ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



"Rayer Tablets of Aspirin" is genuine Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Accept only an unbroken "Bayer package" which contains proper directions to relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism. Colds and Pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trade mark Bayer Manufacture Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid .-- Adv.

Or an Outside Nail.

He had bought a house. It had been such a bargain that he couldn't risk waiting till his flancee saw it.

But she was delighted to hear the news and questioned him eagerly about it.

"How many clothes closets are there, Henry," she demanded.

"There are six," replied the man

"But that's hardly enough, Henry." "What do you want with more than six closets? That's enough to hang your clothes in, is it not?"

"Yes, dear," replied the malden firm-"But you'll want part of one for your clothes, won't you, Henry?'

Nervous Spells-. Near Heart Failure **Eatonic Stopped It**

Mr. C. B. Loats, writing from his home at Lay, Md., says, "I had been taking medicine from four specialists, but believe me, friends, one box of eatonic has done me more good than all the remedies I have ever tried. I was in awfully bad shape. About half an hour before meals, I got nervous, trembling and heart pressure so bad I could hardly walk or talk. One box of eatonic stopped it."

Batonic quickly produces these truly marvelous results, because it takes up the poisons and gases and carries them right out of the body. Of course, when the cause is removed, the sufferer gets well.

Everyone that wants better health is told to have just a little faith-enough to try one box of eatonic from your own druggist. The cost is a trifle, which he will hand back to you if you are not pleased. Why should you suffer another day, when quick, sure relief, is waiting for you? Adv.

Not That Kind of Exchange. A man and his wife at a fair were looking for the so-called women's exchange, the wife having some fancy work she wished to barter for the work of others.

"Will you direct us to the women's exchange?" the husband asked of a man they met.

The man gazed at the wife, whose good looks were proverbial in three countles. "Great Scott, man!" he exclaimed impulsively. "You don't want to swap off that woman, do you?"-Ladies' Home Journal.

Wonderful.

"I note in my engagement book," the absent-minded professor remarked, "a memorandum-'Tuesday, Miss Classer Wedding.' Evidently Miss Classer is to be married, and I desire to attend, but for the life of me I can't think who it is she is to marry." "Why, John, you are to marry her

"Oh, ah, yes, of course! Wonderful memory you have, my dear sister."

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of JASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Afflithms
In Use for Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

He Didn't Have to Lie.

Dick had been spending the day with a little playmate, and when his mother called for him he hopped in the machine and settled himself comfortably, saying: "Thank heavens that's once I didn't have to tell a lie."

His mother asked what he meant, and he said: "Well, you see Mike's mother wasn't home, so I didn't have to say I had a good time, 'cause I didn't." ----3455

Shave With Cuticura Soap And double your razor effciency as well as promote skin purity, skin comfort and skin health. No mug, no slimy seap, no germs, no waste, no irritation even when shaved twice daily. One soap for all uses-shaving, bathing and shampooing.-Adv.

Bareback Gowns

A lady in a decollette berated the bolshevikt at a dinner in Washington. "Why," she cried, "the latest news from Russia is that these curs are selfing the very clothes off the women's

Senator Johnson of California looked around the table with a smile. All the ladies' gowns were decollette. In the back this decolletage was especially marked.

"The bolsheviki," he said, "wouldn't find much to sell at a fashionable American dinner party, would they?"

THE UNKNOWN MR. KENT

GEORGE H. DORAN CO., 1916 COPYRIGT.

The old baron, chuckling, ambled away to obey the request. Ivan alighted, the Princess Eloise had already reached earth and told her chauffeur to take his car to the garage, and Provarsk, resigned for the moment to his capture, slowly descended. He smiled cheerfully at the king, bowed with mock politeness. and quite airily waved his hand.

"Good morning, Cousin," he said. "I hope I see you well?"

The king stared at him with smouldering eyes. The princess tossed her head, turned her back, and

walked into the castle. "She doesn't seem fond of me, Cousin," whimsically exclaimed the usurper.

The king disdained reply.

