



## GIVE THEM BAKER'S COCOA TO DRINK

The almost unceasing activity with which children work off their surplus energy makes good and nutritious food a continual necessity. Of all the food drinks Baker's Cocoa is the most perfect, supplying as it does much valuable material for the upbuilding of their growing bodies. Just as good for older people. It is delicious, too, of fine flavor and aroma.



MADE IN CANADA BY  
**WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.**  
Established 1780  
MONTREAL, CANADA      DORCHESTER, MASS.  
Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free

## Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER XLIV.  
"Let me go . . . let me go . . . I never meant you to find me—I don't want you any more—I never meant to come back . . . oh, I don't want you any more!"  
Philip raised his arms from her waist till they were clasped about her shoulders. He tried to draw her down to him, but she resisted him fiercely. She flung her head back as far as she could from his reach. She held him off with her hands against his chest.  
"I don't want you—I don't want you . . . let me go."  
Philip bent his head and kissed the hands that held him from her.  
"I love you—I adore you," he said incoherently. "I'll never let you go again. I can't live without you—believe me! You must believe me."  
"No . . . no"—she was half fainting; her eyes were wild—"You told me that before, and it wasn't true . . . and now I don't care—I don't care. You've hurt me so much—you can't hurt me any more . . . Philip, Philip, let me go . . ."  
"Not till you forgive me—I've been a brute, but it was because I love you so much. Last night—you drove me half mad. I thought it was Calligan you cared for . . . I thought—oh, forgive me for what I thought! Forgive me, and try to care for me—just a little."  
She stopped struggling. She sat



### Could Not Eat

Constipation is caused by a torpid condition of the liver. Dosing with salts, castor oil, etc., to move the bowels, cannot afford more than temporary relief.  
If you are to rid yourself of this ailment and the scores of annoying symptoms and diseases which come in its wake, it is necessary to get the liver right by such treatment as is suggested in this letter:  
Mrs. Alvin Richards, R. R. No. 1, Seelye's Bay, Ont., writes:  
"For two years I was afflicted with indigestion, and in the morning when I got up my breath was bad. I had a poor appetite, and just felt like eating certain foods. I used many different medicines as a laxative without benefit, and the doctor's medicine did not help me at all. Finally I tried Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and found them better than anything I had ever tried. I can highly recommend them to anyone troubled with constipation or kidney troubles."

At All Dealers.

Distributor:  
**GERALD S. DOYLE.**

quite still, a queer, mocking light in her eyes.  
"A little!" she gave a hard laugh. "I cared for you more than that once—I cared for you so much . . . so much . . ." The words died away on a sobbing sigh. "But it's all gone now, all gone—I only want to be left alone—to try and forget that I ever knew you. Oh, let me go; your arms hurt me . . ."  
Philip released her at once and rose to his feet.  
He made no attempt to follow her when she moved away from him. She was as white as death, but now her voice was almost steady as she spoke.  
"I meant to go away with Mr. Calligan last night. I may as well tell you, so that you can think the very worst of me once and for all . . ."  
She made a little gesture of defiance. "I went to his flat, and I walked up and down—up and down . . . oh, for hours I should think! Once I almost rang the bell . . ." She laughed confusedly. "I don't know why I didn't . . . I suppose perhaps—because in spite of what you all think of me, I suppose I was never really meant to be that sort of woman . . ."  
"Eva—for God's sake . . ."  
But she went on heedlessly, her eyes blazing.  
"He would have been kind to me, anyway—he didn't hate to be with me, and try to find excuses to get away from me. He is the only one in all the world who really cares what becomes of me." Her face twisted into a spasm of pain. "Peter—even Peter told me yesterday that he was ashamed of me . . ." She wrung her hands in anguish. "And you . . ."  
She turned her eyes to her husband's face.  
"I love you—I have always loved you," Philip said hoarsely. "You never cared for me, I know that, but it hasn't made any difference; I'd give my life for you this minute if you'd just love me for a day, for an hour."  
Eva shivered a little, looking away from him. "It's too late—now—anyway," she said with a sort of hopeless monotony. "I don't want you now . . . you're going away, and . . ."  
"I'm not going—I'm never going to leave you again! Last night is nothing Calligan is nothing. Nothing, you can ever do will make me love you less. It's all been my fault. Come back to me and I'll make you forget the past—I'll make you love me—we'll start all over again."  
His face quivered a little.  
"I'll do anything you wish—I'll give my life to make you happy, but I can't live without you. You've got to believe me—you've got to come back. You don't know how—how decent I can be if I try."  
The words were hopelessly inadequate, and he realised it with despair. He took a step towards her, and she backed away from him to the door.  
"I don't want you. Why did you follow me? I never meant to see you again—"  
There was a little silence.  
(To be continued.)

