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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

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Toothache Neuralgia Neuritis
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The Broken Circle!

CHAPTER VI.

No sleep came to her that night. She hated the men whom she had seen, and who persisted in flattering and praising her. She detested their opinions and political feelings; she loathed the idea of having to meet them again and again. If some one would but rescue her! If something would only happen to save her from the terrible future that her father had mapped out for her!

She looked the next morning from the window of her bedroom. There were people hurrying to and fro; the tall chimneys were smoking, showing that work was going on; there was the distant murmur and roar of the city; she saw men and women with eager faces, who were evidently bent on business. "The people!" And what had she to do with them? She did not even belong to them. What had she in common with those tired-looking, dirty, poorly-dressed men and women who crowded the streets? Nothing. Why then give her life to them or for them? She must tell her father that all his plans for her were more than vain. He would be at home in the afternoon; Hettie would be present, and then she could speak to him plainly on the subject.

The afternoon was close, heavy, and dull. Out of doors the atmosphere was oppressive—in the house there was warmth without brightness; and Leah Ray, with a dull pain at her heart, stood awaiting her father's return—waiting to tell him that she never could and never would become what he wished her to be.

"He will be terribly angry," she said to Hettie; "but I had better die at once than live on in agony, as I should do. Hettie, were I to accede to his plans. While I talk to him, pray that I may be delivered from this furnace of fire."

It was late when Martin Ray returned. He was not in the most amiable of moods; something had gone wrong among the delegates, and he was ruffled and angered.

"Give me my dinner," he said, brusquely; and the two girls hastened to serve him. "Mind," he added, half fiercely, to his eldest daughter—"mind that you study well to-day. I must give you a lesson this evening; last night you did not seem so willing as I should like to have seen you. Understand that there is to be no shirking; you must do what I wish."

"Leah," said Hettie, trembling, "do not speak to him to-night—he is angry, you see; wait until to-morrow."

"No! I could not rest another hour," her sister replied.

She might not be a modern Judith, but she was resolute, firm and determined.

"The Voice of the People" had dined well; he had taken up the only consolation that never failed him—his newspaper; and Leah, looking paler and more determined than she had ever looked before, went up to him.

At that very moment a carriage rattled up the street and stopped at their door; then came a loud peal at the bell, which the little drudge of the house, with a very black face and hands, hastened to answer. They heard a loud, peremptory voice asking if Martin Ray was at home, and the girl's answer: "Yes."

"Give him this," said the same voice, "and tell him that I am waiting—waiting, you understand."

"Who can this be?" observed Martin with a wondering look at his daughters. The little maid solved the mystery by appearing with a card.

"He says he's waiting," she half whispered, with a nod of her head towards the door.

Martin Ray took up the card and read: "General Sir Arthur Hatton, K. C.B."

"Sir Arthur Hatton?" he murmured. "I know no such name. Hatton?" Then memory suddenly awakened. Was not Doris Hatton the name of the only woman he had ever loved, and who had died because he was not what she believed him to be? Sir Arthur Hatton? It must be some relative of hers, and of the proud father who had died without forgiving his only daughter for marrying him. Then he remembered that his wife had spoken more than once of a soldier-brother away in India. "As the gentleman to walk in," he said to the servant; and the next minute General Sir Arthur Hatton was ushered in.

At sight of the two beautiful faces he uncovered his head and bowed low. "Are you Martin Ray, demagogue and agitator?" he asked.

"I am Martin Ray," replied the master of the house.

"I am General Hatton, the brother of the unfortunate lady whom you stole from her home."

"What is your business with me?" asked Martin Ray.

"I want the satisfaction, first of all, of speaking my mind to you; and, secondly, I wish to know what has become of my sister's children."

Hatton flamed in both faces as the two men looked at each other; hatred flashed from their eyes.

"I have not asked you to my house," said Martin Ray; "nor do I wish to see you here. State your business quickly, and begone."

CHAPTER VII.

It was an impressive scene. The tall figure of the officer was

drawn to his full height, his face was expressive of intense scorn. Martin Ray seemed to shrink into insignificance before him, and yet he faced him with a desperate kind of courage. The two girls had drawn close together, as though seeking protection from each other. The wan sunlight lay in yellow bars along the floor.

"I have not come hither," said General Hatton, "to bandy words with you—to seek a quarrel with you. You are one with whom no gentleman could quarrel. I have a message from the dead, and I wish to deliver it. Show me my sister's children."

"They are here," said Martin Ray, not without a certain amount of dignity—"the good children of a good mother."

General Hatton waved his hand with a gesture of scorn. No word about his dead sister could he tolerate from the lips of the man whom he thought utterly vile and base.

