

# ASPIRIN

UNLESS you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all



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
- Headache
- Neuralgia
- 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 Monocacetic acid 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."

## An Indispensible Favorite OR Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER XXIV.

Perhaps—oh, joyful "perhaps"—Lady Nora has written to her son, including his poor little wife's letter, and Dallas himself is at this moment speeding toward her as fast as steam can bring him. She trembles, and the tears rise to her eyes with ecstasy at the thought. Oh, to see him now—this minute—crossing the bit of sward dotted with daisies between her and the house! She stands there, trying to picture his coming and their meeting. He may be cold and formal and resentful, but nothing shall chill her gladness or tenderness to him. Let him leave her to make every advance, every confession, every avowal—she will make them all! She will give him unstinted and absolute forgiveness for every wrong against her, she will lavish devotion on him, strive to serve him and please him, as if he were a god, if only he will not leave her desolate again!

Nothing very good happens, however, though the morning hours slip on into noon; and Yolande, after listening to her Aunt Keren's complaints, now of the hot sunshine, now of the dull breeze, now of the shadows of the leaves flickering over the page of her book, now of the glare of the noonday light, gravely entertains her to come indoors.

Once established in her own especial sanctum, a small, bare-looking room, used as workroom, housekeeper's room, and general shop for household repairs of all descriptions, Miss Dormer's temper and spirits improve. There is a lot of house linen to be looked over; there is a tidy sewing woman to get to work making new baggies; and, when the old lady has eaten a morsel of luncheon—a spoonful of soup, a bit of boiled fowl—and drunk a glass of Burgundy, she feels as well and cheerful as ever. It is so comfortable to be back among her cherished laces at penates, with her four quiet respectful servants and her

## Banish Biliousness, Constipation

Make your liver well

Take

# Beecham's Pills

Sold everywhere in boxes

and other dyspeptic disorders by a short course of Beecham's Pills—the unfailing remedy for all irregularities of the digestive organs. For eliminating waste products from the system, improving the appetite, strengthening the stomach, and in other respects keeping the bodily health in a sound condition

a turn in the garden." "Very well, dear," Miss Dormer responds amiably, but with a slight touch of "Christian patience and resignation" in her tones. "Run away and enjoy yourself. I dare say I can do those towels and napkins by and by myself."

"Hush! Isn't that a sound of wheels?" Yolande exclaims, suddenly starting up. "Oh, do stop that horrid machine for one minute!"—with a convulsive gesture of wrath.

The woman stares with amazed eyes at Yolande's display of impatience.

"There, there! Never mind me, Mrs. Sale; go on—go on with your seam! What does it matter?"

Yolande flings herself down into her chair again, and snatches up her pen. She was almost sure that she heard in a momentary pause of the harsh "whir-r-r-r" the sounds of tramping boots and the gravel being crunched under wheels; but these sounds were smothered the next moment; and now, when she has demanded silence, it is but to know she has deluded herself.

She begins to write "Dorm" with feverish haste, and then a great drop of indelible ink falls as the parlor-maid appears.

"A lady to see you, ma'am. Mrs. Glynne, the lady wants, ma'am"—to her mistress. "Here's her card, ma'am"—for Yolande, after a second upspringing of hope, is standing dumb and stupid.

"A lady? Oh, it's Lady Nora!" Swift is the change from cold despair to warm throbbing delight, from weary indifference to mad, glad, trembling hope. She rushes through the hall, then checks herself with difficulty, all smiles and blushes and shining eyes and trembling lips.

"Ah! all right, Jane? Does my hair look very untidy? Oh, pick off that long thread! Those horrid linen ravelings! I must look nice before my mother-in-law!"—with a merry smile half blotted out in rising tears. And then she tries hard to enter gracefully and sedately; but all in vain. The deliberate ladylike entrance ends in a rush, with both hands held out imploringly with streaming tears and hysterical distorted smiles.

"Oh, Lady Nora, where is he, where is he? Oh, dear Lady Nora!"—she grasps her dainty mother-in-law in her strong young arms, crushing her exquisite mantle, composed apparently of sparkling testoons of out jet drops and fionces of fragile lace, to Lady Nora's evident dismay—"where is my husband?"

