

ASPIRIN

UNLESS you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all



Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 22 years and proved safe by millions for

- Colds
- Headache
- Rheumatism
- Toothache
- Neuralgia
- Neuritis
- Earache
- Lumbago
- Pain, Pain

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 Monoaceticester of 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."

Lord Cecil's Dilemma

The Picnic

Woodall Forest

CHAPTER XXXIV.

He had heard that the Earl of Swinford and his family were returning home, and a terrible longing came over him to see Gladys once more. The smallest scrap of news he devoured with avidity, and when alone he spent hours in the perusal of her letters, that he had read and re-read so often before.

Ada Craythorne understood why he was so gloomy and taciturn again. She knew of the visit of Spiers, but he did not mention one word of what had passed between them, and she was looking forward with glad eagerness to the time when she could make him happier than he ever hoped to be in this life.

It was six days after the flight of Agnes Maitland, and Ada could make no difference now; and it was with a heart throbbing in her throat that she decided to seek the baronet alone, and break to him the good news.

She waited until he had retired to his private room. He almost lived there now. It was rare that he entered the drawing-room; he evinced no desire for conversation. He never asked her to play or to sing. He left the entertaining of visitors to his mother entirely, merely saying that he was busy.

Ada followed him quickly, and he had not time to hide his annoyance, for she was in the room before he was able to close the door.

Courteous at all times, he waited for her to speak, but there was a nervous dread in his manner that he could not shake off.

"I know that you regard me as a nuisance, Sir Charles," Ada began; "but I want to tell you something that will make you happy!"

"Happy!" he exclaimed, with a faint smile. "I have done with hoping for such a thing as happiness, Miss Craythorne. I do not regard you as a nuisance. That is a cruel thrust it is I who am the nuisance—nuisance to myself and to every one about me. I apologize to you for showing my ugly temper; but it is not against you, believe me."

Her eyes became humid, and she strove to still the wild beating of her heart.

"I have come to return the favor that you granted me," she went on, but he interrupted her.

"Oh, the two hundred pounds! Let it rest until another time."

There was a touch of impatience in his voice, and he was surprised that she could look so absurdly happy when he was so miserable.

"Let it rest until another time," he repeated.

"No, Sir Charles, it must be settled now! I am going to make you glad to-night. Can you not see that the ambition of my life is to minister to your comfort?" she added, with passion, for his note of indifference had pained her.

Hastings was too astonished to speak. A check for two hundred pounds! He turned his eyes upon Miss Craythorne, and that moment was fatal. He wished her to speak—to make some explanation. She alone had had such a sum from him. What had she to do with this man—or with the woman he had married?

As he half-turned, a revolver flashed from the breast pocket of Spiers' shabby overcoat. It was pointed at him with hate and triumph.

With the report that followed almost instantly was mingled a woman's heartrending shriek, and, casting aside the smokeless weapon, the maniac forced his way through the window and fled, howling:

"Duped! Ruined! Revenged!"

When the servants burst into the room, the master of the house lay unconscious on the floor, the lifeblood oozing from a tiny hole in his breast. Miss Craythorne was bending over him, and they never forgot the awful agony in her face.

(To be continued)

Wrecks Belong to the King.

SOME OF THE LAWS WHICH RULE OUR SHIPPING ARE SELDOM OBSERVED, THOUGH STILL IN FORCE.

Some little time ago a plumber's labourer was hurt by a falling water-trough, when working aboard a liner in the Royal Albert Dock. He applied for compensation, and this was granted on the curious ground that a ship in dock is "part of the plant that is being used from the quay to load it."

There are all sorts of odd points in shipping law, and some of them need revision. Many of our passenger and emigration regulations date back to Acts made sixty or seventy years ago, and are quite out of date to-day.

For instance, there is still a regulation in force that passenger vessels may not carry passengers on more than two decks, though, of course, the law is a dead letter, and there would be serious trouble if any attempt were made to enforce it. Another absurd regulation, which, I believe, has never been repealed, dates back to the days before steam, and is to the effect that any vessel carrying emigrants must carry six months' provisions.

Even a Cat Makes a Difference. All British ships are periodically examined to see that they carry proper lifeboats and lifebelts, and that these are in good condition. The trouble is that foreign ships using British ports can set these regulations at naught.

A ship wrecked upon the British coasts is Crown property, but since former British monarchs have in times past granted certain of their rights to subjects, it is sometimes the lord of the manor who profits. For instance a vessel wrecked anywhere near the Cinque Ports belongs to the warden of these ports.

