HOW TO RELIEVE YOUR COLD ALMOST AT ONCE

1. Take 2 Aspirin tablets.

2. Drink full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

3. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 Aspirin tablets in a third of a glass of water and gargle. This eases the soreness in your throat almost instantly.

Follow Simple Directions Here For Quick Relief

When you have a cold, remember the simple treatment pictured here . . . prescribed by doctors as the *quick, safe way.*

Results are amazing. Ache and distress go immediately. Because of *Aspirin's* quick-disintegrating property, *Aspirin* "takes hold"— *almost instantly.* Your cold is relieved "quick as you caught it!"

All you do is take *Aspirin* and drink plenty of *water.* Do this every 2 to 4 hours the first day—less often afterward . . . if throat is sore, the *Aspirin* gargle will ease it in as little as 2 minutes.

Ask your doctor about this. And be sure you get ASPIRIN when you buy. 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. Aspirin is the trade mark of the Bayer Company, Limited.

DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

Queen Given Fifteen Pound Casket Of Tea

This year is the centenary of the tea-growing industry in the British Empire, and the tea-producers of the Empire have celebrated it by presenting to the Queen a casket holding 15 pounds of tea. The casket is a lovely thing, made of Bombay rosewood inlaid with Ceylon satinwood and ebony, and the tea inside is unique. It is blended from 15 of the finest known teas, seven from Ceylon, six from India and two from East Africa.

One of the components of this rare mixture is a tea from Darjelling, which looks more like tobacco than tea, and is described as having a "very fine muscatel flavor." It is probably the most expensive tea in the world, $3.25 a pound, and is used in minute quantities for flavoring teas of humbler vintage.

If You Eat Starches Meats, Sweets *Read This*

They're All Necessary Foods — But All Acid - Forming. Hence Most of Us Have "Acid Stomach" At Times. Easy Now to Relieve.

Doctors say that much of the so-called "indigestion," from which so many of us suffer, is really *acid* indigestion . . . brought about by too many *acid-forming* foods in our modern diet. And that there is now a way to relieve this . . . often in minutes!

Simply take *Phillips'* Milk of Magnesia after meals. Almost immediately this acts to *neutralize* the stomach acidity that brings on your trouble. You "forget you have a stomach!"

Try this just once! Take either the familiar liquid "PHILLIPS'", or, now the convenient *new* Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. But be *sure* you get Genuine "PHILLIPS'".

Also in Tablet Form:

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at all drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' *Milk of Magnesia*

MADE IN CANADA

BABY AILMENTS Relieved!

"Baby's Own Tablets have been the only medicine my four children have ever had. In no single instance has it been necessary to consult our doctor." So writes Mrs. Harry Pilmer, Cumberland Bay, N.B. When the baby or young child loses appetite; is sleepless or restless, has coated tongue, colic, indigestion, cold or diarrhoea or is teething . . . give Baby's Own Tablets for *safe,* quick relief. Price 25c at all drug stores. 20G

Dr. Williams'

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

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Curious World

Out of the 9,400 commercial ocean-going ships in the world today, fewer than fifty can travel at more than twenty knots, and fewer than twenty have a gross weight of more than 30,000 tons.

Australia's bulldog ant likes to fight so much that even when it is cut in two, a battle begins between the head and the tail.

Nicknamed "The Boy Mountain," fifteen-year-old Bob Wadlow, of St. Louis, stands 8 ft. high, weighs 25 stone 12 lb., and takes size 35 in shoes.

A family of old-age pensioners are living together at Coalville, Leicestershire. The father, Mr. Walter Brearly, is 94, his two sons 70 and 68, and his two daughters 72 and 67.

Seven times married, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Monte Latifoff, a Bulgarian gypsy, has now fallen in love. She refuses to pick a quarrel with her eighth husband, greatly to her father's indignation, as he depends for a living on the fee which, in accordance with the gypsy custom, each man presents to him for the hand of his daughter.

Lion taming lessons are being given in a postal course by an American school. A rival organization trusts that the lion will recognize the diploma when a graduate steps into his cage!

A skull lies, yellow with age, in a recess behind the curtain of an old farm-house near Chapel-en-el-Frith, Derbyshire. Every time the skull is disturbed, disaster overtakes the farm.

