# The Gringo Privateer

By PETER B. KYNE

SYNOPSIS.

Kenneth Burney is given the job of general manager of Bradley Bardin's ranch providing he gets rid of Bruce Martin and Miguel Gallegos, who have been stealing Bardin's cattle. Burney has outwitted Bruce twice efore and Bruce has sworn to kill him. Muriel Bardin has become interested in Burney. Burney and his bodyguard go into town and in an encounter with Bruce he calmly accepts an insult, much to the disgust of his men. Later he crosses the boundary into Mexico and calls on Senor Ire Haro, a Mexican official, who agrees to allow Burney and an armed party into Mexico provided they wipe out Miguel Gallegos and his crowd.

CHAPTER XVII—(Cont'd).

"Thank you. Now, I am going to ask the same favor for Senor Martin Bruce and an armed party I have reason to suspect he will lead across the international boundary. It would be to our mutual interest if he should remain undisturbed on his journey."

"But why permission for Bruce? He is a bad egg, that old man."

"He will come to El Cajon Bonita to fight me."

"And you desire this fight?"

"I do not desire it, but it is necessary, senor. If we fight on the soil of our own country there will be disagreeable results for those that survive, whereas, if we fight on foreign soil the survivors may return to their own country, which will ask no questions. And once we are out of Mexico your government will of course have no interest in making an investigation."

"True. Well, Senor Burney, I think the matter can be arranged. I will close my eyes to much, provided we get rid of his fellow, Gallegos. And to get rid of him it is necessary, I suppose, to fight on Mexican soil. And it will be a private war?"

Burney nodded. "I have a plan for getting rid of Martin Bruce on American soil, provided he escapes the fight I am preparing for him in El Cajon Bonita."

"Provided he comes to the fight, senor?"

"He will come. I have laid my plans for that. While I live he is in danger. I am a menace to his enterprise, and mas, he disposed of. And he will prefer to dispose of me in Mexico, since, in the United States, he will be immune from punishment for the crime committed in Mexico. In the United States he is not so certain that I may not succeed in disposing of him. He is worried."

"But can you prove that this Senor Bruce brands the cattle of Senor Bardin?"

"I expect to prove it, Senor De Haro, within one week, and when the evidence is adduced it would please me to have Your Excellency and a number of connected Mexican witnesses present. There is still law and justice in Mexico and cattle thieves are as amenable to the law here as they are elsewhere."

Senor De Haro bowed. "I shall be happy to be present, senor."

"I will send you word in ample time. Meanwhile, may I hope that you will proceed immediately to confer with His Egcellency, your governor? I should like to have his reaction to my plan before committing myself to it. I will return one month from today."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Back at the Hotel International half an hour later Ken Burney and his bodyguard dined in the hotel grill, while across the room old Martin Bruce Miguel Gallegos and the other man ate and eyed them coldly from time to time. After dinner Burney went to the hotel desk and asked for a telegraph blank. As he leaned across the counter writing on it, Martin Bruce came up alongside of him and stamped on the small toe of his left foot. Without a word Burney moved over to give him more room.

"Lemme have the key to my room," Bruce ordered the clerk, and drove his elbow into Burney's ribs.

"Oh, good evening, Mr. Bruce," the latter saluted him politely.

"Sending a telegram for more help?" the old wolf queried harshly. "I would, if I was you. You'll need it."

"What a seer you are, Mr. Bruce. Are you, by any chance, the seventh son of a seventh son and born with a caul? You must be, for you have made a most astonishingly correct guess. Read that," and he handed Martin Bruce the telegram. It read:

Golden West Arms Company
Los Angeles, California.

Please express collect immediately two light Lewis machine guns and thirty Springfield rifles United States Army Model. Also one hundred thousand rounds ball cartridge. Bill to El Ranchito Division

Bardin Land and Cattle Co.,
Kenneth Burney,
General Manager.

The old scoundrel was interested. "What you aim to do, sonny boy? Start a revolution across the line?"

"I intend to make El Cajon Bonita a mighty good place for you and your men to keep away from; I intend to make the Bardin lands there safe for the Bardin cattle."

