BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Ned Cornet and his fiancee, Lenore, are survivors of a shipwreck. With Bess, a seamstress, they land on an island inhabited by Doomsdorf and his Indian wife. Captain Knutzen, another survivor, is shot and killed by Doomsdorf.

Ned tries to fight the master of the island but is no match for the big man and is badly beaten. Doomsdorf lectures his prisoners and warns them that he was once imprisoned in Russia and that now he means to use his slaves as he himself was once treated.

Bess defies the brute, but Lenore seems unable to cope with the strangeness of her position. Bess resolves to be prepared in case opportunity of escape is afforded them. The squaw is always watchful. Escape seems hopeless.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)

Ned, deeply appalled and unspeakably revolted, looked to Lenore for directions. Her glorious head was on her arms, and she shook it in utter misery. "I can't go out there now!" she said. "I'll just die if I do—I'm so cold still, so weakened. I wish I had died out there in the storm."

Ned turned once more to Doomsdorf. "She's telling the truth—I think she simply can't stand to go," he urged gravely. "But though she's absolutely in your power, there are some things even a beast can't do. You just the same as gave me your word—"

"There are things a beast can't do but I'm not a beast. There's nothing I can't do that I want to do. I make no promises—just the same, for this time, I don't think you need be afraid. I don't take everything that comes along in the way of a woman. I want women of character."

CHAPTER XVII.

Ten minutes later found all three of them in the little workroom that comprised one end of the long cabin. Doomsdorf had brought them there at the point of his shotgun. "I'm going to work half an hour more," he said. "You can come down with your slaves and chop them into firewood lengths for the stove. Bring split stuff enough for three meals—the fire must not go out. If you have time, you can carry it down to the cabin."

He took the hatchet, the largest axe and the sharpest knife, with his left he extended the other edged implements, blades up, to Ned and Bess. "I suppose you know we've had no experience," Ned began.

"It doesn't matter. You'll be careful that the tree don't fall on you. They soon learn—do you know, on amateur work. The work is plain brute strength and awkwardness." He handed them each, from his pocket, a piece of dried salted meat that looked like bark. "Here's a piece of jerked venison—it can't keep life in you long. And the sooner you get your wood cut and split, the sooner you'll carry more."

He turned and left them to their task.

It began at once. Half an hour for Ned. He found the mere work of biting through the thick trunk with his axe exhausting. His breath and strained his patience to the limit. It wasn't as easy as it looked. He did not strike true; the blade made irregular white gashes in the bark his blows seemed to lack power. The great, ragged wound deepened slowly.

Finally it was cut through the trunk, and yet the tree stood seemingly as sturdy as ever. Reckless from fatigue, he chopped on more fiercely than ever. And suddenly, with the grinding noise of breaking wood, the tree started to fall.

And at that instant Ned was face to face with the exigency of leaping for his life. The tree did not fall in the direction planned. An instant before, weary and aching and out of breath, Ned would have believed himself incapable of swift and powerful motion. As that young spruce shattered down toward him, like the club of a giant aimed to strike out his life, a supernatural power seemed to snatch him to one side. Without realization of the effort, the needed muscles contracted with startling force, and he sprang like a distance jumper to safety.

But he didn't jump too soon or too far. The branches of the tree lashed at him as it descended, hurling him heavily in the snow. And thereafter there were three things to cause him thought.

One of them was the attitude of Bess—the girl to whom, in weeks past, he had shown hardly decent courtesy: the same girl whom in childish fury he had cursed the bitter, eventful night just gone. Above the roar of the falling tree he heard her quick, half-strangled gasp of horror.

The sound seemed to have the qualities that made toward a perfect afterimage, because in the silence that followed, as he lay in the soft snow, and the crash of the fallen tree echoed into nothingness, it still lingered, every tone perfect and clera, in his mind's ear. There was no denying its tone of ineffable dismay. Evidently Bess was of a forgiving disposition; in spite of his offense of the past night she had evidently no desire to see him crushed into jelly under that giant's blow.

Bess was staring wideeyed into his face; and he smiled quietly in reassurance. "Not hurt at all," he told her. Quickly he climbed to his feet. "See that you don't do the same thing that I did."

He walked with her to her fallen axe, then inspected the deep cut she had already made in her tree.

