

Salada Green tea drinkers drink the best green tea

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

THE KESTREL HOUSE MYSTERY

By T. C. H. JACOBS

SYNOPSIS

Henry Holt and his ward, Muriel, are staying at a farmhouse. Holt's friend, Moinau, living at Kestrel House, desires that Muriel marry his nephew, Hayden Mercer, whom she dislikes. A series of mysterious disappearances has been alarming the neighborhood. Another reader at the farm, Percival Pycroft, and his sister, Flack, discover a secret underground passage to Kestrel House. Pycroft and Flack, with Holt and Muriel, extract a parcel from his specimen case. Pycroft afterwards finds the stolen parcel has disappeared. Inspector Barnard visits Kestrel House and gives them some interesting information. Ten hours later Samuel is found stabbed to death. Barnard arrests Pycroft, who effects an escape. When Barnard returns that night he is assaulted by a masked man.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)

Clinging grimly to his opponent's wrist he tried time and again to drive in a blow which would settle the matter, but every effort was countered with amazing swiftness. Vainly he strove to rip the mask which covered the other's face, but his fingers could get no grip on the taut silk. Except for their heavy breathing, no sound broke the tense silence. Once Barnard had it in mind to shout for Trotter, sleeping in the next room, but instantly suppressed it. No man had ever yet beaten him in physical combat.

Slowly his fingers worked round to the back of his opponent's hand and, exerting all his strength, he forced it inward with a steady pressure impossible to resist. Desperately the other strove to break free, but he was it, the grip of a stronger man than himself. He writhed and rolled, lashing savagely with his feet, but the terrible pressure increased until, at last, with a stifed sob of agony, his numbed fingers loosed their hold upon the haft. Barnard was a split second too late in twisting his head aside. The knife fell point downwards, its razor edge slashed his temple, pierced his ear and stuck quivering in the boards.

His attention momentarily distracted, he let go the other's wrist. With lightning speed the man shot backwards along the floor, crashed into the ancient washstand, somehow slipped around it as it toppled over and, still on his hands and knees, slid like a shadow from the room.

With a bellow of mingled pain and chagrin Barnard wrenched the knife from the boards, leaped to his feet, sprang over the washstand and, rearing for Trotter, ran swiftly down the stairs.

Searchlight had disappeared when the masked figure stepped from the shadows of an alcove, sped lightly along the corridor, opened the door of a bedroom which he knew to be unoccupied, slipped across the room, noiselessly threw up the window and dropped silently upon the stable roof.

Detective Sergeant Trotter, roused from a dreamless slumber by the crash of the washstand, sat up in his bed wondering what had awakened him. Suddenly Barnard's bellows shattered the peace of the night and Trotter was instantly wide awake.

"Coming, Chief!" he yelled, crossing the room in two leaps. He met his senior officer at the bottom of the stairs, wildly dishevelled, blood upon his face and pyjama coat.

"After him, Trotter, he's gone the other way. Search the rooms while I get some clothes on."

Anxious faces were peering from several of the bedrooms as the landlord came forward, a double-barrelled sporting gun in his hands.

"What's the matter, sir?" he exclaimed, in consternation, at the sight of Barnard.

"Burglars," snapped the inspector, "stand by your window, landlord, and if you see a single thing move in the yard, shoot it."

The landlord was a true son of the moor, where passions are primitive. He had none of the scruples which might have checked a city man, and he knew that he was within his rights to shoot at a burglar. Such an opportunity was not to be missed, and he hastened eagerly to obey the inspector's command.

Barnard crammed on his clothes and thrust his feet into a pair of slippers. Trotter shouted to him as he came out of his room.

"Here you are, Chief, this is the way he went, out of this window on to the stable roof."

"All right, Trotter, get some clothes on and follow me."

But Trotter contented himself with his boots and with his chief before he had opened the big door below. As they came out into the yard the landlord's gun crashed above their heads and for a fleeting second they caught sight of a movement by the gate.

"There he goes, sir," shouted the excited landlord, "I winged him!"

Barnard and Trotter sprinted across

on me marrying Hayden Mercer?" she demanded. "I don't even like the man—he frightens me."

