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Lady Wyvernes' Daughter.

CHAPTER XV.

He had lingered in Spain, for he loved the country. While at Seville, his valet left him and returned to England. He was going to visit a small town near, when he was thrown from his horse, and left almost dead at their castle gates. He was young and handsome, as were all the Lynnes, and gifted with an easy grace of manner that charmed and fascinated those proud, high-bred Spanish ladies.

When he was able to leave his room, he spent many hours every day in the society of Madame Monteleone and her daughter. From the mother he learned the ancient glories of the family; here they once had been second to none save their royal masters; and the young English lord found with surprise that the plainly-dressed lady, who lived in what he considered a gloomy old ruin, belonged to one of the noblest families of Spain. He saw they were very poor; there was no attempt at any disguise; but no queen ever wore state and splendor with more dignity than did Madam Monteleone her obscurity and poverty.

From the daughter he learned another lesson; the lovely face, the dark, almond eyes, haunted him; and he loved her with a wild devotion rare in an Englishman. It was the old, old story. What else could happen, given an old castle, a wounded knight, and a beautiful girl? Bianca forgot her high vocation, and fell as deeply in love with the English lord as he had done with her. A few meetings among the myrtle and orange-trees, and then Stephen Lord Lynne asked Bianca Monteleone to be his wife. He had no fear, as he gazed in her beautiful, loving face. He was rich and noble, there was no fear of refusal for him; but for many years Lord Lynne never forgot the look of distress, almost horror, upon Madame Monteleone's face, when he asked for her daughter's hand.

"My daughter!" she cried. "How blind, how foolish I have been! I never dreamed that you loved her!"

Skin Eruptions Are Usually Due to Constipation

When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid is produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus secures regular bowel movements by Nature's own method—lubrication. Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—no orange tinge. Try it today.



"You must go away and forget her. She can never be your wife!"

"Why not?" asked Lord Lynne, calmly. "What objection have you to me?"

"None," replied Madame Monteleone, "as regards myself, but my daughter must marry a Spanish noble. Her destiny has already long been settled."

"But she loves me, madame," again urged Lord Lynne.

"Impossible!" cried the lady. "My daughter knows her destiny, and will fulfill it. She must not see you again."

The stern, ambitious mother adhered to her words, and Bianca was kept a prisoner in her rooms until the departure of Lord Lynne. Mother and daughter said but little on the subject. The mother appealed to her child's love and sense of right respecting all her high hopes and ambitious views. Bianca listened, and submitted in silence.

Lord Lynne left Serrano and returned to Seville, determined at any cost to win the beautiful girl who loved him so well. Once more alone, Madame Monteleone began to prepare for her journey to Madrid. But another obstacle arose. Bianca, who made no opposition to her mother's wishes, who had submitted silently to the loss of her lover, fell ill, and faded visibly day by day. In vain did madame summon physicians, and pay heavily for their advice. They all said the same thing; her daughter's disease was more mental than physical; and the distracted mother began to understand that her daughter was slowly but surely dying, her heart breaking for the loss of the fair-haired Englishman, who had brought such golden radiance into her gloomy life.

Lord Lynne persisted in calling every day. During Bianca's illness he was seldom allowed to exchange a word with Madame Monteleone; but one eventful day, instead of being dismissed with a few curt words, he was invited into madame's boudoir. There she told him frankly that her daughter's marriage with him would be a bitter grief of her life, the downfall of her hopes, the last step completing the final ruin of her race. Still, Bianca's life must not be sacrificed, and she withdrew her opposition.

Not another word did the stern lady utter, even when Bianca knelt at her feet to thank her. She would not assist in any preparations for the marriage, and the last of the Monteleones was led to the altar by her English lover in plain morning dress, and without any ornament. Her mother never blessed her—never gave her consent to the marriage. She said but those few words: "I withdraw my opposition." So Stephen Lord Lynne married Bianca Monteleone, and immediately the ceremony was ended he took her to Italy.

