

**OTHER TABLETS NOT
ASPIRIN AT ALL**

Only Tablets with "Bayer Cross" are Genuine Aspirin



If you don't see the "Bayer Cross" on the tablets, you are not getting Aspirin—Remember this! Genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" are now made in America by an American Company. No German interest whatever, all rights being purchased from the United States Government.

During the war, acid imitations were sold as Aspirin in pill boxes and various other containers. The "Bayer Cross" is your only way of knowing that you are getting genuine Aspirin, proved safe by millions for Headache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis, and for pain generally.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—also larger sized "Bayer" packages can be had at drug stores.

Aspirin is the trade mark (Newfoundland Registration No. 761), of Jayer Manufacture of Monosocietester of Salicylicacid.

The Bayer Co., Inc., U.S.A.

**The Romance
OF A
Marriage.**

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Go on," he says, hopelessly. "I would rather that you should say the bitterest words that could leave your lips, than not hear you."

"As I have said, I felt that you understood," she murmurs. "I am sorry—sorry—that we met. If I had known I would have written to you—"

"I should have come to you!"

"I would have spared both of us this—this sad parting."

"It is a mad, a cruelly mad parting," he says, bitterly, fiercely. "In time—in time to come you will see this. I cannot tell you now, you will not hear me, but in the future you will understand."

"In the future," she echoes, with a sad smile, "yes, perhaps; but the present is still so hard to bear. Will you go now? I—I have said that I hear you no ill-will—is not that the proper word?" and she smiles a smile more pitiful than a sob. "I—I shall always be glad to hear—from others," quickly, "that you—you are happy and prosperous. Perhaps, in that future you speak of, we shall meet—as—as—bitterly—as friends."

"Never!" he says, hoarsely.

"It will be better not," she assents.

"We will not meet, let us hope; and we will try and forget. The world will help you, and she—"

He breaks in with a passionate fierceness.

"If you have ever had one kindly thought for me," he exclaims, with clenched hands, "do not bring her in to the discussion."

"Well, I will not," she says, meekly. "Poor girl! Yes, I can pity her, for she has been unhappy, and I—I know now what unhappiness means." Then for the last time she forgets mercy, and utters the cruellest speech she has yet vented. "Until you came I—I was happy; I see now how happy!"

He bites his lips until the blood starts.

"But," she says, repenting her, "but I shall be happy again. I am not one to wear the willow. Bob—Bob," faltering, "always said trouble would roll off me like water off a duck's back. Let us hope that it may. And—now—for the last time, 'Good-bye,'" and she forces herself to hold out her hand.

He takes it in both his; his are hot and burning—hers as cold as ice—and strikes through her to her heart; his eyes seek hers, and go to them with a passionate, humble supplication; but he knows it is hopeless—far more hopeless with that expression on her face than when it was flushed with indignation.

Slowly, still looking at him, she draws her hand away, and with an inarticulate groan he turns away and slowly disappears amidst the trees.

Paula watches him until the beloved form has completely vanished, then she leans her head upon her hands upon the saddle, and lets the tears flow unchecked, it is fortunate that she can cry. Some hearts have broken under the strain of such agony as overwhelms her; but for this vent, the tortured soul would have been too hardly pressed.

With the warm sunlight steaming down on her golden head she stands, alone with grief and misery, and drains the cup even to the dregs.

It is the coil that rouses her to a sense of the present and its inevitables. He has stood patiently enough while his mistress was engaged in conversation, being too gentlemanly a horse to interrupt; but it probably occurs to him that it is near corn-time, and that solitary weeping is a superfluous waste of energy, so he begins to fidget and arch his neck, and give expression to sundry other hints that his patience is exhausted; and Paula, gently patting him, climbs slowly into the saddle, where she sits as heavily as if she had been riding a steptochase; and the coil, paying due regard to the listless rein and uncertain seat of his beloved mistress, canters home with that cunning carelessness which some horses display when their riders are incapable of guiding or controlling them. Many a faithful steed has carried a master heavy and stupid with wine to his home. So the coil carries Paula, benumbed and heavy with grief and sorrow.

Too absorbed and overwhelmed to care who sees her, she rides straight up to the door; but fortunately Alice is out, the house is all silent, and there is no one to stare at the white, haggard face with its anguished eyes and tightly drawn lips, saving the boy who takes the coil, who wonders to himself what has happened to the young mistress, and who looks hard at the coil's knees, thinking that there must have been an accident.

Paula goes up to her own room, and sitting down beside the bed, gives herself up to misery. But she sheds no more tears. Half-unconsciously, she vows that there will be no more weeping. What she has said, half-terribly, to Sir Herrick, she will try and carry out. Her happiness has gone for a time, but she will strive to regain it—will try and forget as she has forgiven.