JUST RECEIVED—Stock Men's Dancing Pump. F. SMALLWOOD, Water Street. feb11.11

## The Broken Circle!

CHAPTER II.

The three years that followed his marriage were perhaps the most brilliant of Martin Ray's life. The worship and adoration of his young wife stimulated him. He positively began to believe himself what she imagined him to be. He began to think of himself as a true philanthropist, one born to help the people—as the man chosen by all England to represent the wants, the wrongs, and the wishes of the working-classes. He began to imagine that the divine mantle of genius had fallen on him, that he was chosen by Providence to be a leader among men, and he was stimulated to greater, grander action. His name became almost a power in the land.

It broke the old lawyer's heart every time that he opened a newspaper to read such words as "Riot in Liverpool," "Seditious Movement in Manchester," "Growth of Disloyalty among the Lower classes," "Disaffection at Hull;" then at times he would see a paragraph calling attention to Martin Ray—to his fiery eloquence, to his wonderful influence over the masses. The old lawyer would clench his hand as he read. This stirring-up of sedition, this man who was like a firebrand, who moved as a scorching flame over the fair, green, loyal land, this man who openly preached rebellion, spoliation, and treason—this man had taken his bright young daughter from him, and left him in anguish and sorrow. He said nothing; but slowly and surely it broke his heart.

One morning when he opened his newspaper he saw a long account of a grand political meeting in London, and the event of the day was the speech of Martin Ray. No one had heard its equal for burning eloquence, for Utopian ideas, for schemes and plans which were utterly unfeasible. It was a speech that made a loyal man long to see the one who gave utterance to it punished for it. Amos Hatton read it. Bitterness, anger, and regret filled his heart; he suffered terribly. His emotion brought on a fit, and when his clerk went into the office he found him with his head on the table. The doctor who was hastily summoned said that he had been dead for an hour.

He was generally regretted, and many people wondered if the hapless daughter would attend her father's funeral. She did not. Martin Ray would not allow it.  
"He discarded you in life," he said, "you shall not return to him in death."

The news of his decease was sent to India, where his son Arthur grieved heartily for him. According to his will, everything that he possessed—house, furniture, pictures, plate, business, railway-shares, mining-shares—was sold, and the money was sent to his son.  
Arthur took it, and doubled it in a few years. He thought of his little sister Doris with something like remorse, but made up his mind that when he returned to England he would seek her out, and at least share the money with her.

So Amos Hatton was buried and in due time forgotten. Doris mourned long and deeply for him. The time of his disenchantment had not yet arrived. She still believed in her husband as a great hero and an excellent man. None of her illusions had been dispelled, and her happiness had been crowned by the birth of two little daughters—beautiful children, the eldest of whom she had named Leah, and the second Hettie. She was wonderfully happy, this sweet, gentle Doris, who thought no husband and no children equal to her own. Cut off from all her former associations and friends, thrown entirely on her husband for society, no wonder that her life narrowed and her world became centered in him.

Some wives live and die without either seeing their husband's faults or discerning their weaknesses. It was not so with Doris. The fact that she had been once blinded seemed to make her more clear-sighted afterward.

(To be continued.)

