

Way to Ease Headaches, Pain Almost Instantly

METHOD OFTEN RELIEVES NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATIC PAINS 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!

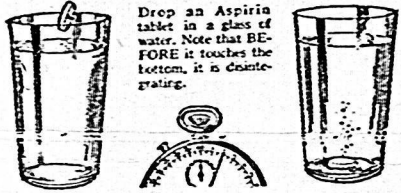
In the stomach as in the glass here, an Aspirin tablet starts to dissolve, or disintegrate, almost the instant it touches moisture. It begins "taking hold" of your pain

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



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 —

TIDES of YOUTH

By the Author of "Pencarrow"
By NELLE M. SCANLAN

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

The principal character in the story is Kelly Pencarrow.

Kelly is the son of Sir Miles Pencarrow, a lawyer whose father and mother emigrated to New Zealand and brought up a family who are now the parents of the young people with whom the story is connected.

Sir Miles Pencarrow wished Kelly to become a lawyer and to enter his father's practice. Kelly insists on becoming a farmer. He joins an uncle, Michael Pencarrow, who owns Duffield farm.

His uncle has a daughter, Ella, who falls in love with an Englishman named Gentry. Ella's father offers Gentry a half-share in the Duffield farm.

This infuriates Kelly. He quarrels with Gentry, assaults him and leaves Duffield to work elsewhere.

Kelly received a summons to the bedside of his dying grandmother, the mother of Sir Miles Pencarrow.

Arrived at the bedside, he is asked if he will apologize to Gentry and thus give her the assurance that the family's hope of reconciliation.

By the will, Kelly inherits two thousand pounds, and purchases some land at Tapuwai.

In his second season he invites his sister Genevieve, his sailor-brother Pat, and his cousins Robin Herrick and Jessie Macdonald to come to Tapuwai.

While they are with him, Kelly starts a bush fire part of clearing operations. The fire, aided by winds, gets out of control.

enquiries. They knew nothing. No reply could be got from the north, as the telegraph wires were down, or out of order. Parents who had sons and daughters living inland waited outside the post office and the newspaper office, impatient for news.

Michael Pencarrow and Morgan did not bother about shortborts that morning. They hung about town, waiting for news.

By noon an authoritative message was posted up. A bush fire at Tapuwai, caught by a sudden and unprecedented hurricane, was sweeping the country, spreading over the ranges, licking up houses and barns, fences and stock.

The word Tapuwai was enough, Kelly! Poor Kelly!

"Morgan, you've got a motor car. I've a young nephew at Tapuwai, down in the Valley, and four cousins are staying with him. Would you...?"

"Some of Sir Miles's youngsters?" asked Morgan.

"Yes. Will you take a chance with me? I don't know how far we can get, but I feel we might be able to do something. Oh God! If they're dead caught in it!" and his voice dropped in an agony of apprehension.

They brought a couple of axes in case fallen trees barred the road, tossed in bread and cheese, a German sausage, and a bottle of brandy.

"A coil of rope, too; it's always handy," said Morgan.

As they went north, news began to filter through. Stories of narrow escapes, of horrible injuries, of the ghastly fate of some settlers who had been cut off by the rapid spread of the fire.

Further still, and they began to meet pathetic little groups, suffering from burns, smoke-blind, in terrified pain, trying to soothe their intense children. Those who lived through the Tapuwai fire were not likely to forget its horror.

The wind had dropped a little, but the fire swept on no further, so they helped in the transportation of the injured to the nearest hospital, as fast as they were being rescued.

The evening papers were full of the tragedy. Little reliable information had reached them, but by tapping every possible source they had woven the few fragments into a thrilling epic of the bush.

Sir Miles was nearly demented. Three of them, Kelly, Genevieve and Pat, were there, not to mention Robin and Jessie Macdonald.

Kitty came in from the Hutt, and together they awaited news.

"I was always against it, always," said Miles in self-justification. "It is like a judgment of God on my disobedient children."

