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Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monrovia, California, U.S.A. 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."

Better Peasant Than a Peer.

CHAPTER XXXVI. JOY WITH THE DAWNING.

A form, whose every feature is frozen on his heart, kneels at the bed-head bowed on the white, strained bands, the long, silken hair fallen from its hands and covering the bowed shoulders.

For a moment he stands motionless, then he opens the window and enters her, and Jeanne turns her head, staring wildly.

Then, without uttering a word, she reads in his face that the past is swept away; with a low cry, she holds out her arms, and the next moment Vane is kneeling beside her, and has her pressed to his heart.

"Jeanne—Jeanne!" he murmurs, "my darling! my wife! Oh, Heaven forgive me! forgive me!"

Shaken by sob, she clings to him, her arms around his neck, and all he can say is:

"Jeanne, my wife—my wife!"

At last she lifts her head and looks at him—long, hungry look that cleaves through to his soul, then, with a little half-sob, half-smile, she lays her head against his, and seems to sleep.

Three—five minutes pass. Suddenly she shrinks from him and puts her hand to her cheek, and, with a low cry of horror, stares at her fingers.

"Hush—hush, darling!" he implores. "Jeanne, Jeanne, it is nothing! nothing! My darling, it is nothing!"

But she will not be satisfied. "No—no!" she sobs, panting. "Show me! And with eager hands she helps him take off his coat. "Oh—oh, Vane!—oh—oh, look!"

And she covers her eyes. Soothing her as a mother might a child, Vane tears the sleeve from his shirt and goes to the washing-stand.

Then springs up the woman, the wife, within her. With a low cry she stops him; with her own hand pours out the water, and, shuddering, washes the sleet out.

"There, see! Look, darling!" he implores, laughing to reassure her.



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arms and Jeanne, no less agitated, flies to her. Vane alone seems cool and self-possessed; with quiet composure, he places himself between the count and the rest, and holds out his hand. The count, grinning and grimacing, refuses to take his eyes off the group, and is about to speak, when Vane stops him.

"I expected you, count," he says. "Will you step outside with me?" and, putting his hand on the count's arm, he leads him out.

But the count, having succeeded in tracking his prey, refuses to be led too far, and pulls up, as straight and upright as a soldier, outside the door. Vane smiles in spite of himself.

"Do not be alarmed, count," he says; "I will answer that our young friends will not attempt to escape."

"So!" says the count, livid with passion, but making a best attempt to keep up his old carelessness. "You will answer for them, my lord! It is well; I am only too delighted; but permit me to remind you that her highness, the Princess Verona, is possessed of a legal guardian, and that, if she were not, I—and he touches his breast with a pointed finger—"I am her future husband."

"Count," says Vane, gravely, and with a certain kindliness, "I doubt that! These young people have made up their minds to fall in love with each other, and the princess is so much in earnest that she elects to run all sorts of danger—conventional and otherwise—rather than go to St. Petersburg. Let us settle this matter now. You can shoot me afterwards, if you like; and as you are a much better shot than I am, I have no doubt you will. I know how excellent a shot you are, for I remember you, when, as captain in the Car's Guard, you used to practice in the St. Petersburg shooting gallery."

The count suddenly winced, but the next moment he looked as cool and fixed as ever.

"You have the advantage of me in the matter of your memory, my lord."

"Yes," says Vane, "I was not surprised that you did not remember me, for I was at that time only Lord Edgeworth, and wore a plentiful beard and mustache. But I remember you, count, and can fix the date. It was the year when all Venice was convulsed by the assassination of the Minister of Police."

The count's eyes went like glass in his effort to retain his composure.

"If you think, my lord, that fact has any interest for me, your are mistaken."

"I think not," says Vane. Then suddenly he alters his tone, and laying his hand on the count's arm, he says, with a smile: "Count, let us be candid with each other. You wish to secure the Princess Verona for a wife; you have been betrothed to her since—well, too many years ago for her consent to have been asked to the arrangement. The princess is no longer a child, but a woman, and a very charming young lady, too. Notwithstanding her engagement to you, she has given her heart elsewhere—to my brother-in-law."

"A boy!" says the count, shrugging his shoulders.

"It is a fault which every year will mend, and all too soon, count," retorts Vane. "Boy as he is, he is old enough to know his own mind, and both he and her highness appear to have made up their minds with tolerable firmness."

"Excuse me, my lord," says the count, "but this alliance, which you appear to encourage, is scarcely an advantageous one for her highness; Mr. Bertram is not only young, but untitled and poor."