Henry Holt's round, pleasant face assumed an expression of hurt surprise, and he raised one plump hand in protest. "Tut, tut, my dear," he expostulated mildly, "that is not a very nice thing to say about Hayden. For such a wealthy young man I think that he is singularly free from the vices and fads of the modern youths. He is one of the most industrious, honest men I know, and—and—my dear, you would seek a very long while to meet his equal. In marriage love is not everything. . . ."

(To be continued.)

Swimmers Should Adopt "Safety First" As Their Motto

Almost every paper now carries the story of some child or grown-up who has met a watery grave. As a matter of fact very few drownings are entirely accidental, many times a person on a dare, or as a stunt, tries to swim beyond his strength, or perhaps does not realize that the water is cold, or that the current is swift, or as too often happens, uses a treacherous, tipsy or leaky boat. Then there are those accustomed to small craft who by standing up or by changing seats, capsize a boat that ordinarily would be reasonably safe.

Many people do not know enough about water to be mindful of its danger. You seldom hear of a person losing his life in the water who has previously had a narrow escape or who has witnessed a drowning. Remember that not many who remain under water for a short time, even for a few minutes, survive.

Every person should learn to swim and the younger the better. It is good healthful sport, affording the best of muscular exercise and recreation. The exposure of a large area of the skin to the sun gives a new lease on life for the short and sometimes sunless days of winter. Get a good dark tan, if you can, but get it slowly, avoiding sunburn.

When learning to swim, keep in shallow water, be sure that there are no hidden holes or drop-offs. Never venture beyond your depth until you can swim well. Do not be foolhardy yourself, nor sanction it in others.

Everyone should know how to attempt resuscitation of a person who has been taken out of the water, perhaps apparently dead. Time is precious. Send for a doctor, but don't wait for him, also don't wait for a pulmotor, or other apparatus. Don't try to move the body unless artificial respiration can be continued constantly while the transfer is taking place, this is vital. Don't wait for anything, but go to work.

It is far better that parents teach their children to swim rather than admonish them to keep away from the water. Teach them to respect the dangers of water as well as how to swim and row. The out of door exercise will make them stronger and healthier, and less subject to disease.

Farmer—"You don't suppose we take boarders because we need the money?"

Visitor—"I had some such idea."

Farmer—"Not at all. We just get these people out from town to keep the mosquitoes from devoting all their attention to our home circle."

"The physique, clothing, and cleanliness of the children are at least a hundredfold better than they were thirty years ago, and at least fifty per cent. better than they were eleven years ago," said an expert, speaking about the Whitechapel children recently. He added that the infantile death-rate has decreased by one-half since 1900.

"Tis always morning somewhere in the world.—Richard Horae.

Golden love may leave the heart; Golden dreams must swiftly depart; Golden hair will turn to grey; Golden summer pass away; Golden sunset silent wane; Golden youth ne'er come again; Golden riches leave no trace; Golden thoughts to black give place; While these vanish day by day, Golden deeds shall live for aye; And through them for all awaits Entrance at the Golden Gates.—Alfred Smythe.

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Helen Wills Moody Again Victor

"Hayden may be coming over this morning, my dear, and I hope that you will be more—kind and—gracious to him. He is passionately fond of you." Henry Holt had a way of choosing his words, hesitating for the exact expression which he felt would best convey his meaning. It was a little trick of speech which Muriel had found added charm to his courteous tones and old-world manner; but this morning it irritated her.

In that mysterious way in which news travels on Dartmoor, he it ever so secret, she had learned from Mary Jane the object of Barnard's interview with Pycroft. She knew that the man who had won her so completely was a fugitive from justice, a felon against whom every honest man's hand would be turned. But the knowledge roused in her no revulsion of feeling, no horror of the terrible crime, her only fear was for his safety.

She had penetrated the mask which cloaked the true man. Whatever he was, whatever he might have been, she loved him with all the strength of her warm, loyal nature. Not for the most fleeting moment did she believe him guilty of this foul murder, however strangely he may have acted when charged by the police officer. Hers was the faith that is steadfast and true against overwhelming odds.

With a little gesture of impatience she turned to Holt, watching her somewhat curiously, seeking to read her thoughts.