He went to the girls, who stood, with fear on their faces, hand in hand. The composed, well-bred manner, the low bow, and the courteous bearing were something novel to them. He looked into each sweet shrinking face.

"My sister's children," he said, "have you any word of welcome for me? I bring a message from your mother."

Leah freed her hand from her sister's clasp and held it out to him. He drew her to him and kissed the pale young face. She found that he was trembling with agitation and emotion. Then he took Hettie in his arms and kissed her also.

"I was quite a young man," he said, "when I left home, and your mother was much younger than I. She was my beloved sister, playmate, and treasure. It was a great grief to me to be obliged to part from her when I went abroad. I remember her face, and in yours I see some trace of it. What word of welcome have you for me?"

Impulsive Leah threw her arms around him and raised her face to his. "Welcome home, uncle," she said. "What is your name, dear child?" he asked.

"Leah," she replied.

"Leah! It is a beautiful, sorrowful name. Why did your mother give it to you? Did she foresee a shadow in your life? You look like Leah; no other name would suit you. And your age?"

"I shall soon be seventeen," she replied with unconscious pride in her voice.

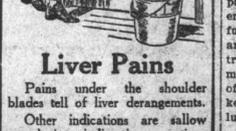
"And you?" he continued, turning to the younger sister.

"I am Hettie," she said, "and I am nearly sixteen."

"Heaven bless you, my dear! You have a sweet face of your own. Your mother bade me—here is the letter—you can read it—she bade me, when I returned home, seek you, find you, and save you."

"Save us!" cried Leah. "From what?"

(To be continued.)



Liver Pains

Pains under the shoulder blades tell of liver derangements. Other indications are sallow complexion, indigestion, constipation, biliousness and bilious headaches.

The quickest way to arouse the liver to healthful action is by use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Continued use will insure lasting relief, correct the whole digestive system and purify the blood.

Mrs. Wm. Barten, Hanover, Ont., writes: "For some time I suffered from liver trouble. There was a hard, bearing-down feeling in my back which I could not get rid of. Some one advised me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I did so, and found them excellent. The doctoring in my back disappeared. I felt much benefited."

Do you want your choice of a Suit or Overcoat—cut, made and trimmed in the Spurrell way—at almost your own price? We must have work, even if we don't get profits. SPURRELL the Tailor, 365 Water Street. Jan 20, 1922.

At All Dealers. Distributor: GERALD S. DOYLE.

CORNS Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with your fingers. Truly! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

EXALTED CROOKS.

It plays and books the gifted crooks are daily represented; our youngsters go to see a show, and leave it discontented. The "Raffles" stuff has pull enough to make some young beholder resolve to crack some banker's sack before he's five months older. Cheap tales of scamps and sin, and vamps the youngsters find before him; and soon, alas, "will come to pass that good things only bore him. The moral play that shows the way to higher planes of thinking, will make him sigh, "This play shows why strong men resort to drinking." Content for worth, for all on earth that may be upward reaching, is what punk books and movie crooks and jazz things are teaching. In other times great tales of crimes were disseminated by moral writers, and they would show how death and was clamped on the sinful blighters. No reader likes rude William Sykes, or would with William Wallow; no youngsters yearn his wage to earn, or in his footsteps follow. But not the thief in bold relief is shown for youth's admiring; he hits the hicks and shakes the dicks, in evil arts untried. Results are plain; for lawless gain our boys forsake their dinners; the courts are jammed, the jails are crammed with adolescent sinners.

Fishing Smack With Refrigerator.

FRENCH COMPANY MAKES EXPERIMENT.

The Societe Technique pour l'Industrie, of Paris, has installed a refrigerating plant and an insulated hold in the fishing smack Minahout, of Lorient, which is engaged in the tunny catching industry, one of no little importance in France. The tunny is a most difficult fish to preserve and during the first month of the 1921 season nine-tenths of the French catch had to be thrown overboard. The owners of the Minahout had before them the alternatives of adopting motor propulsion, so as to make frequent home calls; or of refrigerating the fish on board; and they chose the latter.

The refrigerating plant contains a new type of compressor working on ethyl chloride and operated by a small petrol motor. Placed in the rear cabin, the machinery is separated from the cold chamber by an insulated bulkhead, through which is run direct expansion pipes, the ethyl chloride emerging from the evaporator is skillfully transmitted to the condenser, and the working of the system is controlled by two gauges and a dial thermometer indicating the temperature of the cold chamber, which is usually kept at -5 deg. C. There is automatic lubrication for the compressor.

