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Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark registered in Canada of Bayer, Manufacturer of Aspirin. White is well known that Aspirin means Bayer. Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

Better a Peasant Than a Peer.

CHAPTER XIV. THE BRIDE-ELECT.

"Should she chance it? or should she maintain silence and keep this secret, which was hers still, seeing that he had not disclosed it to her, but that this—this woman had done so, maliciously, and without the right to do so? There were a hundred such thoughts assailed her, until Jeanne's spirit was spurned, and she, with trembling hands, and struggled for composure. But it was only Hal, approaching cautiously, in case the coast should not be clear. "Gone!" he said, with an air of relief, and proceeded to attack the biscuits. "I say, Jeanne, that was a grand specimen of the fine lady. Did you ever see such a magnificent creature in your life? Who is she, the Queen of Sheba, or the Empress of Circassia? Why, the place smells like Rimmel's shop. Who was she, Jeanne? How long did she stay? What did aunt say to her?"

"One question at a time, Hal," says Jeanne, trying to laugh easily, "or at least none at all, for I haven't time to answer them. Aunt is out somewhere, and oh, Hal—" and Jeanne, overwrought, puts her arms around the boy's neck, and bursts into tears. "Why, Jen," he exclaims, with his mouth full of biscuit, "what are you upset about? She hasn't bolted with the silver spoons, has she? Steady, Jeanne! Tell me what it is."

"Nothing—nothing!" says Jeanne, hastily drying her eyes. "I am rather tired and upset, I think, Hal." "It's all this beastly fuss and preparation," says Hal, taking another biscuit and munching it ruffly. "I wonder why people can't get married without all this hullabaloo and kick-up, upsetting themselves and everybody else? When I'm married, I'll walk off quietly to the nearest church, and come back to dinner like a sensible human being."

Jeanne laughs. "Hal, and you'll earn the gratitude and admiration of all your sex."

"But I don't say I shouldn't have a (girl)," says Hal, meditatively. "That's

the only good thing about the whole affair. But, Jeanne, I wish Vernon had been here to see this awful swell! She'd make a nice picture. My! she was beautiful, if you like."

"I don't admire that kind of beauty," says Jeanne, coldly. "I do, though!" says Hal. "Why, she was a perfect picture in herself—and did you notice the way in which she spoke to that unfortunate coachman? An empress couldn't have come it stronger."

"Yes—yes," says Jeanne, impatiently. "I noticed it, and—and I think I would rather break stones if I were a man than to be a servant of hers!" "Hullo!" says Hal, with a whistle. "Jealous, Jen?" "Jealous!" exclaims Jeanne, turning scarlet. "What do you mean?" "Nothing, only chaff, Jen; don't be angry with a fellow on the last day."

Whereupon Jeanne rubs his curly head and kisses him, makes her peace, and retreats to her room.

Then, first gleaning with a start at the wedding, flung lying upon the bed, Jeanne walks straight to the glass.

"Beautiful, Hal called her," she says, scanning her own lovely, but troubled, face. "Even a boy is attracted by and notices her loveliness. And he loved her! Who can wonder at it! And what is there in me, a poor, stumpy girl, to make him forget her beauty and her grace, and the nameless charm which clings about her like the scent she uses? Oh, if she had not come! If she had but gone past and taken his secret with her, how—how happy I should be now," and Jeanne allows two diamond tears to roll down her fresh young cheeks.

"But he has left her," she says, suddenly, and with a quick expression of defiance. "He has left her and he says he does love me; and he shall!" she exclaims between her shut teeth. "He shall! He shall not separate us."

Moved by some impulse—which no doubt every woman will understand without any elaborate explanation—she springs to the wardrobe and commences dragging out dress after dress. Notwithstanding her engagement, Jeanne's wardrobe is by no means a varied and extensive one, but she possesses a few additions to the simple black frock which for a long time served her as her best, and now she takes these later additions and spreads them out and examines them with a severely critical eye. But she comes back to the soft black frock after all.

"I wore this," she murmurs, "when—the night he told me that he loved me."

And it is the black which she selects now. But she chooses some delicate old lace which Aunt Jane has hoarded for her from some relics of Aunt Jane's own youth, and she takes from its case the handkerchief necktie of pearls and rubies (coastier than Jeanne has any idea of), which her Vernon has given her, and proceeds to dress.

So it happens that when she comes down to dinner, dressed in simple, soft black, with her antique lace and necktie, and above all her exquisite face aglow with an eager desire to

charm, Aunt Jane smiles approvingly, and pats her white, round arm lovingly, and Uncle John looks over his spectacles and stares admiringly as he groans:

"Jeanne, my child, what shall we do without you to-morrow, and the morrow after that?"

"There, John," says Aunt Jane, as Jeanne goes around and kisses him with a sudden moisture in her eyes, "don't make her low-spirited; any one would think she was going to Australia, instead of a trip on the continent."

