

# WARNING

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all. Made in Canada.



**SAFETY FIRST!** Accept only an "unbroken package" of genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 21 years and proved safe by millions for Headache, Earache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, and pain generally.

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 Monocristalline Salicylic Acid. 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."

## "Flatterers"

—OR—

### The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XVI.

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP..."

In the warm early evening of the day following Sydney's visit to Stillcote-Upton, Mrs. Alwyn and her nephew strolled up and down the lawn at the Dale in conclave of a peculiarly private nature.

Each had a design, definite and very similar, at heart. Both were bent on having it discussed and done with before Sydney's return, which was expected in some half-hour; and their conversation hovered about the important point, like bees over a blossom, undecided whereabout to commence operations. Leonora, rather partial generally to a twilight stroll with her London cousin, kept out of the way now, obedient to a hint from her mother. But she made herself heard, if not seen. Her florid exclamation of "Rupert, the poor que's name," was frightening the sparrows from their nests in the ivy about the drawing-room windows, though it was quite past their proper bedtime, and her "grace pour moi, grace pour toi," pierced the still air beyond the Dale to outrage Leonora, evoking the doubtful compliment that "young miss yonder, she could screech mighty fine, an' no mistake."

"Your father admires that cavatina so much," said Mrs. Alwyn, when the last vocal entreaty died out, exhausted, on the final D; "he remembered Grisi singing it, and thinks Leonora almost equal to her in it."

Mr. Rupert's glance followed the gyrations of a bat overhead to conceal a suspicious smile. His excellent father knew about as much of music as count would he get in the major's factory. So he agreed, "Leonora does sing brilliantly indeed. We must get



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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The beautiful pure Lux flakes are whisked into a creamy, bubbly lather in an instant. Gently squeeze this cleansing foam through and through the soiled texture—then rinse in clean water and hang to dry. Lux cannot harm a silken thread, it coaxes rather than forces the dirt from the clothes.

Packets (two sizes) may be obtained everywhere.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

to-morrow with Sydney's peculiar arrangements. I think you and I should undertake them."

"Most willingly, Aunt Helen."

"You won't consider me premature, I trust?"

"Not the least likely."

"Then I had been considering, that as possibly you will not wish for a very long engagement—"

"A month. Not a day more. A fellow feels unsettled with—with that sort of thing" (and others unnamable— unpaid bills, to wit) "hanging over him. I must make Sydney look at it in the same light, and fix the middle of July."

"Then the middle of July will be a very expensive time to me, Rupert."

Mr. Villiers barely restrained a chuckle. Of all moves on the board, this was just the most advantageous for him that Mrs. Alwyn could have made. Now he thanked his stars he had got the cue to cutting his difficulties short.

"A very expensive time!" he repeated, gravely. "Ah! I suppose so. You ladies won't be contented, I presume, unless you have the ceremony in grand style."

"Grand! Oh, dear, no! But becomingly. And you have no idea how expenses run up at such a time."

"Ah! I haven't a doubt of it," Rupert acquiesced. "I've been thinking of pretty much the same sort of thing myself. You see, when a fellow gets married he has to clear up all round, as it were, and confoundedly awkward he finds it sometimes."

"I quite believe it."

"I'm glad you do. The pater, you see, hasn't a notion of how much is wanted for this sort of thing; though—with a twinge of compunction—"he means to be liberal, of course. But figures run up so—"

"They do indeed, Rupert."

"And house-furnishing makes off with ten times more than a man with my short income can get together. And—"

"Unquestionably, Rupert. But I am sure if this is put in the proper light to Sydney she will see that it is her duty, her delightful duty, to assist with what you name."

"Oh, you think she won't object to that!"

"Certainly not—if explained as I should take care to explain it. You would probably have to restrain her being too free-handed. But everything, with her—forgive me the expression—peculiar disposition, depends on how the matter is put before her."

"Then, my dear aunt, to be perfectly candid, will you undertake to see if she has any objection to leaving a—"

"thousand or so—a couple, perhaps, just loose, so as to start us off respectably, and leave us a margin for well things—"

"—not very businesslike, is it not so? Which brings me to what I was going to mention to you—for really we ought not to trouble your father after

"Nor at any other time, Rupert!"

A gentle reminder, this, that other interests were on the carpet besides his own. Mr. Villiers answered the helm instantly.

"Nor at any other. Dear me, no! Least of all at such a time as I hope we are coming to. I'm certain, Aunt Helen, Sydney and I would both think it unfair for you to bear the outlay that is for our glorification."

