says MISS ETHEL CHAPMAN, famous cookery editor of the Farmer

MAGIC costs so little—and you can always count on better baking results. Actually—it takes *less than 1¢ worth* of this famous baking powder to make a big three-layer cake. Don't risk poor-quality cakes by using inferior baking powder. Always bake with Magic and be sure!

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"CONTAINS NO ALUM." This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.

FIVE CROOKED CHAIRS

By FAREMAN WELLS

SYNOPSIS

Adam Meriston, a farmer's son, articled to a solicitor, makes a brave but unsuccessful attempt to thwart three thieves in a bag-snatching raid. The bag was torn from the hands of a girl who afterwards explains to Adam that it contains the day's takings of her father's shop.

At once he found himself in a tremor of excitement, though under the stress his caution was asserting itself for the first time. He thought rapidly. Suppose there had been more than one man. Of course there was only a single set of footmarks, but that only means that one man alone had entered recently from the outside. He had no concern about himself, but somehow he did not like the idea of his companion venturing with him.

There was a chilly sort of menace about the bare silent place that seemed to forbid one to enter it light-heartedly. "You'd better go back," he whispered, "and see if you can find a policeman. There ought to be one about by this time. I'll stay here."

She seemed reluctant. "You ought not to be left alone," she objected.

Adam smiled secretly in the darkness. It sounded so as if she thought her presence gave additional protection. It was not as if he wished for his own safety that she might continue there beside him. It was for her safety that he must make her go. He recollected some of his legal training to impress her. "It's house-breaking, you know," he said. "We ought to have the support of the law before going in for that."

It sounded pretentious, and it was of course inaccurate—it was burglary, if it was anything of that kind, after dark. But it seemed to impress her.

"Very well," she agreed obediently. "Only you must promise that you won't go any further until there's someone here. Promise!"

"Right you are. There must be someone here big enough to knock a man down, before anyone goes inside. It would be too easy for him to dodge past if he knows his way about inside."

At that she went, picking her way through the littered debris by the light he shone for her from her torch. For himself he leaned against the wall prepared to wait.

It was very still now that she had gone, and in the silence he could hear his own heart thudding. It surprised him to realise how worked up he was, and it recalled to him an occasion only a couple of nights before when he had found himself becoming inexplicable and abominably afraid — of nothing. This time there might be an excuse for, at any rate timidity, and he knew that he was not in the least afraid. Rather he was strung up like a boxer waiting in his corner for the sound of the gong. Only the previous night, lying awake thinking over a strange, an extraordinary access of panic he had resolved to find a way of testing himself, of making sure that he wasn't becoming a victim of some disease of the nerves. And now the test had come and he was serenely unafraid.

He cast his mind back to the incidents of the attack at Hayne Street corner. Queer that there should have been no attempt to fling the bag into the waiting car. Was it merely intended that the car should be used for the assault and to draw attention away from the real destination of the bag? If that was the case, it argued a great deal of preparation and intelligence, more intelligence than he imagined was usual in connection with bag-snatching raids.

FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK

For some moments he had hardly moved a muscle, and he was rapidly getting very tired of waiting. He began to fidget, shifting from one foot to the other. He flicked on the torch and shone its light into the doorway again. He imagined that the footmarks were slowly drying and the idea seemed to encourage his impatience. Anything, he thought, would be better than to continue to stand impotently there. His only fear was that there might be something in the excuse he had offered to the girl a short while back, that the man inside might dodge out past him, reaching the door by some round about way. It would be better to wait until someone strong and alert was able to keep guard while he hunted out the quarry. It never occurred to him that anyone but himself would ultimately fulfil the inferior role, that the policeman when he arrived might wish to take charge of the situation.

Another dragging minute and he had forgotten his promise, had made up his mind. She had been gone quite a long time—quarter of an hour at least, he imagined. Actually it was nearer five minutes. He wasn't going to wait any longer.