"You're doing the same thing I did, sure enough," he observed. "The tree will fall your way and crush you. Let me think."

A moment later he took his axe and put in a few more strokes in the same place. It was the danger point, he thought: a deeper cut might fell the tree prematurely. Presently he crossed to the opposite side, signaled Bess out of danger, and began to hack the tree again, making a cut somewhat above that started on the other side of the trunk. He chopped sturdily, and in a moment the tree started to fall, safely and in an opposite direction.

He uttered same small sound of triumph; but it was a real tragedy to have the tree fall against a nearby tree and lodge. Again he had failed to exercise proper foresight.

There was nothing to do but climb into the adjoining tree with his axe and laboriously cut the lodged tree away. In the meantime Bess went to work on the first tree felled, trimming its limbs so to cut it into lengths. Ned joined her at the work, but long before the first tree was cut into

He half carried, half dragged them into the cabin.

fuel both were at the edge of utter exhaustion.

Doomsdorf had seemed almost incredible to Ned at first. It was as if he couldn't possibly be true; a figment of nightmare that would vanish as soon as he awakened. But he was real enough now. Nothing was left to him but the knowledge how real he was.

He must not rest, he must not pause till the work was done. The fact that Bess had fallen, fainting, in the snow, did not affect him; he must swing his axe and hew the wood. Day was dying. Grayness was creeping in from the sea. It was like the essence of the sea itself, all gray, gray like his dreams, gray like the ashes of his hopes. He must finish the two trees before the darkness came down and kept him from seeing where to sink the blade.

The axe swung automatically in his arms; even sense of effort was gone from him. The only reality that lived in him now, in that misty twilight, was the knowledge that he must get through.

It was too dark to see, now, how much of the work remained. The night was cheating him, after all. He struck once more at the tough length that lay at his feet—a piece at which he had already struck uncounted blows. He gave all his waning strength to the effort.

The length split open but the axe slipped out of his bleeding hands, falling somewhere in the shadows beyond. He must crawl after it; he didn't know how many more lengths there were to split. It was strange that he couldn't keep his feet. And how deep and still was the night that dropped over him!

How long he groped for the axe handle in the snow he never knew. But he lay still at last. Twilight deepened about him and the wind wept like a ghost risen from the sea. The very flame of his life was burning down to embers.

Thus it came about that Doomsdorf missed the sound of his axe against the wood. Swinging a lantern, a titanic figure among the snow-laden trees, he tramped down to investigate. Bess, semi-conscious again, wakened when the lantern light danced in her eyes. But it took him some little time to oscered's dark form in the snow.

The reason was, it was lying behind a mighty pile of split fuel. The light showed that only green branches, too small to be of value, remained of the two spruce. And Doomsdorf grunted, a wondering oath, deep in his throat.

They had been faithful slaves. Putting his mighty arm around them, each in turn, he half carried, half dragged them into the warmth of the cabin.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ned was spared the misery and despair that overswept Doomsdorf's cabin the first night of his imprisonment. His master dropped him on the floor by the stove, and there he lay, seemingly without life, the whole night through.

Yet he was not always deeply insensible. Sometimes he would waken with a knowledge of wracking pain in his muscles, and sometimes cold would creep over him. Once he came to himself with the realization that some one was administering to him. Soft, gentle hands were removing his wet, outer garments, rolling him gently over in order to get at them, slipping off his wet shoes and stockings. A great tenderness swept over him, and he smiled wanly in the lantern light.

"Lenore" the man whispered feebly.

But there was no spoken answer out of the shadow at the edge of the lantern light. Perhaps there was the faint sound, like a gasp, almost as if a terrible truth that was for an instant forgotten had been recalled.

(To be continued.)

A Danish Garden at Holte

On a sloping hill at Holte, some 10 miles from Copenhagen, lies a Danish garden, separated from the road by some shrubberies. A good sized rosary is protected from the road by a hedge, a pergola and a raised bed with a rockery in front, studded with rare alpine plants collected from many quarters. Between the rosary and the orchard is a walk with a tall, trimme dhedge of Thuja, and another walk, with tall, hazel on the inner side, runs along the west side and helps to protect the orchard.

