

Here's Way Science Now Relieves Pain in Minutes

BAD HEADACHES, NEURITIS AND RHEUMATIC PAINS EASED ALMOST AT ONCE

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



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 DOES NOT HARM THE HEART—

TIDES OF YOUTH

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

Synopsis of Previous 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 concerned. 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 a big field 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. Pencarrow. He quarrels with Gentry, assaults him and leaves Duffield to work elsewhere. Kelly receives 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 is at peace. By the will, Kelly inherits two thousand pounds, and purchases some land near Pencarrow. In his second season he invites his sister Genevieve, his sailor-brother Pat, and his cousins, Hobbes, Herrick and Jessie Macdonald to come to Pencarrow. While they are with him, Kelly starts a bush fire part of clearing operations. The fire, aided by winds, gets out of control. The young Pencarrows are rescued and return to the home of Sir Miles, bringing with them a baby whose parents have been killed, and Kelly's stout-hearted assistant, Totty Barker.

Christmas was remembered, not only with toys, but at Genevieve's suggestion, they kept a money-box for the baby and dropped in odd coins, which were banked for him. Kelly, who liked a bet at the races, put a little of his winnings away for the baby whenever he had luck, which, however, was not often. But his contributions were not dependent upon racing. The proceeds of one pet lamb each year were also added, and in most cases, where the family shared some unexpected good fortune, a portion was put to the baby's credit. After its tragic opening, the year softened to a happy close, and as the scars left by the fire faded so the memory of its horror grew dim. Miles, accustomed to the revolt of Kelly and Pat, felt that he was due for a period of peace at home, and relaxed somewhat into his autocratic mood. But his reconciliation with Kelly was complete. That battle was fought and won, and both bore their wounds, Norah, too, had settled back into a serenely she had not known for years. But it was not to last.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

On a Sunday morning early in December, Genevieve stood buttoning her gloves and looking out over the harbor. She had been to church and, with a long summer day before her, felt the radiance that anticipation can throw over a familiar scene. Rain the previous day had laid the dust. Though the sun was bright, a few woolpacks hugged the hill tops, but the air had the crisp, clean taste of spring. Miles, sitting in an armchair on the balcony, was reading. "Where are you going?" he asked suddenly, as she caught his eye. "Out to the Hutt to see Grandfather."

"How?" "We're hiking."

"We! Who are we?" he asked irritably. "Robin and I."

"Miles read a line or two, but his mind was not with the words. "Good-bye, Father," and Genevieve satisfied that everything was in perfect order, turned to go.

"You are not to go," said Miles firmly. "I forbid you."

"Not to go? Why?" she asked in amazement. "That's why!"

"But that's no reason."

"It is enough," and Miles resumed his paper.

"Why can't I go? Why do you object today; you never have before, and I've often cycled out there on Sunday?"

Miles made no reply, but he heard what she had said.

"Why can't I go, Father?" Genevieve persisted.

"This objection had come out of a clear blue sky, and left her completely bewildered. But she was determined to know the reason for it, if there was a reason. Perhaps it was just a whim, but she would not be put off. She could see her father was getting angry, so she took great care to be extremely polite—polite but firm.

"I have asked you a simple question, very courteously, Father, and you have not answered me."

"Answered you! Answered you!

Why should I answer you?" he blurted and blustered.

"It is customary," Genevieve's voice had the maddening quiet of complete composure.

Miles snapped the paper and moved his chair. "Why do you object to my going to the Hutt today? Is it because it's Sunday? Or do you object to me cycling? Or do you wish me to do something special at home for you? Or perhaps you don't approve of my clothes. Or do you object to me going with Robin?"

"Stop! I say you're not to go, and that is enough. Am I to give you reasons for everything I do?" he asked in a challenging tone.

"It would be wiser. If there is some reason why I shouldn't go, tell me. I'm not an idiot."

Miles sprang up, the crumpled paper clutched in his hand. Standing, he had the advantage of height, but Genevieve, with the calm assurance that she was right, did not yield an inch.