JUST RECEIVED—Stock Men's Dancing Pump. F. SMALLWOOD, Water Street. feb11.11



**Large Size Turkish Towels**  
The sort of Turkish towels that suggest the purchase of several while this price prevails. Neatly hemmed ends; terry striped borders.  
**69c**



**Silk Camisoles.**  
Camisole; trimmed all around top with wide Crochet Lace band, good quality; Pink and Silk Ribbon, body of Silk.  
**Each, \$1.25**

**Cambric Camisoles.**  
Trimmed all around top with Organdie Embroidery and two rows of lace; lace shoulder straps, elastic at waist.  
**Each, 98c.**



**Gent's Silk Mufflers.**  
In all the leading shades. Reg. \$3.98.  
**Now \$2.98**

**Dress Goods.**  
A splendid line of English Dress Goods, 40 inches wide, in Brown, Blue, Saxe and Dark Grey; easily worth \$2.00 per yard. Our price  
**Per Yard, 90c.**



**Ladies' Lace Collars.**  
The collars are well made of beautiful Torjan Lace; different patterns.  
**Each, 49c. & 98c.**

**Ladies' Kimonos.**  
Flowered Serpentine Crepe, V-neck, trimmed with ribbon, wide Kimono sleeves and pocket to match.  
**Each, \$2.98 & \$3.98**

**Children's Waists.**  
Standard count Nainsook, corded back, 4 taped buttons on front, 3 on waists; to fit ages 2 to 10 years.  
**Each, 69c.**

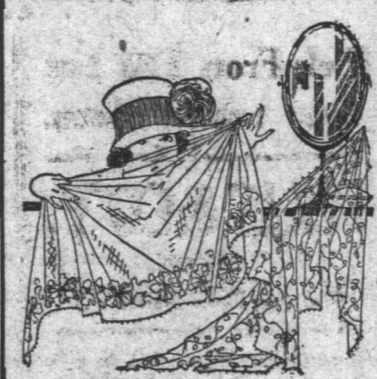
# MURPHY'S GOOD THINGS!



**Tea Aprons.**  
Ladies' Tea Aprons of White Lawn, trimmed with White Lace; others trimmed with a frill round.  
**Each, 29c.**



**Ladies' Corsets.**  
All sizes; made of the good reliable material. Come and try a pair.  
**Per Pair, \$1.79 to 3.98**



**Veilings.**  
A becoming veil adds so much to any Costume, that the choice of the right veil is most important. Here are veils in the new designs and popular meshes.  
**Per Yard, 49c.**



**Bloomers.**  
Ladies' Fleece Bloomers in Brown and Navy; all must go.  
**Each, \$1.19**

**Window Scrim.**  
White Window Scrim, nice border; splendid value.  
**Per Yard, 19c.**

**Striped Flannelette.**  
Striped Flannelette in Dark and Light patterns; 27 inches wide.  
**Per Yard, 19c.**

**Children's Waists.**  
Standard count Nainsook, corded back, 4 taped buttons on front, 3 on waists; to fit ages 2 to 10 years.  
**Each, 69c.**

**Arstyl Rope Silk.**  
In all the leading shades.  
**Per Slip, 8c.**

**Infants' Socks.**  
White, trimmed with Blue; White, trimmed with Pink, and White trimmed with Brown.  
**Per Pair, 29c.**



**Ladies' Middies.**  
White Lonsdal Jean, large sailor collar of solid color galatea, trimmed with 3 rows narrow braid, with tie, double pointed yoke front, cut-in pocket, button to match collar, emblem on sleeve.  
**Each, \$2.49**

**Ladies' Vests.**  
Ladies' Fleece Vests, half sleeves; excellent value.  
**Each, \$1.25**

**Velvet.**  
A nice soft Velvet in Green, Red, Taupe, Blue, Purple, Brown and Black.  
**Per Yard, \$1.25**

**Sateens.**  
In all the popular shades, 27 inches wide. This Sateen is good reliable material.  
**Per Yard, \$1.25**

**Wall Mirrors.**  
White, with Oak frames; 6 x 8 inches.  
**Each, 59c.**

**Quilt Cotton.**  
Large pieces, suitable for many uses.  
**Per lb., 39c.**

**Men's Heavy Tweed Work Pants.**  
Made of good strong Dark Tweeds; suitable for rough, heavy work.  
**Per Pair, \$2.98**

