open Child's Bowels with "California Fig Syrup"



Hurry Mother! A teaspoonful of "California Fig Syrup" now will thoroughly clean the little bowels and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even a cross, feverish, constipated child loves its "fruity" taste, and mothers can rest easy because it never fails to work all the sour bile and poisons right out of the stomach and bowels without griping or upsetting the child.

Tell your druggist you want only the genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother, you must say "California." Refuse any imitation.

Smoking and Appetite.

The soldiers, explorers, and sportsmen who have endured many hours of fasting have testified that Charles Kingsley was right when he likened tobacco to "the poor man's food." Tobacco smoking undoubtedly removes the keen edge from hunger, but it is in no sense a food substitute. I am often asked if smoking diminishes appetite and causes indigestion.

A pipe or cigar just before a meal lessens the sensation of hunger in the majority of smokers. There are some persons who smoke until dinner is on the table and even between the courses without experiencing any diminution of appetite. But almost all heavy smokers find that the habit reduces hunger.

In the case of corpulent people with hearty appetites the use of tobacco may be beneficial. The healthiest and most active persons tend to eat moderately or sparingly, and among them are a number of regular smokers. A sedentary man, however, more likely to suffer from the ill effects of excessive smoking than one employed in muscular outdoor work, and it is possible to establish a general rule concerning moderation in the use of tobacco.

Very moderate indulgence in smoking affects some few persons, injuriously, while constant and some what immoderate smoking appears to have no harmful effect upon the very robust and non-nervous types.

In a tirade against smoking, written by a layman, it is stated that "all victims of the tobacco habit" have chronic indigestion and die painful deaths from intestinal trouble. No specific instances are given in this counterblast to tobacco. We are simply told that all smokers are "in a dangerous condition of ill-health."

Dr. Binz, the painstaking pharmacologist, has carefully noted the effect of tobacco smoking among average men. He says that moderate smoking cannot be said to injure the system and that the results are in many cases advantageous. Judicious smoking is known to stimulate the brain and to increase the activity of the heart. This authority is also of the opinion that smoking often corrects a tendency to constipation.

The depressing symptoms of tobacco poisoning arise from excessive smoking, especially when the tobacco is "strong." Analysis of various tobaccos shows that cavendish contains nearly 4 per cent. of nicotine, whereas a light honeydew has less than 2 per

Fashion Plates.

A COMFORTABLE HOUSE OR PORCH DRESS.



Pattern 3622 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 36 inch size will require 7 yards of 27 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 1/2 yards.

Gingham with pique for chemise, collar and cuffs would be nice for this. It is attractive also for chambray, linen, percale, albatross, crepe, crepe mohair or flannel.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A NEAT POCKET DRESS.



Pattern 3816 is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3 year size requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. Collar, cuffs, belt and pockets of contrasting material require 5/8 yrd.

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Ends Stubborn Coughs in a Hurry

For real effectiveness, this old home-made remedy has no equal. Ready and cheaply prepared.

You'll never know how quickly a bad cough can be conquered, until you try this famous old home-made remedy. Anyone who has coughed all day and all night, will say that the immediate relief given is almost like magic. It takes but a moment to prepare and really there is nothing better for coughs.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 10 ounces. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, this mixture saves a good few things of the money usually spent for cough preparations, and gives you a more positive, effective remedy. It keeps perfectly, and tastes pleasant—children like it.

You can feel this take hold instantly, soothing and healing the membranes in the air passages. It promptly loosens a dry, tight cough, and soon you will notice the phlegm thin out and then disappear altogether. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and it's also splendid for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness, and bronchial asthma.

It is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, the most reliable remedy for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.



THE WARNING.

The road turned sharply to the right, and, as my silver rolled, my startled eyes beheld a sight that made my blood run cold. A brand new sign, with message drier, I there perceived, glared: "Beware! A man was killed just here, because he drove too fast." I had been ripping off the miles at quite a reckless pace; my silver scorched, in many styles, as though 'twere in a race. But I was startled by that rate, that message stark and clear, and so I then reduced my speed to fourteen miles an hour. And if it so affected me, I wager that it jars a hundred others when they see that warning from their cars. You say it would be wise, indeed, to place such monuments wherever mania for