"Go to your room, I'll have no more of your impertinence. I'll have obedience while you live under my roof—no!"

"What's this, what's this?" Norah came out to smooth things over hearing her husband's angry voice. "Father objects to me going to the Hutt today, but he won't tell me why, and I want to know; I have a right to know."

Norah made "hushing faces" at her daughter, and looked apprehensively at Miles.

"I think you'd better not go today, dear. It will be very hot riding all that way. And it might rain, and you would get your skirt ruined with mud."

Her appeal to feminine vanity fell flat. "That is not the reason; there is something else."

"Reason or no reason, you'll stop at home," and Miles, grateful for his wife's support, sat down and resumed his paper, as though the matter were settled. Norah, eager to shirk an unpleasant task, hurried off to talk to the cook about puddings.

Genevieve paused in the hall, uncertain. All the glory of the summer day had been swept away, and her mood of happy anticipation was clouded. She heard the clang of a bicycle bell. Robin was waiting at the front door, where he had propped the two machines while he pumped up the tires.

"What's the matter?" he asked as Genevieve came out, her face set and stubborn. "Father says I am not to go."

"But why?" "That's just it. He won't tell me. He just roars and says 'That's why!'"

"It's such a wonderful day, too," said Robin, regretfully, looking up at the blue sky. "And the faintest wind just enough to help us up the valley."

"I know, I thought it was going to be heavenly, and now it's all curdled."

"Well, I won't go either."

"Oh yes, you will, and what is more, I'm going with you."

"But—"

"I know—a row." She paused. "Perhaps it will induce Father to treat me like an intelligent person. It's not as if I am a child and couldn't understand. But for the life of me I don't know what it's all about. We have gone so often since we had bicycles, and on Sundays, too."

Robin disliked crossing his uncle and causing trouble. "Perhaps if I asked him—"

"For goodness sake leave him alone now. He is in one of those humors when, right or wrong, he would die rather than give in. Let's get away before they call us back."

Robin's eyes brightened with a curious smile of admiration. Genevieve was like her father in so many ways, but more logical. Miles expected to have his dicta accepted without question. Genevieve wanted chapter and verse, and he hated to be nailed down to a statement and made to justify an opinion or prove a theory.

They tried to recapture their usual happy-go-lucky humor, but the discordant note echoed far down the day.

(To Be Continued.)

The Cult of the Amateur

Cecil Fifoot in *The Fortnightly* (London) writes: One of the most curious and characteristic phenomena in English national life is the cult of the amateur. The professional, as practitioner, administrator or expert witness, is prima facie an object of suspicion. Even the schoolboy shares the distrust of the prize-winner who has notoriously worked to gain his end, and reserves his applause for the athlete who had added a scholarship to his laurels, as an interlude in sterner tasks. In sport, indeed, amateur worship is under a temporary eclipse, though the House of Lords has recently ruled that to cast a doubt upon a golfer's amateur status may still be considered defamatory. But in politics and in the administration of justice little encroachment has as yet been made upon the sacred principle.

Hot Dogs Have Gone Into French Society

Hot dogs have gone into society. The Hotel Ritz in Paris now is serving them at tea time with buns and mustard, cocktails or orangeade. Two years ago the manufacturers of hot dogs in France launched a campaign to popularize their product, but it is doubtful if they ever anticipated invading the swank hotels.

Called "Saucisses de Francfort," hot dogs are not a novelty in France, although their general popularity is not equal to the standard on this side. They now are available, however, in hundreds of French cafes and attractive posters, written in English, French and German, proclaim the virtues of hot dogs.



News of the Air

There is one sure-fire topic for conversation which can be depended on 99 times out of 100 to start a peppy argument with everyone within hollering distance.

