

TIDES of YOUTH

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

SYNOPSIS

Here we see a group of young people carried on the tide of youth. Young Kelly Pencarrow finally settles down on the Pencarrow farm, with Genevieve his cousin as housekeeper, who is in love with her cousin Robin Herriek. Cousin Neil Macdonald becomes engaged to Emma Jolley-Good.

Something prompted Genevieve to speak as though a ghost of the future had cast its shadow over them. "But there will be better days—much better," Robin said. They had drifted into a softly dreaming mood, and silence fell.

When the last guest had gone, and only the family remained, Norah heard a sigh of relief.

"She is very sweet, Hester," she said to Nell's mother as they joined the others in the breakfast room, where supper had been served.

It was too late for Kelly and Genevieve to go out to the Hutt, so they were staying "in" morning. Hester, with Nell and Jessie, also were there. Robin and his mother lingered behind to take the party over before going back to Hobson Street.

"Are there any oyster parties left? I didn't get one, and I'mavenous," said Genevieve, searching the plates and dishes.

Kelly picked up three sandwiches at once and munched between remarks.

"It went off very well, I think," suggested Norah.

"A wonderful party; and what beautiful dresses," said Hester, grateful that all this should have been brought into being for her son.

"Did you have a piece of that rainbow cake, Hester? It's a new recipe I got. Try it," and Norah cut herself and Kitty a slice of the cake.

"You never get enough to eat at your own party," Peter began.

"Not if you are a good little boy, and keep on passing things," Genevieve scooped up a pile of mixed sandwiches, and tipped them on to one plate.

"Oh, by the way, who was that young person I saw sitting on the table in a most unladylike fashion, Peter? And all you boys were encouraging her. I don't mind laughing, but I do object to that kind of hilarity. Who was he, I say?" and Miles waited while Peter gulped a mouthful.

"That was Maisie Kite." He volunteered the information with great gusto. He took the centre of the ring, as though he expected a burst of applause to greet this momentous announcement.

Genevieve kicked Kelly under the chair, but did not look his way.

Could they never have a party without it ending in a scene? thought Norah, wishing he had sent them all straight to bed.

"Who?" demanded Miles.

That Depressed Feeling Is Largely Liver

Wake up your Liver Bile

—Without Calomel
You are "feeling punk" simply because your liver is pouring its daily two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels. Digestion and elimination are both hampered, and your entire system is being poisoned.

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

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

CAN'T SLIP OR SLIDE FALSE TEETH

Don't use any old kind of remedy to keep false teeth in place—use a reliable, recognized one which dentists prescribe such as Dr. Wernet's Powder—the largest seller in the world—grips teeth so secure yet comfortable they feel natural. Positively no slipping or clicking—blissful comfort assured all day long. Forms a special comfort cushion to protect and soothe gums. No colored, gummy paste—keeps mouth sanitary—breath pleasant. Inexpensive—all druggists.

"Maisie Kite," repeated Peter.

"Kite! Kite! Do we know these Kites?" he snapped, lifting his nose as though the very name conjured a bad smell.

"Must you go, Kitty?" and Norah positively pushed Kitty out of the breakfast room door in order to cause a diversion.

Norah had seen the rising anger in Miles' face and could read the signs. She had yielded to Peter and asked the Kite girl against her better judgment. A nice little thing, she thought her. She had hoped Miles would not notice a stranger among

the many he knew, and she had intended to pour the wisdom of not thrusting Maisie Kite under his father's eyes at some embarrassing moment. Now she would have to explain him. She was very tired. The party had been a great success; everyone had said so. "They couldn't Miles leave it at that? She wasn't complaining, but at least he might have commented on the excellent supper and arrangements she had made. But no, he must hit upon this nice little girl, and start a row because she had a circle of boys around her, making them laugh."

"Good night, Genevieve."

"Good night, Robin."

"Coming, Kelly?"

"Half a shake—any more beer?"

"Good night, Mother."

"Lock the door, dear."

"Put that cake in the tin, it gets stale so quickly; and cover the tarts."

As they dawdled and drifted about before going upstairs to bed, Miles' voice rose once again.

"Who are these Kites, Norah?"

"Yes, dear; just a minute. I want to see if Emily has put the ham back in the safe."

"Kite! What next?" and Miles grunted and damned as, later, he ripped off his collar and tie.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

About the time Miles Pencarrow was knighted and his young brood were still in the nursery, Wallie Kite and his family moved from Walmate to Ashburnton.

Walton Kite was a man who had the initiative to begin many enterprises but lacked the perseverance to complete any of them. He would open a little store in a bustling center that brought him ready trade, but soon his interest waned, and it was left to his wife to carry on until they sold out to avoid bankruptcy.

