



Aspirin

Nothing Else is Aspirin

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Accept only an "unbroken package" of "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. Made in Canada.

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 Mono-acetic-acid 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."

"Flatterers"

The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER VIII. THE COUNTESS RECEIVES.

"Oh, Mr. Duressa, can you tell us, is that exquisite tree yonder a Cryptomeria japonica? You don't know? Oh, but you can see by the little cones. My daughter does admire it so. I have been wanting her to go down and examine it closely, but my foot is a trifle sprained, and I have to spare it."

"Then will Miss Villiers go botanizing with me?" said the handsome young divine, and with a satisfied blush, and a shake of her delicate greenish plume, the young lady stepped daintily off beside him, over the complete stretch of lawn, vastly envied by most female observers.

Afraid of exhibiting her triumph in this maneuver by too long gazing, Mrs. Alwyn turned to swell the group of matrons about Lady Avena Massey's chair, thinking placidly, "One is best quietly rid of that Mr. Drayton" (an opinion she lived to repent), while this gentleman, deserted, after watching what he privately dubbed "that extraordinarily elegant pink-and-white piece of empty-headedness," took a couple of steps backward, and was within an ace of knocking Miss Mary Dacie down the terrace slope.

"Ten thousand pardons!" he exclaimed, hat in hand. "What a dolt I was not to look where I was going! I do hope you'll forgive me!"

"Quite easily," replied Mary Dacie,

her balance restored, her good-humor never ruffled; "all the more so because I think you are our rector's friend, here he comes."

And Mr. Vaughan joining them, they all fell talking together, and presently, with peals of mirth floating by, Mary made the very original remark that it was hard to remember, in such festivities as this, there was such a thing as trouble in the world.

"Now, don't say that, Miss Dacie," begged Richard Drayton. "It makes me feel what a selfish brute I am for enjoying myself when an old chum of my young days is in a most confounded plight. I've been doggedly keeping the notion at arm's-length all the afternoon. Now you've brought it to the front again. Our friend here," signifying Mr. Vaughan, "knows all about it. It's one of his old Greek class—like me."

"But he has lighted on worse times than you, poor fellow!" said the old tutor, sadly. "It's desperately hard, to be sure, in the very prime of life, to be stranded well-nigh helpless and hopeless. How utterly impossible it is for us to fathom the why and wherefore of such things!"

"Helpless! hopeless!" said Sydney, softly, to Mr. Drayton—a very tender, womanly pity darkening her eyes and trembling upon her parted lips. "Is your friend's trouble so very heavy? Cannot any one ease him or bear it for him?"

Richard Drayton looked kindly down on the young questioner. "If I were ten years younger I'd fall in love with this girl!" he said, to himself; but aloud, "No, I'm afraid even time can't mend this matter. As he used to say in our old school days, 'He's in a muddle now, and no mistake!' But we need not worry you with the tale, Miss Alwyn,

for you cannot help him any more than ourselves."

"I wish I could," she replied, wistfully. And what—what chord of memory had been touched? The hand was playing "Auld Land Syne," her father's old song that he never wearied of having her sing to him in the twilight; but it was not that, or not altogether—rather a something very dim, a sound out of a long, long ago past, a ghost of some pain that flitted by and made her turn aside to hide the wave of inexplicable sadness passing over her. The next moment it had to be dispersed. Up came Major Villiers.

"Now, Miss Sydney, I'm commissioned to fetch you, Miss Dacie, are you ready? Mrs. Alwyn is leaving," and, with hand-shakings and farewells, they separated—Richard Drayton muttering as they left:

"Alwyn, Alwyn! I know I've seen that name somewhere lately. Where can it be?"

A tide of adieus followed. In another hour Lady Comyngham was resting from her labors with:

"What a blessed relief that the thing is over! I do trust that we've contented every one!" And the memorable day was done.

CHAPTER IX. SHADOWS BEFOREHAND.

Done, but not by any means done with!

