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 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.

WITH A GRINDING SHRIEK.

Life in Mr. Perkin's office had been so uncomfortable for Adam that it was a delight to him to envision as he strode along the lamp-lit streets of Mensbridge, the possibility of an escape from that unpleasing place. He was persuading himself that he was indeed a young man with a scientific future, able to make money. He'd leave the office in a few months leave it gladly, relying on the proceeds of his invention. It would be a greater relief to him than ever now that he had begun to suspect something exceedingly fishy about the activities of Mr. Perkin.

Perkin's story about making an investigation of the Grail Street property, after dark and apparently by the aid of matchlight, was unbelievable. Nevertheless his mind even now refused to admit the idea of this lean, dry lawyer havng been involved in an attempt at highway robbery.

Funny that he had never realized that there was something queer about the man. After the revelation of his frightened face on that rotten old staircase he would have believed anything of him. That was exactly how anyone would look who had been surprised in the commission of a crime. Now Priscilla, even when she was startled out of her wits, looked appealingly innocent.

He must get his mind settled so as to give that valve a thorough test tomorrow afternoon. It was clearly going to be too late to do anything tonight. The valve meant a career, he was convinced, and since his meeting with Priscilla Norval, a career had assumed a more than selfish importance to him.

Thinking on these lines he strode briskly forward, his head well back and his long arms swinging, until he reached the ancient narrow bridge that was the chief glory of Mensbridge, albeit an eyesore to the town's modernists since its width will only allow of a single line of traffic, and that at the peril of the foot-passenger.

Commencing to cross, he noticed on the gable ends of the houses on the hillside opposite a flush of light.

He stepped on to the two-foot pavement, idly telling himself that it looked as if the car he had noticed outside the station had been going to Pennymoore after all. Within a few yards the lights loomed up behind him, and he caught the sound of a menacing speed. It was going far too fast for a car that had to negotiate Mense Bridge. Motorists usually slowed for that. Some reckless devil was taking a chance that the way would be clear.

The next moment he had sprung instinctively aside into one of those angular recessess that the builders of old had been solicitous to provide to preserve the pedestrians of their day from being crushed by, presumably, ox-wagons. It was well he was quick in movement, for the car seemed to get out of control, swerving so that its near wheels mounted the pavement. With a grinding shriek its fore axle-cap struck fire from the parapet. Immediately it swung dangerously toward the opposite side, and then, straightening out, zoomed away into the night.

Adam thought it more than queer that the driver had not stopped to ascertain what damage he might have done to his axle. He could hardly have failed to feel the glancing impact and still less, with those headlights, could he have missed seeing how narrow was the escape of Adam himself. Just another unsober driver, he concluded. Probably the fellow had been sleeping it off in the train, which would account for him not getting out promptly. A sharp sentence was what he needed.

For the rest of the way Adam walked steadily, and with the rhythmic exercise he succeeded in getting his thoughts into some sort sequence.

His job in life, he decided, was to secure Priscilla Norval for himself. To do this he must put all his energies into the perfecting of his valve. His legal career was to be abandoned at the earliest possible moment, and, for the meantime, he was going to be much on his guard with Mr. Corville Perkin.

The sight of the lights in the farm windows inevitably recalled his mind to the dark yard and the stable out of which he had rushed so incomprehensively last night. That was the most puzzling thing of all. However, he was satisfied now that his nerves were sound. He'd been through enough to frighten most people and he could honestly say that he had not felt the slightest fear. It must be something other than his nerves.

He told his people nothing of his adventures. The story of Mr. Perkin would only cause them worry and of the girl he was for the moment too shy to speak. He would have to say something during the week-end to prepare for his absence on Sunday afternoon. Meantime he was dog-tired. He went to sleep amidst thoughts of Priscilla, and slept without a dream.

Fit and brisk he arrived at the office next morning ready to tackle any amount of work. Its dingy but respectable atmosphere was calculated to destroy the remnants of his uneasiness. The very ringing of the telephone bell, and the business-like responses it evoked, seemed reassuring. Surely telephone bells did not ring just like that in the offices of shady solicitors. There ought to be an air of subterfuge in a place whose chief was accustomed to prowl by night in obscure quarters like Grail Stseet.

