

arm Doris

## HOW YOU CAN TELL **GENUINE ASPIRIN** of a Woman:

are Aspirin-No others !

New Romeo and Juliet. CHAPTER XXXII.

"I LOVE HIM STILL." "Oh, yes, I understand," he said. "I understand more clearly Try not to think too not Aspirin at all.

For Love

and left her.

Doris remained standing on the bridge, looking at the sleepy river, erican Company, all rights being with a dull pain in her heart and her ment. eyes halfblinded with the rush of emotion that seemed to overwhelm

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In a fortnight! In two short weeks! Not until this moment had she fully at any drug store. realised what she had done in promising to be Percy Levant's wife; but foundland Registration No. 761), of have told me that you have been ill, Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacinow- She leaned her head upon her dester of Salievlicanid hands, and tried to crush down the The Bayer Co., Inc., U.S.A. rebellious thoughts that rose within

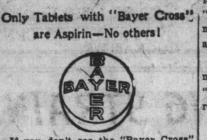
man's wife in a fortnight! Oh, if I

wore only lying at rest at the bottom

of the river here! In a fortnight! Oh,

what have I done, what have I done?"

mured:



"I have no father," said Doriz, al- He sat silent for a short time, and nost inaudibly, and with a strange Doris heard him murmuring her name pang shooting through her heart. several times, and then he looked up "There was one who was father and and sighed. "No, I don't remember, and yet-"

mother to me, but-he is dead, too," He passed his hand over his forehead and her voice quivered. with a wistful, puzzled look in his "You, are young to have seen so much trouble," he said, pityingly.

keen eyes. "I am ready now, my dear voung lady." But you are living here with some see. I accept your kind offer." as he elative, is it not so?" placed his hand upon the Doris shook her head.

"I have not a relative in the world." than you on the tablets, refuse them—they are she replied. "I am living with Lady bardly of me. Some day-before long, perhaps-you will know how deeply Despard. "Lady Despard?" he put his white hand to his head. "Lady Despard? perhaps-you will know now deeping other definition of the "Bayer Cross"! Then hand to his head. "Lady Despard? I then hand to his head. "Lady Despard? I it is real Aspirin, for which there is -I think I know her. And you are

the honour of calling upon her. Tell me your name again. I-I forget Genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirsometimes. I am very old, older than in' have been proved safe by mil-lions for Pain, Headache, Neuralgia, you think, because you see I am so Colds, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neustrong still. You smile?" sharply,

arm to never thought of that before!" he exis the trade mark (New- think you are strong enough-you claimed, in a suppressed voice, and his head sank lower.

> They crossed the bridge in silence. and reached the Via Grandia, where Doris saw a man, whom she took for

her. Tried to wipe out, as it were, dear young lady," he said, in a voice "Alone. I have only a valet, and I a servant, hurriedly cross the road the remembrance of Cecil Neville, that still trembled a little; "very hate to have him with me. I had a and approach them. which haunted and tortured her. kind. And you are English? Will wife once"-he stopped and looked "I am afraid you are ill. "I love him still!" she moaned. "I you tell me your name? I am an old darkly before him-"she left me-she he said, touching his hat, "I miss love him still, and I am to be another man, and claim an old man's privil- died, I mean, of course-and I've no

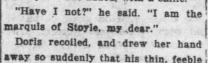
you on leaving the chemist'sone else. I had a child-a little girl The old gentleman drew his hand "My name is Doris-Doris Mar- -but she died, too. You see, I am slowly from Doris's arm, and took the lowe," said Doris, seating herself be- like you somewhat, though I have servant's. side him, and looking down the road, other relations who, doubtless, wish ed up.

"This is my man, Miss Marlowe The Pattern he said, "and I shall not need to tax your kindness and patience any longer. How deeply grateful I am for that ures about 2 yards at the foot.

kindness and patience I cannot tell you. But for you-" He stopped ex- to any address on receipt of 10 cents pressively. "Will you tell Lady De- in silver or stamps.

spard that I shall have the honour of calling upon her to-morrow, to congratulate her upon having so sweet and beautiful a friend ?"

"Yes," replied Doris, allowing her soft, warm hand to remain in his. which seemed to cling to it confidingly. "But you have not utold me your name yet?" she added, with a smile. "Have I not?" he said. "I am the



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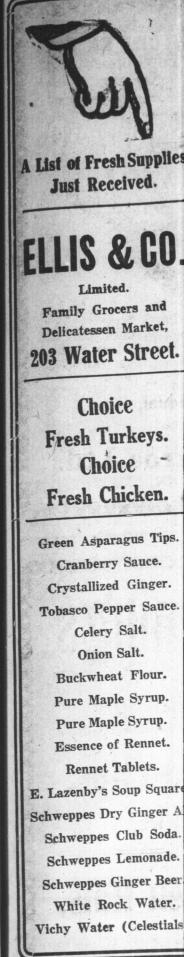
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## and she wrung her hands widly. in the hope that a carriage might that I would die also," and he smiled, Then suddenly, with an effort, she come up in which she could place synically. fought down the mad remorse and him Doris shrank a little, then, ashammisery, and, in a dull despair, mur-"Doris Marlowe? No." he shock ed of the momentary repugnance, his head; "I never heard it before; said, gently: "What does it matter? Why should and yet I fancied your face awaken-"That is not true, I am sure. And I not marry him-or anyone else? ed some dim memories. Do you know now, will you tell me where you live? What can Cecil Neville ever be to me, me, Miss Marlowe?" I will come with you if you will let

ege-inquisitiveness-you see."

