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Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade name registered in Canada of Bayer Manufacture of Monoacetic Acid of Salicylic Acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer Manufacture, to make public and avoid imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

The Heir of Bayneham

—AND—
Lady Hutton's Ward.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"I have told you I cannot answer you," she replied with a tone of keen, sharp pain in her voice, that changed its music. "I scorn to speak untruth. I cannot answer you, Fate must do its worst."

There was despair in her face and voice—despair so deep, so hopeless, that Lord Bayneham knew not what to say or think.

"Darling," he said gently, "be candid with me. Even supposing you have done some little action not quite prudent, I could not be angry. I know how sweet, and gentle, and pure my little wife is. Do not make me so unhappy, love. Tell me what it is."

"I will ask," he replied angrily, "and I will know. What nonsense!—what folly! One might fancy I was a husband in a French play, trying to fathom an intrigue. Did you drop the bracelet, Hilda?—you force me to speak angrily—answer me."

His gentle tone and kind face touched her more than anger could have done, and she laid her head on his breast, like a wearied child who has cried itself to sleep.

"Claude," she said gently, "I cannot tell you. I wish I could die here in your arms, while your face looks kind and you smile on me. It would be easier for me to die than answer your questions."

"I say it in sorrow, not in anger, Hilda," he replied, kissing her pale brow, "that the secret you own exists, but which you refuse to tell me, I shall find out for myself."

He unclasped her arms as he spoke, and rising from her side he slowly quitted the room.

CRAMPS

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SLOAN'S LINIMENT
(PAIN'S ENEMY)

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CHAPTER XXIX.

When her husband left her Lady Hilda sat, incapable of connected thought, conscious only of deep, unutterable anguish, that dulled her brain and seemed to paralyze her mind. She never remembered in after years how the hours passed after her father left her. It was like a dream of pain, full of sad and miserable pictures. The long night brought her no rest and no calm. She tried to pray, but her restless heart and restless eyes could not be controlled. She tried to think, but thought was impossible. All around her, in letters of fire, she read that she was an impostor, a convict's daughter who had no business there.

On some such trouble would have fallen lightly; but to that sensitive, loving, truthful nature it was martyrdom. If she could have gone, and thrown herself at her husband's feet and told him all, confessing her unworthiness to be the mistress of the proud home where he had placed her, unworthy of the name and love of one whose race had never known the taint of shame, her sorrow would have been light in comparison. The worst that could have befallen her would have been that her husband would have sent her from him. From her height of pride Lady Bayneham would scorn her, and Barbara Earle would look on with sorrow and wonder. Yet all that was far easier to bear than the consciousness of her secret. The knowledge that she was the child of one who had broken the law, and suffered the fate of a convict—the knowledge that she, although Lady Hilda's heiress and adopted daughter, was after all an impostor—there was something even harder than that, and it was the necessity of keeping a secret from her husband, the noble, upright man, who had trusted her so deeply and loved her so well.

Life had been all sorrow for Lady Hilda since this barrier had arisen between them—since she had lost the power of looking with clear, truthful eyes in his face; and she would have suffered anything willingly if she might have told him.

As she sat there, white and still as a marble statue, the impulse was strong upon her to go after him and tell him all; but three things prevented her, three reasons held her bound in chains of iron. That first was his words, that "such a one" should be sent back to her own friends. If she confessed her secret to her husband he would send her to live with the terrible father whose conduct had so fatally blighted her life. The second, the oath her dying mother asked her to take—and an oath was a sacred and solemn matter to Lady Hilda, not a promise that could be lightly broken. The third, and perhaps the most binding, was her father's determination if the secret became known to kill himself. He would do it, she knew, that vain, proud nature would never withstand the shock; he would kill himself, and she would be answerable for his life.

There was no alternative; she must bear her husband's anger as best she could, endure his mother's proud dislike, and Barbara Earle's sweet look of wondering sorrow.

She did not fear that Lord Bayneham would discover the fact of her presence in the Lady's Walk that night. If he did so, and knew she had been there with Mr. Fulton, there was no help for her; she must then tell him all.

Hour after hour passed, and Lady Hilda still sat where her husband had left her. From the confused mist of her thoughts one idea gradually grew upon her. It was that she must keep her secret, and learn to endure in silence all that it brought upon her.

The fair young child, for she was little else, wondered why this hard lot had fallen upon her. Only a few months since, and her happiness was perfect, within a flaw; now, her trouble seemed greater than she could bear. What had she done that she should be thus punished?

No great or grievous sin marred or stained the course of that fair, tranquil life. She had done her duty as far as she knew it, both to God and man. She had never wronged another, and the poor and the sorrowing rose up to bless her. Why was she punished so heavily? All her sorrows came from the sins and follies of others. The weight fell upon her, crushing the brightness from her life, bending the golden head low in humble shame.

"Why was it?" Reason gave no answer. She remembered her mother's words, that all would be clear in another world—she would know and understand why she had suffered in this. Then over the fair, sad face there stole a look of sweet, humble resignation. The wild tempest of sorrow became calm, and the beating, rebellious heart grew still.

"I must bear it," said Lady Hilda to herself; and many others, by the bare utterance of these words, have learned to endure heavy sorrows in silence.

Lord Bayneham was ill at ease. He loved his beautiful young wife with a devotion that knew no limits. He could not, in his wildest dreams, imagine her capable of even an imprudence; and he wondered, until wonder became pain, what she was keeping from him. He did not see how it was possible for Lady Hilda to have any secrets; the simple story of her life was an open book, in which he had read every charming, innocent page. As for any love nonsense, he would sooner have suspected a bright-winged angel of mercy than his pure, loving, gentle wife. He would have dismissed the whole affair as nonsense but for her own words—her own admission, that she had a secret which she could not share with him.

He stood in the library; a mass of papers lay in a confused heap upon the table, all awaiting his attention, but he had none to spare for them. It was seldom the young lord of Bayneham bore so disturbed an expression on his comely face. He was at a standstill, and knew not what to do. If for a moment he felt angry with his young wife the remembrance of her words—her pale, wistful face lying on his breast—came over him, and all anger melted away.

(To be continued.)



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