For one year Lord and Lady Lynne were perfectly happy. Bianca sighed when she remembered her mother in the gloomy castle of Serrano. She may be forgiven if her mind did not always dwell on that sad and cheerless picture. For the first time in her

life she was happy; she was out in the fair, bright world, mixing freely with her fellow-creatures, admired, loved, and praised by all. Her husband adored her; never was love so passionate or so devoted as that of Lord Lynne for his beautiful bride. Her lovely face and sweet, graceful manners, her childlike simplicity, won all hearts. In Rome, in Florence, and in sunny Naples, she who had never in her whole life heard one compliment, now found homage and flattery everywhere. "It was impossible to be young and not enjoy the new and golden life opened to her. For the first time she wore magnificent jewels and costly dresses, that enhanced her beauty and made her doubly fair. She liked the grandeur that surrounded her; it was pleasure to dwell in sumptuous rooms, to tread upon soft, thick carpets; to gaze upon rare pictures and statues; to have servants ready to obey her slightest word. It was pleasant to be a young, idolized wife, whose every wish and whim were gratified.

In the first tumult of this new life, Bianca half forgot the hopes she had wrecked, the ambition she had betrayed. Once when talking to Lord Lynne of her mother, she suddenly clasped her arms round his neck and asked him to give up his English home, to bring his wealth over to Spain, and to call himself by her name of Monteleone; but he laughed long and loudly at the mere idea.

"Wait, Bianca," he said, lightly, "until you have seen Lynnewoife. Why, my dear child, you could put all Serrano in one corner of it. You must become English; I can never be a Spaniard."

Whatever she may have thought, Lady Lynne never expressed that wish to her husband again.

They had been married almost a year, when a sudden desire took possession of Lord Lynne. It was to return to Serrano so that her child might be born there. Lord Lynne said all he could to dissuade her, but in vain. She was too gentle, too yielding to persist in reverting to her wish when her husband had expressed disapprobation, but in a hundred ways he perceived how much she was really bent upon it.

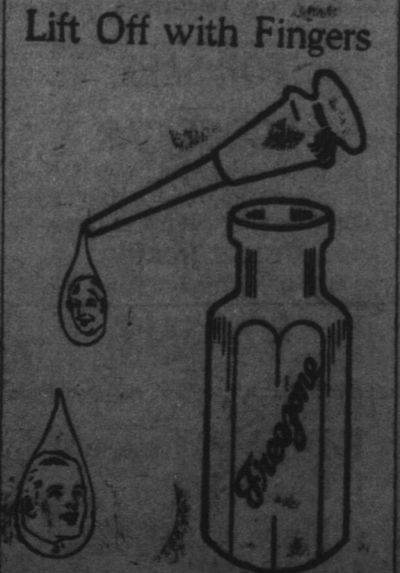
They had spent a year of unalloyed happiness. Day by day Lord Lynne loved more dearly and deeply the beautiful, gentle girl, who had touched his heart as no other woman ever could or did. To make her happy, to watch her beautiful, girlish face brighten at his loving words, was the study and pleasure of his life. He divined her wishes, and executed them almost before they were uttered. They wandered about in those fair Italian cities, and life for them resembled the golden dreams of the lotus-eater.

"I wish I could understand, dear Bianca," said Lord Lynne to his wife one day, "why you wish to return to that gloomy old Serrano."

"I cannot tell," she replied. "I do not understand what it is that seems to call me home, but my mother's face is always before me; and oh, Stephen, I would give anything for my little child to be born in my old home!"

(To be continued.)

CORNS Lift Off with Fingers



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



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After Separation of Fifteen Years.

DAUGHTER FINDS PARENTS IN PRISON.

Auburn, N.Y.—Mary Rizzo, 15-year-old school girl, knew she had a father and mother. For wasn't she just like her play-mates? And didn't they all have parents?

But she never knew her's. They had disappeared from her life when she was still a baby, five months old. Friends of the family adopted her. They took her from Oswego, where she had been born, to Rochester. They raised her carefully, keeping the secret of her parentage a mystery.

But how the girl has learned the truth. Her father and mother were in prison for murder.

It was a shock, the other day when she first visited Auburn, to find her parents behind the bars of the state penitentiary.

But they are alive, said the girl, happily, and I'm so glad. At last I know where my father and mother really are.