"Don't dear, don't. Perhaps it is a judgment of God on us. God often

punishes parents through their children; it is the way they suffer most," Robin's tear-stained face reproved him.

Miles was ashamed of the words the moment he had said them. He did not really mean it, but the habit had grown, and in this pathetic uncertainty he found relief in words—words that absolved him from blame.

Kitty sat dry-eyed, her hands pressed hard together, all the power of her love centred on Robin in a wordless, heart-breaking prayer. God could not take Robin; not Robin. Once when Elizabeth, his baby sister, died, Robin had nearly gone. He had been spared then; he must be safe now. The long-drawn agony of waiting dragged far into the night.

Michael had sent a telegram to say that he was doing his best to get news of them but so far only settlers from the fringe of Tapuwai who had escaped had arrived in hospital. They knew nothing of even their nearest neighbors. Few held out hope of any escaping from the Tapuwai Valley, which was completely swept by fire.

Doggedly Michael worked on, his heart sick of the sight of so much suffering. The poor smoke-blind, bandaged figures knew only that they were ruined.

Already funds had been started to relieve the suffering. Clothing and household goods were being sent up to a relief depot. Money was freely given, and the Government was planning the rebuilding of homes, the replacement of stock and equipment, and the supply of grass seed to lay down pastures.

All night the fire raged. Thousands of people crowded the churches praying for rain, for that alone could check the fire, and soaking the desolated country, make the work of rescue possible.

In the blackened valley of Tapuwai, beside the stone culvert which had saved them, the horror of the night was visible in every face.

Everything had been wiped out. They had little food, and most of them were partially smoke-blind or suffering from burns.

Fabian was delirious, and they could not give his injuries proper treatment. His dead mother still lay on the bank under Barker's coat.

Jessie gave the fretful, hungry baby some bread soaked in water, and now he ate it gladly.

Genevieve had looked in vain for sticks to boil the kettle, and make tea, but everything was burnt, so they drank the smoky water.

The sun shone behind the curtain of smoke, and it was terribly hot. There had been little sleep, and most of their clothes were wet from sheltering in the stream under the culvert.

The day dragged on, and they drank at intervals from the stream and waited—waited for the coming of night, another night. How long before help could reach them? How many would survive?

Fabian died about sunset, and they laid him beside his mother.

"Poor little orphan," said Genevieve, as she took her turn at nursing the baby. "If we get out, we will see you through between us," she pledged.

"You bet," agreed Potty Barker.

Kelly felt the terrible burden of responsibility. He sat with his head in his hands, but looked up at Genevieve's promise to the baby. He did not say anything. His mind was past the framing of coherent phrases, but he recognized the implications in Barker's "You bet." At that moment Leslie Fabian's sphere of life was forever changed.

It was after midnight when the rain began, at first lightly and then in a deluge. They had no shelter except the culvert. But with the rain their hopes of rescue began to revive.

Potty Barker speculated on how long it would take, as they were uncertain how much country had been burnt. No one knew whether Hughes and his family, whose house was on the other side of the Valley, had escaped.

Dawn on the second morning revealed the blackened ashes sodden and cold, but smoke still rose in persistent wisps from tree trunks where the deep-seated fire had defied even that deluge. As the morning advanced the sky cleared and the sun came out.

Under the bright summer sunshine it was a lamentable scene of desolation. Save for themselves, not a living thing remained. Horses, cattle, sheep, poor terrified creatures, maddened by the fire, they had dashed to destruction in their terror.

By evening hope faded. It was useless to attempt finding their way across the blackened country from which all landmarks had been swept. Barker and Kelly offered to go, but the girls pleaded not to be left. They might so easily go astray, and they were weak from lack of food and in pain.

"Better stick together," said Pat. "If it's possible to get here, someone will surely come."

Just when they were giving up hope a faint "Coo-ee" caught their ear. Barker mustered his strength to reply. Someone, knowing the lie of the land, was leading a rescue party into the Tapuwai Valley.

