

Genuine Bayer Aspirin

Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer."

WARNING! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 21 years and proved safe by millions for

- Colds
- Headache
- Rheumatism
- Toothache
- Neuralgia
- Neuritis
- Earache
- Lumbago
- Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetate of Salicylic Acid

Juvenile stories, say book publishers, Natives of Java collect bird's nests are better sellers than the Bible. made of seaweed for soup.

WESTERN CANADA Land of Prosperity



offers to home seekers opportunities that cannot be secured elsewhere. The thousands of farmers from the United States who have accepted Canada's generous offer to settle on FREE homesteads or buy farm land in her provinces have been well repaid by bountiful crops. There is still available on easy terms

Fertile Land at \$15 to \$30 an Acre
—land similar to that which through many years has yielded from 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre—oats, barley and flax also in great abundance, while raising horses, cattle, sheep and hogs is equally profitable. Hundreds of farmers in western Canada have raised crops in a single season worth more than the whole cost of their land. With such success comes prosperity, independence, good homes and all the comforts and conveniences which make life worth living.

Farm Gardens, Poultry, Dairying
are sources of income, second only to grain growing and stock raising. Attractive climate, good neighbors, churches, schools, good markets, railroad facilities, rural telephone, etc.

For illustrated literature, maps, description of farm opportunities in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, reduced railway rates, etc., write

F. A. HARRISON
210 N. Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.

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160 ACRES FARM IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

HEART-AGE

By MOLLIE MATHER.

Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.

When Janey met Don Avery, she had merely intended to drift into a mutually helpful companionship. Don's youth was so happily evident, Janey knew that she had many years beyond him, not only in actual count, but in experience. Yet Don charmed and refreshed her as no former lover had done; for Janey had known her due of lovers. As a very young girl she had been independent and pretty, as years passed more critical and exacting in choice—so she had not married. When Don came, she was keeping on the little home cottage as her mother, departing this life, had charged her. Obedience was grown by habit to be a part of Janey. Youthful friends had for the most part gone far to make new homes for themselves; but Janey was still content.

When Don Avery came, she was more. He arrived breezily, and by chance regarding some business venture which would for sometime require his supervision, and in the natural course of things, the minister's wife introduced him to Janey; he and her son had been companions in college. Janey, looking up to the tall, frank-faced young man, smiled her own sweet smile, while the young man, looking down admiringly, thought, what a small winsome creature this was.

"You must let me come over sometimes and sit with you on your front porch," he said, "I am mighty lonesome here."

Janey was glad to let him come. She hoped, in a modest, earnest sort of way, that her influence might be good for a stranger in a far-away town. The young men of the village were for the most part undesirable associates; so the friendship between Janey and Don Avery of Boston grew, and blossomed. For it was a beautiful friendship after all. To Janey it brought new interest and joy to her days, every pleasing thing that she planned was now for his commendation; the wooden settees upon either side of her vined porch, the flower sun dial in the garden. Don eagerly helped her with them all.

It was old Ellen working about Janey's cottage, who brought the awakening. Ellen had known her all her life. "You an' that young man is going to have trouble," said Ellen brusquely, "one way or the other. You are in love, a blind owl could see that. If you marry him, the trouble will come when you wake up to the difference between you, an' ef you don't marry, you've got to part."

Janey caught her breath. "You've got to part," she repeated dully. The truth came to her later. Ellen was right. How was it that she and Don had not discovered their own coming sorrow. When she asked him gently that question, Don caught at her hands laughing.

"Rather," he asked, "how is it that we have not discovered the true cause of our joy. Oh, I have been happy, Janey. I am happy. And I won't give it up for the fancy of a matter of years. You are mine and I am yours—forever dear; it is written; so we will marry."

But Janey was firm. "Now," she said, "we both feel that way. Later, there would be the sad awakening. It must be—good-by and now, boy dear."

The garden was very lonely afterward, without his big protecting presence. Janey's heart was aching lonely for the sound of his laughter, but she persevered in her refusal and went her way. And Don, sick and weary, because of his banishment, enlisted, and went away to war.

So years passed. War at last was over, while Janey's garden still blossomed. She was quite alone then, without even old Ellen's presence. Another man quite suitable as to age and condition sought a place in Janey's life.

It was all very foolish dreaming, of course, she with silvery threads showing here and there in her rippling hair; Don still, wherever he was, vitally young and glowing.