Perhaps after all Mr. Perkin had told him the truth. He knew Mr. Montada to be one of the firm's most important clients, although he had never seen the man. He must find out quietly if he did own the Grail Street property. He'd get that out of Mr. Brewster, the managing clesk.

The morning dragged on until presently Mr. Perkin himself emerged from the inner office, overcoated hatted and gloved immaculately, his umbrella a model of neat rolling.

"I think I'll take Adam with me today," he told Mr. Brewster. "It's time he had some experience of Court work."

(To Be Continued.)

That Depressed Feeling Is Largely Liver

Wake up your Liver Bile —Without Calomel

You are "feeling punk" simply because your liver isn't pouring its daily two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels. Digestion and elimination are both hampered, and your entire system is being poisoned.

What you need is a liver stimulant. Something that goes farther than salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum or roughage which only move the bowels—ignoring the real cause of trouble, your liver.

Take Carters Little Liver Pills. Purely vegetable. No harsh calomel (mercury). Safe. Sure. Ask for them by name. Refuse substitutes. 25c at all druggists.

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.

Flashes!

Among London taxi-drivers there are scores over seventy years of age while a few are over eighty.

* * *

British motor car manufacturers will turn out and sell cars and chasis to the value of 50,000,000 pounds next year.

* * *

So quickly has the movement grown that there are now more than 3,000 youth hostels in Europe, 213 of which are in England and Wales.

* * *

A crystal wireless set, so small that it will stand on a three pennypiece, yet which works perfectly was recently made by an eighteen-year-old London lad.

* * *

A FINE LAND TO LIVE IN

The cheapest railway is surely to be found in Finland where one can travel 1,000 miles for 23s third class and 34s second class on the State railways.

* * *

Marriage figures are up and birth figures down in Scotland. Last year the marriage rate was the highest for ten years, while the birth date was the lowest on record.

* * *

In the use of all-steel railway carriages England lags behind Germany, the United States, Italy, and the French State Railways. Only fifteen per cent of British rolling stock is steel.

* * *

The new library at Cambridge is the third largest in the world and contains 1,500,000 volumes in addition to vast numbers of maps, pamphlets and manuscripts.

* * *

Films depicting the latest developments in tank, infantry and cavalry warfare are to be used to instruct the British Army if the two experimental films already taken prove satisfactory.

* * *

SOME FAMILY!

By producing 385 youngsters in the eleven years of her life, a sow belonging to a Worcestershire farmer holds a world's record. She produced sixty five pigs in three litters in one year.

* * *

At Heston Air Port, Middlesex, which it is claimed is the busiest privately operated aerodrome in the world, aeroplanes land or take off at an average rate of more than 100 a day.

* * *

Modern methods and machinery introduced into Japan's textile factories have greatly increased output. A weaver working eleven hours a day in 1922 produced 1,800 yards; now working only eight and a half hours, he will produce 5,000.

* * *

BEST TIME FOR SLEEP

From 8 p.m. to midnight are the "natural" sleeping hours for human beings, according to one scientist, who adds that those who suffer from sleeplesnes would be better to retire early in the evening and get as much sleep as possible before midnight.

* * *

British banks formerly absorbed nearly 4,000 boys a year; now, owing to the introduction of calculating and other machines, this number is greatly reduced. As officials retire on reaching the age limit the number of employees is still further reduced.

Grandmother's Remedy Still Good Today

Coarse Roughened Skin Unnecessary

The ideal, healing, protective lotion since 1875, Hinds Honey and Almond Cream makes unnecessary red, work-roughened hands, and complexions coarsened from outdoor exposure. Women use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, as a preventive and for relief, for chapped skin.

Apply this delightfully fragrant, soothing lotion. Notice how quickly it is absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of stickiness. Gives instant relief to chapped hands, and healing is rapid and complete. If you believe in "an ounce of prevention," apply Hinds Honey and Almond Cream before exposing your skin to raw, damp weather and cold winds.

