



Genuine Aspirin

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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
- Toothache
- Earache
- Headache
- Neuralgia
- Lumbago
- Rheumatism
- Neuritis
- 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 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 XVIII.

CHAPTER XIX.

The next few days passed on leaden feet; days which to Eva seemed laden with the heavy scent of exotics and the sound of weeping; days which finally ended in a procession to the little churchyard whither Ralph Winterdick was followed by his last resting-place by half the county, and a long service, during which people stared with curious sympathy at Philip and his wife.

And then the blinds were drawn up once more at the Highway House, and life went on again as if there were no empty chair at the head of the table, no empty place in the hearts of the dead man's wife and son.

To Eva these days had been endless torture; she had been left to herself a great deal, and time had hung heavily on her hands. There was nothing for her to do in the house. Philip was always engrossed with business and lawyers, and even had it been otherwise he would not have wanted her; Mrs. Winterdick did not want her either.

So Eva was thrown very much with Tom Calligan, and indeed without him she felt that many times she would have gone mad.

But he was always cheery and kind; when he came into the room where she was she felt somehow the better for his presence; when he left her again she felt her spirits falling once more into their old hopelessness.

"You and Philip ought to go away again now for a week or two," he said to her once. "You both look as if a breath of sea air would do you good."

"Philip would not care to go," Eva said simply.

She looked steadily at Calligan as she spoke; she had quite got over the feeling now that she must always turn her face away whenever she spoke of her husband.

No Appetite

Nervous exhaustion leads to distaste for food. The nerves of the stomach are weak, digestion fails and you become generally upset and out of sorts.

The secret of complete restoration is in getting the nervous system fully built up.

Mrs. R. Cheney, 208 Richmond St., Chatham, Ont., writes:

"I was troubled with indigestion, which caused me many sleepless nights. I would be in terrible distress at times, and would get no relief for two or three hours. For sixteen months I ate nothing but Shredded Wheat biscuits, as I dare not eat anything else. I did not know what to do, as I had tried so many different remedies, as well as doctors' medicines, without gaining permanent relief. Finally I got some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and while on the second box noticed that I was improving. I continued the treatment until I am now fully restored, and have returned to my regular diet. My husband has also taken Dr. Chase's Nerve Food with splendid results, so we are glad to recommend it to others."

At All Dealers.
Distributor:
GERALD S. DOYLE

treat any woman in this fashion . . . Phil, for heaven's sake . . . Philip turned on his heel. "Mind you own confounded business," he said savagely. "And talk about something you understand."

He was gone, with a slam of the door. Calligan shrugged his shoulders; he supposed he had done it now; well—it would have come sooner or later anyway; he could not have stood by much longer and tolerated things.

He wondered what time there was a train to London; London and a bachelor flat seemed the two most uninviting things on earth at that moment; he dreaded saying good-bye to Eva.

As he went up to his room to pack his bag he met her on the stairs; she was dressed for walking.

"Wouldn't you like to come with me?" she asked him half anxiously, half in fun.

Calligan answered at once that there was nothing he would have preferred, but that he had had an urgent summons back to town and had got to catch the next train.

He was not looking at her as he spoke, or he would have seen the sudden bitter disappointment in her eyes. "Oh, you're not really going?" she said.

"I'm afraid so; I've been here an unconscionable time as it is."

He glanced at her and quickly away again. There was so much he wanted to say; words came tumbling over one another to his lips, but he drove them back; he went on a step.

"Well—I shall have to be going."

He rushed on, and Eva went slowly downstairs.

She crossed the hall and stood at the front door, looking into the sunny garden with unseeing eyes.

She had got to be left here alone with Philip and his mother, and neither of them wanted her. It seemed a nightmare prospect. Calligan alone had made it bearable. His cherry personality had done more for her than anything else could have done. She could not picture her life here without him.

Philip lounged into the hall. He saw his wife standing there and spoke to her.

She turned. "I was . . ." There was a little pause. "Why is Mr. Calligan going away?" she asked them, shrilly.

Philip looked amazed. "Calligan going away! I didn't know he was going."

He had forgotten about their little breeze of a few moments earlier; he was feeling ill and irritable in these days, and often said hasty things for which he was afterwards bitterly sorry.

"Where is Calligan," he asked quickly. "I'll stop this. Of course he's not going."

But Calligan went. He stuck to it that he had had an urgent business call; he argued with Philip all the time he was packing his bag. He was beastly sorry, he said, but he really must go.