The subject for debate, (gentle reader, or not so gentle, depending on how you feel about it) is: "Who has the best hand on the air?" We have a few alleged ideas about these here orchestras that we've been wanting to get off what we fondly call our mind for a long time: Heading our list, as always, we have Hall Kemp and his international favourites orchestra, who have moved from the famous Black Hawk Restaurant in Chicago to the equally famous roof in New York City. The band has total balance, arrangements which we think are at least five years ahead of the majority of bands, plus three of the keenest vocalists. Next in our favour comes Isham Jones. A different style band from Kemp's, but an aggregation of some of the bestest musicians on the continent. Would you believe that the average age of the band, leaving Jones out of it, is around 21.

To Freddie Martin and his music from the St. Regis, in N.Y., goes third honours. Featuring a more mellow type of music, (he uses three saxes, three violins and only one trumpet in the voice of the band) he appeals to the radio listener tired of hot licks and noisy unintelligible arrangements. His programs which bring back songs that were sung a few years ago, have

found a tremendous appeal among the radio audiences.

After Freddie Martin, we find there is Glen Gray's Casa Loma Band, Waring's Pennsylvaniaans, and Mal Hallett and his orchestra. All equally popular with us. There are a great many people who say that the Casa Loma Band is a better band than Isham Jones' whose type of arrangements Glen Gray imitates. But while Glen Gray's arrangements are the atscahy, he has not the musicians to compare with Isham Jones. Then again, Peeve Hunt and Ken Sargent, his vocalists, never fail to ruin a song for me.

Fred Waring has without a doubt the finest novelty orchestra of them all. Did you hear him play "Pardon My Sudden Accent" last week? But we do wish that he would live up to that glee club of his a bit.

Mal Hallett is one of our coming bands. Watch him!

Some of you, probably all of you are wondering when in blazes we are going to mention Guy Lombardo, Wayne King and Jan Garber. Well, if we had our way we would relegate them to our list of Canadian orchestras, thereby giving them a free ticket to oblivion.

Guy Lombardo—Every time I hear the name alone, I imagine discords and off-key noises. He has absolutely the worst of the big time bands. His saxes play out of tune, not to mention the use of a nibrato that carries the impression of Carmen, that's their very own sax tooter and no one else's, thank goodness suffering with a case of the jitters, and when he sings he sounds as though he contracted the belly laugh, in addition to the aforementioned jitters.

As for Wayne King, well, we always like to read a book or do anything else but listen to him while he is on the air.

Jan Garber's band is so much like Lombardo's, the less said the better. We realize as well as the next person that these three bands are exceedingly popular ones, but it only goes to prove that public opinion is always wrong.

With that profundity we leave you till next week, and to the strains of "Isn't It A Shame," we say Helsh-ho.

"SALADA" TEA

Orange Pekoe Blend Fresh from the Gardens

What Does Your Handwriting Reveal?

GEO. ST. CLAIR
(Grapho-Analyst)
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(Editor's Note: Have you taken advantage of the author's offer to read your handwriting? It is an opportunity to know yourself better, and it may put you on the path to greater things. Read the offer following this article.)

HANDWRITING REVEALS TALENT
It is not surprising that many of the letters I receive from readers of my articles ask whether there is any indication of talent. It is natural that people should be vitally interested in finding the best line of endeavor to follow, and any information that helps them to get the best out of their capitalization and make the utmost use of their latent possibilities is always welcome.

Handwriting does indicate talent, and this is not to be wondered at when we realize that handwriting is from the brain, and the brain is the source of individual power and capacity.

But the mere possession of a talent is by no means everything. We all know people who are talented in particular way, but who do not reach any heights of progress, who, in fact, are drifting along without ever doing anything really worth-while.

One case in particular comes to my mind of a man who has a rare talent for drawing. He can do things with a pen and pencil that I have rarely seen equaled by a person without any training along that line. Unfortunately, he happens to be blessed with more than enough of this world's goods, and is in a position where he does not have to work very hard for his money.

The result is that he has never gone to any trouble to bring out the best that is in him, and the world has lost a first-class artist.