But Aunt Jane's eyes are suspiciously moist, too.

A bride-elect is not, I think, expected to eat much on the day before her wedding, or on the auspicious morrow itself, and Jeanne may therefore be excused if she did not display much appetite this evening. She talked and laughed, and at dessert allowed Uncle John to pour out a glass of port for her, and sipped it, nestling by his side, but all the time her eyes stole covert glances from under her long lashes at the clock.

Presently Aunt Jane got up. "You must see to the tea to-night, Jeanne. I've cast a quantity of things to see to for you, and there's that great trunk of yours, Mary and I have to pack."

Jeanne colored and quivered as she thought: "Perhaps that great trunk will not be wanted. Perhaps the grand wedding-dress will always be as limp and hollow, with nobody inside it."

"I will come with you, aunt," she says. But Aunt Jane would not hear of it.

"No, child," she says; "you shan't do anything to-night but sit still and play to your uncle; besides, I'm glad there's something to do, for I feel restless and fidgety. I shall be glad when you're gone, you troublesome girl!" and she kisses her.

Arm in arm Jeanne and the old gentleman go into the drawing-room, and she gives him his cup of tea, and then plays to him softly, and it is not until she sees his eyes close that she rises and creeps into the open air, for which she has been pining so long.

The new moon is just rising above the trees, and the clear, summer sky is studded with heavy stars.

It is a night for love and peace, but there is love and passionate trouble in Jeanne's young heart; there are lights moving about in the rooms upstairs—they are packing her boxes, and making the last preparations—preparations which may be useless if—ah, Heaven! if the word be spoken which will separate them.

The striking of the church clock arouses her—nine, in ten minutes he will be here! For the first time Jeanne shrinks from meeting him; shrinks from the loving regard of those dark eyes, for the tender caress of the strong white hand, and her heart seems to stand still when she hears the small gate open, and his firm, quick step upon the walk. Instinctively she goes further away from the light, and when a tall figure is seen standing at the open window, and his deep voice calls, "Jeanne—Jeanne! where are you?" she cannot speak.

But he has caught sight of the light shawl which she has thrown around her, and comes toward her with outstretched arms.

"What, hiding, darling!" he says and, taking her in his arms, his voice low and gentle, as it always is, and only in his, when he speaks to her.

Vernon has come straight up from the station, and looks tired and dusty; but there is the glad light of love in his eyes, and his voice rings brightly. Jeanne, looking up shyly, remarks with keener notice how noble and patrician a face it is, and how distinguished is his bearing and manner; and, not for the first time, she is struck by the indefinable air of command which belongs to him.

"Yes," she thinks, "it is true."

"What, not a word?" he says, looking down at her with a smile. "Not a word to welcome the traveler returned, Jeanne?"

Jeanne finds her voice. "You have come back, then?" she says, not overwisely.

He draws a long breath and wipes his forehead, as he drops on to the garden seat, and draws her gently down beside him.

"Yes, my Jeanne, and heartily glad to get back. London in June, for all that fashion may say, is a hateful place; but never did it seem so unbearable as to-day."

"And yet you had so much to do," says Jeanne, glancing at him.

"Yes," he assents, musingly; "there was a deal to do; and I think I used up three cab horses; but commend me to lawyers for wearing a man and utterly exhausting him."

"Lawyers?" says Jeanne. "Have you been to lawyers?" He laughs softly. "Yes, darling—those toes to whom we always fly immediately we are in trouble."

"Are you in trouble now?" asks Jeanne, in a low voice. "Trouble!" he echoes. "Why—why, what a child it is to apply general epigrams to particular cases. Trouble? No; I have never been so happy in my life."

"Are you sure?" asks Jeanne, trembling. He looks at her with a sudden question in his eyes. "I wish I was as sure as that those stars above us," he says. "Why,

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Really better than ready-made. Finest and quickly prepared.

If you combined the curative properties of every known "ready-made" cough remedy, you probably could not get as much real curative power as there is in this simple home-made cough syrup, which is easily prepared in a few minutes.

Get from any druggist 2½ ounces of Pinex, pour it into a 70-cc. bottle and fill the bottle with syrup, using either plain granulated sugar syrup, clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, as desired. The result is 16 ounces of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made and saves easily \$2. Tastes pleasant and never spoils.

This Pinex and Syrup preparation gets right at the cause of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the phlegm, stops the nasty throat tickle and heals the sore, irritated membranes so gently and easily that it is really astonishing.

A day's use will usually overcome the ordinary cough and for bronchitis, cough, hoarseness and bronchial asthma, there is nothing better.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations to break up severe coughs. Ask your druggist for 2½ ounces of Pinex with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

What a doubting Jeanne it is to-night! What should make you think of trouble to-night?" Jeanne stifles a sigh, but he hears it.