"Why, our Willie's on the peck, ain't he?" Martin Bruce murmured sneeringly. He handed back the telegram which Burney gave to the clerk to file. "Well, thanks for the tip, son. I reckon I can pick up a couple of experienced machine gunners myself, an' if you can buy Springfield army rifles I reckon I can, too. Pleased to meet you some bright day over in El Cajon Bonita. Good night!" With the word he again dug viciously at the younger man's ribs with his right elbow. Instantly Burney's left arm slid under Bruce's crooked forearm; his fingers grasped the left lapel of Bruce's coat in a firm grip, while his right hand closed over Martin Bruce's right wrist. The hand descended downward, bending [illegible] across the iron muscles of the [illegible] left arm, which acted as a fulcrum.

"Just try reaching for a gun with your left arm, old settler," he warned, "and I'll break your right arm. Then I'll take your guns away from you and this time I'll keep them. . . Poor old Martin Bruce!"

He pursed his lips as if to spit in the snarling face, but refrained, while Miguel Gallegos and the other man stood helplessly by, for Burney had adroitly twisted his victim until Bruces body presented a shield in the event the latters' friends should open fire. "Close in," Burney ordered his henchmen. "If they start anything, you finish it."

He half squatted and presented his left knee as a seat for Martin Bruce; a violent downward pressure on the latter's arm caused Bruce to squat in pain on that left knee, whereupon Burney suddenly withdrew it and with a violent shove hurled Martin Bruce over backward. He struck the floor with a rib-cracking jolt; before he could scramble to his feet Burney had possessed himself of the small gun worn inside the trousers band on the right side. "Quiet," he warned, and helped himself to a forty-five worn under Bruce's left coat lapel.

"That's the third time I've disarmed you and the second time I've manhandled you within ten days, Mr. Bruce," he explained, as the latter got to his feet. "Each time you have been the aggressor. I tell you you're too old to be picking on the young fellows."

Martin Bruce stood staring at him, ashen of face, the glint of murder in his cold blue eyes. Suddenly his lower lip commenced to tremble; then two big tears started across his sun-bitten face and he turned and walked out of the hotel.

"My friend," said Miguel Gallegos softly, "when men like Martin Bruce weep a man always dies. Only death can avenge that insult—and you have signed your own death warrant. I am truly sorry for you, my friend. Because you are very young, you have been very foolish."

Burney bowed to the speaker. "And wouldn't it be a bright idea Senor Miguel Gallegos," he purred, "if you hopped across the Line to territory upon which you have a citizen's right to air your unimportant opinions regarding the antics of two foreigners? I think I'd go if I were you. Really I would. The atmosphere is a bit surcharged here. As you pass out will you kindly return these guns to your friends? I can only use two at a time myself."

"With pleasure, senor." Miguel Gallegos pocketed both guns, and, bowing again, smiled, showing a set of teeth that would have won him first prize as a dentifrice advertisement. "We shall, perhaps, meet again, Senor Burney?"

"Some day, over in El Cajon Bonita. I understand that's your stamping ground, Senor Gallagos. We'll be branding down there presently and if you should happen to be traveling past our chuck-wagon, drop in and have a bite with us."

"You are very kind, senor. I will make it a point to come by your chuck-wagon. I may have a few friends with me."

"Bring them, too. The more the merrier."

*"Buenas noches, senor."*

*"Buenas noches."*

Burney turned to his bodyguard. "Well, I've cleaned up all of the business that brought us to Huachita, boys. We'll leave our saddle horses in the livery stable and pick them up next week when we pass through this way enroute to El Cajon Bonita. Meanwhile, this town isn't the pleasantest place in the world for us, so we'll just hire an automobile and drive back to the ranch. And we'll stick the king for the bill."

King Bardin and the princess were lounging on the veranda about nine oclock that night when Ken Burney and his bodyguard drove up in the hired car.

"All intact?" the king demanded eagerly.

"Right-o, Your Royal Highness."

"Come up here and tell me about it, Mr. Burney."

"Do, please," the princess pleaded. To her father she said: "Something must have happened. He went to town on horseback but returns in a rented car."

Ken Burney came up on the veranda. The king motioned him to a chair. "Lovely evening," the general manager murmured, "but almost too warm for comfort."

"Never mind the weather," His Majesty warned with a slight show of impatience. "Report!"