This case will illustrate my meaning very aptly. I repeat that the mere possession of a talent does not imply that the talent will be used. There are certain essential characteristics that must be used in order that the talent can be brought into fruition.

The most important of these are Determination, Persistence and Will-power.

Many of my correspondents reveal talent potentialities, but they lack one or more of these other traits that are so vital to progress in anything that you take up.

There are a lot of people who have made real successes of themselves, without any hereditary or inborn talent, because they have had the will and determination to get somewhere. They have worked hard and made sacrifices in order that they might gain success.

And inversely, as I have shown, there are others with the really vital spark of inspiration lying within them

1667 Statute Wins Case In England

Calgary. — A statute passed 257 years ago in England was produced in Small Debts court here recently, before Magistrate G. M. Graham, to defeat an action brought by a Calgary doctor to force payment of a bill for medical services. The doctor was called to attend a patient by another party and sought to hold the latter responsible for the bill. D. Austin Lane, solicitor for the defendant, said the statute of frauds, passed in 1667, provided guarantees of others' debts must be in writing and signed by the guarantor. In the absence of this detail, the action was dismissed.

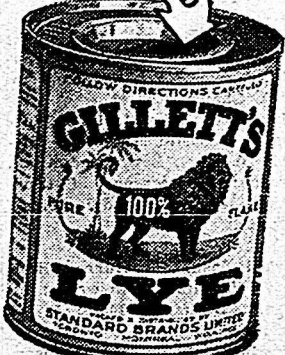
Truth

Truth is the trial of itself. And needs no other touch; And purer than the purest gold, Refine it ne'er so much. It is the life and light of love. The sun that ever shineth, And spirit of that special grace, That faith and love defineth. It is the warrant of the word, That yields a scent so sweet, As gi'es a power to faith to tread, All falsehood under feet.

—Ben Jonson.



I LOATHED SCRUBBING TOILET BOWLS UNTIL I USED



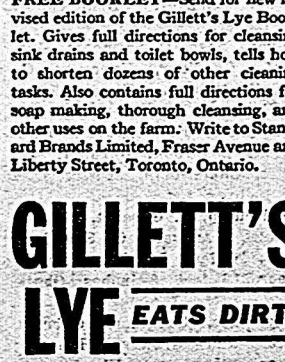
It flushes off stains without harming enamel or plumbing . . .

HOW to get rid of those ugly toilet-bowl stains! It's easy—with Gillett's Pure Flake Lye. Once a week pour this powerful cleanser and disinfectant—full strength—down toilet bowls and drains. It flushes off stains without scrubbing. Cannot harm enamel or plumbing. Kills germs and destroys all odors as it cleans!

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Never dilute lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

FREE BOOKLET—Send for new revised edition of the Gillett's Lye Booklet. Gives full directions for cleaning sink drains and toilet bowls, tells how to shorten dozens of other cleaning tasks. Also contains full directions for soap making, thorough cleansing, and other uses on the farm. Write to Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Avenue and Liberty Street, Toronto, Ontario.



Issue No. 40-'34

Ask Mother—She Knows

Mother took this medicine before and after the babies came. I gave her more strength and energy when she was nervous and rundown. I kept her on the job all through the Change. No wonder she recommends it.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

While it is in good taste to follow out the color scheme of decoration with candles, the most discriminating prefer cream or white, regardless of other color notes. And from the standpoint of etiquette—never use candles for luncheon. Candles are only correct after dark.

Care should be exercised to see that the light cast from the tapers is sufficient to properly illuminate the place. It is possible to carry the artist's atmosphere too far, and have the guests trustfully consuming food in a blinking shadowland.

Groupings of candles are effective. The newest crystal candlesticks hold four to six tapers. There are also the new "U" shaped candles, for setting a modernistic table—where one literally burns the candle at both ends.

It is unwise to buy cheap candles, because the wick has much to do with the quality of the candle. In cheap candles the wicks are cotton, while those of the better grade use linen and as a consequence are self-consuming.

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