Holding the torch so as to shield as much as possible of its beam with his hand he tip-toed into the passage. On this right was an open door, through which he shone a tentative ray. It lit up, piecemeal, a low room, empty except for a couple of old counting-house desks and a high stool with rent leather seat, from which a wisp of horse-hair protruded. There was little else but a yellowing pre-war map of Europe hanging lopsidedly on the wall, and over everything dust and cobwebs.

He turned towards the foot of the stairs and, placing each foot as though he were literally treading on eggs, be began to climb. At a half-landing where the stairs turned sharply, there was a door. When it opened his light showed him no more than the interior of an ancient store-cupboard. Satisfied that he was leaving no one in his rear, he went on.

In front of him was the landing of the first floor. This posed a problem. Was he to investigate this thoroughly before he proceeded higher, or was he to make at once for the third floor which he reckoned was that on which they had seen the light? The man might be on any floor now. It would be easy to go blindly past his lurking place. On the other hand the more he explored the more risk there was of alarming his man. Up to now he had made very little noise indeed, but at any moment, blundering about with his inadequate light, he might stumble with a noise that would echo through the whole empty building. He paused irresolute in the darkness, having switched off his torch while he thought. Then, as he stood silently there he heard the unmistakable sound of a light tread from above.

He stiffened and crouched, pressing hard against the wall. Then very carefully he moved back into the corner nearest the stairhead. The footsteps sounded as if coming down. If that was so the man would have to pass. And as he passed a pair of determined arms would easily pinion him. Caught in this way a little hunch-back chap would not be able to make much resistance.

The footsteps were slowly coming down, timidly it seemed.

Of course, the fellow was descending without a light. On these worn, decrepit stairs, one would need to go warily in the darkness. No doubt he had waited until he thought the coast was perfectly clear. Now he was about to sneak off with his booty. As he was clearly alone the combat would be both swift and decisive. Judging from the sound of him he had less than a flight of stairs still to go before he reached Adam's landing.

The descending footsteps reached the bottom of the flight. Adam held his breath—he could actually hear the other man breathing noisily. There came a sound of cautious movement as if he were feeling in advance with his foot. Then there was the scraping of a match and a little flicker of light from between cupped hands. The flicker dwindled and the match went out. Adam held his breath though the effort seemed to strain his lungs and he wanted to gulp air noisily. The man fumbled again with his matchbox. Confound him! Did he already suspect a trap?

(To Be Continued.)

FROM GIRL TO WOMAN

GROWING girls are often sufferers from female irregularities, bearing-down pains, catarrhal drains. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the womanly tonic to give your daughter at such times. Hear what Mrs. Fred McLean of 1702 Peer St., Niagara Falls, Ont., says: "When I was growing into womanhood I was too delicate to play as other girls did, and was very thin and pale. Mother gave me Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it built me up to perfect health. I am now the mother of six healthy children and I believe that I owe my good health as well as theirs to this tonic."

All druggists. New size, tablets 50 cts., liquid $1.00. Large size, tabs. or liquid, $1.35. Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

CAN'T SLIP OR SLIDE

FALSE TEETH

Don't use any old kind of remedy to keep false teeth in place—use a reliable, recognized one which dentists prescribe such as Dr. Wernet's Powder—the largest seller in the world—grips teeth so secure yet comfortable they feel natural. Positively no slipping or clicking—blissful comfort assured all day long. Forms a special comfort cushion to protect and sooth gums. No colored, gummy paste-keeps mouth sanitary-breath pleasant. Inexpensive—all druggists.

Best for You and Baby Too

Baby's Own Soap

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Its fragrant lather soothes & cleanses

EDWARDSBURG

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

A pure, wholesome, and economical table Syrup. Children love its delicious flavor.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL.

C7

Girl's Plan Accepted For Bridge Across The Missouri River

Minneapolis.—A 21-year-old University of Minnesota co-ed, who will not receive her degree in the engineering school until next June, was disclosed as the designer of the plan accepted for the new $2,075,000 bridge to be constructed across the Missouri River at Omaha, Neb.

She is Edith Reed of Minneapolis, who is working her own way through the university, and who developed the plan while in bed recuperating from an automobile accident.