Philip was scowling fiercely. "Look here," he said at last, "is it because of anything I've said? 'Pon my word, I didn't mean it if I was ruder . . . I'm all upside down these days. . . There was something, pathetic in the ashamed admission."

"It's nothing you've said, sonny," Calligan assured him cheerily. "I've got to go, that's all . . ."

"But why, tell me why? You've never had a day's business in all your life, so it's no use trying to swank me."

Calligan laughed. "I'm not going to, but there is a reason all the same, and a very real one."

"Tell me what it is, then."

But Calligan only evaded an answer. He wondered how Philip would like it if he took him at his word and told him: "Because I love your wife—that's why . . . And how what have you got to say?"

(To be continued.)

Hand-drawn work is used a great deal on the new Spring frocks. Huge chiffon sleeves are used frocks of the popular brocade.

Stafford's COD LIVER OIL Compound TONIC and TISSUE BUILDER

This combination possesses the curative properties of cod liver oil without any of the latter's disagreeable features, as well as the medicinal virtues of the other standard remedies that enter into its composition. It is palatable, effective, and does not even in the most delicate, produce stomach disturbances and other bad after-effects that are such a drawback to the best cod liver oil in its crude state and many other disagreeable medicines.

8 oz. Bottle 40c.
16 oz. Bottle 70c.

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Fashion Plates.

A PLEASING APRON DRESS.



3821. This model supplies the place of a house dress and is adapted for all house-keeping activities. It has comfortable lines and ample pockets. Checked or striped gingham with pique for the facings would be good for this style. Voile, percale, poplin, cotton crepe, chambray, linen and unbleached muslin are also good for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 36-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 5 yards of 36 inch material.

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

A POPULAR STYLE.



3814. An ideal winter costume. Soft wools, serge, poplin, repp, gingham, linen, pongee and satins are attractive for this model. The sleeves may be joined to the dress or gumpie.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require 2 3/4 yards of 27 inch material for the gumpie and 3 3/4 yards for the dress.

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Telegraph from Trains.

Being suspicious of the conduct of three passengers, the guard of an express train wrote a note asking for the police to meet the train on its arrival at its destination.

He threw the note out of a window as the train dashed past a station, and it was picked up, telegraphed to London, and at the end of the journey the police were waiting on the platform, writes G. Z. Crook, in a London paper.

This is a very old, though little known, form of sending telegrams from express trains, and it has frequently been used in the capture of criminals.

Rather more than three months ago a ticket collector noticed what a striking resemblance one of the passengers bore to a much wanted criminal whose photograph had been published in the newspapers.

The train's next stop was London, a hundred miles away, and the ticket collector scribbled a note and threw it out of the train.

Two detectives were sent to the station in response to the telegram, and they recognised the passenger as he stepped on the platform as one of the cleverest thieves in England.

Emergency telegrams of this nature usually thrown from the last compartment of the train after the guard has, by waving his hankerchief or flag, drawn the attention of the stationmaster or signalman ahead of him.

Each message must be weighed, otherwise it would probably be lost in the rush of wind caused by the speed of the train. As a rule the note is enclosed in a bundle of papers, and great care must be exercised in throwing it out of the window.

Danger in Throwing.

A well-known yachtsman arranged to throw a parcel containing a present for his niece as the train passed by the station where she lived, the niece was on the platform, and, as the train comparatively light—came flying out of a window. It struck the girl on her leg and fractured the bone.

It is not only in cases of crime that telegrams are sent from express trains. During the summer a woman passenger was seized with serious illness on the return of the Cornish Riviera express to Paddington. The guard searched the train for a doctor, but could not find one.

He therefore threw a telegram on the line asking for medical assistance at Paddington, and going to the compartment where the patient was lying consoled her by saying that he had telegraphed for a doctor.

Later the guard again went to the compartment. The afflicted passenger seemed greatly puzzled. "How did you manage to telegraph?" she asked. "The train has not stopped anywhere."

But just then Paddington was reached, and there was not only a doctor but also a nurse and an ambulance waiting to relieve the sufferer.

Dyed Her Stockings and Skirt to Match

Every "Diamond Dyes" package tells how to dye or tint any worn, faded garment or drapery a new rich color that will not streak, spot, fade or run. Perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes—even if you have never dyed before. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. For fifty-one years millions of women have been using "Diamond Dyes" to add years of wear to their old, shabby waists, skirts, dresses, coats, sweaters, stockings, draperies, hangings, everything!

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