In his place in Surakarta, Java, the Sultan of Solo maintains a household of 15,000 persons—wives, paramours, dancing girls, relatives, priests, soldiers, local officials, and servants.

CHAPPED HANDS? NO!

APPLY HINDS

See how quickly it soothes

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

TRADE MARK REGISTERED IN CANADA

HAVE YOU Digestive Troubles?

Mr. W. J. Fisher, 398 Hunter St. W., Hamilton, Ont., said: "I suffered from catarrh of the stomach, could eat but very little and that would cause distress. I grew weaker daily and had headache almost constantly. I became very much discouraged. After taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I was able to eat, gained in weight and resumed my work." All druggists.

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.

Walking homeward, Adam is nearly run down by a large swift car.

He calls on Priscilla Norval.

Her father recounts the history of five antique chairs he possesses.

"It may be silly but I have a positively superstitious objection to breaking that promise, even if we are morally free from blame since we have made every effort to trace the man who sold them," said the Professor.

Adam agreed that it was an exceedingly difficult problem. "But are they so much attached to their chairs in Spain that they make conditions like that when selling them?"

"I don't know what they are. But if you saw these chairs you would understand that it is possible that the owner might value them beyond anything he possessed."

"Then what made him sell? I always understood that Spain was one of those places where one can live on next to nothing without being forced to sell one's furniture."

"In some parts that is almost true but at the time I bought, the Marquis Valdamonte was reputed to be an extremely rich man."

"That makes it sound all the more difficult to me."

"I think you may take it that the situation that had arisen was of the sort that always does arise in times of revolution. Valdamonte was in danger, probably arranging an escape from the country, which I fancy would in his case be far from easy. The Government was not prepared to let the old aristocracy export its wealth. I think he sold me the chairs because he thought that, as the property of a foreigner, they would be more easily exported. He may have sold other things that he valued, and with the same proviso. Then if he did get clear he would be able to gather round him his most prized heirlooms to cheer his exile. That is how the affair appeared to me at the time and why I feel a particular desire to keep my side of the bargain."

Adam pondered the moral aand legal problems involved. At length he looked up to meet Priscilla's eyes steadily regarding him.

"What would you say was the right thing to do?" she asked.

"I think," he said deliberately, "that at all costs I would keep my promise."

For that he received a look that was positively congratulatory.

"There is just one possibility occurs to me," he continued. "That is one might, if one could find a purchaser under such a condition, sell with a proviso securing to the original owner the right of re-purchase."

"That is a suggestion worth thinking about," remarked Norval, and from the tone of his voice it was evident how greatly he would feel relieved if by some such means he could see his way clear to dispose of the chairs.

But the girl would have none of it. "No!" she said with quite extraordinary emphasis. "I feel as if even that would be doing wrong somehow. It would be just trying to abide by the letter rather than the spirit of the deal. The owner's actual words, you have said many times, were that you should not let the chairs go out of your possession without giving him the option to buy them back. Isn't that what he said?"

Norval smiled lugubriously. "You are quite right of course," he agreed, and then turning to Adam: "It is obvious we shall never get rid of our chairs with my daughter's consent. I believe she is actually in love with them."

"Well, I do want to keep them, I'll admit that. They're quite the loveliest things we possess. But it is a sort of instinct with me that we must hang on to them until the very last, and I should feel just the same about that if they were positively ugly."

"Right then, that's settled. We shall hang on until they are sold by order of the Official Receiver. I think before it does come to that though if we still can't find the owner, we are entitled to try to sell under a proviso such as you suggested."

The clock—a rare French specimen—revealed the blighting information that it was already a quarter past eight. For Adam, time had sped astonishingly, which was not surprising considering that the company consisted of the most wonderful girl in the world and a charming man who had travelled half the world in search of antiques.

"I should like you to stop, but I can't let you miss your last train and have all those miles to walk," the girl explained as she rose.

Her father, however, destroyed the effect of her consideration, making Adam miss his train after all.

"But you haven't seen the chairs!" he cried. "You really can't go without seeing them. It won't take a minute, and I assure you they are worth it."

The three hurried upstairs to a bare low attic with ceiling sloping to the pitch of the roof. It was unfurnished in the conventional sense, but it contained, in addition to one or two pieces of light furniture, five big elaborate chairs.