"Why are you so tremendously keen

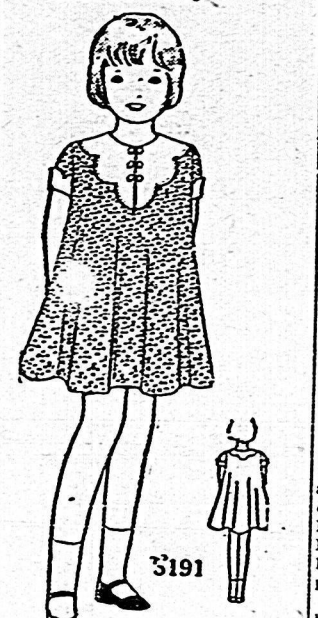
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(To be continued.)

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



A cute little dress is this little one-piece affair for that important girl of the family.

It's a model too that will provide a basis for many variations. For instance, there's the original model in red and white printed batiste with plain white yoke and cuffs with red button trim.

Then too, Jane must have a frock of nautical influence. This one is fetching in white linen with yoke and cuffs in yacht blue linen, with tiny gold buttons accenting the blue yoke. For real honest-to-goodness hardy wear, there's gingham checks, poplins, pique and percales.

Printed dimity and shantung also suitable. Style No. 3191 is designed for tiny tots of 2, 4 and 6 years. The 4-year size requires 1 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 1/2 yard of 39-inch contrasting.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

The Dump-Cart Driver

The dump-cart driver settles in his seat. His rounded shoulders hot beneath the sun.

And now the old gray head is drooping deep.

Still deeper, till the noisy world has gone.

The nodding nag with steady stepping feet, The rhythmic jingle of the harness-reefs, Have faded now and merged in wandering dreams

Of far-off homeland, long forgotten things. He's just a lad with happy laughing lip

And no concern that down a city street A lumbering wagon, loose in all its seams,

Bears on its swinging seat, head hanging low, An old day-laborer driving in his sleep, With reins wound round the long, since useless whip,

The while the faithful horse goes plodding slow.—Elizabeth Challis Adams, in "The Street car and the Star."

Golden Deeds

Golden love may leave the heart; Golden dreams must swiftly depart; Golden hair will turn to grey; Golden summer pass away; Golden sunset silent wane; Golden youth ne'er come again; Golden riches leave no trace; Golden thoughts to black give place; While these vanish day by day, Golden deeds shall live for aye; And through them for all awaits Entrance at the Golden Gates.—Alfred Smythe.

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Eat Light Meals In Hot Weather

Fruits, Vegetables and Milk Favored by Health Bureau

A good rule to follow in hot weather, says the United States Public Health Service, is to stop eating when the stomach is satisfied. Other suggestions for the summer are that the food should be light, nutritious and easily digestible. However, it is most essential that a balanced diet be maintained at all times, and this is especially true during the hot months, when an abundance of fresh vegetables and fruits are said to be especially desirable as a hot weather food. Going on the service says:

The proper selection of clothing is equally important. We must remember that dark clothes absorb the sun's rays and are therefore warm in the hot weather. White clothes, on the other hand, reflect the rays of the sun and are therefore cool in hot weather. So, as far as possible, we should choose white clothing of cotton or linen material. Generally speaking, summer clothing should be light in weight and color and porous in texture. Such clothing permits evaporation and allows air to reach the skin readily. Frequent changes of clothing, particularly of that next to the skin, is especially conducive to comfort.

It is during this season that the body requires an unusually large amount of fluids, and the question of what to drink is equally as important as what to eat. When thirst becomes oppressive we are prone to drink carelessly as to what and how we drink, and can readily cause ourselves discomfort and even grave injury. Milk is one of the finest of hot weather drinks, as it is quite effective in quenching thirst and contains a high food value. Fruit juices are also excellent hot weather drinks, being high in food value and effective in quenching thirst. An abundance of water, both internally and externally, is necessary during hot weather.

The proper amount and the proper kind of exercise are just as essential in hot weather as in cold, and it is important that we give them some thought in choosing. Exercise suited to the season as well as to the requirements of the individual, taking into consideration also his vocation, should be sought. Constant automobile riding should not be considered as exercise. Walking is one of the very best as well as one of the cheapest forms of exercising and can be adapted to all ages. In moderation, swimming, tennis, golf and horseback riding are well chosen as forms of hot-weather exercise.