Curiouser than that now and then the history of a certain hour stands forth distinct, as a gleaming crystal on some common earthy track, and in it lie the germs of likings, loves, or plans that are to guide us for good or ill to ends as yet undreamed of. But Lady Comyngham's "at home" was ordained to be one of these bright particular spots, little as such was suspected by Richard Drayton, who returned to St. Clair's rectory prodigiously amused by this his first renewal of English society; by Mary Dacie, who, apart from a crowd where she had felt herself a veritable Jenny Wren; by Sydney, through an undertone of pressure ran through that constantly recurring "hopeless and helpless!" or last, not least, by Mrs. Alwyn, who left Oakleigh Place most opportunely supplied with fresh means of attachment to the family with whom she so keenly desired an alliance.

It was the morning after the fete. To her surprise Sydney found herself alone at the breakfast-table. "Miss Leonora had a headache," Phillips said; "a tray was to be sent up to her and mistress in the boudoir." So the tray was duly dispatched, and Sydney unceremoniously made her own meal by the open window, with no voices about her, save those of feathered songsters.

But, while watching the fleecy cloudlets speeding over the blue sky, she speculated on questions insoluble and the great mysteries of an ever-vanishing by and by. Minutes were fleeting, Phillips came in, saying, "Please, if Miss Sydney had finished would she go up-stairs? her mamma wanted her;" and hastily finished her cold coffee, she obeyed the summons.

It was a small southern room which Mrs. Alwyn had honored by selection for her boudoir; one of the quaintest, quite the prettiest, in the whole old-fashioned house. Part of it, with a deep bay-window, was over the porch. Another window looked over the rich swaying crops of the Suffolk acres to the billowy green of Oakleigh Woods beyond. Each way the view was charming, and all within matched everything without.

On the walls hung a few choice paintings, oval-framed, small but excellent; on the China-tiled hearth stood a great pink flowering oleander, that reached its rose-like blossoms up to the satin draperies of the mantelpiece above. There rested a dainty time-piece, with a Puck-faced Cupid swinging for a pendulum, and over the glass which shaded this smiling love-god at his labor a shepherd and shepherdess in purple. Dresden pottery offered to each other fruits and garlands. There were Sevres cups, too, and choice bits of Benares brass upon the shelf; mirrors, whose deep-cut edges gleamed and scintillated like ranged to admire their beautiful selves therein; a soft square of deepest crimson Axminster on the polished floor; a rug of restless rich-tinted ostrich feathers in the bay, just meeting one small couch, which, with three most languor-begging easy-chairs, formed the only seats the small apartment could well contain. There was no article, no ornament, which was not choice of its kind, for the entire establishment, as Mrs. Alwyn was fully aware, owed much of its prestige to this boudoir of hers, a feminine sanctum, as entirely different from the slipper-bowered dressing-rooms of well-to-do halls and manors round as it was from the still, much "antimacassar" state of the ordinary rural drawing-room.

(To be continued)

Dull red and flame-colored silk and beads are used to embroider a gown of black Canton crepe.

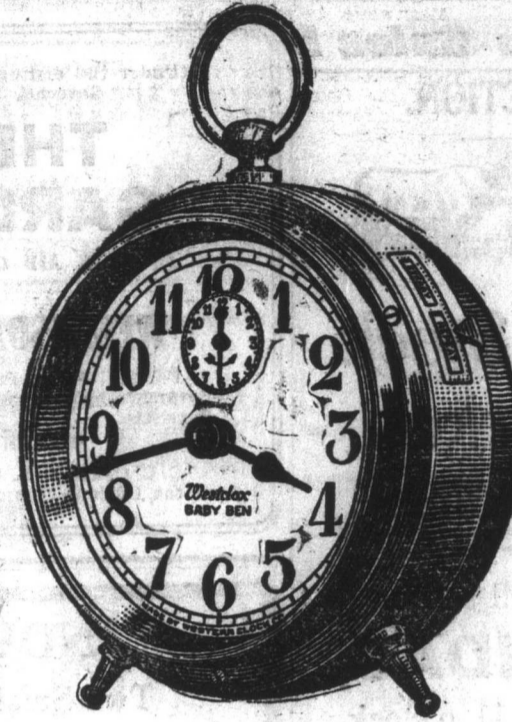
Dresses of silks and serges are featured with flat back and front, with some fullness at the sides.