For insulation of the tiny store cork panels agglomerated with resin are employed to a thickness of 10cm. The fish are shot into the hold by a sort of water chute in order to keep them cool, and are then hung up for refrigeration until the boat returns land. The system has been found to work fairly satisfactorily, though some improvements are to be made during the winter. In August 1st was preserved in sound condition for more than a week and fetched a good price ashore when other cargoes of tunny were in a medium to bad state. The experiment seems to open up great possibilities in the fish smack industry generally.—Canadian Fisherman.

COULD HARDLY STAND AT TIMES

Hips, Back and Legs Would Have That Tired Ache

Everett, Washington.—"For several years I have had trouble with the lowest part of my back and my hips and legs. I would ache with that tired ache. I could hardly stand on my feet at times. I was always able to do my work although I did not feel good. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised and having heard several people praise it I decided to try it. I feel first-rate at the present time. It has done wonders for me and I keep it in the house right along. I always recommend it to others who are sick and tired."—Mrs. J. M. SHERBURN, 402 1/2 High St., Everett, Washington.

To do any kind of work, or to play for that matter, is next to impossible if you are suffering from some form of female trouble. It may cause your back or your legs to ache, it may make you nervous and irritable. You may be able to keep up and around, but you do not feel good.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a medicine for women. It is especially adapted to relieve the causes of the troubles, and then these annoying pains, aches and "no good" feelings disappear.

It has done this for many, many women; why not give it a fair trial now.

Just Folks

SERVICE. I have no wealth of gold to give away. But I can pledge to worthy causes these: I'll give my strength, my days and hours of easy life. My finest thought and courage when I may. And take some deed accomplished for my pay. I cannot offer much in silver fees, But I can serve when richer persons sleep. And with my presence fill some vacancies.

Who Invented Collars?

The word "collar" is taken from the Latin for neck, and the thing is probably as old as almost any article of human dress. At all events we have direct evidence of the use of some sort of "collar" as far back as the times of the ancient Phoenicians, to say nothing of the Romans and Saxons.

In those days the "collar," often of gold, was a mark of wealth and rank, a sense which still applies to the official collars of our great orders of knighthood. Later, the collar in this country became a "servant," the retainers of some great lord wearing their masters' collars. Our own stiff linen collar originated in Tudor days, and its direct ancestor is to be seen in the huge ruffs of the Beefeaters at the Tower.

The collar remained a part of the shirt, until, in 1825, a Mrs. Hannah Montague, a blacksmith's wife in Troy near New York, discovered, in the never-ending task of washing her husband's shirts, the advantages of a collar that could be taken off and washed by itself. A local tradesman, Ebenezer Brown, took up her idea and made a fortune.

Household Notes.

Never make tea in a metal teapot. Plan meals for the week on Monday. Wash berries with their hulls or stems on. Always serve potatoes in an uncovered dish. Serve pineapple sauce with the peanut. Try pickling some sweet apples. They are delicious. Wash the tops of milk bottles under running water. Water ice requires longer freezing than ice cream does. Prunes should be sweetened to-taste after being cooked. Plain French dressing should be used on vegetable salads. Keep on hand a supply of caramel to color soups and sauces. Baked bananas and bacon make an excellent luncheon dish. A delicious gelatin loaf can be made with salmon and rice. A long-handled oil mop is excellent for polishing the car. Plain lemon gelatin is very acceptable for the meat course. Bread flour is considerably better than pastry flour for flaky pastry. When canning strawberries strain the surplus juice and boil for jelly. For sour milk biscuits have the dough as soft as can be handled. A fruit salad served with browned crackers and cheese makes a dainty dessert.

Wishing for sleep is a poor way to get it

A LITTLE wisdom in the daytime is a better assurance of rest than any amount of anxious wishing when nerves are a-jangle at night. What you do at noon often has more influence on sleep than what you want and hope for, at midnight. Tea and coffee's drug element, caffeine, whips up the nerves, and when its use is continued there's usually a penalty which no amount of mental effort can avoid. The part of wisdom, as so many thousands have found, is to turn away from nervous stimulation and adopt rich, delicious Postum as the mealtime drink. Postum delights the taste, but brings no disturbance to nerves or digestion. Even the little children can share in the enjoyment of Postum at any meal.

Postum for Health—"There's a Reason"

Made by Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Windsor, Ont.

The Make-Up Peril.