Through the hedge gap came one evening a man's bent figure. Janey laid aside her book and went forward to learn his errand. The man's whitened hair encircled his cap brim, his smile with the deep-cut lines upon either side of his mouth, was more melancholy than cheerful. The man's eyes looked old and very tired. Gratefully he sank into the seat beneath the maples. Then he laughed harshly, and in that laugh Janey knew. It was a grim echo of the boyish laughter that she had longed terribly to hear.

"Don," said Janey, her voice hushed and wondering, "boy dear, can this really be you?"

"Boy dear," mocked Don Avery, "I have lived many lives since you last saw me, Janey. I have been through much. I think there can be no regret of years now on your side. We have changed places, you and I. I came to ask, but seeing you in your sweetness and strength, I cannot ask sacrifice. So we will clasp hands like good old friends, and say again—good-by."

But Janey bent to touch the carelessly graying curls on his forehead.

The radiance of her smile sweetly stirred him. "Don," she said, "it can never be good-by with you and I, dear one. For we have learned that love reckons not with years, where hearts will keep the name."

FINDS NEW YORK IS MANLESS

Bobbed-Haired Blonde Girl Gets Tired and Decides to Go Back to Dixie.

"Yes, said the serious bobbed-haired blonde, "I've at last made the decision, so with trunk packed and some regrets I'm going back to Dixie. When I came up to New York I came straight from college, full of pep, enthusiasm, modern—in every way, I thought, and confident that a great place was waiting for me—maybe star for Belasco. I'd always been told I was a born actress."

"So I arrived in the big town, and you know my rugged road, trying to do something, to be independent, and owing it all—hall bedrooms, uninteresting work and what not. But I gave come to my senses. I know I shall miss New York, its theatres, bright lights and Fifth avenue. But I see the little southern country town, with its friendly gossip, its 'socials' and sewing parties, its simplicity, and I find I love it best."

"What, how did you guess? Well, I gave known him for ages and always declared I wouldn't, but three years of New York and never meeting the men I wanted to know, for New York is a manless place for most girls, made me ready to go back. Yes, late fall perhaps, and you must come down. I'll see that you meet the catch of the town."—New York Sun.

TAKE ASPIRIN ONLY AS TOLD BY "BAYER"

"Bayer" Introduced Aspirin to the Physicians Over 21 Years Ago.

To get quick relief follow carefully the safe and proper directions in each unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin." This package is plainly stamped with the safety "Bayer Cross."

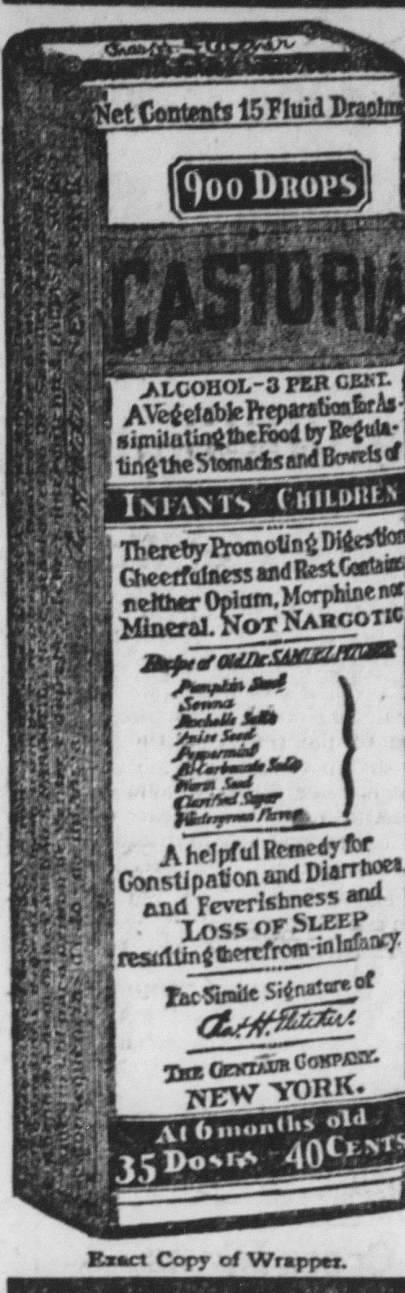
The "Bayer Cross" means the genuine, world-famous Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over twenty-one years.—Advertisement.

