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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

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- Earache
- Headache
- Neuralgia
- Lumbago
- Rheumatism
- Neuritis
- Pain, Pain

Ready "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Medicaments of Salzigkade, 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."

Lord Cecil's Dilemma

The Picnic

Woodall Forest

CHAPTER XIX.

For a long time they sat without speaking, her left hand tightly clasped in his. The musical rattle of the sheep-bells was borne faintly to their ears; the song of some happy farmboy from the hills beyond. They never forgot these things in all the years to come.

At length the young man spoke.

"Is it good-by, Gladys?"

His voice was broken, and he almost sobbed.

"It must be, for a time if she lives, forever!"

"Let me go—let me go to Lupus and learn the worst!"

He caught her to his breast in a frantic, hopeless embrace. He showed kisses upon her face.

"Good-by, Gladys, my life, my love! I will write to you once more, at least. You shall know the worst—if she lives! I cannot ask you to be faithful to my memory—I am not worth it; but I shall worship you forevermore!"

"I have but one love to give—it is given!" was the simple reply.

She knew that she could not hold out much longer. The struggle within her was terrible. One more caress, and she was gone. He called her name, but she did not reply, or even look back. He stood until a cloud crossed the sun. The Fairy Dell grew suddenly dark, and a fierce puff of wind shook the trees; the birds were frightened into silence, and a distant thunder-roll told of a coming storm.

"My brief summer is ended," he

groaned. "Farewell, my love—farewell!"

The rain fell in torrents, but he did not know it. He turned away, and trudged across the country to the railway station. He forgot that he had hired a horse and trap at the Swinford Arms. A few miles made no difference to him now. He was so dazed that time and distance were un-felt, unseen.

The next morning there was a letter from Ebenzer Lupus. He regarded it with indifference; he read it with indifference.

Lady Hastings is not only alive, but is in this town, and intends coming home—to Endean Hall. The proceedings for divorce should be begun forthwith. Send me another check, and state day for consultation.

He replied:

I shall proceed no further. The money you have had will more than settle your claims against me.

Then he wrote to Gladys Howard two words only:

She lives!

CHAPTER XX.

It was the second morning after Lady Gladys had met her lover in the park, and she was alone in the green reception-room—in her hand that hateful mislaid, bearing only these words: "She lives." There was no signature, and the sheet of note paper contained merely the crest of Hastings—not another word or sign from the sender.

Gladys' eyes were fixed upon the writing before her, but she could not see it. She felt no acute pain—only a dumb sense of some great loss. The future appeared to be spread before her—a long and desolate way—a desert waste without water or leaf—all sunless and shrouded in gloom.

"She lives!"

The cry broke from her hot lips, and she laughed a mirthless laugh.

"And this is forever to be the burden of my life! She lives!"

What a mockery was the brightness of day. There had been a few hours of storm and rain. The lightning had flashed, and the thunder boomed; the black clouds had discharged their burden of water over the parched earth. There had been mutterings and thunders in the heavens. The electric currents had waged a fierce battle, and the artillery of the god had shaken the universe. But it was over, and the earth and the heavens were brilliant and smiling again. The gloom of one day did not reveal the beauty of the future through golden vistas.

She looked from the window with awakening hope, across the sweeping lawns, with their borders all aflame with flowers—over the distant valleys basking in blue shadows that hung like a curtain of the loveliest gauze, dropped from the pale sapphire heavens to shield the cor earth from the sun's bold glare. A silver-throated thrush burst into a flood of happy song, and Gladys murmured:

"I will not act the coward's part. There is hope and life beyond the present gloom. I will wait for my love, and God will give him back to me some day!"

She took from a tiny locket, at her throat, a few dead leaves of pansy blossom. The perfume was still sweet as death, and she dropped over them bitter tears.

A figure crossed the lawn at that

moment, and seemed to cast a shadow over its brightness. It was Lord Cecil Stanhope. Gladys had not seen him for some days, and he was doubly unwelcome now. He had evidently caught a glimpse of her, for he was coming straight to the open window, his hat in his hand, a bright smile upon his face.

There was no escape, so Gladys hid her letter hastily, and found herself replying to the greeting of the young peer.

"You are not looking well, Gladys," he said, with easy familiarity.

"I think the storm yesterday has upset everybody," she replied, warily. "Lady Marla has not been visible downstairs for nearly two days, and my father is altogether out of sorts."

Lord Cecil smiled.

"Where is the earl now?" he asked.

"He has not yet appeared, and I have had to breakfast alone."

"Do you care for a stroll, Lady Gladys?" continued Lord Cecil. "How fresh and beautiful everything is after the rain! Come; I wish to offer an apology for my foolish fit-temper the other day. I am utterly ashamed of myself!"

Gladys looked up at him swiftly, for he had not yet entered the room, but stood leaning idly against the window.

"I had forgotten that there was anything to apologize for," she replied, not noticing the sudden angry flush that sprang into his cheeks. Were his actions of such slight importance to her? "I will come out if you wish me to, Lord Cecil."

"I shall be delighted," he said. "There is no sultriness in the air. Everything is deliciously fresh and sweet. I will wait here while you get something to put over your head—or, if you command me, I will fetch what you want."

"I have my sunbonnet here, thank you."

She was beside him now, and they wandered toward the lake. Lord Cecil talking busily all the while.

"You will forgive me, won't you, Gladys," he said, "for running away from the picnic, and making myself generally disagreeable?"

"We had a most enjoyable day," replied the girl; then she shuddered, for the strange, prophetic words of the gypsy woman recurred to her: "There is nothing to forgive, Lord Cecil."

"Do you know," he went on, "I have written to Hastings. I treated him shamefully, but it was—foolish jealousy. I have known you so long, Gladys, that I hated for any other fellow to even notice your beauty. We were children together, and—"

"Lord Cecil, I do not wish to hear this again. If you value my friendship, you will treat me as an acquaintance—as a friend."

She spoke haughtily and firmly, and he glanced at her in surprise.

"I thought that—that your father had spoken to you!" he stammered.

"As for your friendship, I will not accept it. I want you for my wife." His face had grown sullen. "I will see the earl—"

"It is useless, Lord Cecil. I shall never marry. My father will not try to influence me against my will."

"Then there is nothing between you and Hastings? I am glad that that much is true!"

Then he changed his tone, but there was a cloud upon his brow. She knew not why, but she had begun to fear him. Until lately, he had been a useful, harmless neighbor. She had regarded him in no other light. She did not then know the meaning of love. She could never credit this man with anything more than a species of stupid admiration. His dictatorial manner annoyed her; his threats, frightened and annoyed her. From a harmless youth, he had developed into a vindictive man.

(To be continued.)

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