The house, which is white and covered with tarred "espalier" for the benefit of climbing roses and neatly trained fruit trees, has a large pergola platform in front of the dining room which opens out upon it. From here there is a charming view over a neighboring lake and gardens and forest. Broad steps lead down to a terrace, with more roses, and a large sloping lawn, round which runs a narrow bed in which is planted a choice collection of Chinese and Japanese peonies.

Below the lawn the ground was filled up with numerous loads of peat, and some loads of old cow manure for a rhododendron shrubbery; beyond which a strong wall, with balustrade, was built so as to form a definite boundary. The walks on either side of the lawn being somewhat steep, have steps of rough natural stone set in cement which give a delightfully picturesque effect.

In the southeastern corner a great cavity was turned into an enticing rockery, with walks and seats. Five huge fir trees were brought from a long distance, and although people laughed at the attempt to transplant such big trees, they nevertheless grew splendidly. Among other things a big sod with that sweet scented little herb, Linnaea borealis, was procured from Sweden, but although it was planted under pine trees, the three years, the only thing planted that did not flourish. A number of famous nurseries and a large botanical garden in Copenhagen supplied a variety of rare and carefully chosen flowering plants, one of the most charming collections being a large variety of Auriculas in the most beautiful shades. To the east of the house is a lawn for drying and bleaching linen, surrounded by a lavender hedge. In this part is also a bower of trimmed lime—no Danish garden is complete without it.

There are no standard roses, partly because the owners do not care for them, and partly because they withstand the severe Danish winter with difficulty. But there is a wealth of lovely roses, prolific climbers up the house and the pergolas, among which is that beautiful gardenia-like Fraulein Octavia Hesse, the lustiest of growers, and with a lovely bright dark green foliage.

Mothers

Most of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds. Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, but only one mother in all the wide world.—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Surprises

There is no period of life at which we ought to say that there are no more glad surprises for us in the future. Life is hard enough, but not so hard as some would make it, and its rewards come to those who have worked for them more often than many would have us believe.—W. Robertson Nicoll.

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Geologists Hunt Hidden Wealth For Soviet State

Moscow Sends 639 Parties to Explore Domain in Their Survey of Resources

Moscow.—Thousands of scientists and their helpers are this summer exploring all sections of the Soviet Union looking for evidences of hidden sources of naional wealth below ground. Six hundred and hiry-nine geological expeditions have been sent out.

Oil and coal are the chief magnets for this activity. Sixty parties are lookin gfor oil in the Urals, the Caucasus, the Kazakstan district and on the Island of Sakhalin, off the coast of Siberia, and forty-seven parties are seeking new coal beds. Preliminary surveys in many instances have shown that coal and oil exist in some of these places, the question of the survey being only as to whether its production is commercially feasible.

ISLAND DISPUTED TERRITORY.

The Island of Sakhalin is believed to be one of those. Several years ago oi agents of Harry Sinclair, American oil man, obtained an exploratory concession from Russia to look for petroleum there. But the island's possession was in dispute between Japan and the Soviet Union, and when the American geologists arrived there they were royally entertained by the Japanese military, but somehow could not get started into the interior. Finally they went back to the United States and representations were made at Washington.

The American government, however, was powerless, since the concession had been granted by Russia, with which it had no diplomatic relations and was not recognized by Japan, with which the United States was on the friendliest terms. So that concession lapsed, ow the northern half of the island is definitely Russia's.

PRECIOUS METALS SOUGHT.

Asbestos, mica, emeralds, graphite, sulphur and porcelain clays are the objects of twenty-nine expeditions. These parties will prospect in Karelina, in central Russia; the Caucasus, the Urals, the Ferghana mountains, near the Afghan border; Russian Turkestan, and the Trans-Balkan region. Ten other parties have gone to the Irtysh River and Akmolinsk districts of Siberia and to the Azov Sea littoral in search of salt and phosphor.

Precious metals also will be the objects of numerous parties. Thirty groups are to look for gold and three for platinum in the Urals, Siberia and the Far East.

"Holding Up" the Motorist

There are certain qualities that run in families, and the devising of clever ideas for getting money for hospitals seems to be one of them. For the Hon. A. H. Holland-Hibbert has just suggested a "Hold-up Day," on which motorists would be asked to contribute to the expense of accident cases in hospital. And Mr. Holland-Hibbert is the brother of Lord Knutsford, chairman of the London Hospital, who has raised more money for the work of our hospital than any other man.

