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- Colds
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- Headache
- Neuralgia
- Lumbago
- Rheumatism
- Neuritis
- 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 Hoechstwerke of Barmen, Germany. 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."

An Indispensible Favorite

OR

Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER V.

So, to make the telling of the news pleasanter to her, he takes Yolande down into the entrance hall, which is a cool, dimly-lit promenade, with a few twinkling gas lamps and tubes of myrtles and laurels along its whole length, with shady seats between. And there the man and the girl sit down side by side. A fleeting recollection occurs to him oddly enough just at this moment of the scene in "Vanity Fair," when George Osborne's stern old father tells him he shall not marry Amelia unless her fortune is satisfactory; and the shallow heart of the vain, selfish young officer is stirred into tenderness and compassion for the girl who adores him, who grows precious to him when he thinks he may have to put her and her love away from him forever.

"I want to say good-by to you here, Yolande," Captain Glynn says, softly.

Chapter VI.

"I am going to England to-morrow with my cousin, Viscount Glynn," Dallas explains to Yolande, after a pause. "The boat leaves early; so I suppose I shall not see you again for some time."

And the girl's heart sinks like a leaden weight.

"I don't suppose you will ever see me again," she responds, unsteadily, with the ghost of a little, careless laugh.

Captain Glynn is silent for a few moments, looking at her as they sit together in the moonlight which streams in through the open doorway and the windows.

They are quite alone, and it is late; and, man of the world as he is, there is some glamour even for him in this shadowy hall, with its few faint gas-lamps glimmering amid the branches swaying against the moonlit window panes. There is a glamour in the presence of the girl by his side, with her slender, nun-like grace of figure, slim and willowy in her clinging black robe, her bare, white throat above the black falling laces, her long, slender arms and hands.

Corns



Just Say **Blue-jay**

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. Stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in clear liquid and is thin plasters. The action is the same.

As your druggist

"As white as ocean-foam in the moon."

her eyes like wells of liquid darkness when they dare to meet his glance.

"That depends on you," he returns, in a low tone, with the lightest touch of his fingers on her wrist to adjust the jet bangles that have slipped down too far.

She trembles perceptibly at his touch, and he draws a little closer to her, and he asks:

"Would you like to see me again?"

He, Dallas Glynn, is a man among men to the simple, ardent soul which is adored with passionate, womanly admiration of him, a demigod in evening dress. Cousin Wilmot Sarjent and—she sees now in the glaring light of Cousin Wilmot's friends—dashing young city men, whom she has hitherto thought so fashionable and elegant vulgarly—expensively-clad plebeians, even with their superfine silk-faced dresscoats and flashing diamond rings, in the presence of this pale-faced, chestnut-haired aristocrat, with the cold, calm eyes and proud, firm mouth.

"Would you like to see me again?" he persists, and the blood tingles in her veins beneath the magnetic pressure of the fingers laid gently on her arm.

"Yes," whispers Yolande.

"Then you shall," Dallas says, and his strong, sinewy hand clasps hers.

"You won't forget this pleasant afternoon will you, Yolande?" His very pronunciation of her name is, as it were, in a different tongue from the pronunciation she has hitherto heard, her friends and relatives laying a fine, British accent on the first syllable.

"No," she answers, nearly inaudibly; and Dallas Glynn's lips draw very near to the girl's dark, glossy head.

"What!" he murmurs, his mustache almost touching her little pink ear. "Won't you tell me, Yolande?"

"No—I shall never forget it," Yolande answers, a little louder, though her voice trembles with emotion, and the broken words have a passionate emphasis that almost disconcerts him.

For to her—poor, ignorant, unworshiped—these questions and replies are thrilling and solemn as pledges of mutual feeling confessed to each other. To Dallas Glynn they are the merest bubbles of society small talk to a girl after a dance.

"Then it is not to be good-by, but an revoir?" he says, softly.

His voice is as clear as ever, and as pleasant in its modulation, Yolande thinks, with almost sorrowful admiration.