So Ken Burney reported in meticulous detail and, in conclusion, added: "I had a feeling that if I went into the stall in the livery stable to get my horse, some inconsiderate wretch might rise up out of the manger and shoot me with a forty-five-calibre pistol. So I hired a car and came home in order to avoid the occasion of sin."

(To be continued.)

### SINKAGE OF LOGS

It has been estimated that about two and one-half million dollars a year are lost in Eastern Canada on account of the sinkage of logs while being floated from the woods to the mill. This problem is being studied by the Forest Products Laboratories of Canada, Department of the Interior.

An old farmer was complaining bitterly to the minister of the terrible bad weather for the crops, when the latter reminded him that he had much to be grateful for, all the same. "And remember," said the good man, "Providence cares for all. Even the birds of the air are fed each day." "Aye," replied the farmer, darkly, "Off my corn."

## Big Trade Increase With British Indies

### Canada Does 400 Per Cent. More Business Than in 1912

Quebec.—Canada's trade to the British West Indies has increased 400 per cent. since 1912, in which year the first trade treaty involving the British West Indies generally and Canada was signed, declared F. W. Fraser, Canadian trade commissioner to the British West Indies, in a recent interview.

Mr. Fraser has visited Canada in the interests of even further increase in trade.

As an instance of the reciprocal increase in shipments of tropical fruits to Canada, Mr. Fraser cited the case of Jamaica, which shipped a million stems of bananas direct to Canada last year, compared with none at all previous to 1925 and the trade treaty of that year.

### The Road

Along the autumn road,
As the robins go to sleep,
The brown-backed
Wide-eyed
Partridges creep.
Up into the trees,
As a dog lopes by,
The road-haunting
Thunder-winged
Partridge flies.
When winter night comes
Where the white drifts fall
The snowshoe-footed
Furry-legged
Partridges burrow.
On the fallen logs,
When the spring-time's come,
The green-ruffed
Partridges drum.

—Kemper Hammond Broadus.

### On the Wing

The very rich man gave his wayward son a thousand pounds and packed him off to South America, telling him not to come back again until he had made good.

Some months later the rich man received a cablegram from his son. It read: "Have bought ranch and fifty head of cattle. A feather in my cap."

The rich man sent a cablegram congratulating the boy.

Two months passed and he received another message from his son: "Have bought fifty acres of land and two hundred head of cattle. Another feather in my cap."

Again the rich man cabled a message of congratulation.

Another cable quickly followed from South America. It read: "Ranch destroyed by forest fire. Cattle lost. Please wire passage money home."

Father cabled back: "Cannot send passage money. Suggest take feathers from cap, stick in self, and fly home."

### Nett Gains

For years Jock had been courting his girl. One evening, as they sat on the couch in front of the fire, Jock was silent for a whole hour.

"Penny for your thoughts, Jock," said the girl

"Well," replied the Scotsman, becoming suddenly bold, "I was just thinking, Maggie, how fine it would be if you gave me a wee bit kissie."

"Of course, Jock," said the girl.

After she had complied, there was another long silence.

"And what are you thinking about now, Jock?" she asked coyly, after a while. "Another kiss?"

"Na, na, lassie," said Jock. "I was just thinking that it was about time you were paying me that penny for me thoughts."

### A Sure Way

The two suburbanites were walking in the park, and the conversations turned to their respective children.

"I've spent hundreds of dollars of my savings sending my boy to a good school, and the young scrondrel does not even trouble to write to me," said Robinson.

"That's funny, replied Boots. "I always manage to get my son to write."

"Oh," said Robinson. "How do you do it?"

"Easy," replied Boots. "I send him a letter saying I am enclosing $25, and forget to enclose the cheque."

"I always have a feeling that George will disappear late in the autumn and we won't see him again until spring."

"What a peculiar notion. Why?"

"He's such a bear."

### YUKON WATER-POWER

The water-powers of the Yukon Territory, Canada, are inseparably linked with the mining development, since mining provides the only considerable market for power, and water-power the only feasible source of energy for large-scale mining enterprises. These water-powers are administered by the Dominion Water Power and Reclamation Service, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, working in co-operation with the Gold Commissioner at Dawson.

### CANADA'S MAJOR POWER SYSTEM

Canada has eighteen "large" hydro-electric power systems, such systems being defined as those with an annual output of 100,000,000 kilowatt-hours or more.