"It's a very cold, informal, inhospitable place to which you have brought me, Mr. Kent," observed the baron, turning toward the American with an air of gentle reproof. "I had anticipated a welcome! Glad shouts from the peasantry! Ringing of joy bells in the castle."

"Why?" questioned Kent, dryly, "Perhaps none of us regarded you as worth it." He suddenly dropped all badinage and turned to Baron Von Hertz, who had returned from his mission. "I suppose you have some place where you can keep our guest securely?"

"Several very fine, unhealthy dungeons here," cheerfully replied the

The American thoughtfully stared at the usurper, and then said, "No. I don't think I like that. I don't want him to contract typhus, or influenza, or croup. He's too nice a boy for that. Besides, I may want to use him, later on. What's up in those towers?"

"That one over there," the baron indicated with a pointed finger, "contains rather a fair prison chamber, Strong enough; but no one has entered it, so far as I know, for about 100 years."

"Good Can't it be made comfortable for the baron?"

"Quite easily," declared Von Hertz. "And in the meantime I can have him guarded in another chamber. Bring him along."

Provarsk unhesitatingly followed the owner of the castle with the American leisurely pacing by his side and Ivan in the rear.

"That's decent of you, Mr. Kent," the prisoner said, calmly.

"Why not? I've ne ill-feeling against you, Provarsk. We've mereplayed in the same game and you've

"So far!" the prisoner qualified. Kent laughed approvingly.

"Now you're talking!" he declared. "That's just the kind of spirit I like. I had sort of lost interest in you a while back. You seemed too easy; but now I really begin to regard you as worth while. Hello! Here we are. Nice room, too."

He walked across and looked through a window, observing that it overlooked a precipitous cliff with a sheer drop below it of several hundred feet. No other doors save the one through which they entered gave egress. The room was spacious and quite modernly furnished. He walked back and examined the heavy, old fashioned, cumbersome keyed lock on the stout oaken door and spoke to Baron Von Hertz

"Why not leave him here? With a proper guard on the outside, this makes a very nice prison for our friend, the baron. I prefer that he be treated as a distinguished guest, who has a queer desire to remain in his own room for the time being. Have I your assent, sir?"

The fine old eyes of Baron Von Hertz twinkled humorously at the American, for whom plainly he had formed a distinct liking.

"It shall be exactly as you wish, Mr. Kent," he assented. "Also you may trust me to see that your guest does not lack for prompt attention. Indeed, to make sure of it, I shall keep at least four men on guard in the corridor from now on, so that the slightest sound from within they may hasten to learn what the Baron Provarsk desires. And that even his slightest restlessness in the night may be noted I will also have a night service as well. Prompt attention shall be the rule of the Hotel Hertz. Is there anything he wishes new, prior

to our departure?" Provarsk grinned nonchalantly and threw himself into a chair.

"Some ham and eggs, landlord, and see to it that the eggs are fried on both sides. Bread and butter. No rancid stuff, mind you, or I'll complain to the management. Coffee! lots of it, with ample cream. The fact of the matter is that some small business affairs of mine have been so urgent that I've not had time to eat during the last 24 hours. I shall be glad for a rest-just a slight one, you understand, because I really must resume my industries at the first oppor-

"Quite so! Quite so!" Von Hertz replied in the same vein. "You may trust me to observe even the most minute details for your comfort."

"And before we go-sorry, Provarsk!" Kent stepped quickly across and relieved the baron of a small pocket pistol and a penknife, while the latter said, gaily, "So am I sorry! Rather hoped you'd overlook them."

He had calmly cocked his heels up on the edge of the casement and was whistling softly between his teeth when they bolted the door on him. Ivan was left on guard for the few minutes necessary for his relief and when he descended the stairs was at once directed to the small reception room in which Baron Von Hertz had received his guests on the previous night. The king and the American were standing in the center of the room, the latter evidently repeating some further instructions.

"And you are quite certain that Captain Paulo has had sufficient time and can be depended on to the minute?" the American asked.

