Way to Ease Headaches, Pain Almost Instantly

METHOD OFTEN RELIEVES NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATIC PAINS IN MINUTES!

Remember the pictures below when you want *fast* relief from pain. Demand and get the method doctors prescribe—*Aspirin*.

Millions have found that *Aspirin* eases even a bad headache, neuritis or rheumatic pain often in a few minutes!

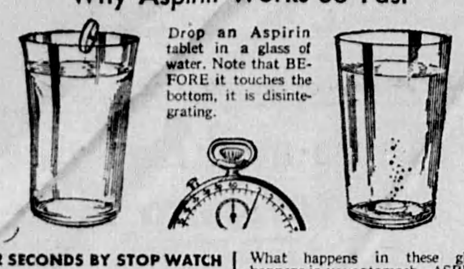
In the stomach as in the glass here, an *Aspirin* tablet starts to dissolve, or disintegrate, almost the instant it touches moisture. It begins "taking hold" of your pain practically as soon as you swallow it.

Equally important, *Aspirin* is safe. For scientific tests show this: *Aspirin does not harm the heart.*

Remember these two points: *Aspirin Speed* and *Aspirin Safety*. And, see that you get *ASPIRIN*. It is made in Canada, and all druggists have it. Look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every *Aspirin* tablet.

Get tin of 12 tablets or economical bottle of 24 or 100 at any druggist's.

Why Aspirin Works So Fast



Drop an Aspirin tablet in a glass of water. Note that BEFORE it touches the bottom, it is disintegrating.

IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH
An Aspirin tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work.

What happens in these glasses happens in your stomach—ASPIRIN tablets start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

When in Pain Remember These Pictures

— ASPIRIN DOES NOT HARM THE HEART —

The Flying Courier

By Boyd Cable

"The one stolen at Galilee was a dummy," said Glynn grinning broadly. "A length of junk I got for the purpose. All the warnings I had so impressed me that all kinds of effort would be made to steal the films from me, that just before I started I sent one as an ordinary Air Mail postal packet; and I carried my junk one with such care never to let it out of my sight or care, that it was naturally taken to be one of the Prince. That trick won too, and I suppose the thief had no chance to examine what he stole, or do more than destroy it quickly."

"Yes, because I reckoned an Air Mail packet would get through as safe as any," said Glynn. "It turned out to be safer."

The distant sounds of drumming and hoarse roar of the mob had died away to a deep silence and then suddenly a yell rent the air, a shriek of "The Prince—the Prince himself!"

"Seems to be a popular hit talkie that," remarked Glynn, grinning more broadly than ever.

Ten minutes later the Secretary rushed back into the room, wild with joyful excitement. "It is over," he cried, but was pulled up short by a warning "H-s-s-sh!" and looked round to see Norah sitting on the arm of Glynn's chair with his head on her shoulder, his eyes closed, his body relaxed and sunk back in sleep. The Secretary continued his rapid talk into the Premier's ear in a hushed but exultant whisper—"The priests and leaders of the people have been and are satisfied. They hurry now to spread the tale of it. The followers of the Vulture growl in their throats, but they are few indeed, and the mass are with us. The Vulture's assurance that no film was made has recoiled on his own head. He is discredited and shamed. The Prince has won!"

A moment later the officer of the guard burst in shouting noisily, "It is finished. I have dismissed the troops and—" he too silenced abruptly at a loud "H-s-s-sh!" and looked round at the slumbering Glynn and the girl frowning with a finger to her lips. The officer nodded understanding, and tip-toed heavily across to the Premier to whisper excitedly and triumphantly in his other ear.

"The Prince, our Royal Highness is secure on his throne," he whispered joyfully. "Thanks be to the Giver of All Good!"

"And under His Goodness," said the Premier softly, and pointed to Glynn, "to him, to the wits and wisdom, the courage and resource of the Flying Courier."

The Flying Courier snored loudly.

CHAPTER XXVIII
DUE REWARDS

It was a good month after the Day of the Feast that Glynn Elliman was strolling up and down past the Air Mail liner, waiting ready to start from the Karachi 'drome, and chatting with the Indian Police officer who had come to the rescue in the theatre gardens.

"Bit odd," said the officer reflectively, "that the Vulture gets his fitting and due reward for innumerable villanies because he ordered the killing of the brother of this fellow Dass, as he calls himself among many names."

"It was pretty filthy," said Glynn, "cold-bloodedly ordering the butchery of his own servant because he prevented the murder of a whole trainload of passengers and the servant's own brother."