He would dig up the garden—roses, roots and bulbs—and pile them on the path with promise of wonderful changes, but he wearied by noon, and the evening saw Mrs. Kite panting as she replaced the wilted flowers in their old beds, dragging cans of water to nurse them back to life. He always began to paint the kitchen with half a tin of leftover paint that could not be matched, and so left it piebald, and no one could remember the whole of Kite's hedge being clipped at at once.

His wife had no great gifts except a dogged motherhood and an ability to keep on her feet all day. She was a large woman, with an ample bosom; a great soft cushion that was made for pillowing tired babies.

She had been a good wife to Wallie Kite, and he knew it. He was grateful to her for getting him out of many a hole. A shaggy, sandy little man, his eyes still twinkled when some comic aspect of life's tragedy presented itself to his artless mind. They were fine eyes, really, but hedged in with untidy sandy brows. His straight moustache overhung his lip and stood between him and his food. Of the seven children, Maisie, the middle one, was his favorite, and he looked upon her as the hope of the family. She would go far, would Maisie, he had concluded long before the child was aware of a wide world outside the country store.

"A throw-back on my father's side, I wouldn't wonder. She's different from the rest."

Flashes!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SOME FAMILY!
By producing 885 youngsters in the eleven years of her life, a sow belonging to a Worcestershire farmer holds a world's record. She produced sixty five pigs in three litters in one year.

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

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

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

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

Alice Enters Wonderland
New York Post—The "real" Alice is dead. But the Alice of Wonderland will live, far longer than any of us. It is given to few to inspire masterpieces. Fewer still live to see their childhood memories and fancies become a part of the literature of the world—dear to the hearts of millions of children and adults alike. Seventy-two years have passed since Mrs. Alice Hargreaves was the Alice who rowed with the mathematician, Chas. Dodgson—and heard him tell those whimsical stories of the Mad Hatter, the Mock Turtle, the White Rabbit, the Weeping Walrus.

Revived Hen Grateful
Clarinda, Iowa.—W. A. Burns is quite convinced of the practicability of restoring life to dead animals—or at least fowls. He has done it himself, and that without the use of scientific apparatus or chemical aids.

This is his story: He found one of his chickens apparently drowned in a tub of water. He applied life-saving exercises and then put the hen in a warm oven. Three hours later he came back and not only found the hen alive but with a fresh laid egg in the oven besides.

Grandmother's Remedy Still Good Today
Coarse Roughened Skin Unnecessary
The ideal, healing, protective lotion since 1875, Hinds Honey and Almond Cream makes unnecessary red, work-roughened hands, and complexion coarsened from outdoor exposure. Women use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream as a preventive and for relief, for chapped skin.

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

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

Issue No. 48—34

100 Babies Expected; 1,000 Arrive at Show
One thousand mothers with 1,000 babies and apparently about 890 of the latter all crying at once, stormed Farnborough Hampshire, Eng., town hall one day recently.

Chaos reigned for an hour as the mothers tried to fight their way in to compete in a baby show organized by the local Chamber of Commerce, who had expected no more than 100 entries. Five doctors and 20 nurses worked for hours to decide the winners, but they could only get through three classes, and quelled an incipient infantile riot by announcing that the remainder would be judged next day.

"SALADA" TEA

Outstanding Quality Fresh from the Gardens

What Does Your Handwriting Reveal?
GEO. ST. CLAIR (Grapho-Analyst) All Rights Reserved

Editor's Note: Mr. St. Clair deals with another interesting problem this week. You may not be confronted with a similar case, but you probably have some problem in which this well known writer's advice would be welcome. See his invitation to you, following this article).

Miss Anxious writes as follows: "I work in an office and am very dissatisfied with my work, although I can put up with it for the sake of having something to do and the salary that goes with it. I would much prefer to have studied medicine, and I would have done so if illness had not prevented me from following it up. Now I have the following problem which is worrying me terribly. I am terribly fond of two men, and I really cannot choose between them. So should I marry the young doctor, who will have a long struggle to make before success comes (I am willing to help him in the struggle, if I can make up my mind that I love him enough to marry him). Or should I marry the older man—he is 35 years of age and I am but 27. This man is wealthy and can give me luxuries I have been denied. He is refined and has travelled all over the world. Because of this I feel inferior to him, although he is most unassuming and a wonderful pal. Now Mr. St. Clair, I shall consider your opinion almost final regarding this matter as I simply cannot decide."

In considering this problem, mere consideration of handwriting is not sufficient. As far as character is concerned, there is little to choose between these two men. They are both straightforward and reliable. One has money and doesn't have to worry about making a living. The other, the doctor—has his way to make in the world, and I have no doubt, that barring unforeseen accidents he will do at least fairly well in his chosen sphere.

