Genuine
BAYER
ASPIRIN

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Headache | Neuralgia | Colds | Lumbago |
| Pain | Toothache | Neuritis | Rheumatism |

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. 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."

# The Mystery of Rutledge Hall

— OR —

## "The Cloud With a Silver Lining"

CHAPTER X.

Moving unsteadily across the room, she threw open the window, admitting a rush of cold air and thick snow; then she began pacing up and down the room with feeble tottering steps. Stephen watched her in silence and unspeakable pain, longing to take her in his arms and comfort her, to see the white lids close over the wide-open burning eyes, the little restless hands still and peaceful once more. Once or twice her lips moved, and the word "Horrible!" was spoken and repeated in a voice so low as to be almost inaudible; but the restless perambulations never ceased until a loud peal sounded at the hall-door bell and a strange voice was heard in the hall. Then she paused suddenly, and, but for Stephen's instant support, she would have fallen. As he caught her on his arm, she looked up at him in mute entreaty, and tried to speak; but no sound came from the white parched lips.

Stephen put her gently into a chair. "Wait here, dear," he said. "I will see him and tell you."

"The truth?" she murmured, faintly.

"Yes, all the truth, Sidney."

He hurried out into the passage, where his own groom, who had been waiting at the Rutledge Arms to bring him news of the verdict, stood, the snow lying heavily upon his shoulders.

"Well," Stephen said, eagerly, "is the inquest over or adjourned?"

"It is over, sir," the man answered, still somewhat breathless from the haste with which he had ridden—"quite over. Dr. Arnold desired me to give you this, sir."

With unsteady hands Stephen took the slip of paper and opened it. It contained these words written hastily and unevenly:

"Willful murder against Frank Greville the younger."

It was so much worse than Stephen had anticipated that the young man staggered back as he read it, uttering an exclamation of surprise and pain.

"Murder? There is some mistake," he said; "surely it is manslaughter, not murder!"

"Murder, sir," the groom answered "The evidence was very strong, people said; and some folks say—I can't say for certain, as I was not there myself—that Mr. Greville said the jury was quite right, and swore that, if he could give his son up to justice, he would do it."

"How will she hear it?" broke from Stephen's pale lips, as he turned away. "How can I tell her?"

But there was no need to tell her, for she had followed him, and stood leaning against the wall, white and still, as if turned to stone; then, before he could reach her, she slid downward and lay at his feet, white, cold, and motionless, as one dead.

CHAPTER XI.

"If I had heard it from any lips but your own, I should have disbelieved it. I can hardly believe it now. Sidney, it is not true; tell me that it is not true!"

Christine Greville spoke with a force and passion which shook her slender frame with terrible violence. Sidney, standing, a slender, drooping figure, by the window of the morning-room at the Gray House, looked over at her with wistful, sorrowful eyes, and said gently:

"It is quite true, Chrissie."

"True that you, whom I believed so true and steadfast, are going to break your plighted word, to be false and faithless? It is not true! I will not believe it. Sidney, have you forgotten that you promised to be Frank's wife," she went on more calmly, "that he has never released you from that promise, that to betray him now, when he is desolate and in trouble, would be a thousand times blacker treachery than to betray him while he was here and able to defend himself? Sidney, you will not desert Frank now?"

"Is it not Frank who has deserted me?" Sidney Arnold asked, brokenly, a faint, bitter smile parting the sweet lips which had taken such a sorrowful droop during the past twelve months.

"Deserted you!" Chrissie Greville cried passionately. "How can you be so cruel, Sidney? How can he return here to his death? Ah, if his innocence could but be proved!"

"Ah, if it could!" Sidney echoed, bitterly. "But as it is——"

"Yet you swore to do all you could to prove it," Frank's sister said, almost wildly; "and yet not two years have passed, and you, Frank's promised wife, are the first to desert him!"

"The first! Nay, since I believe in his innocence still, while your father——Chrissie, don't taunt me, or you will make me say what I shall be sorry for afterward!"

She turned from the window as she spoke, with a gesture half of pain, half of anger, and threw himself into a low chair by the fire. It was a fair, sunshiny, spring day, but the air was chilly; and Sidney shivered a little as she crouched over the fire, holding out her hands to its warmth, the little slender hands so thin and fragile now.

