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Handy "Bayer" boxes of 15 tablets—also bottles of 50 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark registered in Canada of Bayer Manufacture of Monachheim, Germany. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer Manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Aspirin will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

## An Indispensable Favorite

## Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER IX.

"Well—what?" old Miss Dormer asks, half-frightened, but skeptical. "I saw her talking to Viscount Glynn for ever so long in the hall when you thought he was in the dining-room with Uncle Silas and Wilmot!"

"Talking? Well, really, Wilmot," begins Miss Dormer, bridling with a displeased smile.

But Mrs. Sarjent is smiling, too—a smile of gloomy triumph.

"Talking to him and smirking at him as free and easy as you please—standing up close to him, and looking up at him in the most forward manner!" declares Mrs. Sarjent, with all the coldly wrathful denunciation of a crime against the code of propriety of the most prudish British matron.

"Well, but, after all, that isn't anything really bad, you know, Wilmot," urges Miss Dormer.

She is an obstinate old lady—Miss Keren-happuch Dormer—she is proud of her dreadful name, and writes it in full in all her books—very narrow-minded, as is natural to one whose whole life, mental and physical, has run in one groove; but she is an innocent, credulous old woman, whose knowledge of evil is less than that of many a child. She is fostering a firm belief in the "pious inclinations" of both Viscount Glynn and "mama-selle," and has an uncomfortable idea that Mrs. Sarjent is inclined to sneer at the "piety" of both.

"Wait a bit till I've done, Aunt Keren," Mrs. Sarjent says, dryly—"I've more to tell you. I had my eye on that fine French dame all the evening. My goodness, how she does dress! What do you pay her?"

"Fifty pounds a year," Aunt Keren replies, bluntly. "It's a good deal of money, but not too much for a good French governess, as Mrs. Vavasor, the lady who was her last employer, said to me."

"One would think she had twice fifty to see the gown that was on her last night!" Mrs. Sarjent remarks, with much bitterness. "She'll never be

satisfied with your small salary and your quiet house, Aunt Keren," she continues; "as I can see that with half an eye! She means to fly at high game, and she doesn't mind if she poaches, either. Your viscount's a married man, isn't he?"

"Yes—of course, Wilmot," Miss Dormer answers, trembling with alarm. "But I really don't think you ought to talk so before Yolande."

"A nice moral married man he is, then! I pity his wife!" Mrs. Sarjent says, with self-satisfied malignity. "And it's quite proper Yolande should be here, Aunt Keren, since she's going to marry into the family—it's my duty to tell her as well as you what I saw."

"What?" they both ejaculate, and draw their chairs closer, and hold their breath, poor Yolande pale with dread of she knows not what.

But Mrs. Sarjent has no notion of giving her story away in a lump, so to speak. She stretches it out, and heightens the dramatic effect.

"Perhaps you don't look at things in the same light as I do, Aunt Keren," she says, severely—"perhaps you don't see anything very improper in it! I consider it immoral to be chucked under the chin!"

"Wh-ah!" Aunt Keren ejaculates, huskily, dropping her spectacles. "Chucked her under the chin!" Mrs. Sarjent repeats, tragically, rising to her feet in the excitement of the occasion. "I saw with my own two eyes that precious nobleman friend of yours chuck that French governess of yours under the chin!"

The "tic-tac" of the clock on the mantelshelf sounds loudly in the dead silence that follows this frightful statement.

"I can't believe it!" Miss Dormer exclaims, with almost a groan.

"And I always thought," Yolande says, in a choking voice, "that mademoiselle was such a very modest, shy girl!"

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"I want to tell you something, cherie," mademoiselle says that same night, coming into Yolande's room very softly in her trailing crimson cashmere dressing-gown lavishly ruffled with frayed crimson silk. "I don't think there is really any need that I should speak of it, dear," she continues in a meek tone, watching Yolande through her eyelashes; "but it might not be strictly honorable to you and dear Miss Dormer not to tell you who have been such kind, good, dear friends! Viscount Glynn spoke to me for a few minutes last night in the hall. What a good, kind, fatherly man he is," mademoiselle observes, in feeling tones that make Yolande dreadfully ashamed of herself—"so especially kind and considerate to me, because he thinks I am in the position of a dependent! That shows the true gentleman, doesn't it, cherie?"

"Yes," murmurs Yolande, tugging her thick brows, crosses instead of combing them out.

"Well," pursues mademoiselle, in a smiling confidential manner, "as he saw me crossing the hall, he spoke to me in his kind, friendly way, and then he asked me if I could recommend him—fancy, poor me—recom-

mend him some kind, ladylike person as a nurse and personal attendant on poor, dear Lady Maria—the viscountess—who is such a sufferer, you know, dear."

"No, I didn't know anything about her, mademoiselle," Yolande responds, in a low tone. "I am very sorry, poor lady!"