They had high curving backs, and slender, writhing arms, while from under their broad seats projected squat, sprawling legs. All the woodwork was elaborately and intricately carved, and the whole design gave one the impression that the craftsman had been under the urge to relieve his tortuous, witch-ridden, medieval mind in the production of some involved and grotesque fancy of his own. Even this had not led him to overlook the natural purpose of a chair, and the seats looked comfortable enough, the padded backs bespeaking a restfulness with which the woodwork seemed purposely to contrast. Their upholstery was in a dull red leather, lozenged with faded gilt lines, and in each of the lozenges was a little gilded device, in one a shield, in another a plumed helmet or a fleur-de-lys.

In spite of their grotesque quaintness there was an air of quality, of aristocracy about these chairs that could not be denied by the most superficial observer.

MR. PERKIN'S CLIENT

All thought of Adam's train seemed to have been lost in the enthusiasm of the moment. Norval ran his hand caressingly over the carving as he expatiated on unique features. He explained how the joints were made, how the leather had been worked into shape without the usual foldings and pleats, how each of the devices had been hand-tooled against a carved die, the infinite pains of it all. Adam forgot his train, he even forgot his concern with Mr. Corville Perkin's dubious methods. He was only conscious that he was in the presence of something beyond ordinary greatness and that his Scylla, her great dark eyes glowing almost worshipfully, was sharing his delight.

The only news when he returned home after his long late walk from Mensbridge was that Grimsby had at last returned. The old cat was comfortably stretched out in his usual place, his fright forgotten. It would have been distressing to have had to associate the development of his invention with the sacrifice of so old a friend as Grimsby. The state of being in love, he found, made him fonder of all things of which he had been fond before.

He turned enthusiastically next day to his scientific work and managed in his spare time to tabulate enough data to feel confident that he would not be disgraced in the expert eyes of Professor Starling when he approached that gentleman.

During the intervening days an interesting case had come into the office, that of a well-known rough character who went by the name of Hagar. He was accused, this time, of an attempt to relieve a visiting diamond merchant of his samples. In view of the fact that violence entered into the charge, and that the evidence seemed unshakeable, the case was generally looked upon as likely to bring Mr. Hagar a further substantial term of penal servitude. In some way the man interested Adam, who saw him at the Police Court proceedings. He was a powerful fellow, and though not perhaps dull-witted seemed to have an extraordinary difficulty in making a coherent statement.

(To be Continued)

Link Between Scotia and Greece

Scottish People Thrilled With Duchess Of Kent And Her Affiliations With The Land Of Heather

Links between Scotland and the Duchess of Kent were forged in quick succession, writes May Gibson in the Glasgow Herald, following her first acquaintance with our country on her September visit to Balmoral. One was the conferring of the Earldom of St. Andrews on her fiance, the Duke of Kent; and later there was the appointment of the Lady Mary Dorothea Hope, sister of the Marquis of Linlithgow, as the Duchess' Lady-in-Waiting.

But is it not also an interesting coincidence that the wedding of the Duke of Kent was solemnized on St. Andrew's Eve? For not only is St. Andrew, whose day is November 30, the patron saint of Scotland, but he has also a close association with the Duchess' own country, Greece. Moreover, St. Andrew is, most appropriately, the patron saint of lovers.

FROM GREECE TO FIFE

The saint, according to tradition, preached the gospel in Greece and Asia Minor, and it was in the city of Patras, in Achaia, that, after a cruel scourging, he met his death by crucifixion in the year 70 A.D.

It was a Greek monk, named Regulus or Rule, who, having exhumed the bones of St. Andrew, took them on board a ship, and, accompanied by fourteen other monks, set out for some distant land, eventually being cast ashore in a storm on the coast of Fife. There the holy relics were reverently reburied and a little church erected over the saint's new grave. Thus, it is said, was the town of St. Andrews founded.

Although we in Scotland do not appear ever to have made much of our patron saint in his capacity as the patron saint also of lovers there is no doubt that St. Andrews has always been greatly honored in this respect on the Continent.