"The Bertrams came over with the Conqueror, count. As to his poverty, I will remove that disability. The day he marries the princess I will settle three thousand a year on her highness."

The count bites his lip.

"And if I stand upon my rights?" he says.

"Then I telegraph to the Austrian Government that Count Mikoff, who can give the key to the assassination of which I spoke, is here at Durbach, and as I am aware that the minister did not fall by your hand; but I am also aware that your able brain devised the conspiracy which led to his, perhaps, deserved punishment. Come, count, such a diplomatist as yourself knows when he is beaten."

The count, with a slow smile creeping over his pale face, shrugs his shoulders and bows.

"True, my lord," he says, "I am vanquished."

"Good!" says Vane, good-humoredly, and he holds out his hand. "Then come in and have some breakfast. And by the way, as the princess has kindly agreed to accompany us to England, and as we have to start at once, I will avail myself of your kind mediation with the prince."

The count smiles ironically, but bows.

"You press me, Ferrandé," he says, "press me hard! I am to carry the tidings of my own defeat. Well, I yield."

Vane smiles.

"One thing more, count! We leave behind us at the castle some friends for whom Lord Nugent has offered to play host. Don't desert them! If you do, I know two young ladies who will miss you very much!"

(To be continued.)

Solve These Riddles!



When a bear goes into a grocery store, what does he want? Answer: SLIM NU. What is it that every living person has seen but never sees again? Answer: DRY & YEAST. What is this which you break by just naming it? Answer: ICE LENS. What is the difference between a 1920 dime and a 1899 cent? Answer: NICE NETS N.

WIN This 1921 Model Car!

HERE are four riddles for boys and girls with wise heads. To win the car, draw the pictures to represent the riddles, and put them in tool box. We will draw from the contest and hold them to keep it a secret. Luckily, he got the answers all jumbled up, so you won't be any wiser.

THE PRIZES

- FIRST PRIZE, Genuine Colver Chummy Racer... \$250.00. Second Prize, Real Typewriter... \$100.00. Third Prize, Genuine Autograph Kodak... \$50.00. Fourth Prize, Magnificent Gold Watch and Chain... \$25.00. Fifth Prize, French Baby Doll and Wicker Cradle... \$15.00. Sixth Prize, Moving Picture Machine with Film... \$10.00. Seventh to Tenth Prizes, Self-Start Fountain Pens, each \$5.00.

What Others Have Done You Can Do

Here are the names of only a few of the boys and girls to whom we have already awarded big prizes: Earl J. Beattie, Surf Inlet, B.C., Chummy Colver Racer, \$250.00; Harry Dwyer, High On... Typewriter; Helen Smith, Edmonton, Alta., Shetland Pony and Cart; Lyle Benson, Hamilton, Ont., \$100.00 Cash; Helen Bernech, Junks, Alta., \$50.00 Cash; Burden Foster, Leamington, Alta., \$50.00 Cash; Frank Kirby, North Hill, Alta., \$15.00 Cash; Mary Proctor, Vancouver, B.C., \$15.00 Cash; Eva Chasler, North Hill, Alta., \$10.00 Cash; and six 17 year olds and under may send answers, and win a prize if they will be required to perform a small service for us. Send your answers this very evening to—

THE RIDDLEMAN, Dept. 424, 283-285 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

THE Phantom Lover.

(By the Author of "A Bachelor Husband.")

CHAPTER I. "New Year's Eve!" she echoed. She closed her eyes for a moment, and Mickey had an uncomfortable sort of feeling that she was looking back on the year that was dying and could see nothing pleasant in the whole of the twelve months. Presently she opened them again with a little sigh. "Well, I don't want another year like the last one," she said.

"You won't have it in the future," he promptly. "I've got a sort of feeling that there are lots of good things coming along for you. The luck has to change some time or other, and if you've had a rotten time in the past you won't have it in the future."

"I don't believe in luck," she said. "Don't you?" Mickey declared. He hated the dependency in her face; he felt a strong desire to see her smiling and happy. He rattled on, talking any nonsense that came into his head.

The waiter came down the room and set the dishes on the table. He gave a sort of supercilious sniff when Mickey asked for a saucer of milk for the cat. He looked at Charlie with scorn—Charlie, curled up on the girls' lap now and purring lustily.

"Of course, you know, we really ought to have a bottle of wine," Mickey said abruptly. "Just something cheap, as it's New Year's Eve."

He would like to have given her champagne, but dared not suggest it. He was quite sure that if she knew he was a rich man she would fly off at a tangent. He ordered an inexpensive bottle of red wine and filled her glass. "Well, here's luck to the New Year," he said sentimentally. "And to our delightfully unexpected meeting," he added.