And yet—and she means as the thought strikes her—how long and weary will time be before she can reach that point. Now, as she lies with her eyes hidden against the bed-clothes, she only feels an intense longing for death, for anything that means utter vacancy and annihilation. Now she feels as if it were a mockery to hope for any future peace—least of all happiness.

"Oh, if we were only made so that we could not love!" she murmurs. "So that we could go through the world quite hard and heartless, how little one would suffer. Love! I shall never hear the word—so, it in print—but it will make me shudder. Ah, if we had never met! And if I had not gone out that night perhaps we never should. That night! Shall I ever forget it! I must have loved him then, the very first time of seeing him; I must have done, or why should I remember every word he said—every look on his face? Why are men made so cruel and false? They must all be false if he, the noblest of them all, can be false. And to think—to think we might have been married! And I might have found it out afterwards, when it was too late! It would have killed me—killed me!"

So she lies, eating her heart, as the French poet has it, until the sun sinks and the twilight gives place to starlight. Then there comes a knock at the door, and Alice's voice, with a touch of something like alarm in it, sounds outside.

"Paula, Paula! Are you in there?"

"She lifts her head, with a numbed, bruised feeling about the temples, and moistens her lips before she can reply:

"Yes, I am here. What is it?"

"What is it?" comes the retort, but with a suggestion of anxiety. "Why, do you know the time? I didn't know you were in until the boy said the coil was at home. I thought you were at the Court or somewhere."

"Yes, I am at home," says Paula, wearily.

"Open the door," demands Alice.

"Why do you stick in there in this way? Are you ill?"

"No, I am not ill, but I am very tired. I don't think I will come down."

"Very well; but open the door. You have made me awfully frightened. I was just going to send some of the people in search of you."

Paula laughs bitterly.

"Did you think the coil had really come to grief?" she says, as she opens the door.

"I didn't know what to think. Why—starting and staring at her—"what is the matter?"

"The matter?" echoes Paula, standing with her hands at her side, her white face shining out of the wealth of tumbled golden hair. "Do I show it so plainly—is the distressed maiden so visible in me?"

And she laughs a dry, hard laugh, and sinking into a chair before the glass, looks at herself as if the face reflected were that of someone else.

"You—you look as if you were very ill!" says Alice, with anxiety and curiosity fairly balanced.

little one would suffer. Love! I shall never hear the word—so, it in print—but it will make me shudder. Ah, if we had never met! And if I had not gone out that night perhaps we never should. That night! Shall I ever forget it! I must have loved him then, the very first time of seeing him; I must have done, or why should I remember every word he said—every look on his face? Why are men made so cruel and false? They must all be false if he, the noblest of them all, can be false. And to think—to think we might have been married! And I might have found it out afterwards, when it was too late! It would have killed me—killed me!"

So she lies, eating her heart, as the French poet has it, until the sun sinks and the twilight gives place to starlight. Then there comes a knock at the door, and Alice's voice, with a touch of something like alarm in it, sounds outside.

"Paula, Paula! Are you in there?"

"She lifts her head, with a numbed, bruised feeling about the temples, and moistens her lips before she can reply:

"Yes, I am here. What is it?"

"What is it?" comes the retort, but with a suggestion of anxiety. "Why, do you know the time? I didn't know you were in until the boy said the coil was at home. I thought you were at the Court or somewhere."

"Yes, I am at home," says Paula, wearily.

"Open the door," demands Alice.

"Why do you stick in there in this way? Are you ill?"

"No, I am not ill, but I am very tired. I don't think I will come down."

"Very well; but open the door. You have made me awfully frightened. I was just going to send some of the people in search of you."

Paula laughs bitterly.

"Did you think the coil had really come to grief?" she says, as she opens the door.

"I didn't know what to think. Why—starting and staring at her—"what is the matter?"

"The matter?" echoes Paula, standing with her hands at her side, her white face shining out of the wealth of tumbled golden hair. "Do I show it so plainly—is the distressed maiden so visible in me?"

And she laughs a dry, hard laugh, and sinking into a chair before the glass, looks at herself as if the face reflected were that of someone else.

"You—you look as if you were very ill!" says Alice, with anxiety and curiosity fairly balanced.

LIFT OFF CORNS!

Doesn't hurt a bit! Some corns lift right off with fingers.



Costs few cents! Drop a little Frezzone on that touchy corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out with the fingers.

Why wait! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of Frezzone for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and caluses, without soreness or irritation. Frezzone is that much talked of discovery of the Cincinnati genius.

"Do I? I am not ill; I am not going to be ill—I never am, you know. But—I suppose I had better tell you," with a weary smile.

"I think you had," assents Alice, keeping her keen, blue eyes upon her, and not without a touch of pity; for the beautiful face is woe-begone enough to touch a heart of flint.

"Then, in a word, Sir Herrick Powis and I—" she stops short and draws a long breath—"we have parted."

"Parted!"

"Parted," says Paula, with a bitter smile, and a gesture of infinite weariness, as if the effort to talk cost her too much. "It is a simple word, easy to be understood. Parted!"