Food, oil, bandages, stimulants. Jessie broke into hysterical weeping now that the danger was passed. (To Be Continued.)

This is a Classic Season in Dress

So Says Princess Dikusha de Rohan of Paris

Paris is in for a classic season in dress. "I believe in the classic," said the Princess Dikusha de Rohan.

"For street wear my line is decidedly restrained," she added, "throwing into prominence the quality of the materials, which are the result of painstaking search."

She makes a lot of three and some four-piece ensembles for street, because she thinks it a pleasant variation from the overworked "ensemble" in a single shade. It also gives the wearer a chance to have several charming effects with a single outfit. It is not only smart but economical. Her jackets are short, while her coats are long, or three-quarters, varying from fitted for street to looser lines for sport.

In evening gowns, Princess de Rohan has garnered her inspiration from the Merovingian period. There are flowing draperies for skirts with the fullness both front and back, but carefully planned to accentuate the natural lines of the figure. There are angel wing sleeves which, when turned back on the shoulders, form a complete cape of what seems a different fabric, because of its reversibility. There is always a cape, jacket or novel wrap with each evening dress.

Skirt lengths for sport are 11 inches from the floor; for street wear they come to the shooetop and keep your eye open for the new shoes and for footfall wear they graze the floor or have trains.

Men Bathers More Modest Than Women

Men are more modest than women on the bathing beaches. That is the discovery of the Governor of Alicante Province, of Spain after a tour of the seaside resorts.

He has just issued an order prohibiting nude bathing on the public beaches and immodest bathing dresses.

The Governor expressed his regret that the order also affected men bathers "who are more careful and modest than the women."

To prove that he did not mean to be puritanical, however, he has set aside certain sections of the beach where sun bathing will be allowed.

Men Bathers More Modest Than Women

Men are more modest than women on the bathing beaches. That is the discovery of the Governor of Alicante Province, of Spain after a tour of the seaside resorts.

He has just issued an order prohibiting nude bathing on the public beaches and immodest bathing dresses.

The Governor expressed his regret that the order also affected men bathers "who are more careful and modest than the women."

To prove that he did not mean to be puritanical, however, he has set aside certain sections of the beach where sun bathing will be allowed.

Bridge Cheaters Use Eyelashes

(By Frank Emery in Brooklyn Eagle)

Ten million Americans play contract bridge which in the last decade has skyrocketed into a popularity never approached by such pastimes of chance and stakes as the poker variations, faro, roulette, baccarat, dice or even horse racing.

Contract is the modern game of the card adventurer, the film-flammer, the chap who lives well by his wits if he hasn't too many scruples to bother him. The game is, indeed, the answer to his prayers.

The bridge knave and his, or possibly her, partner rehearse a system of "wig-wags"—intonations of the voice, mannerisms, or any hundreds of subtleties by which they can exchange information not permitted in the bidding and hit the bull's eye on their grand and small slam holdings.

The bridge bid say, "Two spades." The flicking of an ash off a cigarette may tell the partner, "Five and a half quick tricks." As the ashes go on the floor, it may convey six and a half.

SIGNALS

Most of the important bridge and whist clubs have had experiences with pairs of players suspected of systematically signaling as a means of parading off with high stakes, and the only recourse has been to simply ban them. Too much success in arriving at the correct contract or a too obvious signaling system may lead to complications but the astute bridge wolves take care not to overplay their tricks.

One instance in which use of "wig-wagging" signals was proved to the general satisfaction of players in an exclusive Manhattan club involved a titled European pair whose consistent and heavy winnings aroused suspicions and caused the pair to hurriedly decamp from the country.

Several of the victims confided their suspicions to R. F. Foster, dean of American bridge experts, who lives in Brooklyn, and Mr. Foster agreed to come to the club as a guest and try to detect the shenanigans.