Dangerous Curves.

"Does your chauffeur watch out sharply for the curves?"

"Altogether too sharply. You should see him rubber, whenever we pass a well-formed woman."

Many an alleged wise guy has been declared otherwise by a jury.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of

of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Make Good Money during Spare Time. Absolutely legitimate proposition. Scientific Specialty Co., 507 Mellon St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 43-1921.

Coal in the Philippines.

A vein of coal has been discovered in the Philippines which is said to be up to the quality of the Chinese fuels. The amount has not been ascertained, but it is certain that it will answer the demands of the islands for many years.

Rosa Bonheur painted cattle in the slaughter houses at Paris.

Don't borrow trouble—borrow cash.

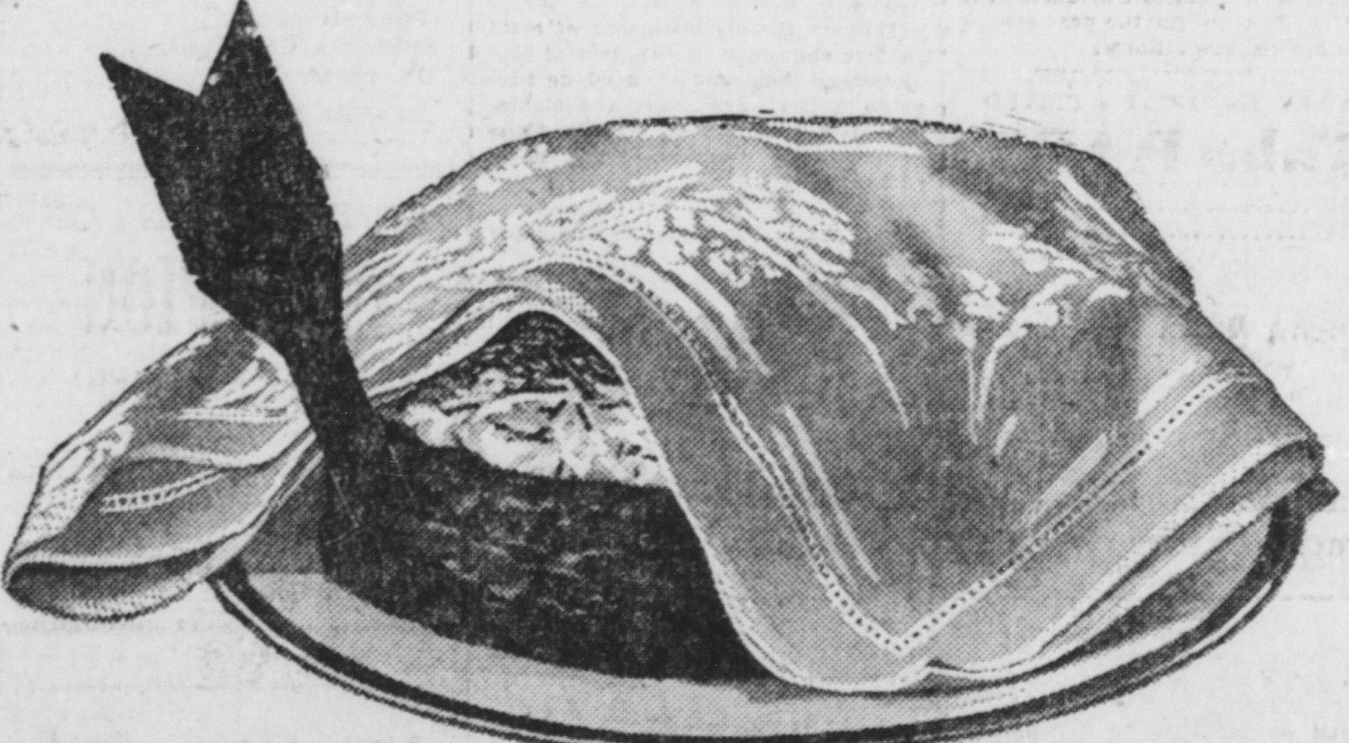
Often the Case.

"On first sight Jack thought Edith a vision."

"And on second sight?"

"His thought underwent revision." All leading colleges of pharmacy in England have women teachers on their staffs.

A regularly organized women's club existed in New York in 1747.



A Mystery Cake

Can you name it?