"Especially, as you see, my income is on the verge of being lessened."

"Exactly so. I should think if Sydney asked you to manipulate all her first quarter's income over the business, that wouldn't leave you much to the bad, would it?"

On the contrary, it would leave her an appreciable trifle to the good. Rupert was thoughtful beyond his sex. What an excellent husband he would make poor Sydney! Mrs. Alwyn felt quite a glow of regard for him, pleasant fellow that he was! She took his arm affectionately, with "That would do! That would do!"—ample, she was on the point of saying, but substituted, "as I should conceive it." There was roomed to arm Rupert with the notion that he was acting very liberally. She preferred the obligation to rest with her. So she concluded, "And I will arrange that other point, Rupert, and take the pains to settle it speedily, as you wish."

"Thanks, very much." It took a load off his mind, and he could add, with quite a cool air, "Of course you see why it is so desirable?"

"Perfectly." ("Hang it, I hope not!" thought the gentleman.) "And now, if we are to dine at eight, I think it time we went in-doors, Rupert."

He took off his straw hat with "Then an revoir, mamma!"—and profoundly contented with the compact just concluded, went gayly into the house, up to his own room three steps at a time, singing "Love in her eyes sits playing" so lustily over his quarter of an hour's dressing that the persecuted sparrows outside had no chance of beauty sleep till he had descended to the drawing-room in that evening garb which, if he might believe he testimony of many mirrors, invested him with his most gentlemanly and attractive exterior.

"Sydney not come!" he said, impatiently, on entering, and Leonora, the one occupant of the apartment, replied, rather sensitively, "though all this exaltation of Sydney was needless means to a desirable end, she was getting thoroughly tired of it."

"No, actually not here yet, poor, poor Rupert. So you must wait a little longer before you can verify the charming ditty you have been winking up the echoes with so melodiously."

(To be continued)

# "ICED" "SALADA"

Tea will prove a revelation in summer beverages.

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## Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

DO YOU DRIVE THE MACHINE OR YOURSELF?

Does it tire you to drive an automobile or does it rest you? I have a friend who regards it as a great nerve strain to drive a machine. He drives because it is the easiest way to get to places, but he does not especially enjoy it and a trip of any length leaves him nervously tired.

I could not understand why he felt so strongly on the subject until I drove with him and then I fully understood.

He doesn't just drive the machine, he drives himself.

Why He Gets So Tired.

It is a point of honor with him to pass all but the highest powered cars on the road, although his own car is a light one, in traffic. Instead of going with the rank and file, he weaves in and out, constantly jockeying for position; if he is held up anywhere by a railroad train or a drawbridge he strains constantly at the leash of the interruption. And this is not only when he is in a hurry but all the time.

Do you wonder that he considers driving a nervous strain? I don't. The five, or at the very most ten miles an hour that he gains in this way are taken right out of his own nerves, to say nothing of the nerves of anyone who drives with him.

Is it worth it? Are those extra five miles that represent the difference between comfortable, relaxed, calm driving, and tense, concentrated, nervous driving ever worth while unless one has some extremely cogent reason for getting somewhere in a hurry?

They Feel the Strain Without Knowing It.

Personally I don't think that they are. I know many people will claim that they can drive this way without feeling any strain. They may not consciously feel the strain and yet subconsciously be experiencing it. In my own case I know that an hour's unrelieved driving (and that doesn't necessarily mean slow driving, just a pace which I can easily maintain)

Merengue will stand up nicely if sugar is added from the beginning and plenty of it used. Add a pinch of cornstarch also.

Angelica makes an attractive garnish for little frosted cakes and whipped cream. A small amount will last a long time.

If the metal tips come off your shoe laces, dip the ends in melted beeswax and twist tightly between thumb and finger.

For serving cold beverages on the summer porch, use paper cups in a wire frame such as is used for sterilizing infants' bottles.

Different sized oblong granite pans are nice to use in the refrigerator for "left-overs." They fit in snugly and save space.

Household Notes.

Restoring Nerve Power.



In many people the tissues of the nerves have suffered from the strain of War and from the shortage of fats. You can restore your nerves in a natural way by eating "Skippers." The pure olive oil in which they are packed is worth its weight in gold to those who suffer from "fat-starved" nerves.

Your retailer will supply you with a tin of "SKIPPERS."

A guarantee on every can. "Skippers" Are Briling with good points.

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  - Fancy Coloured Serges, only 50c. yard.
  - Khaki Drill and Cotton Tweeds.
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- ROCK BOTTOM PRICES AND LOTS OF BARGAINS AT

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