If the "Hold-up Day" idea is adopted, it will probably do something to solve the difficulties of which many country hospitals have been complaining during recent years. They have to take in accident cases as a result of motor smashes, and in many instances they receive no payment.

This causes financial trouble—and it also may mean that cases of local people—perhaps subscribers to the hospital—who live in the district have to be turned away.

A generous response to a special appeal to motorists might help to solve this difficulty by enabling badly needed extensions to be put in hand.

The Happier Thing

For eight hot hours I face a grimy wall
And type "Dear Sirs, We cannot yet agree. . . "
For eight dull hours with rough discordant sound
I type "Dear Sirs, We are Yours faithfully."
But when, long after noon,
The interfering sun
Pokes a thin finger through the window pane
And runs it swiftly over the stiff keys,
Why then I see a narrow high-banked lane
That leads me to a cliff where I can lie
Between green springing corn and the grey sea,
Where I can hear the merry lisping waves
Teasing the lark in careless rivalry,
And there, pressed close to earth,
It seems more beautiful
To be a singing lark or blade of corn,
A happier thing it seems to be a tree
Than just a woman sitting by a wall
Typing all day "Dear Sirs, Yours faithfully."

—Florence Lacey in the London Observer.

Wisdom

Young men are as apt to think themselves wise enough, as drunken men are to think themselves sober enough. They look upon Spirit to be a much better thing than Experience, which they call Coldness. They are but half mistaken; for though spirit without Experience is dangerous, Experience without Spirit is languid and ineffective.—Chesterfield.

Living Beautifully

That man began to live beautifully who said to himself, "Every-time an ugly thought comes into my mind, I shall put a beautiful thought in its place."

Climbers

You will never lead souls heavenward unless climbing yourself. You need not be very far up-but you must be climbing.—Bishop Walsham How.

Tasty Recipes

MIXED PICKLES

Ingredients.—An equal weight of small mild onions, sour apples and cucumbers, vinegar to cover. To each pint of vinegar add 2 tablespoonfuls of salt, ½ a teaspoonful of pepper, a good pinch of cayenne. Method.—Peel and slice the onions, apples and cucumbers thinly, put them into wide-necked bottles, add the seasoning and sherry, cover with vinegar, and cork closely. This pickle may be used the following day, and should not be kept for any length of time.

Rhubarb Jam.

Ingredients.—To each lb. of rhubarb, allow 1 lb. of preserving sugar ½ a teaspoonful of ground ginger, and the finely-grated rind of ½ alemon. Method.—Remove the outer stringy part of the rhubarb, cut it into short lengths, and weigh it. Put it into a preserving-pan with sugar, ginger, and lemon-rind in the above proportions, place the pan by the side of the fire, and let the contents come very slowly to boiling point, stirring occasionally meanwhile. Boil until the jam sets quickly when tested on a cold plate. Pour it into pots, cover closely, and store in a cool place. Time—From 1 to 1½ hours.

RHUBARB JAM

Ingredients.—¼ pint of double cream, ¾ oz. of castor sugar, or to taste, 1 teaspoonful of sherry, 1 teaspoonful of brandy (the wine and brandy may be omitted), the juice and finely-grated rind of ½ a small lemon. Method.—Put the sherry, brandy, sugar, lemon-juice and rind into a basin, and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Add the cream, and whip slowly at first and afterwards more quickly until firm. Serve as required. Raisin or other sweet wine may replace the sherry and brandy, or an equal quantity of raspberry or strawberry syrup. Time.—About 15 minutes. Sufficient for 3 or 4 persons.

PINEAPPLE SOUFFLE

Ingredients.—Preserved pineapple, 4 oz. of best flour, 4 oz. of castor sugar, 4 oz. of butter, ½ pint of milk, 3 eggs, 2 inches of vanilla pod, angelica. Method.—Bring the milk and vanilla pod to boiling point, then draw the stewpan aside for about ½ an hour for the contents to infuse. Meanwhile heat the butter in another stewpan, stir in the flour, cook over the fire for a few minutes, then add the strained milk, and stir and boil well. Let it cool slightly, then beat in the yolks of eggs, add the sugar, 2 good tablespoonfuls of pineapple cut into small dice, and very lightly stir in the stiffy-whisked whites of eggs. Have ready a well-greased soufflemould with the bottom decorated with strips or circles of angelica and pineapple, pour in the mixture, cover with a greased paper, and steam very gently from 45 to 60 minutes. Unmould, and serve with pineapple or other sweet sauce. Time.—From 1 to 1½ hours. Sufficient for 5 or 6 persons.