## What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

*Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern*

A black canton crepe endorses the wrapped flared tunic skirt. It's so smart for Autumn wear.

The curved seaming and button trim of the hip yoke are decidedly slimming details.

The supple bodice shows slight all-around bleusing. Pin tucks narrow the shoulders.

The dainty flared lace cuffs of the long sleeves make the arms appear very slender.

Style No. 2561 is youthfully smart and wearable.

It is designed in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust.

The 36-inch size requires 3¼ yards of 39inch material with ¼ yard of 39-inch contrasting.

Crepy woolen, crepe satin and flat crepe are suitable for this model.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

### The Dark Pines

This libered beauty, this cool bark,
This harmony of height and girth,
These wafted plumes at heaven's are,
Are things of earth, yet not of earth.

There bides a Breath upon by brow
And in my soul a certain sign,
Else would I kneel, a Druid, now,
Idolatrous of this dark pine.

I swear this is no mortal tree.
No perishable root would dare
Stand robed in such sublimity,
Exhaling a celestial air.

Who drew my dreaming to this hill?
Who set this snare? A falling cone
Alone responds. Some hidden Will
Is overshadowing my own.

My feet are lost; I am waylaid.
There is a Witness watching me.
Beauty from her bright balconade
Leans like a living deity.

O Being, so superbly seen,
Betray me not upon the steep.
O God of this dark evergreen,
Beware! I have my soul to keep.

—Clifford J. Laube.

### A Handy Xmas Gift

A nice Christmas gift for a man is a soft-collar case.

You can make it from any material you like, but a black, or maroon red, navy blue or brown faille silk case, lined with scarlet, silver or beige, makes a good color combination.

Your finished case can be either long enough to lay the collars out straight in it or it can be long enough to fold them through the back and have ample space for them that way. The majority of cases fold the collar, but if a man is fussy, and would be bothered with that crease through the centre of the back, make him a long one.

For the full-sized case, have it finished to measure 17 or 18 inches long, not counting the flaps that fold over and fasten. Cut both the outside and the inside of the case twice that long and from 12 to 16 inches wide. Fit a piece of cardboard in through the centre and stitch the case all around the cardboard to hold it in place. Then cut out the corners, so that the flaps fold down over the collars, and stitch the outside edges all around.

To fasten you can put on a fancy button and loop or you can use the serviceable snapper.

### "I'm Humming!"

The dining-room bell rang fiercely. The landlady dashed upstairs.

"What is it?" she asked her only boarder.

"I want to speak to you about this egg," said the boarder.

"Well," she said, "what have you to say?"

"Listen to the egg first, madam," was his reply. "And then tell me if you think there is anything useful I can add."

## American Admires English Courts

### Lawyer Practising in London Says Trial of a Case is Decorous and Pleasant

### Tells of Quaint Customs

The English barrister appears to be in a class by himself. He cannot sue a client who refuses to pay him for his services and the amount of honorarium for handling cases is arranged for him by his clerk.

These and other interesting details of legal practice in England are given by an American lawyer practicing in London, P. S. Dyer Smith, who writes about it in The Landmark, organ of the English-Speaking Union.

Mr. Smith confines his description of the famous Temple to the observation that it is a legal community, a place of mellow, old, sunflecked courts, dim passages and gardens hidden away behind the buildings on one side of Fleet Street. The Temple contains the "chambers" of barristers and their halls, libraries and law schools.

"I used to practice law on the 26th floor of the Woolworth Building in New York," continues Mr. Smith. "Everything was very efficient, convenient and bustling. Now I have chambers in the Temple on the ground floor of a sombre, blackish brick building several hundred years old. My room is large and peaceful, with a cheerful coal fire. The birds are twittering outside. It is dignified, if dingy.

"The Temple is much the same as when Thackeray described Pendennis as living there are complaining about the lack of washing facilities then. I, to wash, go down the steep stone steps into the basement, clinging to a rope at one side, for the stairs are very dark. Turning into the basement, a little light is given by tiny gray windows opening just above the flags outside.

LAW'S MAJESTY UPHELD BY WIGS.