"Yes—if you like," she falters, shyly, dreadfully ashamed of her unsteady tones.

"Certainly I should like," Dallas says, warmly. "Then good-by for the present, Yolande dear."

"Good-by for the present, Captain Glynn," she responds, trying gently to draw away her hand from his close clasp.

"Is that a rebuke to me?" he asks, reproachfully. "Can't you address me more kindly than that?"

"No, no, I can't!" she answers, hurriedly, with a bashful, frightened little laugh.

And here Captain Dallas Glynn

thinks it is just as well that he should stop. He has had half a mind to make a very tender farewell of it; but something in the look of the girl's profile, the innocent, parted lips, the pure, trustful curves of the young, upturned face, checks him with a throb of compunction which is almost shame.

"Good-by, then, once more," he says, with both her hands clasped in his; and then, for the second time that day, he stoops and touches her fingers with his lips. "Here is your governess coming to look for you," he adds aloud, seeing that mademoiselle, with dainty, mincing gait, is gliding softly up to them.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," she begins, with an exaggerated air of humility, glancing affectedly upwards from beneath her long lashes at Dallas Glynn while she speaks; "but madam, your aunt, sent me to look for you. She is very tired, and has gone to her room."

"And it is quite time I went to mine," Yolande rejoins, nervously, laughing. "Thank you, mademoiselle; I am sorry you had the trouble of looking for me." Then turning to the young man, she says, "Good-night and good-by once more, Captain Glynn."

"Good-night and good-by—for the present," he responds, in soft, low tones, looking into her eyes with a half-veiled smile.

And then he stands and looks after her as she goes down the long hall, with Mademoiselle following very slowly. She has bowed deferentially to Captain Glynn, with another of her keen, quick glances, and he has returned the bow very gravely and courteously, without even looking at her.

Halfway down the bewildering corridor that leads to their rooms mademoiselle pauses with a gesture of dismay.

"I have dropped my mouchoir," she exclaims—"my one only Valenciennes mouchoir! Oh, mademoiselle, I must run back and look for it! I think I dropped it on the stairs!"

"Oh, yes! Run, mademoiselle! Shall I come and help you to search for it?" Yolande asks, sympathetically.

(To be continued.)

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Seeing Without Eyes.

A Frenchman has lately started the world with the extraordinary theory that the slightest may yet see through their skins!

The scientist is Dr. Farigoule and he points out that there is no scientific law which in itself opposes his theory that man may be made to see through his skin, even though he cannot do so with his eyes.

There is a scientific proof that two creatures which have no eyes at all can yet see. These are the ordinary earthworm and a certain beetle which only comes out at night.

Many living things without ears, or any apparatus corresponding to ears, seem to have a fine sense of hearing. It is a well known fact that our skin not only feels, but breathes, and to a certain extent does the same work as the kidneys in expelling waste matter. Dr. Farigoule states that the skin is an organ of sight, not as efficient as the eyes, but better than nothing.

It is not suggested that a man may close his eyes and suddenly see through his skin, but it is asserted that a man who cannot use his eyes may be trained to use his skin instead and by this means distinguish colors and shapes and even read figures and letters.

Scientists are learning new things about the human skin every year, so that these wonders may yet come true.

Trousered Waitresses.

"ATTRACTIVE" INNOVATION FOR LONDON LUNCHERS.

Selfridges of London have introduced trousered waitresses in the luncheon hall.

"This innovation means a quicker service," said an official recently to

a Weekly Post caller. The girls are able to move about more easily and the general effect is certainly attractive.

"Altogether there are ten of these trousered waitresses, and in less than twenty-four hours they have all got over any little feeling of self-consciousness. We have no intention of extending the idea to other departments, and girls only with boyish

figures have been selected to wear the new costume.

"The costume—based on that of the French art student—has been especially designed. It consists of a black-tasseled white cap shaped like the student's beret, white Puritan collar, white fichu, light navy-blue coat widely flounced and reaching to the knee, white peg-top trousers

with broad black stripes, hinged patent leather shoes."

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