TO CURE HAM

Ingredients.—For 2 hams, weighing each about 16 or 18 lb., allow 1 lb. of moist sugar, 1 lb. of common salt, 2 oz. of saltpetre, 1 quart of good vinegar. Method.—As soon as the pig is cold enough to be cut up, take the 2 hams, rub them well with common salt, and leave them in a large pan for 3 days. When the salt has drawn out all the blood, drain the hams and throw the brine away. Mix sugar, salt, and saltpetre together in the above proportion, rub the hams well with these, and put them into a vessel large enough to hold them, always keeping the salt over them. Let them remain for 3 days, then pour over them 1 quart of good vinegar. Turn them in the brine every day for a month, then drain them well, and rub them with bran. Have them smoked over a wood fire, and be particular that the hams are hung as high as possible from the fire; otherwise the fat will melt and they will become dry and hard. Time.—To be pickled, 1 month; to be smoked, 1 month. Sufficient for 2 hams of 18 lb. each.

MUTTON COLLOPS

Ingredients.—6 or 8 slices of cooked mutton, 2 shallots or 1 small onion finely chopped, ½ a teaspoonful of powdered mixed herbs, ½ a saltspoonful of flour, fat for frying, ½ pint of gravy or stock, lemon-juice or vinegar, salt, pepper. Method.—Cut the meat into round slices about 2½ inches in diameter. Mix together the shallot, herbs, mace, and a little pepper and salt, and spread this mixture on one side of the meat. Let it remain for about one hour, then fry quickly in hot fat, taking care to cook the side covered with the mixture first. Remove and keep hot, sprinkle the flour on the bottom of the pan, which should contain no more fat than the flour will absorb, let it brown, then add the gravy or stock. Season to taste, boil gently for about 15 minutes, add a little lemon-juice or vinegar to flavour, and pour the sauce round the meat. Time.—About ½ hours. Sufficient 1 lb. for 3 or 4 persons.

Sea Nocturne

Lights on the sea-line go,
Vibrating to and fro,
Errant, mysterious, low,
Seen bright, seen twinkled;
But that one steadfast spark
That cleaves the drooping dark,
For what all fortunate barque
Is it enkindled?

With far flung beam it stands,
On rough and perilous lands,
Warning with upraised hands
The gray shipmasters;
Why did no beacon free
Flare out on life's rough sea,
To warn and presage me
Of Love's disasters?

—James Grant in the London Spectator.

Two Wings

Death and Love are two wings which bear men from earth to Heaven. —Michael Angelo.

Even if the tennis girl gets mosquito bites on her legs, she will simply grin and bare them!

Do not be tempted by the price of cheap teas. Only fine teas will give continued enjoyment

"SALADA" TEA

465

'Fresh from the gardens'

A Flowering Climber

Yakima, Wash.—To give that cool shade and delightful fragrance so desirable in summer about home, the climbing honeysuckle with its general adaptability and hardiness may be strongly recommended. Coming into bloom in late spring, it will continue through the summer months, giving a wealth of bloom and foliage on the trellises which must be provided as it possesses no other means of grasping a support than twining. Several species are in cultivation and they differ somewhat.

Halls' honeysuckle, Lonicera Japanica Halleana, is the one most frequently planted and perhaps the most desirable. This climber remains green far into the winter and in mild climates may be in fair shape in spring. Its general foliage effect is light green.

Like other climbing honeysuckles, it confines itself to the trellis provided, except perhaps at the base. There vines are inclined to run along the ground and take root, hence such shoots must be pruned away occasionally. If a shrub is close by, shoots will reach out and clamber over it. This climber is charmingly placed at corners of squatty houses, and, if trained to a pillar form, serves the useful purpose of making the house appear higher. Its trait of clothing itself with foliage all the way to the ground commends it for such use. Also, planted two feet apart, it makes acceptable screens for perches where shade or privacy is wanted.