"I leased my chambers from the wig and gown maker, who includes chamber-renting among a number of side lines. In his main business he is, of course, a necessary adjunct of the British law, because British barristers, as well as 'me lud' the judge, and the clerk of the court, all wear gowns and wigs. The judge's wig is distinguished from the barrister's by a different arrangement of curls. Thus are the majesty and the decorum of the law upheld.

"The wigmaker offered me the choice of space in King's Bench Walk, overlooking Temple Garden, Pump Court, Fig Tree Court, etc. Pump Court has no pump, but is a pleasant paved quadrangle with trees in the centre, and an old sundial. It is near the round Norman church built by the Knights Templars in 1185. Fig Tree Court has no fig tree, but it is recorded that one flourished there in the year 1515.

"Entering the quarters which I finally selected, we first pass through a ponderous outer doorway, within which are painted the names of the occupiers. Through the entry we come, in semi-darkness, to the massive oak outer door of our chambers. This, upon knocking, will be opened by the clerk.

"A barrister's clerk is a distinctly British institution, unlike anything in an American law office. He stands as a buffer between the barrister and solicitors and others, books all appointments and attends to all money matters.

"In our case the clerk is a rosy-cheeked, eager young person with temperamental hair, bright eyes and a honeyed tongue. He, and also most of the barristers in this suite, are proofs that English people are not standardized products, as it is said Americans are coming to be, but are strikingly individual.

SOME BARRISTERS NEVER PRACTICE.

"The barristers should now be presented. I counted ten names on the outer door, to my surprise, for it seemed impossible for so many people to have table space in these few rooms, and actually several of them do not. The barristers' calling is still a gentleman's occupation in England, and men with independent incomes study law and become barristers without ever practicing. They arrange merely to have their names painted on doors.

"I met a number of these men my first few days in chambers. Watson is a scholarly looking elderly gentleman with a white beard. He is also an amateur tinker, at which occupation he is more active now, evidently, than the law. For some time he came in each day with a new idea for keeping my fire from smoking. He wedged firebricks in the side of the fireplace, and later whittled a long stick, which he forced into a crack in the front sheathing. But the fire still smoked until the clerk consulted the wigmaker, who sent for a chimney sweep.

"I also met Garvin, a portly gentleman, who comes in regularly to an inner room, reads letters, telephones his broker, and then goes for the day. He shares his room with Whitely, who chiefly acts as counsel in 'Poor Persons' Cases' under the new divorce law. This work, however, costs him more in out-of-pocket expenses than he gets from it.

"To complete my tabulation, Crawdon is a brilliant mathematician, who lectures at London University but does little legal work. Palmerston is a Member of Parliament, who uses the chambers only as a forwarding address. Vernon is a kindly, whimsical man, a specialist in ecclesiastical law, who spends much time in drawing conveyances of churchyards.

"It may be as well to state that under the British legal system some barristers are extremely busy and command large fees, while many others have little to do and live largely upon their private incomes. A barrister is only retained as counsel, or given any employment, by favor of solicitors and cannot, of course, go out and ask for work, as an advertising agent would do.

LEGAL PROCEDURE SURE AND SPEEDY.

"The English legal procedure was reformed in the last century, with the result, as all agree, that justice is surer, quicker and less impeded by technicalities than in America. The distinction between barrister and solicitor was retained, however, while it was dropped in the United States, where a lawyer practices all branches of his profession.

"I will not here go into such questions, but I will say that an English law court during a trial is a pleasant and a decorous sight, with the counsel and judges, dignified and handsome in their gowns and wigs, stating their views in the quiet, crisp voices of English gentlemen, with consideration each for the other, and unfailing politeness.

"The Temple is an important part of the great British inheritance from the past. Its esthetic value is undeniable, and even those to whom efficiency is the sole criterion must admit that its final product, British justice, is of the highest quality.

"The world may be becoming standardized into a drab, efficient sameness. The law may be in process of changing from a gentlemans profession into a recognized business with the ethics of other businesses. Heaven forbid that these movements should go much further! But if they do the Temple long will stand, an oasis of sturdy individualism and of the pleasant, leisured, odd old ways, in the desert of change."

### When It Was Dark

The gas company's inspector called on the busy housewife to repair a defect in the lighting apparatus.

"You're not always troubled with poor light, are you?" he asked.

"Oh, no," replied the housewife; "not always!"