"My dear child! How are you, Yolande dear?" Lady Nora says, trying to free herself from her clasp, and knitting her delicate brows, the Kohl tracery and shading of which are perfect. "Pray don't give way to such excitement, dear, or I cannot tell you anything!"

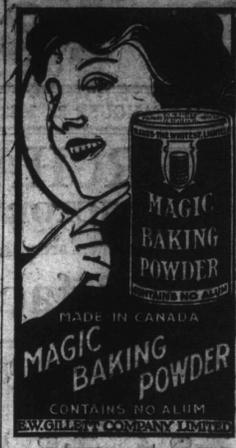
This her ladyship says just a little peevishly, while avoiding the wild yearnings of the passionate, truthful eyes, and wincing indeed at the task that is before her.

"I received your letter—forwarded to me from Paris, dear," Lady Nora begins smilingly—"just as I was leaving town this morning. I—I have a good deal to tell you."

Lady Nora's fingers tremble nervously as she adjusts her laces and looks down at her daintily gloved hands, and then up at Yolande, who is standing staring at her with a look of such agonized entreaty and suspense that Lady Nora is shocked and hurried out of all her pretty assumption of composure.

"I came down by my son's desire to see you, dear," she goes on, trying to smile; "and so far as I am concerned, I may tell you," she adds, a swift frown puckering her delicate brows, while she bites her under lip viciously, "that I am very much displeased with Dallas—very much; and I am quite sure you will be, also, and I cannot blame you. I don't blame you at all, dearest," Lady Nora repeats, with a new quasi-maternal tenderness in her voice and manner; "and I should just advise you to travel about, or go up to town and enjoy yourself about Dallas until he has come to his senses, of which I am quite sure he has taken temporary leave. You have heard, of course, about the late air's will!" "No," Yolande replies, faintly.

(To be continued.)



## Battling the Bootleggers.

MAY SOON BE A SEA FIGHT OFF THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

Commander Byron L. Loed, of the New York division, which patrols the Long Island and New Jersey coasts, has issued orders to his vessels to use shot and shell in their warfare against the rum runners, some of whom have been threatening to shoot the men who chase them. Accordingly, we may read in the papers some of these fine days of an engagement on the sea between some of Uncle Sam's war vessels and a daring rum runner. It is almost like the comic opera with the realistic settings. Meanwhile there is always a score or more of vessels with cargoes of whiskey from France, Great Britain and other wicked places waiting outside the limit to ship cargoes of drink into United States territory. And even if the naval vessels succeeded in suppressing the smugglers there will be plenty of liquor for Uncle Sam's boys. Whiskey and beer are being made all over the country, illegitimately, in ever-increasing quantity, for the demand cannot be met. Distilling moonshine is quite a business now, so much so that the bootleggers and their ilk are permitted to pay income tax on their illegal gains without being faced with prosecution. They may declare their earnings and this evidence will not be disclosed by the United States tax department. This is most extraordinary. It is no worse, however, than the racing legislation of Canada, which encourages a man to bet and exacts a big tax on the betting, and then forbids the publication of betting information in newspapers. Hypocrisy is having its day.

Besides great quantities of moonshine the American people are using a tremendous amount of drugs to excite themselves with, and one or more of the temperance drinks are drug-sodden and claim victims just as whiskey did in the bed of old days, and more so. The drug evil is spreading and no one knows when it will be stopped. Good beer is certainly preferable to drug-taking and enslavement by a drugged temperance drink. Quebec has the most practical system with regards to alcoholic beverages. Of that there is proof, here and on all sides, and thousands of visitors are the witnesses.

Law is the embodiment of the moral sentiment of the people. O liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!

The pride of dyne rich raises the loudest laugh in hell.