SYSTEMS

"I watched them for almost an hour before I finally got the clue to their system, and it wasn't a particularly well-conceived one," Mr. Foster said. "They were making high scores hand over hand and every bid they made hit the right mark. The man and woman were both very slow blunders, and I was sure the suspicions were warranted. The tipoff came when it struck me that the woman—she was a stunning brunette—did not look at her cards while her partner was bidding. I managed to finish my rubber and walked around to their table as a harmless old kibitzer.

"When I knew what to look for, it wasn't very hard. What information they were exchanging was given by blinking the eyelashes. I studied for some time and then I got the idea.

"When one of them blinked once, it was to call the spade suit. Then a pause, and the next blinks would indicate how many honors were held in the spade suit. If the first of these blinks was just a little bit long, it meant top honors. Then another pause, and two blinks to say the heart suit was being flashed, then some more to enumerate the honors. Then three blinks for the diamonds, and so on, and four for the clubs."

Mr. Foster chose to announce his finding then and there in the card room, and if the scene was lacking anything for the next few minutes, it wasn't action.

"SALADA"

JAPAN GREEN TEA

Delicious Quality

Fresh from the Gardens

What Does Your Handwriting Reveal?

GEO. ST. CLAIR
(Grapho-Analyst)
All Rights Reserved.

(Editor's Note: Letters of commendation are coming in each day from readers who have obtained a personal reading of their handwriting. The author invites YOU to send yours for a character delineation. See the end of this article for offer.)

A girl from a small rural town in Ontario writes me as follows: "Will you please tell me if my handwriting shows whether there is anything the matter with my personality? I am a fairly good-looking girl, but I do not seem able to keep my boy friends. Perhaps my writing will tell you just what is wrong, and then you can help me to enjoy a better existence. As it is, I am lonely, and I cannot see why I should be so."

Looking at this girl's writing, it is very evident that she is inclined to be reserved. She is capable of feeling intensely, but is very backward in expressing her emotions. She holds herself back, and the result is that she does not reveal her real self to her friends.

She seems cool and distant when, in reality, she is anything but that. Yet her native reserve and restraint make her seem so. And there are a lot of people who do not like this. They do not understand her, and so jump at the conclusion that she is not affectionate, or is too haughty. The result is that they seek the company of others who are more open in the expression of their feelings.

There are many people situated similarly to my correspondent. In most cases, true, likeable people if one gets to know them and understands them, to the majority of people they do not appeal.

I am not going to suggest to my friend that she undertake to change herself. This would be impossible. Whilst it is possible for us to remedy faults and defects in our character, and to strengthen good characteristics, it is quite out of the question to change the entire basic structure of one's temperament. To ask this

girl to change her nature to that of an extremely buoyant and spontaneous one, would be like expecting the leopard to change its spots or the sun to change its manner of rotation.

But it is possible for this girl to be a little more expressive. One great drawback of this type of nature is a tendency to be ultra-sensitive. Very frequently, they imagine ailments where none is intended. And this makes them more aloof and inaccessible. To paraphrase a well-known expression: They are of the earth, but not earthy.

I suggest to my correspondent that she "come down to earth." We all have to accept a certain amount of "give and take," unless we intend to live alone, caring nothing for anyone else.

Endeavor to cure yourself of this sensitiveness. It will not be easy, of course. You won't do it in a day or a week. But you will eventually go a long way to overcoming it, and it will save you a lot of worry and unhappiness in the future. Endeavor to show yourself a little more intimately to your real friends or to those you want to interest.

You may not be able to transform yourself into the overwhelmingly popular success that some girls are; but you will be far more likely to please those, in whom you are mainly interested. And that is, after all, mainly what you are seeking.

Would YOU like to find out what YOUR character really shows? Have you any friends whose real natures you would much like to know? The author of these articles will send you a personal reading, and it may be worth a great deal to you. Send specimens of the writing you want analyzed, and state the birthdate in each case. Enclose 10c coin for each specimen, and enclose with a 3c stamped, addressed envelope, to: Geoffrey St. Clair, Grapho-Analyst, Toronto, Ont. Letters are confidential, of course.