To be comfortable during hot weather, live sensibly, acquire regular habits of living, get plenty of rest, and, above all, try to acquire a cheerful and philosophical outlook on life."

Method Is Devised To Keep Ice Off Wings of Plane

Ithaca, N. Y.—Dr. Meritt Scott, Cornell physicist, has discovered that enough heat is dissipated by airplane engines to warm the wings and prevent perils of ice formation.

There is even the possibility of heating the propeller, a part up to now lacking in any kind of protection against ice.

"There has been a general opinion," Dr. Scott says, "that the heat dissipated by the aviation engines is insufficient to maintain the necessary exposed surfaces of the airplane at or above the freezing point of water at ice-forming temperatures."

That the opinion is mistaken he found in a year's experiments and calculations in a laboratory at Cornell University, department of physics, equipped under a grant from the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics.

In a refrigerating wind tunnel he drove glaze, sleet and subcooled water particles against small model plane wings. In these wings, along the leading edges were pipes carrying hot air equivalent to the exhaust gases from an aviation engine. The pipes kept the surface of the leading edges above freezing.

The heat generated at these edges flowed backwards over the wing surfaces. It was pressed down there by the rush of the air past the wings. It formed a heat cushion between the wing surface and the freezing water particles.

Back pressure produced upon the engine by using the exhaust gases in this manner, Dr. Scott says, may be relieved by discharging the gases into the air at a point on the wing where the pressure is below that of the atmosphere.

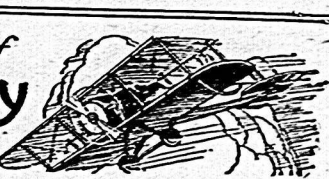
"The propeller also may be protected from ice formation," he states. "This may be accomplished by conducting the hot gases to the interior of a hollow metallic propeller by a sliding valve and allowing them to discharge from exit ports near the propeller tips. Although no practical tests of these methods of preventing ice formation have been made, the practicability and simplicity of these means seem available when occasion necessitates."

True Liberty

This is true liberty—when free-born men, Having to advise the public, may speak out; Which he who can and will, deserves high praise; Who neither can nor will, may hold his peace; What can be juster in a state than this?—Euripides.

Eating at the House of Commons is growing in favor, the meals served during 1930 numbering more than 193,000, an increase of 62,000 over the previous year. Teas were most popular, with 110,000 customers, while nearly 50,000 dinners were served.

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



What came before: Captain Jimmy is flying to Japan with the Chinese General to land in a deserted island in the Chinese Sea.

After our adventure with the shark, we climbed up on the high rock that stood in the centre of the little deserted island. Here we lit a roaring big fire, in hope that some passing ship would see us.

All night we kept it blazing but morning broke grey and cold without a sign of smoke or sail on the horizon. After daylight, we piled on wet wood until a great pillar of white smoke went up to the clouds but never a sign of life did we see on the still, glassy ocean.

Great smooth swells came in from the open water, rose and crashed with a dull boom against the rocks, but apart from the sound of the waves, our island seemed to be the most silent, deserted spot in the world. Sometimes we'd find ourselves whispering—"Why I don't know—for we could have shouted all day at the top of our voices and no one would have heard us."

Day after day we kept the smoke pillar rising into the sky—night after night we kindled a huge yellow blaze on the summit rock. We almost gave up hope of being rescued. No doubt we were far from the regular steamer channels.

When we weren't gathering wood for the fire, we were hunting eggs in the sand—and believe me—they were certainly terrible. We caught a few fish—but they were very small and felt like pin cushions. They were so full of bones. Being left on a desert island isn't half as much fun as we were taught to believe when we were boys.

On the fifth night a dense cold fog came in from the sea. It smelled like sea-weed and salt water and was so thick that you could scarcely

see your hand when you held it out straight. The branches dripped with moisture and we huddled close to the camp fire. Even General Lu shivered through his six suits of clothes. Scottie sneezed in disgust and hid himself in the woodpile.

Suddenly, I woke up with a start. A deep rumbling sound drifted in from the sea. I grabbed Chung and shook him and he jumped to his feet with a yell. Then the deep rumbling sound came again. Once—twice.