So it is necessary to use psychology. Here we have a girl who is no longer in the flapper stage, and who looks, generally speaking, to be able to make a choice between two men for her life partner.

It is my belief that she is rather partial to the young doctor. His ambition to get on strikes a responsive and sympathetic chord in her mind, because girls are usually more sympathetic because girls are usually more sympathetic who are striving hard to make progress.

But it is not only this. She herself wanted to take up the study of medicine and was only prevented by illness. Her interest is thus in medicine and those things that this young doctor represents.

Against all this—and you will notice that I am accepting her own expression that she is very fond of them both at its face value—we have the wealthy suitor, and "Miss Anxious" is undoubtedly greatly tempted by the possibilities of comfort and financial safety that his money represents.

This latter feature is, I believe, clouding the fact that she is more in love with the young doctor.

Now for a word or two about the girl herself. She is fairly well-balanced temperamentally, is capable and independent. She possesses the capacity to add the struggling doctor in his efforts towards success, and she also has the sympathy and kindness of heart that would solace him in his struggles.

I advise you, "Miss Anxious" to decide in favour of the young doctor. It is my own personal opinion that you are really more in love with him, and I think you will feel settled after making this decision, and glad that you did so.

I wish you all happiness and hope that your young doctor will not have too arduous a struggle before he reaches comparative success.

The writer of these fascinating articles can help you too. Do you wish to know the story behind your own handwriting? Would you like to know the truth about your friends—whether they are sincere or deceitful; reliable or dishonest? Send specimens of handwriting you want analyzed, stating birthdate in each case. Enclose 10c for each specimen and send with a 3c stamped addressed envelope to Geoffrey St. Clair, Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto Ontario. All letters will be confidential.

Drawstring Receives Designers' Attention
There is a new technique in the style of today as revealed by the French couturiers who have reverted to the old-fashioned methods of manipulating materials in order to feature fullness and drapery and express a new silhouette. In glancing backward at the fashions of former seasons it proves that many charming modes have been achieved through the use of gathers and shirings. It is therefore of little wonder that designers of this 1934 Autumn season have reverted to the trick of drawing strings and gathering fabrics.

There are many interpretations of this new yet old-fashioned manipulation of needle and thread on yardage and it may easily be recognized that still further development may be expected within the next six months and it is important to note the changes that are developing at the moment.

Skirts of evening gowns are being shirred at the upper part of the side seams giving a little tight drape about the hips. This embodies novelty and neatness as well as the desired snugness. Bodices bring a line of shirring from under the sleeves to the neck line, which introduces a soft drape and develops into more or less of a cowl effect. Similar indications of gathers just above the belt as well as in sleeves and bodices flounces and flutings are apparent in the new significances from such houses as Schiaparelli, Chanel, Long and others.

Dogs as House Guards
According to police officials, house dogs, regardless of their size or breeding, just so long as they recognize the difference between their master's footsteps and those of a stranger, form the best protection against housebreaking. The bark of an alarmed dog has saved many families from thieves, they say.



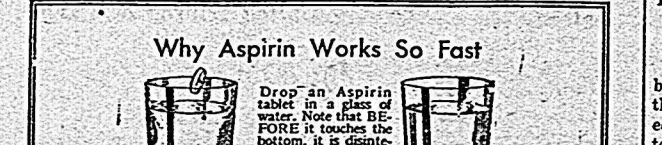
Enjoy a really fine hand-made cigarette by rolling your own with GOLDEN VIRGINIA
ALSO MADE UP IN PIPE TOBACCO

WHEN WORK & WORRY PULL YOU DOWN
Take Wincarnis THE GREAT TONIC
THAT SOOTHES NERVES ENRICHES BLOOD BUILDS NEW VIGOUR
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Faster Way Now to Relieve Neuralgia

DISCOVERY ALSO EASES BAD HEADACHES MUSCULAR PAIN OFTEN IN FEW MINUTES

Remember the pictures below when you want fast relief from pain. Aspirin eases even a bad headache or neuralgia often in a few minutes! An Aspirin tablet begins "taking hold" of your pain practically as soon as you swallow it. And Aspirin is safe. For Aspirin does not harm the heart.



Why Aspirin Works So Fast
Drop an Aspirin tablet in a glass of water. Note that BEFORE it touches the bottom, it is disintegrating.

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.

When in Pain Remember These Pictures
Aspirin is the Trade Mark of the Bayer Company, Limited

In the Wake of the Storm



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

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

One of the telephone men attaches an emergency telephone to the wires and asks the operator in the nearest town to send a doctor. The other two linemen staunch the flow of blood and revive the unconscious victims, working to such good purpose and so skillfully that when the doctor arrives he finds that all possible has been done and compliments the telephone men on their First Aid knowledge and prompt help. An oft-told tale of the modern highway.