"Positive!" declared the king with great earnestness. "And you will attend to the other

arrangements?" "Yes, Mr. Kent."

"Then here goes, and-good luck to -

The American would have turned from the room without further ceremony, but the king's face glowed and impetuously he held out his hand.

"Just a moment, sir," he said. "If anything goes wrong and-your mission may be dangerous! I want you to know that I appreciate all you have done and are trying to do for me."

The American seemed embarrassed by this display of gratitude. He took the king's hand, but answered brusquely, "Pshaw! You fail to understand that what I am trying to do is to save my own credit, and to make certain that John Rhodes' money is not lost. I have no sentiment—that is—to amount to anything. Good-bye.".

He beckoned to Ivan and passed directly out to the still waiting touring car, into which he climbed.

"Drive us back to the palace in Marken," he ordered the chauffeur, wondering in the meantime if Baron Von Hertz had neglected to arrange for the opening of the gates whenever his visitor wished. He saw that such instructions had been given b the very promptitude with which they were widely flung, and then settled back into his seat as the car gathered momentum, and carefully took the curves of the winding road leading to the valley below. Speculatively he studied the rich valley with its farms and clusters of farm cottages, appearing from that height like a great garden trimly cultivated, the distant ranges of mountains where carefully maintained forests alternated with fields, and, far beyond, the spires of Marken. It was a land capable of rendering profit, he decided, reflectively, and what was more, he, the American, unhampered by tradition and eager for such an experiment, would see that it did vield profit or prove his own incompetence as a manager. Also, he concluded, this was the finest sport in which he had ever engaged and better, somewhat, than trout fishing.

His meditations were brought to an abrupt stop by a sharp explosion, the car swerved, and came to a halt beside the highway. Almost as the chauffeur's feet struck the macadam he was by his side. The cause was plain, a flattened tire sagging flaccidly under the weight above it. Anxiously the American looked at his

"Hang it all!" he exclaimed savagely. "We've no time to lose. Not even five minutes. Any delay at the other end and-" he snapped his fingers conclusively. He stood above the chauffeur while the latter unstrapped an old style wheel and urged him to haste. He himself seized the jack, but was thrust aside by Ivan, whose mighty muscles sent the lever flying up and down. Together they worked with the adjustment, and again Ivan worked the pump with which the car was provided, grumbling in the meantime that they had to resort to such old time methods, thereby losing precious minutes from their progress When he climbed back into the car and they moved ahead at high speed. he again studied his timepiece and said to Ivan, in that voicetess motion of the lips. "This difference of 20 minutes may upset the whole game; but we've got to do our best. It cuts us cut of a chance for overcoming awkward preliminaries. Two o'clock was the hour set for everything."

"I thought I did tell you," he said. Again they halted in front of the

palace and the sentries saw the crippled old gentleman assisted from the car. Baron Provarsk, he explained to them, would return shortly, and had requested that he, Mr. Kent, should be conducted to the smaller throne room, there to wait. Unquestioningly the sentries admitted the caller; for was he not the usurper's friend? And also me news had spread that through this old simpleton money was to come-plenty of it-enough to make them all rich. One of the lounging soldiers of fortune inside even assisted the visitor up the wide marble steps and along the corridor where drowsy men fell back to give

Inside the room Ubaldo, Provarsk's captain at arms, sat beside the table talking to two other men, and his face, that had been perturbed, cleared when he saw the American ushered in. He stared at the door through which Kent and Ivan entered, as if expecting the usurper to follow them, and betrayed disappointment that this expectation was not fulfilled. Without asking consent, Ivan led Kent to a seat at the head of the table, as if unaware that this post of honor was reserved for the ruler of the country, then respectfully backed away until he stood to one side of the

"Baron Provarsk did not return with you, sir?" Ubaldo asked with an effort at politeness.

The American again consulted his watch before answering, and a look of satisfaction crept over his face. Leisurely he snapped the case shut, slipped the timepiece back into his pocket, leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands together carelessly. A dry grin broke over his lips, as he looked at Ubaldo and then answered.