Many leading architects expressed amazement when it was learned the successful design was the creation of a woman. The structure will be 6,200 feet long.

Quick is the succession of human events. The cares of today are seldom the cares of tomorrow; and when we lie down at night we may safely say to most of our troubles, "Ye have done your worst, and we shall meet no more."—Cowper.

"SALADA" TEA

709

Unvarying Quality — *Fresh from the Gardens*

Old-Time Conductors

(Brockville Recorder.)

One of the institutions that is in process of disappearance in this country with the abandonment of local and branch-line train services because of the force of motor competition is the old-time passenger conductor who knew everybody, young or old, who travelled up and down the line, who was keenly interested in their every-day lives and who could share their sorrows as well as their triumphs.

Before such train services were withdrawn, conductors remained upon the same runs for decades. They looked after boys and girls when they began to attend high school, saw them depart for higher institutions of learning, welcomed them home at the conclusion of their studies, saw them develop into parents of other children after they had settled down in their native environment. They could address them all by their first names and many were the little shopping or other commissions executed by them in their off-duty moments.

Now that branch line passenger services have been cut and in some cases completely eliminatd, many of these familiar trainmen have gone to other runs or have retired upon superannuation. But some of them still remain. The C.N.R. tells us of Conductor Arthur Boucher, who has run between Montreal and Island Pond for more than 20 years and who has watched his passengers grow from childhood to maturity.

For years it has been his friendly practice to greet newly - married couples amongst his passengers with a neat speech of felicitation and good wishes. Great was his perturbation, however, on a recent run to discover seven newly-married couples each enjoying their first post-marital train trip and each waiting for the veteran conductor's felicitations. To avoid repeating himself seven times it was necessary to seat the seven couples as close together in a coach as possible and address the felicitations en masse.

In this little incident the conductor of a local passenger train is seen at his best. Conductor Boucher is evidently of the type that has built up good-will on the part of the travelling public, something that the railway companies' prize very highly.

He belongs to the class that used to be familiar on every branch line in the country—men who knew the people carried on the trains, were interested in their welfare and put themselves out to be of service to them.

Treament of Wounds

A wound is an injury to the skin or tissue, either within the body or on its surface. First-aid treatment of wounds consists of stopping bleeding and preventing germs from getting into the wound. Germs may be present on the skin, fingers, clothing and unclean dressings.

DRESSINGS

Nothing should touch the wound except clean cloth or gauze which has been prepared for the purpose. Cloth or gauze so prepared is called a sterilized dressing. A supply of these dressings (for sale at any drug store) should be kept in a covered container in every home. If none are at hand, take a piece of clean, unstarched cloth, and iron it flat, or boil it in water for ten minutes. Old pieces of linen so treated make good dressings.

All serious wounds, and particularly wounds caused by rusty nails and gunpowder, on account of the possibility of tetanus (lock-jaw), should be shown to a doctor.

ANTISEPTICS

The cleaning and disinfecting of all serious wounds should be left to the doctor First-aid treatment stops with the checking of bleeding and application of a sterile dressing.

Small injuries, such as cuts and scratches, which probably will not be seen by a doctor, may be treated with an antiseptic, such as mercurochrome or tincture of iodine (3½ per cent. solution). When dry, apply a sterile dressing as described above.

HEALTH MEANS CHARM AND HAPPINESS

Sparkling eyes and smiling lips speak of health and vitality. Clear skin attracts. The healthy active girl is both happy and popular.

Perhaps you are not really ill yet when the day's work is done you are too tired to enter into the good times that other women enjoy. For extra energy, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It tones up your general health. Gives you more pep—more charm.

Remember that 98 out of 100 women report benefit. Let it help you too.

To Get Style Views As Well As News

London Woman Will Soon View Fashion's Latest Via Television

London.—Many husbands may be relieved by news here that rush hours, bargain crowds, and "whirlwind" shopping expeditions may soon be abandoned in favor of an arm-chair, a telephone, and a radio at home.