Delightfully cool, soothing and softening in effect, Hinds Honey and Almond Cream offers adequate protection and keeps your skin smooth, soft and white through the roughest work or weather. HC

Issue No. 48—'34

"SALAD TEA

Outstanding Quality

Fr the

Famous London Fog Is Just An Illusion

(Coming Events in Great Britain and Ireland)

"November fogs ....." Are we not the victims of our own incorrigible habit of phrase-making?

I am assured that there are Americans who believe that Great Britain has but two kinds of weather—Scotch mist and London fog. They are, I need hardly protest, Americans who have yet to make their first visit to this country. They have not even heard of the superbly sunny summer which we enjoyed this year, or of the summer that preceded it, in which, from May to August, 926 hours of sunshine were recorded at Kew.

But there is some excuse for their misapprehension.

We have for too long allowed the world to suppose that England in winter—and especially London in November—is intolerable; indeed, we have gloried in the assertion. For generations we have been abusing our weather, without making it plain that this is a form of indulgence peculiar to ourselves.

We are rather proud of the reputation we have built up of being able to live in a "difficult" climate; it exhibits us as a hardy race (which we are) and one able to adapt itself to conditions that would severely test the stamina of lesser breeds.

That this attitude may be regarded as unnecessarily arrogant does not matter so very much; the trouble is that it is silly. For the less sympathetic and understanding stranger blandly accepts our description of English weather without in the least comprehending our queer inverted pride in it.

British novelists also are much to blame. I could give many instances, but cite as a conspicuous example of the willingness to make the worst of a bad thing the opening chapter of "Bleak House." What a superb glorification of soot, mud, drizzle and —fog! In fact, Dickens painted a picture so starkly alluring that well-primed Dickensians from overseas have been known to profess disappointment on discovering that the once celebrated "peasoup" variety of fog—the incomparable "London particular" as the brew was called by its reluctant admirers—is no longer procurable.

The dawn of a day like that described in "Bleak House" would now provoke as much excitement in London as a snowstorm in Jerusalem.

Within reason, and from a strictly romantic standpoint, fog may have its merits, but that London has more than her share of it is one of those illusions for which the Londoner himself is chiefly responsible. A few facts from the Meteorological Office alone are sufficient to destroy the fable.

Until the rise of aviation brought the demand for exact knowledge of "visibility" there was no systematic measurement in this country of the duration, range and density of fog. Accurate measurement of "visibility" was not begun until after the war. But records that were made at Greenwich show quite definitely that whereas between 1881 and 1900 there was practically no variation in the volume of London's November fogs, there has been since then a steady decrease.

Visibility measurements are now taken regularly, frequently and accurately at many stations both in England and abroad.

Fog is held to exist when an object becomes invsible at a distance of a thousand metres. October and November are admittedly the foggiest months. And the worst time for fogs is one hour after sunrise.

CHILDREN'S CONSTIPATION Ended!

Mrs. H. T. Rowsome, Athens, Ont., writes, "My baby boy was troubled with constipation. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets as directed . . . Before I had given half the box the constipation was righted." By relieving constipation, Baby's Own Tablets prevent more serious ailments developing. Much easier to take than nauseating laxatives and perfectly *safe* for all little folk from the wee babe to children of school age. 25c package.

Dr. Williams' 16G
BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Here is vations at ning durin number of cal observa London, London, Paris, Le Frankfurt

Which su not merely but a blata brag any n November truth, we a worse off, t

Go V 240 Co Enjoy hand-m rollin GOLD ALSO MAD

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Win THE G THAT S ENR BUILD At all goo Sales Age & C

In the Wake of the Storm

Rain, sleet, a high wind, icy roads—every available telephone lineman damage.

Seeing a five-passenger sedan skid and overturn in the ditch, Bell Tele ed to render skilled First Aid, hurry to the scene. Two of the party are uncon three badly cut about the head and arms.

One of the telephone men attaches an emergency telephone to the wi ator in the nearest town to send a doctor. The other two linemen staunch the f vive the unconscious victims, working to such good purpose and so skillfully tha arrives he finds that all possible has been done and compliments the telephone n knowledge and prompt help. An oft-told tale of the modern highway.