"No. Baron Provarsk did not return with me. In fact, the last I saw of him he was er-whistling with satisfaction while waiting for some ham and eggs, some bread and butter, and a cup of coffee to be seaved with pure cream."

The three adventurers looked at one another perplexed. It was Ubaldo who spoke.

"When may we expect him, sir, may I ask?" "Why, as for that, not at all," Kent

answered, with evident candor. "For what reason?" Ubaldo demanded, while his comrades looked

their intense anxiety. "Well, mainly for this reason," Kent said, with the same dry grin. "As you, being his right hand man, doubtless know, the principal thing he wanted was money, and after that power! Provarsk is no fool, I can tell you. Pretty far sighted, I should say. He wanted to see the king. Insisted on it, I believe. As a result of it all, they seem to have come to a most satisfactory understand. Quite satisfactory, one might conclude. The baron is thus rendered quite happy by being enabled, with money, to go his way rejoicing. The king is prob-

ably equally happy at being enabled to return to his throne without any fuss whatever, and so there you are!' "You mean we've been sold out?" This time Ubaldo's voice rose to an angry roar, and his two comrades

lent their anger to the occasion. "Put it that way if it suits you best," Kent remarked, carelessly lifting his hand to conceal a yawn.

Ubaldo's companions broke for the door and out into the corridor bawling, "Betrayed! We've been betrayed! Sold out by that-" And what they called Provarsk would not have been pleasant to the usurper's ears. Ubaldo turned, hesitantly, as if to call them back, and Kent seized the opportunity to give a noiseless command to Ivan.

"When I get them all inside," he said, "you slip out quickly and see that the palace gates are not barred," and then, speaking aloud, he called to Ubaldo.

"It seems to me that your fellows are making a pretty good sized noise over nothing. Noise isn't going to help you."

In the corridor outside could be heard oaths, hoarse exclamations and the sound of running bootheels over the tiled floors. Several of Provarsk's adventurers came tearing into the throne room, shaking their fists and wanting to know if what they had heard was the truth. Their leader tried in vain to control them for some minutes, and at last, when he obtained attention, did so by outbawling them all.

"Silence! Silence, there, you men! Who's leader here? You or me? I tell you to hold your tongues until we find out about this. Do you hear me?"

Slowly and sullenly they became subdued. Ubaldo then turned flercely on the American, who sat impassive at the head of the table, his manner portraying nothing more than a melancholy, almost disinterested curiosity in his surroundings.

"Now, you limping old fossil!" Ubaldo snarled, "you'll tell us exactly what happened. And don't forget this; if you don't tell the truth, I'll cook you, inch by inch, and then throw the cinders into the streets."

The "old fossil" looked mildly sur-

"If I've got to tell it again, suppose you call all your men in to hear it. It strikes me that you're only one of them, and that any man that joined your expedition has just as much right to know what is up as you have."

"That's right! You're right there!" the other adventurers in the room yelled in chorus, some of them in the meantime scowling at Ubaldo and muttering to their neighbors that he was the one, after all, who had got them into the mess. Ubaldo recognized the sign of danger, and tried to quell it; but he was unheeded in the turmoil. Two of the guardsmen rushed out of the room to summon their comrades. Ubaido was vainly trying to bring those within the room to a cooler state of mind when the others began to arrive, some of them hurriedly pulling on their tunics and frowsy headed, attesting that they had been aroused from sleep. Kent, imperturbably watching, decided that they were all there, inasmuch as the two men who had rushed out to give the summons came in last, accompanied by the gate sentries, and the corridor was still.

"All I can say," he remarked, quietly, "is just about what I've said before. Baron Provarsk is at this moment the contented guest of the king. He's in a place where you men can't reach him. I fancy he will remain there so long as he fears he might meet any of you. In fact, he doesn't seem eager to renew the acquaintance of any of you. I don't believe he likes you. Indeed, he has been unkind enough, once or twice, to refer to you as a lot of jackasses, and what he said about Mr .- what's this your name is-Ubaldo? I don't care to repeat. Why, Mr. Ubaldo, do you know, he said to me, Provarsk did, that if all your brains were taken out of your skull and boiled into tallow, they wouldn't make a candle for a glow worm! He said your head would make a fine snare drum! For goodness' sake, man! Don't be angry with me! I'm just telling you what the Baron Provarsk said after he left the palace with me this morning."