Nearly eighteen months had elapsed since the tragedy had taken place which had given Ashford a subject of conversation for many a long day, but which, having been worn threadbare by busy tongues and occupied all minds during the long winter evenings and summer twilights, was now almost forgotten by all. People had ceased to talk of the mysterious murder, of the still more mysterious disappearance of the beautiful young wife, and of Frank Greville's flight from justice. Active as the search had been for the fugitives, no trace of them had been discovered. On the snowy night begun in such brightness and gayety and mirth, to end in such darkness and misery, they had disappeared as utterly and entirely as if the earth had swallowed them up, leaving no trace behind. How they managed to evade the search made for them it was impossible to say; all the lynx-eyed detectives were at a loss, and, as months passed on, giving no clew to the mystery of their disappearance, the subject, already almost threadbare, was forgotten in other events of interest.

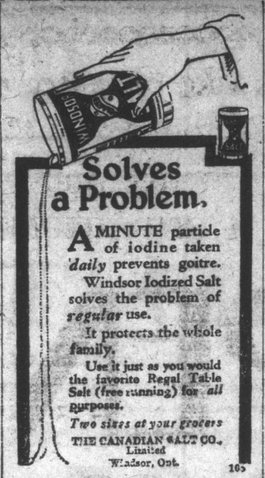
Mr. Rutledge's heir-at-law, a gay young married man, came and settled at the Hall, and his wife, a fashionable and worldly girl, filled it with guests and gayety as soon as the short period of mourning was completed, and her parties gave the inhabitants of Ashford plenty to talk about. And during the following winter Dr. Arnold had brought home a young wife to be mistress of the Gray House, an event which caused very general comment and wonder and much condemnation from various quarters. If Dr. Arnold was compelled to marry again, why did he choose some one younger than his own daughter? Surely he had seen enough of the misery of such unequal matches! Nothing but misery could come of this, of course! but nevertheless all Ashford called upon the young bride, who was a pretty inane blonde, the last woman in the world, one would have thought, to captivate the man who had loved Sidney's mother.

But no young husband could have been more passionately devoted to his wife than Dr. Arnold. Lucie's wishes were law in his household, and Sidney found herself ousted from her old sovereignty, while her position was anything but as easy one, owing to the intense and unreasoning jealousy of her young stepmother, who disliked her thoroughly for the superiority she—Mrs. Arnold—could not but be conscious of.

Beside Sidney's grave beauty, softened and increased by the sorrow she had gone through, Lucie Arnold's childish prettiness faded into insignificance; and the young wife had not sufficient liberality to acknowledge Sidney's loveliness, and be content with her husband's love and admiration. Moreover, the household, who loved Sidney so truly, could not quite disguise their annoyance at the stranger who had been brought to the Gray House to queen it over her and them; and Mrs. Arnold was keen enough to discover this annoyance even under their respectful obedience, and it increased her dislike to her step-daughter and her anxiety to get rid of her. Sidney's sensitive pride and naturally impetuous disposition made it very hard for her to be patient in these new circumstances. She often felt heart-sick and weary at the slights and insults Mrs. Arnold forced her to bear; the sickness of hope deferred, in spite of all her efforts to bear up, stole the color from her cheeks, the light from her sweet eyes. In spite of all evidence, she believed in Frank's innocence; and, while others were condemning him for the double crime of which they accused him, Sidney thought with sad tenderness of the young man who had been so handsome and gay and cheerful until Sibyl Rutledge's beauty crossed his path. Oftentimes she blameded herself for the trouble which had fallen upon him. If she had loved him she would have been able to win him from the fatal infatuation which had brought him to his ruin; but she had been careless and selfish, and had not tried to do her duty to him.

(To be continued).

Buttered ramekins can be lined with whole pimentos, filled with a seasoned cheese mixture, bake and garnish with bacon.



Solves a Problem.

A MINUTE particle of iodine taken *daily* prevents goitre. Windsor Iodized Salt solves the problem of *regular* use.

It protects the whole family.

Use it just as you would the favorite Regal Table Salt (free running) for *all* purposes.

*Two sizes at your grocers*

THE CANADIAN SALT CO. Limited
Windsor, Ont. 165

Windsor IODIZED SALT

## Mountain Saves City as Tornado Tears Way Across Country-side

(Montreal Star)

Gray-green storm clouds careened and tossed down the Ottawa Valley and across the Lake of the Two Mountains at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, dipped in churning fury over the Riviere des Prairies, aimed a long, twisting, funnel-like finger at Mount Royal, where it tore a pathway through the trees and then, rising again into the thundering mass livid with lightning, leaped across Montreal to the south shore of the St. Lawrence to once more descend and rip its way through the countryside.