For the possibilities of shopping by television were recently demonstrated to members of the press here at a private exhibition of latest advanced television methods. The receiving set showed a mannequin displaying hats and a man giving a few "pointers" on scarfs and furnishing materials. Prices and details were communicated by telephone.

This demonstration has been merely one of many indications that it will not be long before the dream of the "family" television set can be turned into a reality. Sir Harry Greer chairman of the Baird Television Company, recently addressed his shareholders from a distance of 10 miles, by television, to show them that "almost unbelievable" advances had been made.

Meanwhile the British Broadcasting Corporation is said to be turning its thoughts toward producing television programs on a large scale. Recently it has tested several devices with a view, it is said, to contracting for supplies in the near future.

Color is lent to these reports by the persistent rumors in the entertainment world that one of Britain's large radio, gramophone, and disc machine combines is prepared to put television sets on the market for no more than the cost of an ordinary radio-gramophone just as soon as the British Broadcasting Corporation has reached a definite decision.

DON'T SUFFER PILES

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#1 FOR INTERNAL NEED
#2 FOR EXTERNAL NEED

"MECCA" PILE REMEDIES

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SPECIALLY PREPARED BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS MECCA OINTMENT

Says Many Churches Are "Too Effeminate"

Toronto—The trouble with many churches is that they are "to effeminate," Rev. Dr. A. W. Blackwood, professor of homiletics at Princeton Theological College, said in an interview.

The professor declared "a church which is led by men appeals to women, but if it is led by women it does not appeal to men. Many of our churches are too effeminate. There are too many hymns written by women and too often there is not a single masculine voice in the choir."

Dr. Blackwood likes deep voices. "Be sure," he said, "that the bass predominates."

"Rapidly — Rapidly"

A certain American lady had no use for certain languages relates Robert Underwood Johnson, in "Remembered Yesterdays."

" think it takes so much from the feeling of being in a foreign country to speak the language," was her naive explanation.

"But how do you get along?" she was asked. "For instance, when you are driving in Paris, and you wish the cocher to go faster?"

"Oh, I know enough French for that. I just rise, poke him in the back with my parasol, and say, Rapidilly, rapidilly."

It's Liver That Makes You Feel So Wretched

Wake up your Liver Bile —No Calomel Necessary

For you to feel healthy and happy, your liver must pour two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels, every day. Without that bile, trouble starts. Poor digestion. Slow elimination. Poisons in the body. General wretchedness.

How can you expect to clear up a situation like this completely with mere bowel-moving salts, oil, mineral water, laxative candy or chewing gum, or roughage? They don't wake up your liver.

You need Carter's Little Liver Pills. Purely vegetable. Safe. Quick and sure results. Ask for them by name. Refuse substitutes. 25c at all druggists. 54

BABY'S UPSET STOMACH Relieved!

Often in hot weather and occasionally at other times, little stomachs turn sour and acid. "When I notice any sign of sick stomach," says Mrs. J. Alphonous Brown, Bayside, P.E.I., "I always give a Baby's Own Tablet." They quickly set things right, are very easy to take and quite *safe*. All common ailments of childhood including teething are promptly relieved with Baby's Own Tablets. 25c a package at drug stores. 186

Dr. Williams' BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Faster Way Now to Relieve Neuralgia

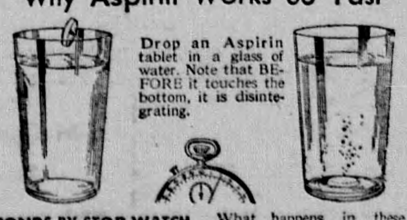
DISCOVERY ALSO EASES BAD HEADACHES MUSCULAR PAIN OFTEN IN FEW MINUTES

Remember the pictures below when you want *fast* relief from pain. *Aspirin* eases even a bad headache or neuralgia often in a few minutes!

An *Aspirin* tablet begins "taking hold" of your pain practically as soon as you swallow it. And *Aspirin* is *safe*. For *Aspirin does not harm the heart.*

Remember these two points: *Aspirin Speed* and *Aspirin Safety*. And, see that you get *ASPIRIN, the method doctors prescribe*. 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 tablets.

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—