Faster Way Found to Relieve Headaches

NOW PAIN OFTEN RELIEVED 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!

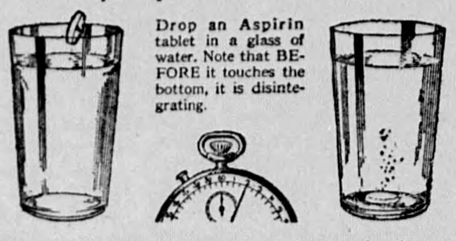
In the stomach as in the glass here, an *Aspirin* tablet starts to dissolve, or disintegrate, almost the instant it touches moisture. It begins "taking hold" of your pain practically as soon as you swallow it.

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 is the Trade Mark of the Bayer Company, Limited

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.

He attempts to track the thieves and reaches an old warehouse. Adams enters the building while the girl watches the door. Suddenly he hears footsteps.

The man turns out to be Adam's employer—Corville Perkin.

Adam, in his private hours experiments with short-wave wireless.

He began involuntarily to glance round into the dark corners of the stable, his eyes furtive, as if he half expected to see a ghost. The hair slowly stiffened on his head—he could feel the shrinking of the scalp. His hands went shoulder-high, the fingers crisping involuntarily. Then he bolted as if all Hell were after him, scattering his precious apparatus as he sprang toward the door. Across the farmyard and up on to the Moor he raced, and as he ran he screamed.

WHY DID HE DO IT?

After about a quarter of a mile's run he pulled up breathless.

Strangely, he no longer felt the least afraid though the place was lonely and stark enough in this time of night. Exhausted he flung himself on the heather and, as he lay there recovering breath, he began to wonder what could have happened to him. Must be going off his chump, he decided, as a result of all the hard thinking he had done in connection with his valve and the effort he had been making to combine the study of scientific with that of legal textbooks. Strange that it should take him like that. If he had any more of it he would have to take a nerve tonic, surreptitiously for it wouldn't do to tell anyone, least of all his parents.

Already his mother had been protesting against his studying too hard, and if she knew she would be bound to insist on him giving up his scientific work. The queer thing was that he had not felt unwell. Even now he felt no symptoms of overwork, no headache, no nervous twitchings. Obviously it was some queer nerve symptom that had affected him, something that was not likely to occur again and that he had better forget.

At this point he rose and soberly returned to the farm. He must switch off the current before going to bed. He had had enough for one night. It was time to slow up if he was going off his rocker like this.

In the farmyard he blundered into his father. "Where have you sprung from? Light's on in your old den and just now something was screaming as if the devil was after it."

Adam answered more tactfully than truthfully. "Yes, I know. I've been up to the moor to see what it could be. I reckon it was only cats, or else a rabbit in trouble with a snare."

"They've no right to set their snares about the yard", answered Meriston Senior doubtfully. "Perhaps it was cats, though it sounded as if someone was being murdered. Gave me a fine scare. It's about time you had your supper."

"All right, Dad, I'll just put out my light." He passed on and entered his den.

The oil lamp was still burning and its light enabled him to survey his scattered apparatus. The tangles of wire were rather worse than before. His heart fell as he noticed that the valve was no longer glowing. It would be dreadful if he had damaged that. But a few minutes' investigation proved that the circuit itself had not been damaged beyond the tearing apart of a connection.

Having thus hastily satisfied himself that there was no serious damage he straightened things up roughly and then blew out the lamp. He walked quite calmly out into the dark silent yard from a pitch-dark stable, out of which he had bolted, terror-stricken, half an hour before when it had been well lit. And as he walked he marvelled at his loss of self-control.

Ever since then he had been wondering what he could do to confirm that his nerves were sound, that he was not going to prove cowardly at the onset of danger, he who had always secretly told himself that he was afraid of nothing, and been more than a little complacent over the statement.

To find himself so soon afterwards engaged in the single-handed pursuit of a thief among empty buildings in a decidedly sinister neighborhood after dark, and to realize that he had not the slightest craven impulse, was gratifying to him in a double measure. Moreover he could reflect that he had not hesitated to attack two men of a violent type only a short time earlier. Emphatically he was not liable to panic. The affair in the stable must have had some other explanation than that.

