is the time for • • • • **OXO** Cubes exactly meet winter's needs: they warm.

they nourish and

Better a Peasant Than a Peer.

CHAPTER XXXII. WHEN THE HEART SPEAKS.

They come back to the room talking-together, and Joanne does her duty as hostess by hunting out the

versation with the members, when her banner. Jeanne drops her bouquet. It is so palpably a sign-for Jeanne is a bad confor their pains is that admirablydressed youth approach the count, and lead him to a card-table.

"I'm an indifferent player, count, he says, be forbearing." Now the count would rather play

1.9

leads her to a piano.

with an indifferent player, and seats himself, all smiles, and the companion finds herself also caught. Jeanne looks around. If she could

but get Vane to sing, her scheme would be complete. But Vane does candidly. not sing now; she has not asked him to sing since-since-

Thinking only of Hal, she goes across to Lady Lucelle. "Will you sing that duet from 'Martha,' with Lord Ferndale, Lady Lucelle?"

Lady Lucelle looks up softly. "Will Lord Ferndale sing?" "If you ask him," says Jeanne, sim-

"Lady Ferndate wishes us to sing our-duct, Lord Ferndale," says Lady things that are natural, and these Lucelle, looking over her shoulder birds are not, are they?" with a smile

"Come and see," says Hal, throwing I have known him since-" Vane bows, and without a word open the glass door of the conserva-Jeanne looks after them for a moment with a sudden pang; she has ture-ferns, and fish, and the birds of tween his teeth, "and he wasn't over-

ing the curtain, and taps him she says, "and you hav good boy and not gone ne Only "Bayer" is Genuine you have been your eves all the even told me, though did as you n't see the good of it," says Hal ullenly and ungratefully, of course. "Stupid boy! Do you think the coun that woman would have let yo ay more than ten words to her? And if you go out into the hall and

around to the further end of the room -out of sight of the count's table-I'll bring her to you, and you can talk for a quarter of an hour. There!" "Jeanne, you-you are a brick," whispers poor Hal.

"Hush!" says Jeanne, "don't go ust yet; they are watching us." Then she wanders from one to anther, and at last, in a seemingly aim loss way, arrives at the princess, who tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few is sitting talking-to Mr. Bell like an cents. Druggists also sell larger

er fan

riend. "Princess," says artful Jeanne, "are

you an admirer of the fashionable art -needlework? There is a banner screen in the recess; come and look at it. Mr. Bell, I know you are an authority, will you come, too?"

Artful Jeanne! The two watches, all ears, hear her ask Bell, and their suspicious are allayed.

Quite as unsuspicious, Verona players. The count goes to a distant arises and takes Mr. Bell's arm; artable, and is about to enter into a con- rived at the recess, Jeanne displays

"What do you think of it? They tell me it is very admirable and quite in splfator-that the four watchers start the new style; sunflowers and sageand look at Clarence. But all they see green birds; I never saw a sage-green bird, excepting a linnet, but-oh, here's Hal!" she says, innocently, as that young gentleman appears at a

door leading from the conservatory into the recess. "Hal knows more about birds and beasts, and fishes, too, than all of us put together, I'll be bound. Hal, come and tell us what you think of my new screen."

Hal comes forward, and stares a the screen. "Oh, confounded ugly!" he

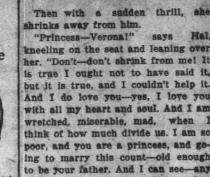
"Oh, I'm shocked!" says Jeanne, laughing. "So is Mr. Bell; in fact, we won't stop to hear such heresy. Can

ed. we, Mr. Bell?" and Bell, all unconscious, finds himself led away. The princess looks after them, and

is about to follow, when Hal, still staring at the screen, says: "Do you admire this sort of thing,

princess?" "Not much," says Verona. "I like modern antique sunflowers and green

tory. "Here are some products of na- can just believe that," says Hal, besacrificed herself, sister-like, and the air stuffed; they were alive once, young then. And when did you fall in



ter. "Don't-don't shrink from me! It is true I ought not to have said it. out it is true, and I couldn't help it. And I do love you-yes, I love you with all my heart and soul. And I am wretched, miserable, mad, when I think of how much divide us. I am so oor, and you are a princess, and going to marry this count-old enough to be your father. And I can see-any

THE EVENING TELEGRAM, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, MARCH 3, 1921-2