"You mean, that it is all over between you?" says Alice, not meaning to be cruel, but with a sharp, exultant look in her blue eyes.

"Yes, that is how it is always put in the novels," says Paula, unbuttoning her habit with a listless hand. "It is all over between us. Are you not going to offer your congratulations?"

And she looks over her shoulder, with a sad smile.

Alice stares at her.

"So soon!" she murmurs. "Let me do that for you." And she bends down Paula does not offer any resistance, her hands fall listlessly to her sides. "It's very soon," says Alice. "What was it all about? What has he done?"

"What was it all about?" repeats Paula, as if it required an effort to comprehend. "I don't think I can tell you. We—we parted the best of friends," and her lips quiver. "What is it they say when husband and wife part? 'Faults on both sides: incompatibility of temper,'" and she smiles. "Let that be the explanation."

"But—" says Alice, curiously.

The white face looks up at her with a piteous entreaty.

"Don't ask me any particulars, Alice," she says. "I could not go over it, I could not, indeed. Let it suffice that it is over between us. You—you ought to be very glad; you see your warning has been fulfilled."

"Then he has behaved badly?" says Alice, with a flush in her eyes.

"That is for me; it is my business," she says, coldly. "If I do not complain—and I do not—other people have no right to do so."

"It is as I thought," says Alice, with a nod. "I knew he was not to be trusted! Look at his past history! Look at his life—"

Paula puts up her hand and thrusts Alice's white hand from her dress.

"You know nothing," she says, with set lips. "You have hated him from the first. Why, I cannot guess. If—if you care for me in the slightest, do not say anything against him. If—if anything could heal the breach between us, that—the slander of other people—would." So—with a sigh and a faint smile—"as you always detested him, and prophecy that we should part, and as you doubtless wish your prophecy to come to pass, keep silence."

Alice bit her lips. Sorrow has turned Paula from a girl into a woman; never before has she spoken like this, and Alice recognises the new-born will, and bows to it.

(To be Continued.)

**Fashion
Plates.**

A SHARP COAT DRESS.



Pattern 3120 is here portrayed. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 4 1/2 yards of 44 inch material.

Gabardine in a new shade of brown was selected in this instance. The vest, belt and collar is of sand colored satin with worsted embroidery for decorations. Taffeta, velvet, serge, duvetye or broad cloth, are also suitable for this model. Width of dress at lower edge is about 1 1/2 yard.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A SIMPLE APRON MODEL.



Pattern 3122 was selected for this style. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium will require 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. One could develop this in white drill, linen or lawn, with tape binding in white or colors. It is good also for gingham, lawn, percale, chambray, saten and alpaca.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

No.

Size

Address in full:—

Name

European Agency.

Wholesale orders promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all British and Continental goods, including:

Books and Stationery, Boots, Shoes and Leather, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motor Cars and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Piece Goods, Sample Cases from \$50 upwards, Fancy Goods and Perfumery, Hardware, Machinery and Metal, Jewellery, Plate and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Grocers' Stores, etc., etc.

Commission 2 1/2 p.c. to 5 p.c. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

25 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. Cable Address: "Annuaire, Lon." (Established 1914.)

William Wilson & Sons.

"Skippers"

Don't be satisfied with sardines, now that you can have Skippers again. A tin marked "Skippers" contains only selected Norwegian Autumn-caught brisling, scientifically cured and packed in First Grade Olive Oil.

A Purity Guarantee is given with every tin. You are safe with—"Skippers."

Now obtainable at all grocers.

**Angus Watson & Co.,
England.**

nov27,301,2k

**We Thank Our
Many Customers**

For their patronage during our 25th year of manufacturing, which has enabled us to BEAT ALL PREVIOUS SALES RECORDS, and assure those that have been disappointed as regards deliveries that this was unavoidable owing to the GREAT DEMAND FOR OUR PRODUCTS. We will make every effort to deliver on time during 1920, but would advise the placing of orders early in order to have them handled promptly.

OUR MOTTO FOR 1920—"QUALITY FIRST."

NFLD. CLOTHING CO., Limited.

**Kohler & Campbell
PIANOS**

The Best Piano in the World at the Price.

Musicians' Supply Co.
Duckworth St., St. John's.

oct23,th,s,t.

**No Matter How the Fire
is Caused**

if you're not insured, you're a loser. Take time to see about your policies. We give you the best companies and reasonable rates.

**PERCIE JOHNSON,
Insurance Agent.**

**Electrically Sealed
Air-Tight**

Be Sure to Get
WRIGLEY'S

Wrapped to insure its perfect condition in all climates and seasons. Sealed tight—kept right. The perfect gum in the perfect package.

After every meal The flavour lasts

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT
WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT

MADE IN CANADA

Trade supplied by LEEHAN & COMPANY, St. John's, Nfld.