In order to constitute a wreck, the remains of the vessel must be fast on the land, and there must be no life saved. If so much as a dog or cat is left alive on the wreck, the wreckage is vested in the Crown for a year and a day; at the end of that time if not claimed, it becomes Crown property.

appearance of the bloated rascal Spiers!

Hastings was too astonished to speak for a moment—then he exclaimed, angrily.

"What do you want here, sir? I told you not to thrust your objectionable person into my presence again."

"Oh, no, you didn't, my fine young gentleman," jeered Spiers, with a horrible scowl. "When I left you a few days since it was to obtain proof as to what you had done to Lucy. You remember what I promised you, eh? I promised to kill you if you lied to me? You told me that you had never spoken to her—that you did not know that she was under your roof—did you not?"

"Certainly," was the impatient reply, and Hastings made a movement toward the bell-rope.

"Stop! One moment! Only one more question!"

He was so excited that he did not hear anyone enter and pause, horrified, a few feet in front of him. Ada had come back, and recognized the man she had met in the lane, and something told her that he was there for some evil purpose.

"One more question!" he repeated—"only one! Have you, or have you not, put Lucy beyond my reach?"

"I do not know the woman. Be gone!"

"You lie!" His voice rose to a shriek. "I went for proof, and I have found it. I went to Lupus, and we know that you gave my poor Lucy a check for two hundred pounds—payable to bearer. She cashed it nearly a week since and has gone—gone! stolen from me by you—curse you!"

Hastings was too astonished to speak. A check for two hundred pounds! He turned his eyes upon Miss Craythorne, and that moment was fatal. He wished her to speak—to make some explanation. She alone had had such a sum from him. What had she to do with this man—or with the woman he had married?

As he half-turned, a revolver flashed from the breast pocket of Spiers' shabby overcoat. It was pointed at him with hate and triumph.

With the report that followed almost instantly was mingled a woman's heartrending shriek, and, casting aside the smokeless weapon, the maniac forced his way through the window and fled, howling:

"Duped! Ruined! Revenged!"

When the servants burst into the room, the master of the house lay unconscious on the floor, the lifeblood oozing from a tiny hole in his breast. Miss Craythorne was bending over him, and they never forgot the awful agony in her face.

(To be continued)

Wrecks Belong to the King.

SOME OF THE LAWS WHICH RULE OUR SHIPPING ARE SELDOM OBSERVED, THOUGH STILL IN FORCE.

Some little time ago a plumber's labourer was hurt by a falling water-trough, when working aboard a liner in the Royal Albert Dock. He applied for compensation, and this was granted on the curious ground that a ship in dock is "part of the plant that is being used from the quay to load it."

There are all sorts of odd points in shipping law, and some of them need revision. Many of our passenger and emigration regulations date back to Acts made sixty or seventy years ago, and are quite out of date to-day.

For instance, there is still a regulation in force that passenger vessels may not carry passengers on more than two decks, though, of course, the law is a dead letter, and there would be serious trouble if any attempt were made to enforce it. Another absurd regulation, which, I believe, has never been repealed, dates back to the days before steam, and is to the effect that any vessel carrying emigrants must carry six months' provisions.

Even a Cat Makes a Difference. All British ships are periodically examined to see that they carry proper lifeboats and lifebelts, and that these are in good condition. The trouble is that foreign ships using British ports can set these regulations at naught.

A ship wrecked upon the British coasts is Crown property, but since former British monarchs have in times past granted certain of their rights to subjects, it is sometimes the lord of the manor who profits. For instance a vessel wrecked anywhere near the Cinque Ports belongs to the warden of these ports.

In order to constitute a wreck, the remains of the vessel must be fast on the land, and there must be no life saved. If so much as a dog or cat is left alive on the wreck, the wreckage is vested in the Crown for a year and a day; at the end of that time if not claimed, it becomes Crown property.

HOUSEWIVES SALE

MURPHY'S GOOD THINGS!

Housewives of the community! You who are the purchasers of the household! We have prepared for you one of the greatest Sales of the year. Here are some of its wonderful bargains, but there are hundreds more just as good right here in the store. You must come yourself to be convinced. Come and share in it.



Buying for the man of the family
Men's Suits.
All going at half price. Come in and try one on. This is the greatest bargain for the year. Regular \$40.00.
Now \$19.00



SLAUGHTER SALE OF Ladies' Hats

This is a splendid chance to get a hat for less than half its real value.
Regular \$3.98 & \$5.98

Now - - - \$1.98 and \$2.48



Children's Pink Sateen Bloomers.
How's this for value?
Per pair 59c.