Warning! Take no chances one can see-you are not happy. How substitutes for genuine "Bayer Tabshould you be?-and how can I help lets of Aspirin." Unless you see the speaking? And, princess-Verona, name "Bayer" on package or of dear Verona-don't shrink away like tablets you are not getting Aspirin this-I know it is wrong, and that I at all. In every Bayer package are ought not to have said it; but how directions for Colds, Headache, Neucould I help it? You are so beautiful. ralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothand I love you so! Look at me-only ache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy look at me Don't turn your head away! I'll go away at once, forever, if you say the word-I will indeed! I

Canada), of Bayer Manufacture of I mean I'll do anything, say anything, if you will only look around and forgive me!' "Jeanne?" says Hal. "She is close Hal is only a hoy-knows no more

at hand. Are you airaid of me, prin- of the art of eloquent speaking than a crow; but not the most soul-stir-She looks at him with a sudden, ring oration could move the girl,

trembling under his passionate voice, "Afraid-no!" she save, and she en than do the blunt, honest words move ters the conservatory. "How beauti-Verona ful!" she adds, looking around, "and She trembles under every word how musical is that fountain!"

confiding smile.

ASPIRIN

AYER

every letter vibrates with a sudden, esctatic joy. If she were to die the "There is a seat there, let us si down; it is too hot in that room, and next moment-she has lived, she has the noise of the shuffle of the cards loved. is maddening," says Hal, pushing his Pale and quivering, she turns her short curls from his forehead, and so eyes-Italian eyes, full of yearning,

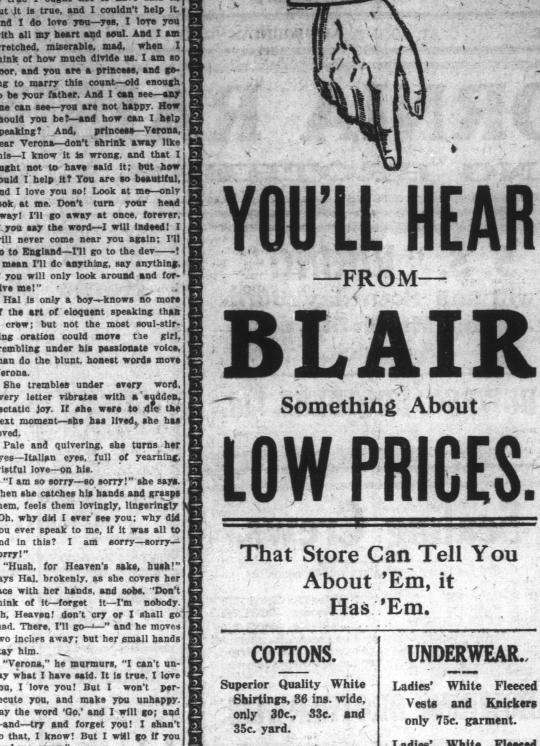
leaving the scar very plainly shewing. wistful love-on his. "It is because you are restless," says Verona, smiling up at him. "Do Then she catches his hands and grasps you know that I have not been so them, feels them lovingly, lingeringly happy for a long time as I am to-"Oh, why did I ever see you; why did night! Every one is so kind and-and you ever speak to me, if it was all to natural, free-unrestrained. And your end in this? I am sorry-sorry-

sister, she is so kind to me!" sorry!" "Why shouldn't people be natura and kind?" says Hal, warmly. "Youyou are a princess-a great lady! You ought to do as you like." Verona looks down, and then up a him, with a smile at once sad and amused. "I am not a great lady," she says

"But you are going to do as you like new, aren't you?" says poor Ha!, his lips quivering; "you are going to marry the count?" "Yes," says Verona, looking away with drooped evelids.

send me away." The little hands close on his strong "Or," he says, "I will stay and-

and save you. I can I know I can do it, for anything is possible to such love as mine. Only say-no, I will not ask you!-yes, I will! Only say, 'Hal. I love you!' Say that. Never mind what happens afterward; say that. Oh, my



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"Hush, for Heaven's sake, hush! says Hal, brokenly, as she covers her face with her hands, and sobs. "Don't think of it-forget it-I'm nobody. Oh, Heaven! don't cry or I shall go mad. There, I'll go---" and he moves two inches away: but her small hands stav him. "and I have never done as I have lik-"Verona," he murmurs. "I can't unsay what I have said. It is true. I love you, I love you! But I won't persecute you, and make you unhappy. Say the word 'Go,' and I will go; and

-and-try and forget you! I shan't do that, I know! But I will go if you "And that's of your own free will?" "Of my free will-yes," she says,

almost inaudibly. "The count is an old friend of papa's, and has been associated with him in so many things. "Since you were in your cradle-