AMOROUS CUSTOMS

On St. Andrew's Eve the country girls of Germany who may be desirous of ascertaining what will be the color of the hair of their husbands to be, go through the time-honored ceremony of taking hold of the latch of the house door and repeating three times: "Gentle love, if thou lovest me show thyself." The girl then cluthes through the opened door at the darkness, and in her hand, when she withdraws it, she is supposed to see a representation of a lock of masculine hair.

The peasant people of France have a similar custom. On St. Andrew's Day itself the French country girl fasts all days, and when night comes she gets into bed on the wrong side, and, on lying down and closing her eyes, says aloud: "Sweet Andrew, show me, I beg you, the man whom I am to marry." The revelation is not immediate, but comes to the maiden in a dream when she has fallen into slumber.

Serve the Best Tea

"SALADA" TEA

What Does Your Handwriting Reveal?

GEOFFREY ST. CLAIR
(Graphologist)
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(Editor's Note. Hundreds of our readers have been helped to a greater understanding of themselves through sending for a personal character analysis from their own handwriting. Have YOU? See the invitation in the following article).

The early part of a new year is a good time for stock-taking. Just as all business firms generally take advantage of this time of the year to balance up their stock, find out where they are short, and what they can do without, so may each one of us take advantage of this psychologically opportune time to have a mental stock taking.

In what qualities of character are we short? What do we lack in order to take advantage of the opportunities that a new year offer? Are we on the right track? Are we exerting our fullest energies in the right path?—or are we pursuing a course that will lead to disaster, or at best to unhappiness?

Nothing can stand still. We either progress or retrogress. And no one of us wishes to go backwards. It is my advice to all my readers that you quietly explore your abilities, your characteristics, your talents, —don't be afraid to tell yourself the truth. You are cheating no one but yourself when you wilfully overlook points in which you are lacking.

How can Graphology help you to make the most of yourselves? Well, it can do what most people are fundamentally unable to do—it can tell the truth about you, without bias or favour. It will show up unerringly your faults and weaknesses and, it will be quite fair too. It will show equally wherein are your good characteristics.

Handwriting does reveal the truth about the writer. This has been emplified so often that, today, there are very few sceptics.

"Madge" of Moose Jaw, Sask., writes, in part: "I am enclosing a specimen of my husband's writing as well as my own. I would like to know if my husband intends to really mend his ways, as he has promised. Will he keep his word?"

Well, Madge, your own writing shows that you are of a reserved nature. You do not reveal your real feelings. You are also inclined to study your own self-interests, to some extent. And you also display some impatience, and consequently irritability.

The writing of your husband indicates that he has a somewhat highly-strung nature. He is impulsive, and often does things without really stopping to consider carefully what he is doing. There is another trait in his character that he ought to check. He is a procrastinator—indefinite and rather vacillating. He does not seem to to able to make up his own mind, or lay down a definite course of action.

He certainly needs to cultivate more determination and decisiveness, instead of taking the line of least resistance.

He undoubtedly means well when he promises you that he will mend his ways, but I am afraid that he is hardly of a sufficiently strong character to keep to this, unless he buckles down, and realizes that this procrastinating and indefinite way of doing things and behaving is not to his advantage.

To "Ellen," Bloor Street, Toronto Your wrting shows that you have been making an effort to control your excitable disposition—and I congratulate you on this. Keep it up and you will reap the benefit. You have a careful regard for order and neatness, and are particularly scrupulous about details. This is a good trait, but don't be too fussy.

Miss M. J., London: Yours is a cool and poised nature. You are not a girl to get easily ruffled, no matter how tense things become. Somewhat reserved—you display a tendency to study your own interests. True, there is some generosity, but you are never impetuous, and usually discriminate in your giving. In other words you look before you leap.

Can Mr. St. Clair help you? Can he help you by telling you the truth about you from your handwriting? And have you any friends about who you would like to know the real truth—without frills? Send specimens of the writing you wish to be analysed, stating birthdate in each case. Send 10c coin for each specimen, and enclose with a 3c stamped addressed envelope to: Georffrey St. Clair, Graphologist, Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto Ont. Letters are confidential, and replies will be forwarded as soon as possible.

DON'T RISK BAKING FAILURES

There's no guesswork with Magic. It assures uniformly fine results! That's why Canada's leading cookery experts use and recommend it exclusively. Ask your grocer for a tin!

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