It was the first experience on record of a tornado in this city and its vicinity.

So far as is known to-day but one life was lost and less than a handful of persons constitute the toll of casualties on the human side.

As yet it is not possible to estimate the property damage, though one figure, suggested on the basis of scattered reports, thus far received, places the likely loss at upward of $1,000,000.

Thousands of trees are torn from their roots, acres of orchards and fields of other unharvested crops are despoiled of their treasure, scores of buildings are destroyed and damaged, and telegraph and telephone properties in the country districts are broken, tangled and useless for miles.

Miraculously, some say, the City of Montreal was saved from catastrophe by its mountain, which stood like a Gibraltar against the ferocity of the venomous cloud that leaped down and searched about like the fang of some great supernatural monster. Two or three times it was seen to sink itself in the fringed rearward slope of the mountain, near the summit, with a roaring, hissing sound. Several large edifices and a dozen palatial homes were spared by a matter of but a few yards in some instances. Gouged crevices in the treed hillside tell the story here.

**Lifted Over the City.**

Then the cloud swirled up into the air like a huge whip-lash and snapped downward toward the roof-tops of the city. But it fell short. The mountain had served the elements as its snow-covered "take-off" in winter serves the dare-devil ski-jumper. As though in disappointment at being cheated of its greater prey, the writhing tongue of destruction seemed to coil up and to disappear within the billowing folds of the lightning-torn vapor above.

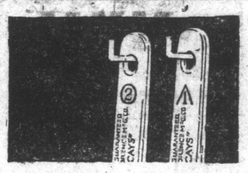
But Montreal was not unscathed, with hurricane force the storm-driven wind, rain and electricity, amid the crashing of thunder that made streets and buildings tremble from one end of the city to the other, gripped the metropolis in a ten-minute frenzy, tieing up traffic and transportation, and telephone and lighting systems, smashing and uprooting trees, shattering windows and bowling over chimney-pots and sign-boards.

One man was killed. Alphee Plamondon, 26, of 94 Harmony Street, fell on his head when he jumped from the motor truck he was driving when he sought to escape the flashing end of a live wire dangling to the pavement of the corner of St. Ambroise and St. Philippe Streets. He died a few minutes later at the Royal Victoria Hospital.

At the Country Club, St. Lambert, in the wake of the vortex of the storm, which again, a few miles further on, dipped its lashing weapon to earth, the only persons so far reported hurt were Mrs. Stella Coverton, Miss Anne Strachan, M. Palmer and Charles Phipps the latter a caddie. They were standing beneath a shelter on the golf course, when a huge tree crashed upon them. Pipps, the more seriously injured, is suffering from concussion of the brain; Mrs. Coverton, badly shaken up and bruised, is suffering from shock, and the others are less badly hurt, both being bruised and shaken up.

If there are school children in your home, have a drawer in the kitchen cabinet given over to lunchbox accessories.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR DISTEMPER.



Before you turn in—

every night, use your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Scrub every part of every tooth. Get rid of dangerous germs. Germs don't keep union hours. The long night gives them just the chance they want to dig through the precious, beautiful, white enamel of your teeth.

The minute you roll out—

every morning, reach for your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush the first thing. Wake up your mouth with a thorough brushing. *Thorough!* That requires a Pro-phy-lac-tic. Brush gums, tongue and teeth. You'll like the clean and breezy feeling the Pro-phy-lac-tic gives your mouth.

*"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"*

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

*Always Sold in the Yellow Box*

B-26

GERALD S. DOYLE, Agent.

OUR STORY IN TWO PARAGRAPHS

MEN'S SUPERFINE TAILORING—THE BEST THAT EXPERIENCE—MONEY AND EQUIPMENT WILL PRODUCE. GARMENTS THAT STAND OUT—THAT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES—THAT'S THE KIND OF CLOTHES WE MAKE.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT US—MORE ABOUT OUR PRODUCT? TO THE MAN IN THE STREET WHO DEMANDS QUALITY-TAILORING AT LOW PRICE, WE ARE READY TO RENDER A REAL SERVICE. ASK US ABOUT IT TO-DAY.

BISHOPS

SUITS TO MEASURE

$25.00, $30.00, $35.00

SEND FOR PATTERNS.

'Phone 250 — — — P. O. Box 920

,tu,th,s,tf

## Games Your Boy Should Play

By B. J. T. BOSANQUET, the Famous Cricketer.

From time to time enthusiasts wrangle about the merits of different games, and many parents and heads of the great public schools are still uncertain as to whether this game or that should be forbidden or encouraged.