The train went leisurely along with its soothing, if somewhat bumpy rhythm, like some native beating a drum interminably in the night, and Adam's thoughts returned spasmodically to his adventures, first in the stable at Pennymoor and then in sinister Grail Street, shuttlecocking about from one to the other. But it was to the thought of Priscilla that his agitated thoughts returned most often and it was a vision of the girl's face under the drizzle flecked light of a street lamp that finally accompanied the steady jolting of the train into Mensbridge Station.

He shook off his thoughts as he stepped down to the platform.

The rain had ceased at length, but here at any rate, and a cold wind, straight from the open moors, was sweeping down the comfortless station. He remarked to himself that he was the only passenger for Mensbridge, and was mildly curious to note that outside there was a big car waiting apparently for someone who had failed to arrive. He wondered if it might be returning Pennymoor way, but the idea of receiving a lift raised no enthusiasm in him. He came this way always on his laboratory evenings, and tonight the walk home would give him a chance to get his thoughts straightened out.

For once in his life his mind had too much to deal with, not only the logical problems of his legal and scientific studies, but incongruous, baffling emotional experiences beginning with his now half-forgotten fright and culminating in a new love affair, his first.

He was wasted in the dusty obscurity of Mr. Corville Perkin's offices. In every way he was out of place there. He could not even conform in the matter of attire to the demands of a legal career. When first he had entered the service of Messrs. Perkin, Paramour and Perkin, of which combination Mr. Corville Perkin was the sole surviving members, his unbusinesslike clothing had caused a titter from the other clerks.

Mr. Perkin had at the first put up with a Byronic display of unclad throat and a head that only occasionally, at week-ends, submitted to the constriction of a hat, but in the end he had protested. Adam's sole concession at that time had been the substitution of a tennis shirt for one of khaki drll, and the adoption of a muffler in five contrasted colors for outdoor wear. Mr. Perkin at that had shrugged his thin shoulders resignedly. Perhaps he promised himself that there would be an inevitable change as Adam grew to maturity, but it is equally probable that he was influenced by the circumstances in which the lad had been articled.

All Adam knew about those circumstances was that his father had employed Mr. Perkin in a successful lawsuit about that time. He was unaware that his articles had been secured by the damages recovered, that somehow Mr. Perkin had been reluctant to hand over the money, and that, as a way out of the difficulty, his unbusiness-like parent had been persuaded of the advantage of securing for his son a career that in no other way could have been afforded at that time.

(To Be Continued.)

It's Liver That Makes You Feel So Writched

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

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Plates can't possibly slip when you sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder. Largest seller in world—holds plate so tight they can't annoy yet so comfortable they actually feel and act like your own. Keeps mouth sanitary, breath pleasant—special comfort-cushion prevents sensitive gums from getting sore. Small cost—any drugstore.

Issue No. 47—'34

Victorian Home Seen in Retrospect

(Written for The Journal by Callaway Marston.)

Our world has turned around so they tell us, and is already on the march back to Victorianism, the gay nineties and something lying beyond. The excursion's well on its way. Where will it end?

The multitude today is mistaken about everything dubbed Victorian. It is not a combination of worn-out ethics, ridiculous fashions, and silly sentiment. Instead it's what it always has been since inception — a powerful force affecting many lives. It still colors existence for the younger generation even if its leaders do consider themselves not only immune but superior to anything but the emotion of tomorrow.

The great Queen's reign was long. Today it seems forgotten that Victorianism covered nearly three-quarters of a century—and that what was "in" in 1837 was dead and done for by 1901. Throughout the period stands for development as steady as it was important. It was never synonymous with retrogression. Benefits should accrue from the grafting of a newer Victorianism on our Georgian social fabric.

The world needs renovation. Anything's welcome that will modify the present-day packing-case variety of furniture, the new nudism, the neurotic books that blister while they amuse. Even some art, dancing and so-called music would be the better for purging.

Plush that was scarlet, bullrushes lurking in corners, bustles that made caricatures of women were not the best that flourished when Victoria ruled at Windsor. Bad as they were can they honestly be counted worse than a modern dwelling where the trail of the decorator is marked by imaginary squares, oblongs, and ovals, the same being the appointed places from which certain furnishings may not depart lest an effect be destroyed or a vista altered?