**Twill Sheeting.**  
The best of Sheeting. Come and try it. You won't be disappointed; 54 inches wide.  
**Per Yard, \$1.10**

**Denim.**  
We have solved the problem of how to get cheap Overalls. Buy some of this Denim.  
**Per Yard, 44c.**



**Ladies' Sweater Coats.**  
In Green, Red, Saxe, Blue, Fawn, Pink, V. Rose, Hello, Mauve, American Beauty and Camel. Reg. \$7.49.  
**Each, \$4.98**



**Ladies' Tan Hose.**  
These Hose are great value for 25c. They are really worth 40c.  
**Per Pair, 25c.**



**Ladies' Rubbers.**  
**Per Pair, 88c**



**Ladies' Black Shoes.**  
Spring is here; you will need a pair of Shoes. Don't forget that we can offer you a splendid Shoe for  
**\$3.98**



**Spring Hats.**  
The new Spring Hats are just in. Yes! and such beauties. Come and see them.  
**Each, \$4.98**

**Ladies' Black Hose.**  
**Per Pair, 19c.**

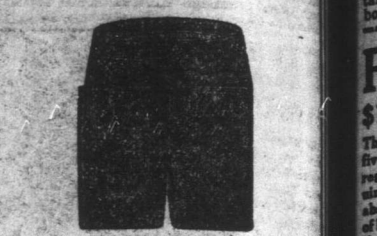
**Corticelli Wools.**  
**Per Ball, 25c.**

**Coverall Aprons.**  
Splendid Aprons made of Percale, trimmed with ribbon, braid, elastic at waist.  
**Each, \$1.98**

**Ladies' Raglans.**  
Now that Spring has come you can no longer go without a Raglan. We are offering a splendid showing of these Coats, below half price.  
**Each, \$9.98**



**Men's Dress Shirts.**  
No man is well dressed unless he has a good Dress Shirt on, and that is just the garment we can give you a bargain in.  
**Each, \$1.79**



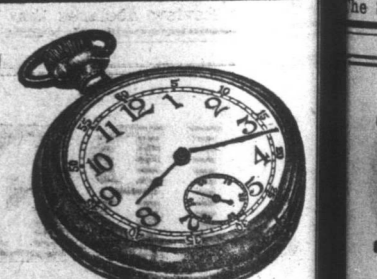
**Men's Overalls.**  
A splendid line of Men's Overalls, made of good Denim, just the kind for the hard-working man; all sizes.  
**Per Pair, \$1.49**



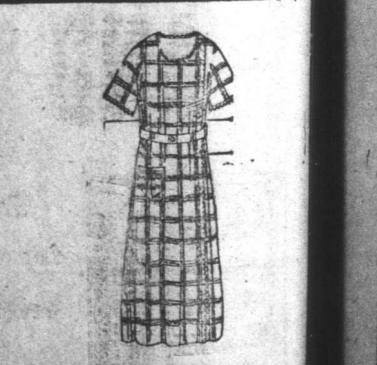
**Men's Collars.**  
In all sizes and styles; best of materials in them.  
**Each, 25c. & 39c.**



**Men's Hose.**  
A splendid line of Men's Spring Hose in Cotton and Cashmere; Colors—Brown, Black, Grey and Navy.  
**Per Pair, 49c. to 98c.**



**Men's Watches.**  
How often do you strike a bargain such as this—not often. This Watch will last for years.  
**Each, \$1.98**



**Corticelli Wools.**  
**Per Ball, 25c.**

**Ladies' Raglans.**  
Now that Spring has come you can no longer go without a Raglan. We are offering a splendid showing of these Coats, below half price.  
**Each, \$9.98**

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