Of course, it's a terrible thing to be in prison, but it might be worse. It's going to be my chief ambition in life now to gain their release.

After he had learned that his daughter had discovered the truth, hidden from her for years, Vincenzo Rizzo, the father, appealed to Warden E. S. Jennings, and the warden arranged the meeting between the girl and her parents.

A prison waiting room is not a cheerful place. But it radiated happiness when Mary entered it. At last her dream was coming true. She was going to see her real parents for the first time in her memory.

The rattle of the warden's keys, the creak of the heavy iron gate, the swing of the grey cell door were music to her ears. Her parents were coming. Grieved and worn by the five years behind the bars, they entered the room. But they were beautiful to the girl.

It was a reunion for the parents, not only with their child but with themselves, too. They had seen each other only once since they entered the prison in 1918.

Cannibals of Birdland.

HOW THE BUTCHER-BIRD LIVED UP TO HIS NAME.

The Red-backed shrike had their nest and their store of food in the heart of a thorn bush. They were smaller than thrushes, but size was nothing—they were fierce and terrible.

They were handsome, too, especially the cock bird. He had a grey head and neck with a black check-band which passing across his fierce eyes, gave him almost the appearance of wearing a couple of eye patches.

His back was a rich chestnut black and his breast was a pale red, white his black tail was streaked with white. But his hooked beak and claws were cruel and savage.

Insects—other than large beetles—were of little use to these two; they wanted larger game, and this game took the form of young birds, mice, and reptiles such as frogs and lizards. All around the nest was evidence of this taste. Several mice, a few fledglings, and a great many beetles were impaled on the long thorns, to be devoured at leisure by the carnivorous couple. Truly these two were correctly termed "butcher-birds."

A Wonderful Flight.

With astonishing swiftness the shrike left his lair and went in search of food. The flight through the black-thorn was astonishing because of the thousands of long, sharp spines that literally seemed to bar his way. One error of judgment on leaving the bush would have meant instant death to the shrike, in the form of adding himself to his own larder.

In a few minutes he settled on the bough of a tree deep in the wood. A large, glittering beetle hummed by, and the next moment the shrike had got him and flew back with his prey to the larder in the blackthorn.

Unfortunately for him, just as he was speeding into the home, he met his wife coming out, and on an instant a terrific battle ensued between these two. They fought like fends, until at last the male bird retired hastily to restore somewhat his ruffled plumage.

Quarrels Are Common.

These family fights were nothing out of the common. They occurred perhaps half a dozen times a day, and the harder the two fought the more devoted they were to each other. Beyond the wood was a distant farm, and passing it recently the shrike, who had only recently migrated to England from the warm south, had noticed a number of newly-born chick scampering about and scratching up the rich soil.

He would have stopped there and then but for the fact that his talons were already encumbered with the dead body of a small rat. He decided to pay it a visit now and increase the larger stock while his mate attended to her eggs.

Slipping forward through the trees in a sort of sliding flight, and looking something like a rainbow that had broken loose and got in among the trees, the shrike made for an elm that overhung the chicken run.

Chicken For Dinner.

Perched there, and looking very innocent, he eyed the scene below. A number of hens were clucking to their chicks; and here the shrike showed his cunning.

Very neatly he proceeded to do the same. He clucked in a caressing way that quite deceived the hens and the chicks. Several chicks moved towards him, leaving the mother bird puzzled but not very alarmed at this mysterious repetition of her own voice.

Four chicks were straggling towards the deceivers and then, without warning, there was a flash of colour that seemed to fall from the tree to the ground and then back again. The three chicks that remained were very astonished—the fourth was past being astonished at anything.

McTigue Offered 20,000 Pounds to Fight Beckett.

New York, May 22.—Dr. T. McCarton, the fight promoter of Ireland, who staged the McTigue-Silk battle in Dublin, yesterday cabled McTigue an offer of £20,000 (about \$90,000) to fight Joe Beckett at the race track in Dublin on August 18.

McCarton says if McTigue accepts Eugene Corri, the noted English sportsman, will be the referee.

A very smart and new silhouette is so straight that the ordinary blouses at the back is suppressed.



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