To my mind the great majority miss the point. It is not a question of whether one game is as good, or as pleasant, or as beneficial to health as another, but what qualities it requires and whether those qualities will help to build character.

Seen in this light, the question of what games a man should play is of very little importance—he has probably other and more important interests in his life and his games are merely recreations. But the question of what games our boys are to play, if they are to grow up strong and manly, is of the utmost importance. To do so, surely they must play manly games, and by manly games I mean games in which mere mastery of technique is not sufficient without physical courage.

We have all known boys and men who should have been magnificent footballers or cricketers, but failed because they would not face a heavy charge, a forward rush, or a fast bowler on a bumpy wicket. To many these things present no fears—they have other lessons to learn; but for the timid what finer training can there be than to face the thing they fear and gradually to conquer fear, and find themselves able to go down to a rush of Scottish forwards or face a Kortright when the ball is coming shoulder high?

* * * *

Apart from the "team spirit" which is inculcated in boys by the sterner games, the spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of the side, which is necessarily lacking in games for two or even four players, there is assuredly some moral benefit derived from the playing of games in which hard knocks are given.

In any public school you will find that the boys who set the tone of the school and influence the younger ones are invariably the leaders in the school games. Similarly, at the universities, those who devote themselves solely to tennis and golf have never exercised any influence on the social life of the university, although character is always recognized in these institutions, and will command respect and find its true place.

No, tennis and golf are excellent recreations and excellent training for girls—for whom the other games are utterly unsuitable. But the fact remains they are soft games, and I trust the day will never come when they replace the older and more manly games as training for the young.

Combine diced cooked meat with cold vegetables and sliced hard-boiled egg in a salad and serve with French dressing.

ASK FOR MINARD'S AND TAKE NO OTHER.

PAINS IN LEFT SIDE AND BACK

Other Troubles Women Often Have Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lachine, Quebec.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because I suffered with pains in my left side and back, and with weakness and other troubles women so often have. I was this way about six months. I saw the Vegetable Compound advertised in the 'Montreal Standard' and I have taken four bottles of it. I was a very sick woman and I feel so much better I would not be without it. I also use Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I recommend the medicines to my friends and I am willing for you to use my letter as a testimonial."—Mrs. M. W. Rose, 580 Notre Dame Street, Lachine, Quebec.

Doctor Said An Operation

Provost, Alberta.—"Perhaps you will remember sending me one of your books a year ago. I was in a bad condition and would suffer awful pains at times and could not do anything. The doctor said I could not have children unless I went under an operation. I read testimonials of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the papers and a friend recommended me to take it. After taking three bottles I became much better and now have a bonny baby girl four months old. I do my housework and help a little with the chores. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends and am willing for you to use this testimonial letter."—Mrs. A. A. Adams, Box 54, Provost, Alberta. C

Peaceful Nights for Baby and You

Mothers everywhere are finding in Woodward's Gripe Water a perfect remedy for babies' stomach and teething pains and disorders, and are anxious to pass on the good news.

Mrs. S. L. Marsh, 83, Littleton Street, Earlsfield, London, S.W. 18, writes:—"Please find enclosed a photograph of my youngest son, age one year and nine months . . . . The reason why I am sending it to you is because I cannot speak too highly of Woodward's Gripe Water. My son has got all his teeth and we have never had one restless night with him, thanks to Woodward's Gripe Water."

Woodward's Gripe Water gives almost instant relief from griping, stomachache and teething pains, wards off convulsions and diarrhœa and allows baby to enjoy sound sleep. It is also a valuable remedy for colic and stomach disorders in children and adults. It is free from opiates and pleasant to take.

WOODWARD'S "Gripe Water" KEEPS BABY WELL

Obtainable at all Druggists.

O-44—C. M. & Co., Ltd.

## Household Notes.

Remember that of all cakes, sponge is the most digestible and best for the invalid or child.

A hint for winter—cover the clothes line with paper to prevent the clothes freezing to it.

With Italian spaghetti cooked with mushrooms, one should pass grated Italian cheese.

If butter to be used in cake is very salty, wash it in cold water and dry in a floured cloth.

Use Mavis Face Powder and you will be fascinated with the result. It adds charm to the most perfect complexion.

*Also Mavis Rouge*

V. VIVAUDOU, INC.
*Paris* • *New York*

CHILDREN CRY FOR Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
Proven directions on every wrapper. Mothers everywhere recommend it.