"A woman has no-right to fool the world. The woman with blazing cheeks, carrotty hair and indigo eyes is a cheat." So said Miss Evangeline Booth, national commander of the Salvation Army, during her visit to San Francisco, in endorsing the point that men wanted women to be as nature intended them to be. She thought that many divorces were caused by women having attempted to deceive their husbands regarding their appearance. "If our young women of to-day would only take the money they use for paint and powder and buy milk for the poor starving babies in the world they wouldn't need any artifice to make themselves attractive. Too many women destroy their true womanliness by immodest dressing, and they have only themselves to blame when their characters are questioned." Skirts, in her view, should be worn, as in the Salvation Army, five or six inches from the ground.

GIRLS! GROW THICK LONG, HEAVY HAIR WITH "DANDERINE"

Buy a 85-cent bottle of "Dandierine." One application ends all dandruff, stops itching and falling hair, and, in a few moments, you have doubtless the beauty of your hair. It will appear a mass, so soft, lustrous, and easy to do up. But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you see new hair—fine, and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. "Dandierine" is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. This delightful, stimulating tonic helps thin, lifeless, faded hair to grow long, thick, heavy and luxuriant.

Household Notes.

To spring riding habit consists of checked trousers and a plain dark coat. Shrimp timbales are good served on buttered toast with mock Hollandaise sauce. A little chopped green pepper greatly improves croquettes made of canned salmon. Choose small potatoes for baking under meat. Push them well down into sauce. An excellent luncheon consists of a cream soup, toasted bread sticks and a sweet dessert. A strong loop fastened to each corner of a heavy mattress is a great help when turning it. A favorite entree for a luncheon is the puff paste paty case filled with a creamed mixture. If browned crackers and cheese are served with a fruit salad it makes a delightful dessert. It is very important that the chair at the sewing machine should be the right height. The addition of chopped raisins makes holiday affairs out of plain baking-powder biscuits. Pieces of cloth pasted on the bottom of the bread boxes will prevent them from rusting. A six-point electric iron is the best to choose for laundry work, because it holds the heat longer.

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

WHERE THE PRETTY GIRL LOSES OUT.

A friend of mine, plainness. I had a wonderful time last summer buying clothes for a young girl whose mother was unable to accompany her on her annual shopping trip. "We had money enough to go to the smartest shops," said my friend, "Natalie had good taste and was willing to let me guide her, and she was one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. Lovely skin, lovely hair and a fine figure. So you can imagine what a satisfaction it was."

The Make-Up Peril.

"The pretty girl tries on a few hats and they are all becoming to her. She has underlying possibilities of beauty discards a dozen hats but will not possibly do, puts on another and suddenly sees her face more pliant and charming. Naturally that hat is more of joy to her than the pretty girl's indifferent selection among a dozen possibilities.

The Pretty Girl's Drawback.

So much for her own enjoyment of herself. Personally, I am inclined to think that the woman with moments of beauty often exercises greater charm on others than an unvaryingly pretty girl. There is more unexpectedness about her, her monotony and less of that surety that is often a pretty girl's drawback. Of course it is up to the girl with possibilities to make the very most of them. She cannot afford to let the pretty girl do not need to be as my friend said, because this is harder thing to do it is that more of a satisfaction when one meets

Seasonable Goods for the Lenten Season, etc.

- NEW DIGBY HERRING by the lb. or box.
BAKEAPPLES, 1 lb. tins 40c.
LIBBY'S or ARMOUR'S EVAPORATED MILK, 17c. can
LIBBY'S CONDENSED MILK 15c. can
LIBBY'S ALASKA SALMON, 1 lb. tins 15c.
STAPLE STRONG & Co.'s PICKLES & CHOW CHOW
CREAM OF WHEAT 40c. pkg.
MALT BREAKFAST FOOD 38c. pkg.
FINEST NEW ZEALAND BUTTER 45c. lb.
ARMOUR'S or LIBBY'S BEANS 18c. can
ALMERIA GRAPES 45c. lb.
NESTLE'S THICK CREAM—Two sizes.

The Sale of Libby's Peaches & Apricots Continues.

SPECIAL—200 sacks P. E. I. BLACK OATS.

C. P. EAGAN,

2 Stores: Duckworth Street & Queen's Road

Forty-Three Years in the Public Service—The Evening Telegram

Advertisement for King's Cream Talcum Powder, featuring a product image and text: "Premier Lloyd's place in the and immediately Government's Genoa Economic Chamberlain's day. Mr. King George's threat but anxiety. KING GEORGE King George's threat but anxiety. CITY WA The damper's and are newspapers view that Little actual civil war border has been difficult as a side, but a national health threatens the presence of our Belfast itself, of course owing to cease work that they do from summer. shot in hand THE DLS The general later boarder the Liaise, Co. tion as a tab in the I Ray, Chur still ready con Ireland con sports excee situation. Govt. were comfiter living in later the twenty-six British General's w