Simplicity Is Cue For Campus Beauty

Care in Grooming Most Essential in Maintaining Good Impression

The college girl, unless she has some specific skin ailment, needs nothing more in the way of cosmetics for her face than soap and water, one cream, foundation lotion, rouge, and lipstick.

It is possible for this girl to be a little more expressive. One great drawback of this type of nature is a tendency to be ultra-sensitive. Very frequently, they imagine ailments where none is intended. And this makes them more aloof and inaccessible. To paraphrase a well-known expression: They are of the earth, but not earthy.

I suggest to my correspondent that she "come down to earth." We all have to accept a certain amount of "give and take," unless we intend to live alone, caring nothing for anyone else.

Endeavor to cure yourself of this sensitiveness. It will not be easy, of course. You won't do it in a day or a week. But you will eventually go a long way to overcoming it, and it will save you a lot of worry and unhappiness in the future. Endeavor to show yourself a little more intimately to your real friends or to those you want to interest.

You may not be able to transform yourself into the overwhelmingly popular success that some girls are; but you will be far more likely to please those, in whom you are mainly interested. And that is, after all, mainly what you are seeking.

Would YOU like to find out what YOUR character really shows? Have you any friends whose real natures you would much like to know? The author of these articles will send you a personal reading, and it may be worth a great deal to you. Send specimens of the writing you want analyzed, and state the birthdate in each case. Enclose 10c coin for each specimen, and enclose with a 3c stamped, addressed envelope, to: Geoffrey St. Clair, Grapho-Analyst, Toronto, Ont. Letters are confidential, of course.

Good grooming, by the way, is just as important to an eighteen year old freshman as it is to the sophisticated woman who graduated ten years ago. Even though carefully pressed pleats are not modish on your particular campus, carefully manicured nails and a neat makeup will earn you plenty of compliments.

Give yourself a manicure at least once a week and be sure to push back the cuticle around your nails each time after you've washed your hands. Don't forget to use hand lotion at least three times a day—oftener than that if your school is in a cold climate.

Clean your neck as well as your face. The same applies to foundation lotion and powder. A carefully powdered face above a neck that's shiny just isn't attractive. Use rouge sparingly. If you get enough exercise the chances are that you won't need it at all.

Chatterboxes

This all happened once, at an inn in Malvern, England, writes the New Yorker. The only two occupants of the place at the time were an American gentleman, who was there for his health, and a British colonel, who seemed to belong there like the delphiniums. It was one of those horribles in which the presence of anybody at all gives the rooms an eventful air.

Each morning the American gentleman and the British officer would meet in the writing room after breakfast, and one morning the American dared speak.

"Good morning," he suggested.

"The colonel glared with a stony glare.

Four days later, no word having passed between them, the American was sitting in the writing room when the other man entered. In the midst of crossing the room the colonel stopped suddenly, turned on the American, and blurted out, "What's the date of Shakespeare's birth?"

"Born 1564, died 1616," replied the American.

The Britisher scowled and left the room. The two saw each other many times again, but their garrulous interlude was never referred to.

FIRST DAYS AT SCHOOL

Transition from home to school, from being the center of things to being only one of a number of children, is often hard for little folk to make, writes Bertha Streeter in The Christian Science Monitor. The result has been many a child decision that he does not want to go to school.

A successful way to overcome this has been worked out in the elementary school held in connection with the University of Michigan.

During the first week of the school year parents and children visit the school informally. By telephone, each teacher arranges a schedule by which the parents of the children who will be in her room will bring the child for one or more visits to his new room and new teacher. This applies to parents in the nursery, kindergarten, and first and second grade groups. While the child is looking over books and materials that interest him, his teacher and parents discuss his interests and problems out of his hearing in a room near by. Information so gained is recorded by the teacher on a record form with such headings as: behavior in eating, sleeping, toilet and play situation. Child-adult relationships, emotions, and other subjects are included.