The petal skirt of black chiffon is worn with a bodice heavily embroidered in blue-and-white, beads and gold thread.

A gown of seru lace and embroidery is worn over a slip of flesh satin and girdled with two-tone blue and rose satin.

Westclox

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Baby Ben — the Westclox midget

BABY Ben is just waist-high alongside 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.



When Choosing the Material for a washable Freck 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.

Durability, charm of colour, quality of texture, the freshness of newness—these are preserved to all good fabrics washed with Lux. A packet of Lux—a bowl of warm water—and dainty hands can cleanse delightful fabrics in a delightfully easy manner.

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.

LUX
FOR DAINTY FABRICS

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

THE STRAIGHT PATH.

It doesn't pay to rob the mails, though profits be enormous; at last the robbers lie in jail, the records all inform us. And if in prison they don't rot, through warrants and subpoenas, they're hunted down at last and shot like war-hogs or hyenas. The bandits flourish for a time, when favored by conditions, and stripplings read the tale of crime, and have some wild ambitions. Why hew the log or till the soil, or stick to labor cheezy, why buckle down to honest toil, when robbing

is so easy? In fiction and in movie shows the thieves appear before us, romantic figures, who are foes to all the laws that bore us. We see them there as Robin Hoods, in colors most alluring, fine heroes driven to the woods by wrongs beyond enduring. The strippling sees the lurid screen, or reads the lurid story, and sighs, "I'll get a gun, I'll wear, and harvest coin and glory." And it is well if some one's there to tell him where he's headed, that crime can only bring despair, and sorrow double ledged. In films the bandits wear glad smiles, as though by life enchanted; but they're shot down like crocodiles, and jailed and hanged and planted. Not two in ninety-nine escape the prison or the cleaver, and when they croak there is no craze on any mourner's heaver.



THE LESSON.

You will discover by and by, when you have grown as old as I. That certain men at whom you sneer, with habits strange and customs queer, and sometimes very coarse and crude, and in their conduct often rude, grow rich, while men of finer grain in humble poverty remain.

And no doubt, too, as oft have I, you'll notice this and wonder why—Why should the barren intellect, the treasures of the world collect, while pillaged minds from day to day must struggle for a meager pay? If ignorance to wealth can rise, why be a gentleman and wise?

Yet when these thoughts shall come to you, there is one thing I'd have you do—Consider this; so rich to be, would you remain as coarse as he? Count up your friends and his right then.

Would you give up the kindly man who stand by you and take his place, almost an outcast from his race?

Would you be laughed at, as is he, the richest man on earth to be? And for—mass gold, so highly prized, would you be pitied or despised? Learn from such men that here on earth Money is not the proof of worth. And poor is he whose wealth is told in nothing but a pile of gold.

Money is not the proof of worth. And poor is he whose wealth is told in nothing but a pile of gold.

Fashions and Fads.

Clusters of cording above a hem make taffeta skirts stand out. Gray lace and narrow squirrel hair have been used in combination. A wrap of summer ermine is the with brilliant flame-color crepe. Many frocks show side panels extending below the hem of the skirt. A narrow cherry red velvet panel is used on a dress of gray tulle. The scarf of black tulle is a fashionable accessory to the evening gown.

The newest tennis dress for women consists of knickers and shirt. Dresses of supple fabrics especially claim the irregular-bottom line. Dressy shirtwaists are mousseline, flax, Val, Irish, crocheted, or Venetian laces.

A smart sports costume is a shawl skirt and a blue cloth jacket.

SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE



STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS Contain No Poison

Take Notice — To overcome that tired, languid feeling occasioned by the heat of summer days

"SALADA" TEA

"ICED" is incomparable — BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS ST. JOHN'S

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