Modern residential museums may have their admirers, but one one loves them. In no sense are they home. Comfort instead of art was the aim of the ancestor before peacock feathers and Beardsley decorations burst upon an unsuspecting world. In those days of innocence no rings left by damp glasses marred the rosewood expanse of the old square piano with its knobby, dust-collecting legs. The "Maiden's Prayer" may have graced the music rack, but no jazz version of a "Red Hot Mama" ever stood beside it.

This Canada of ours had much to recommend it in those distant days when lovely ladies knew little of careers, fine horses were its pride, and many a gentleman voted for "Sir John." When the old order passed massive mahogany and Berlin wool mottoes were alike relegated to dusty attics. Lucky today the home where they have stood undisturbed, for such things are in fashion now, and waxed and polished and shining as never before they will again become part of some room approximating the parlor in which Greatgrandmother wore her black silk dress—a silk that readily passed the quality test of the day and could "stand alone."

* * *

Any man who dates to the seventies or so can get a bit of his own youth back by submerging himself in memories of a Victorian childhood and its surroundings. Present-day antimacassars form a link with the past. Carefully considered they should start his brain working and lead him through a maze of painted lamp globes, satin bannerets, bedizened rolling pins and other major mistakes in taste to gilt window cornices sprouting whiskers of green or magenta fringe, velvet bell pulls, and stiff lace curtains that hung with wide spread tails upon a Brussels covered floor.

He'll not forget the "What-Not" and all that stood upon it, the crewel fire screen, the wondrous silver sewing bird fast screwed to many-drawered lyre table—a red pincushioned little creature that in its beak held firm a seam while Greatgrandmother plied her needle.

Shiny and black and prickly was the horsehair in many a Canadian parlor. Any child ever aware of personal contact with its dark and gloomy splendor will retain the memory while life lasts. So abnormally hirsute was one Great-grandmother's sofa with its stiffly matching bolster pillows, that mere remembrance still causes a rash to arise in one man's imagination.

Once started — this reconstruction of a Canadian parlor isn't easily ended. The doing of it is a fascinating pastime. Remember the marble topped, mahogany pedestaled table and what stood upon it along with a "Keepsake" or two, and that green and gold copy of "What Every Lady Should Know"—a sort of postscript to Mrs. Chapone's famed dissertation.

In one old parlor the table top was level with a certain small boy's eyes and precisely in the middle was a tall glass globe on a little round black stand. It protected something so rare that in later days the Taj Mahal itself seemed no lovelier. The treasure was a white wax cross hung with delicate untinted roses and lilies and tendrils. Today even a sophisticate would forget to pose while admitting its beauty. Then it seemed the one perfect thing in a world filled with such essentials as red flannels, thick stockings, and sulphur and molasses in season.

* * *

Searching for the elusive that made childhood perfect one tries the great kitchen where dough-nut men took obese shape, and finds only disappointment. Upstairs and downstairs in memory one wanders. Lured at last by the ghostly click of steel needles one stands again before the fireplace. Best leave forever the little Victorian there leaning against the knee of a silver-haired gentlewoman who understood children, whose word was law, and voice ever gentle.

If we're going back to Victorianism let's garner the good, and find its spirit. Foolish? What of it? Sense and sensibility helped make the Victorian era what it was — made it great—made it laughed at for a time—now makes its peace, its security, its simplicity the desire today of all who knew it.

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Exquisite Quality — *Fresh from the Gardens*

Forgetting

Max Press, in the New York Times

Drink and be proud and forget,
The last word is still unsaid.
Though the veil of gray doom is fallen
And the wound unhealed and red.
Fierce was the kiss of the steel,
But fiercer the iron wine
That sends you reeling with your blood-filled eyes
From the ruin of the shrine.
Wreck takes no toll of courage,
Disaster no toll of truth,
Honor is where your flag was taken
And Grace where you poured your youth
Drink and be proud and forget,
The flame and the star are dead.
But in the scroll of the last tribunal
The last word is still unread.

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