This interview takes from one to three hours, depending largely upon the interest of the parents. In most instances both parents being present. Such a systematic survey helps all the adults to keep in mind the needs of the whole child, and to work together to assist him to the best development. So he is more than a home child to his parents, and more than a mere school child to his teacher.

This interview-and-school-visit plan occupies one week, and is followed by a second special plan of gradually introducing the children to the school proper. Beginning on Monday of the second week, five or six—and in the second grade, seven—children are scheduled to arrive on the first day. With this small group, the teacher is able to give each child individual attention in helping him to find his way, to get acquainted with her and the other members of the group, and to locate, use, and properly care for

Don't Read This

Unless you are interested in a medicine which has helped over 700,000 women and girls. Take it before and after childbirth, at the Change or whenever you are nervous and rundown. 98 out of 100 say, "It helps me!"

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

"People want to fix the world, when the fact of the matter is that the world is fixing them."—Henry Ford.

Ideas Wanted

Artists and Authors, Amateur or Professional are invited to send us saleable Sketches, Illustrations, Designs, Short Stories and Articles.

ARE YOU ARTISTICALLY INCLINED?

We offer you practical instruction and criticism on Paintings; Landscapes and Flowers in Water Colours; Send a three cent stamped envelope for full information.

Ideas Unlimited
Thirty-Nine Lee Avenue, Toronto

TEETHING-FEVER

Relieved!

Mrs. Edward James' baby had two teeth when less than three months old. She writes: "He has 18 now and I can truthfully say that giving him Baby's Own Tablets while cutting his teeth kept him fit and well." Teething is a restless feverish time for babies but the little one can always be soothed and the fever reduced by giving sweet, safe Baby's Own Tablets. Very easy to take, no after effects. Price 26c everywhere.

Dr. Williams' BABY'S OWN TABLETS



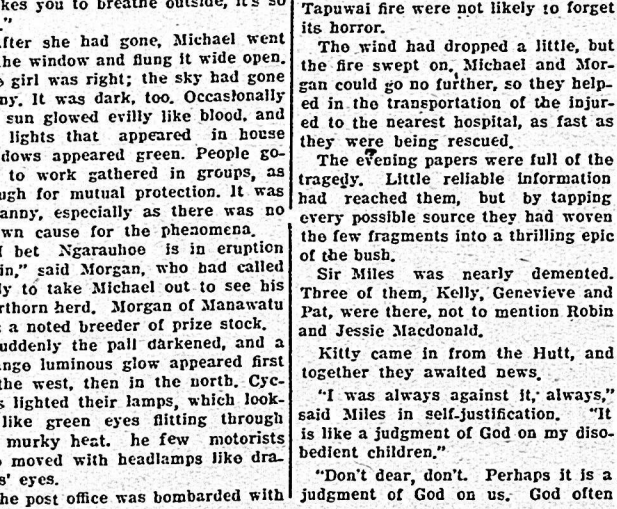
Best of You... Baby's Own Soap

"I CAN'T AFFORD TO RISK FAILURES DUE TO INFERIOR BAKING POWDER. THAT'S WHY I INSIST ON MAGIC. IT'S ECONOMICAL, TOO—LESS THAN 1¢ WORTH MAKES A BIG CAKE."

says MISS M. MCFARLANE, Dietitian of St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto

MAGIC Baking Powder costs so little—and can always be depended on to give you uniformly good results. It actually takes less than 1¢ worth of Magic to make a big three-layer cake. So why take chances with inferior brands? Always take with Magic and be sure!

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



MAKES FALSE TEETH FEEL LIKE NATURAL

There must be a reason Dr. Wernet's Powder is the world's largest seller and prescribed by leading dentists. It holds teeth so firmly—they fit so comfortably—that all day long you forget you ever had false plates. Leaves no colored, gummy paste—keeps mouth sanitary, breath pleasant—the best powder you can buy yet cost is small—any druggist.