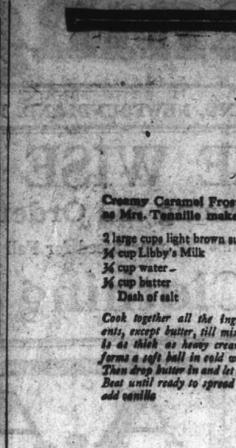
## The Value Of EXPERIENCE

A Trust Company's Officers are specially trained and experienced in the handling of Trust Funds—that is their business. All transactions in the administration of an Estate are the result of careful consideration by the Trust Company's Officers, guided by the Board of Directors. Every Estate administered by the Trust Company is benefited by the experience of its Directors.

From the date of its appointment, the Trust Company is a tried and experienced Executor. It does not require to gain experience at the expense of the Estate.

Appoint this Company your Executor

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## "For creamy, rich cake filling, Libby's Milk"—says Mrs. Tennille.

All of Lynchburg, Va., knows about Mrs. G. D. Tennille's record as a baker of wonderful cakes. One year when she baked cakes to sell, she made a total of 650!

So naturally she is regarded as an authority who can give valuable information to other women.

Mrs. Tennille is an enthusiastic user of Libby's Milk for her cakes—especially for the fillings. She says it gives them a creamy texture and a richness very difficult to get in other ways. Her pantry shelf was always stocked with a supply.

**Why Libby's Milk adds richness**  
The reason why Libby's Milk gives such creamy richness to Mrs. Tennille's cake frostings and all other milk cookery, is just this: Every 16 oz. can contains 7 1/2 teaspoons of pure butter fat!

"The same butter fat that cream and butter have," you ask. The very same. For Libby's Milk is cow's milk—the very finest in the land.

It comes from selected herds in sections of the country which seem specially provisioned by Nature for just this purpose. Here heavy-grassed meadows, sheltered by wooded hills, furnish ideal surroundings for raising dairy cows. And men who have specialized in dairying keep the herds up to an unvarying standard.

Our condenseries are here, right in the heart of these famous dairy lands. There we remove more than half the moisture from this fine milk, making it double rich.

Nothing is added to it; none of its food values are taken away. That you, who live perhaps a great distance away, may use this milk, we seal it in air-tight cans and sterilize it.

Use this great enricher in YOUR cooking

Women everywhere are finding, just as Mrs. Tennille did, how much of richness and flavor Libby's Milk adds to their cooking. Try it for yourself; try Mrs. Tennille's recipe given above, for delicious caramel frosting.

You will notice a new richness, a creaminess which you have always wanted in your frosting. Then you will find endless cooking uses for Libby's Milk. Order a can with your groceries today.

Write for free recipe folder

We will gladly send you a copy of a new folder containing some of the best recipes sent us by good cooks who use Libby's Milk. Write for it today.

Libby, McNeill & Libby  
125 Dackworth Street, St. John's, N. F.



## India's Towers of Silence.

Mr. Lowell Thomas, in his fascinating volume "Through Romantic India," shows a picture of the "Towers of Silence," the name given to the burial places of the Parsee community which are seen in some of the great Indian cities.

The Bombay Parsees are petitioning the corporation to grant them a site where an electric crematorium may be constructed to supplant the present "Towers of Silence."

As followers of Zoroaster the Parsees do not believe in "burning the dead." They are taken in solemn procession to the Towers, where the sacred fire is kept burning, and placed in position where they remain until the vultures destroy them. The bones are then interred in the Towers with religious ceremony.

The "Towers of Silence" on Malabar Point at Bombay make a deep impression upon the Westerner. I declined an invitation to inspect them at close quarters, but their situation is one of striking beauty. They rise between great stretches of the water, like a place from which one mounts to Heaven, and, indeed, that is the idea which the Parsees cherish.

Giant trees of considerable height surround the cemetery, and fearful looking vultures, birds of enormous size, hang from their branches. The effect upon the Westerner is not good, and he is prone to forget the dead in the gruesome surroundings which it is commemorated. But the idea itself is stimulating, and marks a deep contrast between Western and Eastern minds.

For the "Towers of Silence" represent the journeying of the soul from the fret and turmoil of earthly life towards the silence and joy of the Eternal.

Between Heat and Shade, "Towers of Silence" sleep in grim repose. On Caffe Parade, the fashionable promenade of Bombay which faces Malabar Point from the East, one sees in the rich evening hour crowds of sally dressed Parsees flitting about like parti-colored butterflies, coloring the hues of sea and sky. The short, spall-between heat and evening shade is spent, rambling the promenade, or "stunting" upon its stoves in multi-colored groups.