"The finger prints on that pistol of yours helped us a lot to persuade Dass to open up on the whole inside story of the tries to rob you," said the officer. "I was sure the prints were of one of the men who attacked you in the gardens here, and let us round up a bunch of suspects and nail your Subardar friend."

"And to work the old trick," laughed Glynn, "Dass and the Subardar each told the other had confessed, and both anxious to out-confess the other."

"Partly," the officer conceded, "and partly that Dass was so anxious to make full use of the promised pardon for all he confessed—and most desperately keen to incriminate the Vulture up to the hilt."

"He's done that pretty effectually," said Glynn.

"He did," agreed the officer, "and although Dass would not betray the names of the Vulture's other tools, he didn't need to, because we got the full list in the papers that were seized with the Vulture when he was grabbed."

"Including the names and addresses of the London gang," said Glynn. "I'm glad they were hooked, and that we know Stefan and Max were what we suspected."

"It's a bit amusing," laughed the officer, "that about the Vulture's last act of authority was to cable the sack to his London gang as incompetent bunglers, and to cut off all cash supplies, leaving them stranded."

"Stranded is the right word for Stefan especially," said Plynn, "if it is sure he got his sacking cable in the middle of the desert at Rutbah Wells, with no cash to get away. But what will happen to the Vulture himself, d'you think?"

"Goal for life, I imagine," said the officer grimly. "There's evidence enough to implicate him in all sorts of crime, up and down from inciting to murder, or accessory before and after the fact. And the Sirkah doesn't let a man get away with attempted train-wrecking and wholesale murder outside Napalata even if he is a Prince's son."

"Serves the blighter right, whatever he gets," said Glynn disgustedly. "He's a pukka soor on all accounts." He broke off, pointing to the 'drome offices, "Here comes Rawlyand his mem-sahib, and Norah with them.'

The three stopped a moment to speak to some friends, and the officer moved to meet them while Glynn turned at a cheery greeting to see the liner's pilot approaching with outstretched hand.

"Hullo, Glynn, old son," he cried. "Coming back with us?"

"Yes, and it will be a bit of a treat to be aboard the old 'bus again," said Glynn.

"You're the second one I've had booked back out of the passengers who came out with you," said the pilot. "You remember a young fellow named Doyle—Jimmy Doyle?"

"Shipped out with me last week," the pilot said, "and I don't think I ever carried a passenger so full up and brimming over with good spirits—and without any help from the kind out of a bottle."

"Yes," said Glynn non-commitally. "That's good.'

"You needn't be a sphinx about it," laughed the pilot. "Doyle spilled the whole story to me—me being fellow pilot of yours with Airways, and anyone belonging to the Line being blood brother to Doyle for ever because of what you'd done for him."

"What I'd done," said Glynn startled, "I hadn't done a thing. What sort of silly yarn did he tell you."

"Merely that you had made suen a song and dance about a trifle of help he'd given you on your Flying Courier act, that you'd been able to pull strings and get some grateful big gun to hand him out the one thing his heart desired—the cost of going through University and a start at his blessed law practice."

"Fancy any man hankering for such a life," sighed Glynn. "But I didn't do any of that, you know. Fact is the man who did the whole thing — the grateful big gun you mention—was the Prince of Napalata . . . who by the way, is my new boss!"

"New boss?" said the pilot. "Don't say you're quitting Imperial Airways and flying?"

"Airways, yes," said Glynn, "but not flying, by a long shot. Y'see, the Prince has made me a sort of private Air Marshall of Napalata, and I am to organise a whole fleet of transport and air-arm machines for him—all sorts, from two to ten seaters."

"Great Scott," gasped the pilot. "What a job, what a peach of a job!"

"You can't guess how good," said Glynn very soberly. "And on pay and pension terms so wildly good I have to pinch myself times to make sure I'm not asleep and dreaming it all."

"And why are you chasing off from the new job so soon?" asked the pilot.

"I'm going home to look over likely machines, buy the first batch, and send 'em out," said Glynn. "It's part of the contract I do all the buying of machines and the stuff to equip a full-size set of repair shops, and that I lay out 'dromes through the State. I'm to spend half-the year at home, and the cold weather half out here, each year."

"I don't wonder you think you may be dreaming," said the pilot enviously. "How on earth did you pitch on such an amazing wicket?"

"How on earth and in the air above the earth," said Glynn with a laugh. "First of all, because Airways picked on me to do no more than carry a little packet out by Air Mail to Napalata for the Prince—to be his Flying Courier as he calls it; and, second, because the Prince is — well, he is a Prince, and in every sense of the word."