even if I were free? He will be the Doris looked at him, and shook her me. Or will you come with me to husband of Lady Grace; he has for- head. |Lady Despard's, and have her carrigotten that such a person as Doris "No," she replied. She did not like age?" Marlowe ever existed: or, if he reo ask his name He shook his head and straightenmembers me, recalls me as the girl "Ah! perhaps that is as well," he ed himself. amuse him for a few said, with a faintly cynical smile; "I

"I have the Villa Vittoria," he said. country. What a shame mean that I am not worth knowing. Doris knew it. It was the largest, days in the it is that I should give a thought to And are you living here, Miss Mar- and, after Lady Despard's, the handhim who has been so base and mean, lowe? Your mother must be a very somets in Pescia. while this other, to whom I have happy woman, having so sweet a "Yes, I know it," she said. "It is pledged my word, is all that is good daughter." and he drooped his head too far for you to go alone. When you

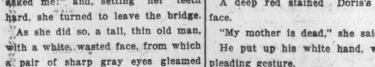
and true! Marry Percy Levant! Yes, I towards her with the old, graceful are rested-but there is no hurry, we would marry him to-morrow if he salute. will stay as long as you like-I will asked me!" and, setting her teeth A deep red stained Doris's pale go with you.' "You are very kind, my dear," he said, looking at her with a gentleness "My mother is dead," she said. He put up his white hand, with a which assuredly was an unfamiliar expression on that cold, haughty face. pleading gesture. Doris stooped and picked it up, and. Doris bowed and went on, but some The longest lasting benefit. the greatest satisfaction for your sweet "I am afraid you are ill." she said. tooth. WRIGLEYS in the sealed packages. Air-tight and impurity-proof. RIGLEYS SEALED TIGHT SPEARMINT KEPT RIGHT THE PERFECT-GUM VRIGLEYS JUICY FRUIT HIWING SUM YOU MARY\_ said Doris, gently. Made RICLEY DOUBLEMINT Canada CHEWING GUM

Trade supplied by MEEHAN &

Aspirin is not German but is made in America, and is owned by an Am-panion, my dear. I will do myself thought I was dead: but"-with gesture of defiance-"my race die hard! And you have no father or

"No, no, I did not smile, indeed!" Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets-also larger "Bayer" packages, can be had said Doris, quickly. "But I do not

> you know-to walk about alone." He sighed, and shrugged his shoulders, with a mirthless smile.



like cold steel, came on to the bridge, and she made way for him. He was leaning on a stick, and, as

he raised his hat in courtly acknowledgment, he let the stick slip from his thin, claw-like hands.

as she gave it to him and he was thanking her in Italian, his piercing eyes scanned her face with a cold earnestness.

impulse moved her to look back after she had gone a few yards, and she saw him leaning against the bridge, with his hands pressed to his heart. and his face deathly white.

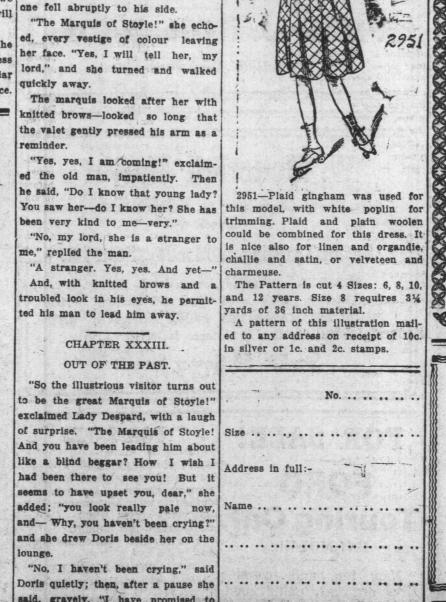
She was at his side in an instant, and had drawn his wasted arm within her firm, strong one almost before he knew of it.

He started as her sweet, musical voice sounded in his ears, and raised his eyes to her face.

"No. no." he said, evidently with an effort. "But I have been ill. and-and I am a little weak, which," he added, with all the old courtesy, "is my good fortune, seeing that it has procured me the-the happiness of your assistance. You are English. I took you for an Italian. My eyes are not so strong"-he stopped, from sheer weakness, and leaned upon her arm heavily, if the word can be used in connection with the lightness of his frail form-"not so strong as they were. I have the misfortune to be old. you see," and he forced a smile. "Let me help you to the seat there,"

"Thank you, thank you; but I could not think of troubling a lady-" Disregarding his apologies, she led his carefully to the seat, into which he sank with a sigh of weary relief. Doris looked at him anxiously. It was a striking face, and a vague kind of idea crossed her mind that she had seen it somewhere before today, but she could not fix the time or place, and presently she found the keen, glittering eyes fixed in a meditative scrutiny upon herself.

"You have been very kind to me, my



said, gravely, "I have promised to marry Percy Levant in a fortnight's ime, Lady Despard." Her ladyship started. "In a-what time did you say? A fortnight! Oh, nonsense! No wonder

you look pale! I think it is a shame you should try to impose upon my predulity, Doris; for, of course it is only a joke!" "It is sober earnest, dear Lady Despard," said Doris; and then she told her of the letter of Spenser Church-

ll containing the offer of an engagement for Percy Levant (To be Continued.)

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