"Poor lady, truly—only blessed in having one of the best of husbands!" mademoiselle says, warmly, seeing she can now go on and embroider her story as she pleases, for no discrepancy will be discovered. "But the Glynnes are all good husbands," she pursues, gravely, with an air of old and intimate friendship—"Zachari, devoted, warm-hearted!" She can hardly keep the grin of ridicule off her lips as she looks askance at the flushing face and downcast eyelids and nervous fingers twirling with the loose curly locks of honey brown hair, and turns it rather unsuccessfully into a tender smile. "You will prove that one day, cherie, I hope." And then she hurries on, with stammered delicacy. "And when I said, 'No, I could not think of recommending any one for such an important post, do you know what he said, dear?'"

"That he wants you to go to Pen-trath Place, mademoiselle!" Yolande exclaims, with a keen pain of envy thrilling her through.

Oh, why has not Fate made her a governess or a lady nurse, so that she might have this happy chance of going to live in the very house where Captain Glynn is? What exquisite pleasure to be able to meet him sometimes and say "Good-morning!" What unspeakable happiness to pour out his coffee and hand him the newspaper! And mademoiselle will not appreciate the happiness or the privileges in any great degree.

It is the very foolishness of folly, poor child; but her heart is on fire with passionate, jealous longing, and tears of bitter hopelessness rise to her eyes. It is the very foolishness of folly, as the wise world counts such things—the recklessness and restlessness, the fever, the torture of hope, the agony of happiness, the dull, life-longing coldness of despair of the frightened young soul just entering upon its woo-wedged heritage—love. It is the very foolishness of folly, this spendthrift wishfulness, this surrendering up in large and generous measure of the bright coin of a fresh young heart's richest treasures in exchange for the "fair gold" of—withered leaves!

(To be continued.)

Cook does with very young scragged carrots, sweeten slightly and sprinkle with chopped parsley. When making a salad dressing all the dry ingredients should be mixed together before adding any liquids.

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### NOT QUITE THAT.

It was a very seedy City restaurant. One of those places that hide themselves away in a little back street, and where dinners are sold for a very few pence—at least, they are called dinners.

Among the customers was a bankrupt stock-jobber, who could hardly afford to patronise even such a place as that. He ordered the cheapest meal possible from the waiter, and when the food was brought along he noticed that the man who carried the tray was an old friend of his. "Good heavens, Charlie!" he cried. "What ever are you doing here? You don't mean to say that you have come down to this?"

Charlie drew himself up with dignity. "I wait here, Bill," he replied coldly. "I don't lunch here!"

### WHO'S WHO?

Conversation of a couple of men who know but can't place each other: "Hello there." "How's it goin'?" (A nervous pause.) "Haven't seen you around lately." "No. 'S a fact." (A nervous pause.) "Seen any of 'th' ol' crowd lately?" "No. . . . No." (A nervous pause.) "Don't get around much 'nself?" "Same here." (A nervous pause.) "Great of days, wasn't they?" "I'll say they were." (A nervous pause.) "Well, I gotta step." "Same here." "See you again." "S'long!"—Life.

### IT HAD HAPPENED BEFORE.

"Now, dear," remarked Mrs. Subbub to her husband, as he was getting ready to go to the City, "I want you to do a little job for me while you are in town to-day. Will you go along to Gossie's and get me a jumper?"

"Very well, dear," replied her husband, and went his way. Entering the shop some time later, Mr. Subbub gave his order.

"Here are some very pretty ones," said the shop-assistant. "What colour do you prefer?" "It doesn't make any difference," was the answer. "Doesn't make any difference?" echoed the girl. "But don't you think your wife would like a certain colour?"

"No, it doesn't make any difference what colour or size I get," said Mr. Subbub sadly. "I shall have to come back to-morrow and have it changed."

### SHE WAS RIGHT.

Uncle John was explaining to his little niece all about the mysteries of bird migration. He explained how the swallows and martins come from far off lands in the early summer, and then go back again to the warmer climates when the autumn comes along.

Little Phyllis was very interested in his account. "Do all the birds go away?" she asked. "No, dear," replied uncle, "Only a few of them."

"Does the robin go?" was her next question. "No, dear," answered uncle. "The robin just gets himself a new red waistcoat and stays."

There was a long pause, and then Phyllis said thoughtfully: "I don't think that's right, Uncle John."

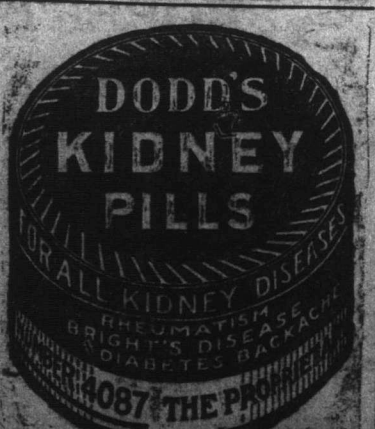
"Why not, dear?" "Well, I've seen heaps of robins wearing red waistcoats, but never one with stays!"

### Fads and Fashions.

There is hardly a coat or a frock that does not give evidence of the increasing popularity of embroidery. A box-plated tunic and bloomers of serge, with a flannel or wash-stilk blouse are ideal for the school girl.

The Japanese parasol of heavily oiled and painted paper adds a picturesque and colorful note to the beach.

Black and orange flowers and foliage are painted on the wide hem of a frock of white crepe de chine.



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