A steamer horn! It was the deep-toned horn of a freighter. Practically, we piled wood on the fire. I figured that some steamer was out there in the fog, not daring to move until the air cleared. Hour after hour, we fed the fire with armfuls of wood and brush. Up and down we tracked until we almost dropped from weariness. Lu forgot that he was a General and worked like a Trojan. It only the blaze could be made bright enough to penetrate the fog.

Then morning came again, and a strong wind blew up from the East. Soon the air would clear. I paced impatiently up and down trying to peer through the thick white curtain of the fog. Chung to my surprise, lay down and prepared to go peacefully to sleep.

"Soon we know—very good—very bad—no can tell," said the tranquil little Chinese. "Sleep always good—all men same when sleep. No muchee worry."

(To be continued.)

Note: Any of our young readers writing to "Captain Jimmy," 2010 Star Bldg., Toronto, will receive his signed photo free.

Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk

The health-giving, delicious drink for children and grown-ups. . . Pound and Half Pound tins at your grocers.

Portrait of a Gentleman

"Bruce, come here. HERE!" Too sanguine perhaps, our hope of bringing a water-loving spaniel home with a dry skin. Cunningly had we lured him by pond and ditch, much as one might a woman past a smart milliner's shop. Yet, as usually happened, there he was at the last, only his little black head visible above the surface of some slime-covered pond. More, to disobedience he was adding dissemblance. "You SAID you'd swim, master, didn't you? Of course it's dreadfully cold and wet, but you DID say—"

What other reply is possible at that stage, I ask you, than in indignant: "Well, I suppose I did," and the further weakness of a ball thrown into the middle for an eager, expectant little body to dash gratefully after.

This question of dashing after things, though, for him who will the panoply and expense of—well, what we mean to say is that we achieve all the fun of the fair without anyone being a penny the worse.

For instance, "Chirp, chirp," from the top of yonder tree. "Wuf, wuf," replies Bruce, dashing excitedly off in a totally opposite direction. "Come down and have a game, you rascal," in answer to which a minute thing on wings emerges from set elsewhere. Bruce in wild pursuit, they arrive at a large twisted thorn tree, his gallant attempts to climb which are attended with such alarming success as to demand precarious and immediate rescue. On which a large blackbird flies off scolding and the game recommences. All this has the advantage of a maximum of, may we say, slim-kilogram of effort on that of his owner, and an afternoon's free fun for our feathered friends and others who, I hold, enter as joyously into the spirit of it all as anyone.

So much so that, returning from our afternoon ramble in Richmond Park, we once perpetrated the following:

All the rabbits in Richmond Park Wiggle their ears when they hear him bark. Wiggle their noses and say "Hurray, Bruce is coming to play to-day."

All the squirrels and all the deer Gather together from far and near; "Fellows, what do you think?" they say, "Bruce is coming our way to-day."

Somewhere or other, his head hung far Out of the window, there speeds a car. "Step on it, master," his brief remark, "I've a date with the squirrels in Richmond Park."

Much to my anxiety, this somewhat optimistic point-of-view seemed borne out one day when a small herd of deer persisted in following Bruce inquisitively around. Happily, he was in one of his angelic moods.

"What, chase deer? Oh, dear no! Such lovely creatures, aren't they?" And, when we later passed a large buck, standing motionless and erect, the fuzzi still on his beautiful new antlers, one felt that even Bruce must concede to such nobility and grace the happy freedom of brake and sword.

Be that as it may, coming upon a Park Keeper on our way out, we could not resist enquiring: "What would you do if you were to catch my dog chasing your deer?"

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Love is the purification of the heart from self; it strengthens and ennobles the character, gives a higher motive and a nobler aim to every action of life, and makes both man and woman strong, pitiful and courageous. The power to love nobly and devotedly is the finest gift which a human being can be endowed.—Anon.

Sailors prefer Conrad's novels, according to the president of the American Merchant Marine Library Association, which last year circulated more than 331,000 volumes among 1,782 ships and lighthouses. Non-fiction books, including history, travel and poetry, were also popular.

A man seldom likes to meet another who has a fad for collecting bills.

HEADACHE?

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Millions of people have learned to depend on Aspirin tablets to relieve a sudden headache. They know it eases the pain so quickly. And that it is so harmless. Genuine Aspirin tablets never harm the heart. Read directions in package for headache, neuralgia, summer colds, pain of all kinds.

ASPIRIN

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