Ubaldo grew red with anger and sputtered, and his temper was not assisted by the remarks of some of his

Kent observed with satisfaction that Ivan had disappeared from his post by the doorway. In an instant's lull in the turmoil about him, he heard the faint, clarion warning of an automobile horn that played the same gentle notes indicative of the approach of the royal automobile, and, keenly alive to the necessity of holding this swarm of adventurers a few minutes longer, rapped on the table with his bare knuckles and called, in his powerful voice, "Gentlemen! Attention, please! Let me finish."

He waited until they were again quiet, straining his ears the while for a repetition of the horn's warning, but hearing nothing, settled to his task.

"Now let us be reasonable," he said "You are all reasonable men, I take it. You joined this expedition, somehow, with the hope of bettering yourselves -making money, securing a steady place. Well, you didn't get it. You are done. Your jig is vp. You are in jeopardy. You've no more chance than a lot of dogs in a city pound. There is no one now but the king who can grant you amnesty. You couldn't eccape from Marken if you tried. You know what they usually do with fellows like you are, when they catch them, don't you? If you don't, I'll tell you. They hang them! Why, I wouldn't give a centime for all of your chances, unless you can square it, someway, with the king. There's no use for you to fight. You are probably pretty good, and used to it: but 50 men can't do anything against-say-5,000 good, husky peasants armed with everything from a blunderbuss to a high powered, flat trajectory rifle. They'd get you, sure! The only thing for you chaps to do is to lay down your hands."

He cocked his head sidewise and paused, in a listening attitude, for again he heard the horn, quite distinctly now. His suspense grew and with it ran his resolution to hold this mob to the last moment.

"Don't pay any attention to him!" shouted Upaldo. "Don't be fools!"

"Why, that's what Provarsk called you," Kent said, plaintively. "He said that if you had had the wisdom of a garden worm, everything would have been all right. And he said-" "Shut up!" yelled Ubaldo, menac-

ingly, dropping his hand to the hilt of his sword. "I'll run you through if you don't! You men keep quiet. Hear what I've got to say. . You don't know but what this old paralytic is a liar, sent here by the king to blindfold you!"

The crowd glared at the American as if this suggestion had not hitherto dawned upon them.

"Very unkind of you," Kent murmured. "And maybe they are already convinced that you are one.

(Continued next week.)

"Ontario" will hold a referendum on probabition of the importation of 11quor into the province, next April.

Overhauling Human Engine.

Early in 1918 J. J. F., a civil war vet-eran, entered an old soldier's home. He sends me this story for the benefit of eld people and especially those in sol-diers' homes.

when he entered he was all in. He had an enlarged liver, kidneys were out of order, was passing a handful of green stones once in about every 60 days, bowels sore, tongue heavily coated every morning, sleep disturbed, suffered from hemorrhoids. His bowels moved only, when he used extense autors of a warm when he used a strong purge or a warm water anema. He had pain in the lungs and irregular heart action. It was only a question of a few months before as a machine he would stop running. Something must be done. This is what he

Instead of eating three meals a day he ate two and the total amount eaten was less than one-half what he had been accustomed to. This he found dif-ficult, as the food at the home was "bountiful, tasteful, well prepared and prepared under the direction of an expert dietician." Nevertheless he limited himself to two small meuls a day. He took three or four tablespoonsful of wheat bran to the breakfast table and, turning this into his coffee or milk, ate twith a specie. it with a spoon. Furthermore, he used mineral oil to regulate his bowels. He took two good swallows of this before breakfast. During the day he took another swallow. In this way he overcame constipation and piles.