"Well, I'm dashed," was all the pilot could say. "Hullo," he went on as he saw the Rawlys and Norah approaching. "Here's another of the passengers who came out with you .A Miss—Miss—yes, I remember now —Miss Seaman. D'you remember her Glynn?"

Glynn was still laughing at that when the three reached them, and as the pilot advanced and shook hands heartily with Norah and was introduced to the Rawlys Glynn had to pass on the joke. "He has just been pointing you out to me, Norah," he said, still chuckling over it, "as one of the passengers who came out with me, and asking me if by any chance I remembered you."

Norah and the two Rawlys joined the laughter, somewhat to the bewilderment of the pilot. "Well, I must be off," he said rather confusedly. "Suppose you've come down to see him off, Miss Seaman. I only wish you were coming with us." He glanced round the broadly smiling faces and added, "I say, what is this gigantic joke? Do let me in on it."

"'Tisn't a joke, old man," said Glynn, straightening his face with an effort and assuming a very solemn air. "I personally, consider it not only as no joke but as a serious matter, and for a very, very serious reason, that Miss Seaman will never travel by air again."

"No—er—I mean, yes—er—" stuttered the pilot.

"Miss Seaman won't travel by air again," smiled Norah, holding out a hand with a new gold ring glinting on her finger, "but Mrs. Glynn Elliman always will—beginning to-day."

THE END

"SALADA" JAPAN GREEN TEA

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Delicious Quality — *Fresh from the Gardens*

FIRST DAYS AT SCHOOL

Transition from home to school, from being the center of things to being only one of a number of children, is often hard for little folk to make, writes Bertha Streeter in The Christian Science Montor. The result has been many a child decision that he does not want to go to school. A successful way to overcome this has been worked out in the elementar school held in connection with the University of Michigan.

During the first week of the school year parents and children visit the school informally. By telephone, each teacher arranges a schedule by which the parents of the children who will be in her room will bring the child for one or more visits to his new room and new teacher. This applies to parents in the nursery, kindergarten, and first and second grade groups. While the child is looking over books and materials that interest him, his teacher and parents discuss his interests and problems out of his hearing in a room near by. Information so gained is recorded by the teacher on a record form with suoh headings as: behavior in eating, sleeping, toilet and play situation. Child-adult relationships, emotions, and other subjects are included.

This interview takes from one to three hours, depending largely upon the interest of the parents, in most instances both parents being present. Such a systematic survey helps all the adults to keep in mind the needs of the whole child, and to work together to assist him to the best development. So he is more than a home child to his parents, and more than a mere school child to his teacher.

This interview-and-school-visit plan occupies one week, and is followed by a second special plan of gradually introducing the children to the school proper. Beginning on Monday of the second week, five or six—and in the second grade, seven—children are scheduled to arrive on the first day. With this small group, the teacher is able to give each child individual attention in helping him to find his way, to get acquainted with her and the other members of the group, and to locate, use, and properly care for materials. Five to seven new pupils arrive each day until all have come. So the teacher is free each day to give the newest arrivals whatever attention they need and to make the first experiences of each child successful and happy.

It is evident that this plan of preliminary visiting and gradual introduction to the school group is of benefit to the child, the parent, and the school in several ways. The adults and the children have a chance to become acquainted with one another and with the school situation, and to discuss their mutual aims for the child. First school experiences are made happy for each child in the group. Timid and over-aggressive children are assisted in making desirable first adjustments. The fatigue and confusion that are often caused by a more abrupt introduction to school are eliminated, with their many attending problems in the school during the day and later in the home at night and next morning. Even though the work of the first two weeks is not "school" in the traditional sense, it is a real school for both adults and children in their endeavor to understand and to help themselves and each other.

Bridge Cheaters Use Eyelashes

(By Frank Emery in Brooklyn-Eagle)

Ten million Americans play contract bridge which in the last decade has skyrocketed into a popularity never approached by such pastimes of chance and stakes as the poker variations, faro, roulette, baccarat, dice or even horse racing.

Contract is the modern game for the card adventurer, the flim-flammer, the chap who lives well by his wits if he hasn't too many scruples to bother him. The game is, indeed, the answer to his prayers.

The bridge knave and his, or possibly her, partner rehearse a system of wig-wags," intonations of the voice, mannerisms, or any hundreds of subtleties by which they can exchange information not permitted in the bidding and hit the bull's eye on their grand and small slam holdings.

The bridge bid say, "Two spades."

The flicking of an ash off a cigar ette may tell the partner, "Five and a half quick tricks." If the ashes go on the floor, it may convey six and a half.

SIGNALS

Most of the important bridge and whist clubs have had experiences with pairs of players suspected of systematically signaling as a means of parading off with high stakes, and the only recourse has been to simply bar them. Too much success in arriving at the correct contract or a too obvious signaling system may lead to complications but the astute bridge wolves take care not to overplay their tricks.