"She flushed up to the eyes. "Are you always so kind to people as you have been to me," she asked tensely. Mickey blushed. "Oh, I say!" he protested. "You don't call this being kind, do you? I assure you it's just pure selfishness. I should have spent my evening alone if we hadn't met—and I hate being alone; I bore myself stiff in five minutes. I'm just—honoured that you should have allowed me to eat my supper with you. If you knew how beautifully fed-up I was feeling... the world seemed a positively loathsome place."

She laughed; she leaned her elbows on the table and her chin in her hands, looking at him with thoughtful eyes. "Are you poor?" she asked with disarming frankness. "Poor as a church mouse," said Mickey promptly. "At least"—he hastened to amend his words—"I'm one of those unfortunate beggars who spend money as fast as they get it. I've never saved a halfpenny in my life."

This at least was the truth. She nodded. "Neither have I—I've never had one to save."

The dependency was back again in her voice; Mickey broke in hastily. "Before we go any further I think we ought to know one another's names." He fumbled in a pocket for a card, but changed his mind quickly, remembering that his cards bore the address of the expensive flat which he honoured with his presence. "My name is Mellows," he said. "I've got several Christian names as well, but people call me Mickey. I hate being called, looking at her expectantly, "won't you tell me yours?" he asked.

She was staring down at her plate. He could see the dark fringe of lashes against her cheeks. Suddenly she looked up. "Why do you want to know my name? We shall never meet again, I have ever had."

Mickey leaned a little forward. "If we don't," he said quietly. "It will be the greatest disappointment I have ever had."

She looked at him with a sort of fear. "You don't mean that," she said, with a catch in her voice. "You don't really mean that... you're just one of those men who say things

Her Fare to Heaven.

There has just come into the possession of the Berlin Museum a group of ancient Roman objects which were discovered in the tomb of a little girl that is to say some 1,900 years ago. The objects, which must have been placed there by the child's parents, are in nearly as good a state as they were when the child lay dying with them in her arms.

There was a coin of Tiberius in the dead child's hand—the fee to give to the ferryman for the crossing to the other side. There was a box containing her little dolls. There was a little doll's table, too, and a doll's silver candlestick. The little girl had dressed her dolls, and had "made them up," for there was a box of cosmetics with a picture on the cover. The child was fond of playing with bricks; her box contained some little cubes painted in four colours. There was a gold brooch, probably one she wore at parties, of the most delicate filigree work, and a gold bracelet. All the things seem to have been put there by a mother who knew how to find the way to a child's heart.

Scotch Logic.

A patriotic Scotoman was present at a meeting at which an eminent Shakespearean scholar dwelt on the virtues of his favourite author. At the close the Scot approached the lecturer, and said: "Ye think a fine lot o' Shakespeare, professor?"

"I do, sir," was the emphatic reply. "An' ye think he was mair clever than Rabble Burns?"

"Why, there is no comparison between them."

"Maybe no, but ye tell us the nicht he was Shakespeare who wrote 'Oon'-eas the head that wears a crown.' Now, Rabble would never hae written sic nonsense. Rabble would hae kint that a king, or a queen either, disna gang to bed wi' the croon on his head. He had hang it ower th' back o' a chair."

Sixteen Manitoba physicians have been suspended for periods ranging from one week to six months, as a result of the wholesale issuance of prescriptions for whiskey as a beverage, by the Council of the College of Physicians and Surgeons for Manitoba. One of the doctors, suspended gave 10,000 prescriptions during a one-month period, according to testimony obtained by a special committee of inquiry appointed by the Council.

Asked recently what he considered the best joke he had ever heard, Mr. G. B. Burgin, the popular novelist, told this one. He was standing near the harbor in Montreal when a herd of young bullocks rushed wildly by and upset an elderly fisherman who, absorbed in a book, had not noticed their hurried approach.

He got up, dusted himself, and shook his fist after the retreating herd. "You seem upset," I fatuously remarked (to quote Mr. Burgin). "I am indeed upset, my friend. You see these bullocks?"

"I see them."

He wiped his eyes with a red handkerchief. "Eimc illeachryma," the free translation of which is "Hence these steers."

When Choosing the Material for a washable Frock for the growing child—

MOTHER naturally thinks of the possibilities of the fabric shrinking in the wash. It is therefore a relief to her to know that the fabric will not shrink or lose its charm if Lux is used for its cleansing.

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His Best Joke.

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YOU BILLOW

That's what you get when you breathe in the air of a city. It's full of dust, dirt, and germs. You need something to help you breathe easier.

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