He got a block of good eight inches long, two inches thick, and six inches broad, rounded the corners and wrapped it in paper. Placing this under his shoulders so as to raise them two inches he lay flat on his back and breathed

Then he moved the block down the backbone four inches and left it in that position for awhile. By setting this block successively at points four inches apart down his backbone he curved the column backward, overcoming a nat-ural tendency of old men to slouch down—sublixation of the chiropractors. He then turned the block on its side so as to get a raise of six inches and went

Next he took a block of wood 4x5x1 and nailed to it fingers three inches long and five-eighths inch wide. This he called his wooden hand. Attaching a cord to this he went up and down his backbone with it daily. With his two wooden devices he exercised each morning before getting out of bed. This took about one hour. Then he brushed his skin with a kitchen brush. He then clasped his hands under each foot and brought the knees to the chin or as nearly as possible. Then he bathed his feet in cold water, dried them and rubbed them well and was ready to dress and go to breakfast.

He is now free from symptoms and expects to live to pass 100 years of age.

Admiral Lord Fisher.

From the Manchester Guardian. It was a settled conviction of Fisher for years before the war that the Ger-mans would make war on us on a weekend, and on week-end with a bank holi-day. This view was a great worry to his staff at the admiralty, who rarely got a week-end off, and when they did it was hedged round by all sorts of arrangements about communications and instant return. War with Germany did come on a week-end, and a week-end with a bank

holiday. He only met the German emperor once, and that was at a garden party at Windsor. He told a friend of mine that on that occasion he said to the German emperor in reply to the emperor's fair speech, "There is no man I hate more than you," but that probbably only expressed what he thought. They only expressed what he thought. They did have a conversation, and the emperor said, "I know all about you, Lord Fisher, because you were painted by Cope, and I was painted by Cope after you." Fisher thought, "I wish you had been painted before me, and then I would have known more about you."

would have known more about you."

It is history that even in royal society Fisher was very short with exalted people that he did not like. Lord Fisher told the friend already referred to that on one occasion King Edward introduced him to a man whom they both disliked. Fisher was very curt, and afterwards King Edward rebuked him for being such a surly dog. "You should never show a man you dislike him," said King Edward, "for you never know when you may want him."

"Bob" Just Talking.

To Senator La Follette scathing denunciation of both the republican and democratic parties is not inconsistent with "safety first" in politics. Wiscon-sin tolerates him in any attitude he may assume. As the state's favorite son he is unshaken. His name was hissed at the recent Chicago convention every time it was mentioned loud enough to be heard, but that fact will not drive him out of the republican party. His latest magizine utterance on "The old parties have failed" does not forecast a bolt. He could have taken the nomina tion and made something of the movement had he been so disposed. There are two fixed facts in American politics -William Jennings Bryan in the democratic party and Mr. La Follette in the republica's party, notwithstanding that both mer are pretty well convinced that these paries are works of the devil.

In the Night.

Long tours I wake, and all the world a sleep-But I must sleep when they are all

How strange that I shall sleep nor wake While springs and summers each in turn And autumn's riot, wine to stir the

The blood of them that wake, while yet I sleep—
Nor feel the fall of myriad twinkling Nor see the haze, gray-blue on all the

hills. Nor scale the tang of frosts still-born winter marshals all his best of ice And frost and snow, to blanket de

The little sleeping things that wake with spring—
That wake with spring, while yet I stay asleep!
--Margaret Florence Hastings, in New

Still Harping.

From the Los Angeles Times. Why is it that Senator Lodge cannot speak of the League of Nations without dragging in an appeal that "our young men should not be sacrificed in endless hostilities in which we have no con-cern?" Where does he get that stuff? He was never wont to be a demagogue. One would imagine the league was a compact for war instead of a covenant of peace. The young men who have al-ready been sacrificed will have bled almost in vain unless there is a world league for peace and disarmament. The League of Nations is already in exist-ence and functions with 32 countries on its roster. It is not going to dissolv self to be rebuilt to suit the desires group of American senators. Far better for America to join and make the league what it should be by working within. It is not unalterable. It will accept Am-erican interpretations now.