"Ah," murmured the inspector, "I thought so! It's only at certain times—eh?"

"Yes; only after dark," came the retort.

### Hereditary

Little Peggy was often very naughty, and on one occasion, when she had been particularly trying, her mother, hoping to be specially impressive, said:

"Do you know, Peggy, that if you keep on doing many naughty things, your children will be naughty, too."

The child gave a triumphant smile. "Oh, mummy," she said, "now you have given yourself away."


No other Orange Pekoe can equal this in flavour

"SALADA" ORANGE PEKOE BLEND TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'


## Tale of "Seven League Boots" Traced Back to Men on Stilts

Origin of the innumerable myths and legends of "seven league boots," shoes of swiftness," and other similar aids to fast running heroes or evildoers are not prophecies of modern railways or automobiles, Miss Alice B. Gomme has suggested to the Folk-Lore Society, in London, but are dim folk memories of people who once lived in the fens and marshes of southern England and northwestern Europe, and who were regarded with terror by the peaceful farmers of the nearby solid ground because they walked on stilts. The fen men habitually used these tall stilts, Miss Gomme suggests, to move about in the swamps and shallow ponds and dyked fields of their homes. Becoming extremely expert on these, as the stilt walking shepherds of the French sand dune country in Gascony still are, the fen dwellers could move across country much more rapidly than running men; for example, in cutting off and killing outside invaders, not equipped with stilts, or in reaching the outer end of some road into the marsh long ahead of fleeing invaders. Many of the legends of the seven league boots depict them as giants, which would be a quite natural conclusion of the dwellers outside the marsh land when they saw these marsh men walking along apparently with their heads 10 or 12 feet above the ground. As time passed the marsh land was reclaimed, the stilts became and was forgotten, but the memory of speedy fast walking giants persisted, took on a supernatural cast and became part of European folklore.

## Keep Xmas Trees in Cool Humid Places

How to prevent the Christmas trees from falling after the trees have been purchased is a problem with which many people will be confronted during the holiday season. The New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse University suggests that the most practical way to do is to prevent as far as possible the tree being placed in a room where the atmosphere is dry and the temperature high. Keep the tree in a cool humid place where the branches and leaves will not dry out. This may be accomplished by setting the tree outside doors where the sun cannot shine on it, or in a shed, garage or barn, or if the tree can be kept in an unheated room of the home until the day before Christmas. If only slight heat will occur before the tree is placed with its previous freight and glittering lights, if the tree is kept in such places until it is ready for use it will usually retain its verdure for the holidays.

The higher the temperature of the room and the drier the air the sooner the needles will fall. Sprinkling the tree with water is harmful and has probably resulted in a longer retention of the needles on the stems. Setting the base of the tree in water previous to decorating will impart a longer life to the tree. In other words, the durability of the tree is largely governed by atmospheric conditions.

The same may be said of Christmas wreaths and other forms of decorations made of plants such as ground pine, club moss and holly. Small living trees often may be obtained in pots and utilized for ornamental purposes during the holidays and successfully planted later, if not kept too long in the house. Thus, trees used in connection with the celebration of Christmas may serve two purposes.


The Lafayette
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
Just Off the Boardwalk
Fireproof Construction
On a Residential Avenue
Harmonious, restful surroundings with recreational advantages
European Plan from $4 Daily
American Plan from $7 Daily
WEEKLY OR SEASON RATES ON APPLICATION

FEEL MEAN?

Don't be helpless when you suddenly get a headache. Reach in your pocket for immediate relief. If you haven't any Aspirin with you, get some at the first drugstore you come to. Take a tablet or two and be rid of the pain. Take promptly. Nothing is gained by waiting to see if the pain will leave of its own accord. It may grow worse! Why postpone relief?

There are many times when Aspirin tablets will "save the day." They will always ease a throbbing head. Quiet a grumbling tooth. Relieve nagging pains of neuralgia or neuritis. Or check a sudden cold. Even rheumatism has lost its terrors for those who have learned to depend on these tablets.

Gargle with Aspirin tablets at the first suspicion of sore throat, and reduce the infection. Look for Aspirin on the box—and the word Genuine in red. Genuine Aspirin tablets do not depress the heart.

BAYER ASPIRIN

TRADE-MARK REG.