"From to-night, darling, there shall be no trouble for you that I can guard you from. But I don't think there has been much shadow in your life, little one."

"No," says Jeanne; "perhaps it is all to come."

He looks at her almost gravely. "Let me look at you," he says, taking her face in his hands, lovingly. "Is that a tear or only a star reflected in these stars of mine? Are you tired, my darling, or what troubles you to-night?"

Now is the time—now is the golden opportunity. Speak, Jeanne! speak and break down the barrier which Lady Lucelle's white hands have built up. Jeanne does look up, with her lips apart, but as she meets the dark eyes looking lovingly into hers, her heart fails her, and instead of the question that trembles on her lips, she lays her head upon his breast.

"Nothing," she murmurs. "If— if—what a portentous little world! If what, birdie?" he asks.

"If you love me!" she breathes, almost inaudibly. He stoops and kisses her. "Can you doubt that, Jeanne?" he asks.

"No—no—not!" she cries, her face turned up to his, almost imploringly. "No! I do not doubt, indeed I do not. And—and you will always love me, will you not, whatever happens? Whatever any one may say?"

"What can happen?" he asks, after a moment's pause, during which Jeanne's eyes watch his as if her life depended upon his smile or frown. "What can come between us—after to-morrow?"

"To-morrow—yes, to-morrow," says Jeanne, and she nestles closer against his breast. (To be continued.)

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Who's he going to listen to—What your mother says or you? When those big eyes start to dance An' those feet began to prance, Could an old man be content 'Till his dollar bill is spent?

Just suppose he needs a top Or a sticky lollipop Or a drum or rubber ball, That his Ma won't buy at all, An' he tells his grandpa old Where those very things are sold.

An' suppose his grandpa knows That somewhere about his clothes He could find the dollar bill, Which those urgent wants would fill, What else could an old man do But to take a walk with you?

Course I know I'm spoiling you An' it's what I shouldn't do, But just get your hat an' coat An' we'll spend this dollar note; Prays your Ma is right, but say, Grandpa's runnin' things to-day.

Dainty favors for a luncheon party are tiny jars of orange marmalade wrapped in white crepe paper napkins and tied with yellow ribbons.

Westclox

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Baby Ben — the Westclox midget

BABY Ben is just waist-high Balongside Big Ben. He tucks into places where Big Ben would feel crowded. He's at home in your traveling bag and right there in case the train porter or the hotel clerk forgets. He cozies into a corner on your dresser and never gets in the way on your desk downtown. He has all the punctual habits of Big Ben and that same knack of passing those habits along to you.

Baby Ben has friends everywhere. Not merely because he's Big Ben's little brother: the real reason is his Westclox construction. That's why you like him! The wheels turn on needle-fine pivots of polished steel. Friction is thereby reduced to the minimum and the clock keeps better time and lasts longer. Westclox on the dial and tag means this construction inside the case. It is your assurance of quality.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A. Makers of Westclox: Big Ben, Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, Glo-Ben, America, Sleep-Meter, Jack o' Lantern Factory: Peru, Illinois. In Canada: Western Clock Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ont.

Just Rolls

GRANDPA ON THE JOB.

What's an old man guff' to do When a little chap like you Comes an' settles on his knee, Where he's wantin' you to be, An' begins to talk about Things he cannot live without?

Just suppose he needs a top Or a sticky lollipop Or a drum or rubber ball, That his Ma won't buy at all, An' he tells his grandpa old Where those very things are sold.

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A FLOUR THAT WILL INCREASE THE BUSINESS OF ALREADY WELL-ESTABLISHED DEALERS "Windsor Patent"

Household Notes.

If melted paraffin is poured over the cut surface of a piece of cheese it will keep a long time.

Left-over soup can be reheated and canned. It keeps very well and is nice to have on hand.

If the toes of your brown shoes are skinned, coat thinly with white shellac and polish over it.

Strawberries which have been rolled in granulated sugar are often used to garnish fruit cream.

To be at their best, baked potatoes should be served immediately after taking from the oven.

For a small family a bushel basket lined with white oilcloth makes an excellent clothes basket.

Cut old bread in half-inch cubes, fry in butter and serve with sugar and cream for breakfast. Delicious.

Raw carrots and apples sliced and served on lettuce with French dressing are delicious and wholesome.

In an emergency, a rubber bathing cap will make an excellent ice bag. Close the opening with a rubber band.

While ironing, irons may be kept smooth by rubbing them on a cloth on which a little kitchen cleanser has been sprinkled.

Very small potatoes may be cooked by boiling without peeling, and kept through potato ringer. The skins adhere to the top.

One often wishes to make a hole in a leather strap. To do this heat a wire hairpin in the gas and jam through strap.

A little canned, shredded apple added to apple butter or peach marmalade in the making makes either more delicious.

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