Ladies' Sailor Hats
In Navy, Black and Red.
Each \$1.98



Men's Hose
In Black, Brown, White, Grey and Green.
3 pairs for 49c.

Babies Wrappers.
Of a splendid fleecy-lined open front.
Each 29c. to 35c.

Tea Strainers.
Each 9c.

Soap Boxes.
Each 12c.

Tape Measure.
Each 8c.



Ladies' Hose.
In Black, Brown and White.
3 pairs for 49c.

Stamped Bureau Cloths and Centre Pieces.
Some beautiful patterns.
Each 49c.

Pillow Cases.
Beautifully embroidered; every home needs them.
Each 75c.

Cake Turners.
Each 19c.

Baby Rattlers.
Each 25c.

Pepper and Salt Shakers
Each 12c.

Coffee Strainers.
Each 15c.

Girdles.
Every young lady needs a couple of these for her dresses. The price is so low you can buy one for each dress.
Each 22c. & 39c.

Note Books.
Everybody needs a Note Book, so here's a chance to get a bargain in one.
Each 10c.



Ladies' Fawn Middies.
Sizes 36 to 44.
No wonder they're popular. Girls know what they're about when they choose one of these. Just drop in and try one on.
Each \$1.98

Ladies' Camisoles.
In Pink Silk, nicely trimmed with ribbons and lace.
Regular \$1.50
Now 69c.



Ribbons.
In all widths and shades. We have some very pretty Camisole ribbons.
Baby Ribbon 6c. & 8c.
Hair Ribbon 29c. to 69c.
Camisole Ribbon 75c.



Neck Laces.
In long glass beads in very pretty shades.
Each 39c.

Veiling.
All shades; some have fancy border.
Per yard 29c.



Ladies' Strap Vests.
You'll agree this is a bargain.
Each 25c.



Men's Watches.
Will last for ever. Cost less and looks as nice as a \$15.00
Only \$1.95

Ladies' Handkerchiefs.
Each 8c.

Baby's Rubber Pants
With elastic at knees and waist.
Each 39c. & 69c.

Scissors.
Each 39c.

White Silk Hose.
For holiday wear.
Per pair 69c.

Bed Spreads.
Here's a bargain. A beautiful, full-sized Bed Spread for only
\$2.49

Black and Red Glaze Belts.
Each 19c.



Boys' Suits.
Don't wait until your boy needs a suit; buy now, because when you want one there will be none left at this price. Come in now and see them. Reg. \$16.00.
Now \$9.98



Ladies' Undershirts.
Of White Nainsook with dust frill. Get yours now.
Each 89c.



Bed Ticking.
30 inches wide.
Per yard 49c.



Large Tea Aprons.
With pockets; daintily trimmed.
Each 39c.

Toilet Soaps

- Palmolive 17c.
- Rose 12c.
- Cocanut 15c.
- Infants' Delight 9c.
- Cuticura 35c.
- Herb 20c.

Bottle Beads.
For dress trimming; all shapes and shades.
Per Bottle 12c.

Windsor Table Salt
When needed

Easy to perfect Kellogg's
Heavy age down Eat Kellogg's
Kilocalorically beneficial for young
Kellogg's easily and or sleep in satisfying
tite. Del
Kellogg's
Also makes it KE
Insur
Blew U
Line
leighs
creases
CORK CITY
The Central Ne
regular troops in
city. The report
Hotel, military
newspaper office
THE B
The end of two
sight and the fall
expected, says a
bulletin from the
Cork city adds
encountering in
says a despatch
the Evening
These troops (six
thousand, which
west passage
Hall are now
Cork city adds
encountering in
battle is the
the irregulars,
observers, it
The irregulars
cavalry to oppo
vance.
FIR
National for
Cork to-day, an
statement her
Victoria Hotel, h
news paper off
the dynamite
up many build
RALEIGH'S CR
Word was re
the Canada
press of Franc
stopped at Ron
hundred offic
leigh, and the
maunder. Rescu
will be taken
NEW MORAT
That modifi
ing the financ
many will be
row's Conferen
here, by British
ed in British
French quar
table that is
lon, the manor
decide in favor
moratorium to
August 15th par
ter conferen
Brussels in Se
NOTOR KING
C
Muzzle the
Street and the
will be end
that in an
scale, which