One instance in which use of "wig-wagging'" signals was proved to the general satisfaction of players in an exclusive Manhattan club involved a titled European pair whose consistent and heavy winnings aroused suspicions and caused the pair to hurriedly decamp from the country.

Several of the victims confided their suspicions to R. F. Foster, dean of American bridge experts, who lives in Brooklyn, and Mr. Foster agreed to come to the club as a guest and try to detect the shenanigans.

SYSTEMS

"I watched them for almost an hour befoore I finally got the clue to their system, and it wasn't a particularly well-conceived one," Mr. Foster said. "They were making high scores hand over hand and every bid they made hit the right mark. The man and woman were both very slow bidders, and I was sure the suspicions were warranted. The tip-off came when it struck me that the woman—she was a stunning brunette—did not look at her cards while her partner was bidding. I managed to finish my rubber and walked around to their table as a harmless old kibitzer.

"When I knew what to look for, it wasn't very hard. What information they were exchanging was given by blinking the eyelashes. I studied for sometime and then I got the idea.

"When one of them blnked once, it was to call the spade suit. Then a pause, and the next blinks would indicate how many honors were held in the spade suit. If the first of these blinks was just a little bit long, it meant top honors. Then another pause, and two blinks to say the heart suit was being flashed, then some more to enumerate the honors. Then three blinks for the diamonds, and so on, and four for the clubs."

Mr. Foster chose to announce his finding then and there in the card room, and if the scene was lacking anything for the next few minutes, it wasn't action.

Order Fast Boat To Retain Trade

Wellington,N.Z.—A vessel designed to outstrip all foreign competing vessels on the service between Australia and New Zealand will be built in Britain following the joint action by the Dominions.

Premier G. W. Forbes of New Zealand has announced the Governments of Australia and New Zealand will consult in regard to safeguarding their mutual shipping interests in the face of increasing foreign competition.

Coincident with this, the Union Steamship Company announced today that it would call immediately for tenders in Britain for construction of a fast steamer definitely designed to outrank present competitors.

"How did that stock you bought from Banker Bee turn out?"
"Oh, I got stung in that deal!"

TEETHING FEVER Relieved!

Mrs. Edward James' baby had two teeth when less than three months old. She writes: "He has 18 now and I can truthfully say that giving him Baby's Own Tablets while cutting his teeth kept him fit and well". Teething is a restless feverish time for babies but the little one can always be soothed and the fever reduced by giving sweet, *safe* Baby's Own Tablets. Very easy to take, no after effects. Price 25c everywhere.

Dr. Williams' BABY'S OWN TABLETS

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Don't Read This

Unless you are interested in a medicine which has helped over 700,000 women and girls. Take it before and after childbirth, at the Change or whenever you are nervous and rundown. 98 out of 100 say. "It helps me!"

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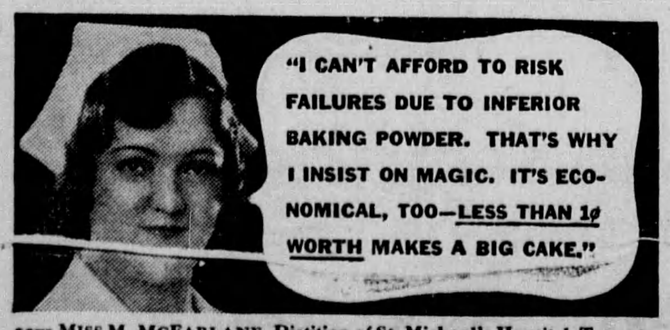

"I CAN'T AFFORD TO RISK FAILURES DUE TO INFERIOR BAKING POWDER. THAT'S WHY I INSIST ON MAGIC. IT'S ECONOMICAL, TOO—LESS THAN 1¢ WORTH MAKES A BIG CAKE."

says MISS M. MCFARLANE, Dietitian of St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto

MAGIC Baking Powder costs so little—and can always be depended on to give you uniformly good results. It actually takes *less than 1¢ worth* of Magic to make a big three-layer cake. So why take chances with inferior brands? Always bake with Magic and be sure!

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There must be a reason Dr. Wernet's Powder is the world's largest seller and prescribed by leading dentists: it holds teeth so firmly—they fit so comfortably—that all day long you forget you ever had false plates. Leaves no colored, gummy paste—keeps mouth sanitary, breath pleasant—the best powder you can buy yet cost is small—any druggist.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

Best for You and Baby Too

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Issue No. 38—'34