Across the bay lies Malabar Point, and as the shades of evening deepen jets of light suddenly break out and turn the long promontory into a bluish mass studded with points of brightness.

But within this place of beauty the

pose, and above watch the vultures with increasing vigilance. The contrast between the splash of life and the calm of death could not be given a more striking setting. One is instinctively drawn towards the silence that awaits one at the last.

This consciousness of the Last Silence is deep in the Indian heart. We Westerners bring to its appreciation nothing like the intensity of the Indian.

I remember, say the writers, that, at the height of his agitation, Mahatma Gandhi confessed to me that whatever his distress here he was serene in the knowledge of the joy towards which he was content to move.

The habit of seeking the calm which silence brings might well be adopted by many Westerners. For in silence and with the withdrawal from fret it ensures, we shall gain refreshment and new strength.

## The Beauty of Health.

Newspapers and magazines are devoting columns to magic or overnight beautifiers. There is a beauty in health that is far more attractive to men than mere regularity of features or a made-up complexion. Health should be the first essential of women who want to win and hold admiration, respect and love. At the first indication of ill health as indicated by dark circles under the eyes, a sallow complexion, headaches, backache, pain in the side, nervousness, irritability and melancholia, women should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the standard remedy for women's ills, which has been proved to help 98 out of every 100 women who try it.

## No Corns

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. Stops the pain instantly. Then the corn softens and comes out. Made in clear liquid and in thin plaster. The action is the same.

## Blue-jay

## Keep Baby Outdoors

There's nothing like plenty of outdoor air to keep baby in glowing health. And there's nothing like his carriage to keep him healthy outdoors.

JUST RECEIVED another shipment of BABY CARRIAGES, PULLMAN SLEEPERS and SULKIES.

COME IN AND SEE THEM.

## U. S. Picture & Portrait Co.

Complete House Furnishers.

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is the able argument of many prospects when asked to take a policy with us, but no matter how much insurance is carried, prospects never refuse our Special Travel-Accident Policy that gives \$5,000 for a \$5.00 bill.

This policy is of no use to you unless you travel sometime during the year. It is good on street cars, trains and steamers everywhere and should be owned by every tourist, vacationist, delegate, salesman, inspector, officials and all who travel at any time.

ISSUED WHILE YOU WAIT—ASSETS: \$98,000,000.

**U. S. FIDELITY & GUARANTY COY.**  
J. J. LACEY, FIELD GENERAL AGENT.

## Fads and Fashions.

Over a frock of accordion-pleated white cotton is worn a cape of blue maroon, outlined with white. Try the jewelry you wear be a pair of pearls—so that it does not distract from the dress.



Now is the time to get the flies. They are coming from the house, even if you can get rid of them after they get in. Use either of these articles:

Tanglefoot, 3 sheets  
Fly Coils, 3 foot

Keating's Insulator, small size  
Keating's Insulator, medium size  
Keating's Insulator, large size  
Sabadilla Powder  
Jeyes Fluid  
Price 30c per bottle  
For prevention of auto bits use Oil it does its job.  
Price 20c.

## STAFF

Duckworth Theatre

12,000 SEATS  
1,200 FEET  
LARGE QUANTITIES  
NEW IRON  
Bottom  
Also, AMERICAN  
RED  
North America  
Water  
1917-18

ITALIAN FLEET  
despatch to the  
Miles says the  
into Harbor  
prepared to start  
of a movement

ITALIAN FLEET  
Turin (Italy) despatch  
Parisienne  
orders have  
Allied Press  
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were riding in  
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MINES SAVING  
HARRISBURG  
agreement  
between the  
practise opera-  
Mines union  
employed as  
and maintain-  
ed to stay at  
that, even if  
ing, now order  
The men in  
ed are needed  
from flooding  
FISH MISSING  
CHINESE  
W. A. WILSON  
British  
killed by bomb  
Steehan Front

Flies  
Both

STAFF  
Duckworth Theatre