The flowers have the peculiar habit of coming out white and soon turning yellow. They are in pairs in the axils of the leaves, and as the leaves are opposite this brings four flowers together. The flowers are two-lipped, the lower lip being narrow, while the upper is four-toothed. The berries are black.

Somewhat similar to Hall's honeysuckle is Lonicera Periclymenum, known as woodbine. The general foliage effect of this is darker green. The flowers are of the same shape, but instead of being in the axils of the leaves are in terminal clusters at the ends of the branches. They are white inside and carmine or purplish outside and soon turn yellow. This climber drops its leaves without delay in the fall, thus bringing small red berries early into view.

The trumpet honeysuckle, Lonicera sempervirens, is a neat climber with glaucous foliage and orange-scarlet flowers which are borne in terminal spikes made of several six-flowered whorls. The upper leaves show the peculiar trait of uniting about the stem.

The One-Piece Suit For Men!

By the last analysis it is the one piece suit that the men want. They are beginning to be a bit jealous of the women. A generation or two ago, when women fought against dress reform for the traditions of several centuries, when women's skirts were carpet sweepers and side walk cleaners, men had the most of the comforts of dress and women the discomforts. Apparently conditions have reversed themselves.

Nowadays women look over the bargain counters, pick out a piece of light cloth with four holes in it, hand the clerk $1.98 and take home a comfortable summer dress. And it looks well, too. What does the man do? He pokes around a lot of woolen goods and finally decides on one of those four-piece affairs that ought to last a couple of winters and two or three summers. He dons the knickerbockers and a nice, warm pair of heavy woolen stockings, guaranteed to start the perspiration at any temperature, slips his feet into a pair of brogans, put on a coat and perhaps a vest, tops the ensemble with a cap that resembles the top-overs his grandmother used to make, and starts off for a round of golf. It is a wonder he does not put on mittens.

The men are just beginning to realize that such an outfit, not necessarily the acme of comfort, and it is the reform in women's dress that has awakened them. They my not be crying loud for radical changes, but no doubt they are ready for gradual developments toward greater simplicity. They are thinking of how nice and comfortable it would be if they too could indoor themselves in a lightweight, one-piece suit, in color and design not to depart too radically from tradition, and cast into the nearest junk pile such accessories and paraphernalia as belts, suspenders, waistcoats, collars and cuffs.

Usefulness

The duty which no one can disclaim, the test which no one may evade, and the prize which no one will despise are all inclined in the homely word of usefulness.—Bishop Thorold.

Comfort

Have we not too often forgotten the real meaning of the verb, "to comfort?" It is "comforto"—to strengthen much. He who increases the power to bear does even more than he who decreases the burden.

COMBINATION ENSEMBLE

You can [illegible] a better choice for [illegible] of 6, 8, 10, 12 and [illegible] able of plaited [illegible] que. It is just the [illegible] for [illegible] country, beach, pack [illegible] 577. Lady [illegible] The skirt [illegible] of red or [illegible] with the red [illegible] at the skirt [illegible] The hat [illegible] side of the cap [illegible] in rayon satin [illegible] with [illegible] and [illegible] Pattern [illegible] 12 years. Size [illegible] 20c in coin [illegible] offered; wrap [illegible] each number, and [illegible] to Wilson Pattern [illegible] St., Toronto. [illegible] carefully made.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write [illegible] and address plainly, [illegible] size of such [illegible] Enclose 20c in coin [illegible] offered; wrap [illegible] each number, and [illegible] to Wilson Pattern [illegible] St., Toronto. [illegible] carefully made.

"Jack [illegible] me last night." "Bet [illegible] painter's [illegible]. You do not [illegible] it."

Failure

Failure [illegible] postponed success [illegible] coaches ambition. [illegible] batter down the [illegible] pounding away [illegible] changes the shore [illegible] persistence is the [illegible]—Herbert Kaufman.

NEVER [illegible] to see is a headache [illegible] off." Why suffer when there's always Aspirin? The millions of men and women who use it in increasing quantities every year prove that it does relieve such pain. The medical profession pronounces it without effect on the heart, so use it as often as it can spare you any pain. Every druggist always has genuine Aspirin tablets for the prompt relief of a headache, colds, neuralgia, lumbago, etc. Familiarize yourself with the proven directions in every package.

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