Here is another new Royal Cake, so delicious and appetizing that we have been unable to give it a name that does justice to its unusual qualities. It can be made just right only with Royal Baking Powder. Will you make it and name it?

\$500 for the Best Names

For the name selected as best, we will pay \$250. For the second, third, fourth, and fifth choice, we will pay \$100, \$75, \$50, and \$25 respectively.

Anyone may enter the contest, but only one name from each person will be considered.

All names must be received by December 15th, 1921. In case of ties, the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant. Do not send your cake. Simply send the name you suggest, with your own name and address, to the

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY
153 William Street, New York

How to make it

Use level measurements for all materials

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- Grated rind of 1/2 orange
- 1 egg and 1 yolk
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- 1 cup milk
- 1 1/2 squares (1 1/2 oz.) of unsweetened chocolate (melted)
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

Cream shortening. Add sugar and grated orange rind. Add beaten egg yolks. Sift together flour, salt and Royal Baking Powder and add alternately with the milk, lastly fold in one beaten egg white. Divide batter into two parts. To one part add the chocolate. Put by tablespoons, alternating dark and light batter, into three greased layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

FILLING AND ICING.

- 3 tablespoons melted butter
- 3 cups confectioner's sugar
- (Powdered sugar may be used but does not make as smooth filling)
- Grated rind of 1/2 orange and pulp of 1 orange
- 2 tablespoons orange juice
- 1 egg white
- 3 squares (3 oz.) unsweetened chocolate

Put butter, sugar, orange juice and rind into bowl. Cut pulp from orange, removing skin and seeds, and add. Beat all together until smooth. Fold in beaten egg white. Spread this icing on layer used for top of cake. While icing is soft, sprinkle with unsweetened chocolate shaved in fine pieces with sharp knife (use 1/2 square). To remaining icing add 2 1/2 squares unsweetened chocolate which has been melted. Spread this thickly between layers and on sides of cake.

Tree's Winter Plans.

The catalpa tree has a way all its own in getting ready for winter, says the American Forestry Magazine. It places three leaves in a whorl and then at a little distance above there is another whorl so placed that the leaves will cover the spaces between the leaves below. In winter we cannot see these leaves but the leaf scars show where they were and the buds just above add certainty to their location. If we find a tree with the buds arranged in this way on the vigorous shoots we may be assured it is one of the two species of catalpa.

Convincing Evidence.

Seven-year-old Sammy had so great a capacity for griddle cakes that he was a marvel to the family. "Have you ever in your life had all you could eat?" asked the grandfather one day. "Yes, sir," said Sammy. "Lots of times." "How do you know when that time comes?" "Why, I eat and eat until I feel a pain, and then I eat one more to make sure."—Harper's Magazine.

Since When?

Mrs. Benham—He has been disappointed in love. Benham—How long has he been married?

Everybody writes poetry now; and anthologies have to be issued to get it into books.

Kids Spurn Gifts of Pennies.

Once upon a time children would be glad to get a penny or two a day from their parents. Today, as any mother will tell you, nothing less than a nickel measures up to their standards of daily needs. It is usually 6 cents.

"Aw wadays want?" exclaimed little Johnny the other day when his mother forgot herself and offered him 2 cents. "How da ya 'spect a feller to get anything for a couple cents? The cheapest ice-cream cone in Cheap Joe's is a nickel, an' I can't go to the movies for less'n 11 cents. An', anyway, ain't dad makin' more money than he uster?"—New York Sun.

A Surgeon's Air Journey.

In response to an urgent call, Sir Douglas Shields, the eminent surgeon, left Croydon early on Saturday morning by airplane for Paris, having found that the patient was fit to travel, brought him by airplane to London, where an operation was successfully performed the same evening.—London Times.

Meet Enough.

"They say a man's heart is reached through his stomach." "Then I suppose a girl should be croquetish."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Surprise Party.

Knicker—Did your wife come home unexpectedly? Bocker—Not to herself.



Health First. POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

This is the start of a better day

There's satisfying comfort and cheer in a breakfast cup of Postum, and there's no disturbing element to irritate nerves or digestion and leave mental energy lagging before the day is done.

Thousands of former coffee users have found that Postum meets every demand for a delicious table beverage, and brings steadier nerves, clearer mind—better health.

As many cups as you like with any meal—no after-regrets.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes.

"There's a Reason" for Postum
Sold by all grocers