"BAYER ASPIRIN PROVED SAFE

Take without Fear as Told in Bayer Package

Does not affect the Heart

Unless you see the Bayer Cross on packages and tablets you are not getting genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-five years for

Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Toothache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain, Pain

Each unbroken Bayer package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100.

Aspirin (Trade Mark registered in U.S. Patent Office) is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

Fast Workers

According to the bureau of labor statistics, the output per man in the iron and steel industry has increased 50 per cent since 1914, when most of the men were on a 12-hour day schedule. The now work a eight-hour day. In the shoe industry, which is a good deal more labor intensive, the book and shoe making has increased 17 per cent in the same period. The most amazing augmentation of effort, however, is found in the making of automobiles, where the output per man is now three times as great as it was 12 years ago.

Prosperity, alas, is often but another name for pride.—Mrs. Sigourney.

Many a man has noble aims—but it is the nuts that count.

Keep in Trim!

Good Elimination is Essential to Good Health

THEY help the kidneys in the blood. A dull, languid feeling and, sometimes, toxic backaches, headaches, and dizziness are symptoms of this condition. Further evidence of improper kidney function is often found in burning or scanty passage of secretions. Each year more and more people are learning

FIGHT GOOD HEALTH

let anyone who has many enthusiasts make back our neighbors success.

DOAN'S PILLS 60c

Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys

Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N.Y.

Flying in the house

SOOTHES BURNS

Nothing more comforting than Vaseline Jelly. Eases pain. Fastens nature's healing. Wonderful for cuts, scratches, bruises and other little accidents.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. (Consolidated) New York

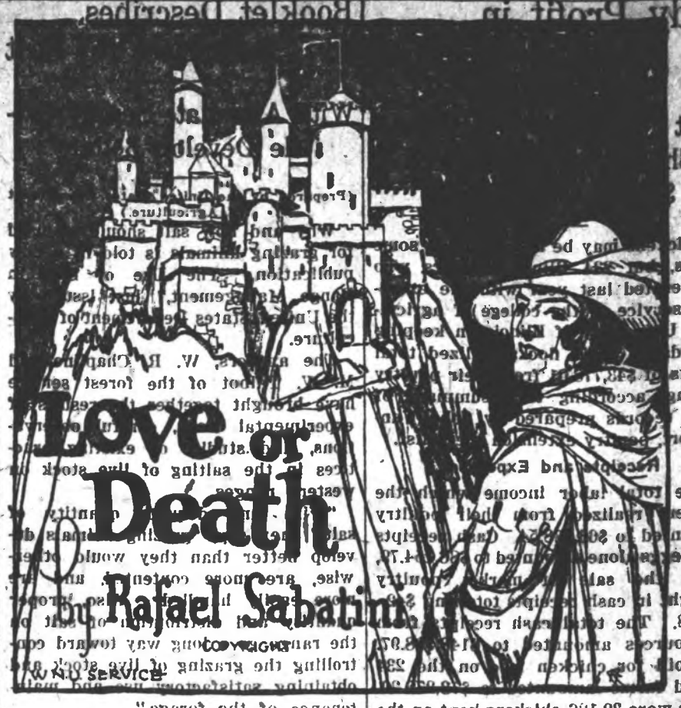
Vaseline PETROLEUM JELLY

FLIT DESTROYS Flies, Mosquitoes, Roaches, Bedbugs, Fleas, Moths, Ants, Rats, Mice

FLIT

FACIAL ERUPTIONS

Resinol



Love or Death

By Rafael Sabatini

CHAPTER IV

Locked in the guard-house—since a man who was to die so soon was not worth the trouble of consigning to a dungeon, Messer Lorenzo Castrocaro spent, as you may conceive, a somewhat troubled night. He was too young and too full of life and the zest and warmth of it to be indifferent about quitting it to look with unshaken upon death. He had seen death and a deal of it in the past two years of his martial career. But it had been the death of others, and never until now had it seemed to him that death was a thing that very much concerned him. Even when he had imagined that he realized the dangers before him in this enterprise of San Leo he had felt a certain confidence that it was not for him to die. He was in fact in that phase of youth and vigor when a man seems to himself immortal. And even now that he lay on the wooden bench in the guard-room, in the dark, he could hardly conceive that the catastrophe had overtaken him so suddenly, so very casually; and surely death was too great a business to be heralded so quietly.

He sighed wearily, and sought to find a more comfortable position on his pitilessly hard couch. He thought many things of his past life—of his early boyhood, of his mother, of his companions in arms, and of martial events accomplished. He saw himself hacking a way through the living barrier that blocked the bridge in the Colonne under Capua, and he recalled the rout of riding with valor the day before. And he had a singularly vivid vision of the dead men he had beheld on those occasions and how they had looked in death. So would he look tomorrow. Then his thought shifted to Madonna Bianca de' Floravanti, whom he would never see again. For months he had experienced an odd tenderness for that lady, of a sweetly melancholy order, and in secret he had committed some atrocious verses in her honor. It had been no great affair when all was said; there had been other and more ardent loves in his short life; yet Madonna Bianca had evoked in him a tenderer regard, a holier feeling than any other woman had ever had.

Locked in the Guardhouse

Indeed, the contrast was as sharp as that which lies between sacred and profane love. Perhaps it was because she was so unattainable, so distant, so immeasurably above him, the daughter of a great lord, the representative today of a great house, whilst he was but a condottiero, an adventurer who had for patrimony no more than his wits and his sword. He sighed. It would have been sweet to have seen her again, before dying—to have poured out the story of his love as a swan pours out its death-song. Yet after all it did not greatly matter.

You see that his examination of conscience in that supreme hour had little to do with the making of his peace. He wondered would she hear of the end he had made; and whether, hearing, she would pity him a little, if, indeed, she would do so much as remember him. It was odd he reflected that he should come to meet his end in the very castle that had been her father's; yet he was glad that it was not her father's hand that measured to him the death that he must die tomorrow.

Physically exhausted as he was by the exertions of his climb, he fell at last into a fitful slumber, and when he awakened it was to find the morning sunlight pouring through the tall window of his prison. He had been aroused by the grating of a key in the lock, and he sat up, stiff and sore, on the hard bench as the door opened and men entered—Bernardo, followed by two diers, one of them carrying a basin.

"A good day to you, Messer Lorenzo," said Bernardo, but he did not trouble to consider whether it was a good day or not for Messer Lorenzo. The young man smiled as he swung his feet to the ground.

"A better day to you," said he; and thus earned by his pleasantry and his debonair manner the esteem of the grim soldier.

"It has come to Messer Lorenzo that, since die he must, the thing would be best done locally," Bernardo continued. He spoke as one who would not avail him. Let him then be taken to the place of execution. He was not so fearful a business as he represented, and it would be a damning fear that lies agape for young men who have drunk of the rusty cup of life before they have tasted of it. Let him be taken to the place of execution."

He rose and he stretched his stiff limbs in the mighty charge that routed the Colonne under Capua and he became conscious of the fact that he had a singularly vivid vision of the dead men he had beheld on those occasions and how they had looked in death. So would he look tomorrow. And yet, as a reason told him, but still his imagination refused to picture it.

Then his thought shifted to Madonna Bianca de' Floravanti, whom he would never see again. For months he had experienced an odd tenderness for that lady, of a sweetly melancholy order, and in secret he had committed some atrocious verses in her honor. It had been no great affair when all was said; there had been other and more ardent loves in his short life; yet Madonna Bianca had evoked in him a tenderer regard, a holier feeling than any other woman had ever had.

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