

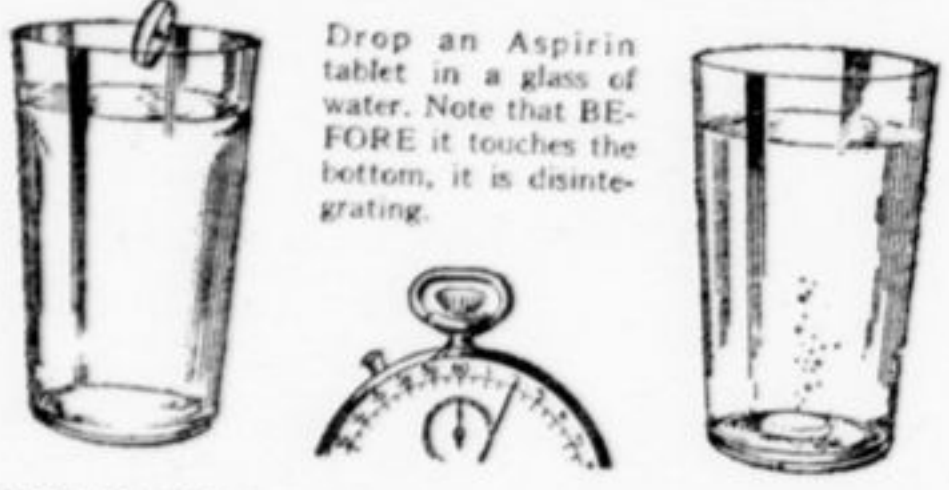
Even Rheumatic Pains Eased Fast Now!

BAD HEADACHES, NEURITIS PAINS OFTEN RELIEVED IN MINUTES THIS WAY

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!

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 in 12 tablets or economical bottle of 24 or 100 at any druggist's.

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 —

FIVE CROOKED CHAIRS

By FAREMAN WELLS

INSTALMENT ONE STREET SCENE

The young man scrambled to his feet and wiped the pavement mud off his hands so as to leave dark smears down the sides of his open-throated trench-coat. He stood for a few moments eyeing the girl perplexedly.

"Hurt?" he managed to blurt out at last.

"Oh, I'm all right," she said with a bitter assumption of indifference. "Only they've taken all father's money."

Adam Meriston began to grasp the importance of the little leather bag she had been carrying. "Was it much?" he enquired somewhat stupidly.

"Our best week's takings so far. I always take them to the Safe Deposit on Friday evenings." Strangely enough she seemed to be speaking to Adam alone, confidentially, although there were now a number of people pressing curiously round them. There was a hint of despair in her voice as she added: "Things have been awful for weeks and weeks, and now when we do get a good week. . . . It's cruel!"

"But where did it get to?" he asked, his mind slowly recovering from the excitement of the past few minutes. "Neither of them had it on him when they got away. I'll answer for that, and it wasn't thrown into the car either. I saw them both too clearly."

"It was the third man they gave it to." She now spoke with breathless certitude.

"The third man? There were only two!"

"No, no! There was a third. A little hunch-backed man."

Adam at once recalled the man he had noticed, lurking against the wall at the corner of Grail Street as if sheltering from the driving rain, a moment before the two men had moved out from behind the stationary car and sprung upon the girl. "Well, he didn't get into their car, that's certain. Did anyone see him running away?"

"I seen a bloke run off down there," the speaker, a workman in mudstained corduroys, pointed down narrow, deserted Grail Street. His words were

confirmed by others. Adam's excitement, which had died down since the short and violent struggle, surged up at once at the prospect of there being something he could do. "I'll bet that's where he's gone," he cried. "He can't get out. It's a cul-de-sac. Let's go and see where he's got to."

But the respectable members of the crowd began to move off at that, remembering their homes, anxious to be safely out of the wet and mud of the streets, or in a hurry lest they should lose their trains. Several of the rougher folk remained to argue intensely with one another. Among these was the muddy labourer, "Bet-ter wait till the police come along," he said, and then added as if reluctantly: "Place that's got a funny name."

"And give him all the time we can to get away! The sooner we're after the better to my mind. There mayn't be a policeman along for ten minutes yet. They'll all be too busy chasing that car."

Impetuously he broken from the little group and swung into Grail Street, the labourers and their friends pausing in their dispute to watch him go. It was surprising, he reflected, how little real excitement such an affair could cause among a crowd of people all taken by surprise and all doubtless anxious to find themselves clear of the wet streets. It wasn't their money that had been stolen, and why should they involve themselves in another person's troubles?

Adam did not care much whether they followed him or not. The eleven solid stone of him was equal, he felt confident, to tackling one small hunchback single-handed.

It was some time before he realized that the girl was following him.

ADAM AND THE GIRL. It had happened like this. Young Adam Meriston, a farmer's son, was articled to a solicitor, and in the habit of passing the entrance to Grail Street daily on his journeys to and from the office and the railway station. The street that led to the station was Hayne Street which struts prosperously in the centre of Meriston and becomes progressively dingier and less prosperous in its

course. After Mense Bridge, which is the oldest in the town and carries the narrow, stone-paved roadway over the River Mense, Hayne Street reaches a region from which business has receded, leaving old-fashioned, ill-repaired property for occupation by the more devious trades that do not advertise in the local papers.

It is the city's bad patch, and many of its buildings have been scheduled for pulling down one day when money is easier.

Grail Street is the first on the right beyond the bridge and is so narrow as to be barely more than an alley. By night it is deserted, by day nearly so, for the warehouses and mills that it was intended to serve have long since closed their doors. On either side its broken windows are roughly boarded up, and it ends abruptly at the twelve-foot stone wall that protects the railway siding.

Adam had never before entered Grail Street. Hayne Street was bad enough for his country-bred susceptibilities. The very sight of the degraded River Mense seen from the copings of Hayne Bridge revolted one who knew its clear origins a few miles only above his father's land at Pennycroft. Yet on two evenings of the week Hayne Street was wont to possess enchantment for him, and when he got past the bridge his eyes would become eagerly fixed ahead as if he were looking for someone in that distance. Actually he would be looking, as is not uncommon with youth of his age, for the approach of a young woman.

For months now he had been accustomed to meet her at this part of his journey and the encounter had begun to assume for him the aspect of the culmination of his week. He had never spoken to her, and he had too many keen interests to spend much time dreaming about a girl just yet. Nevertheless she did appear to him an extremely attractive young person whom it was good to meet. A young person with eyes of a peculiarly searching blue, and black-haired under the brim of her clever little hat.

Fish, you would have said she was, the blue-black Irish type. She dressed neatly and without extravagance, indeed a more competent observer than Adam would have noted an air of contrivance about her clothes that did not bespeak familiarity with the more exclusive shops. She walked with her eyes downcast, or at least she did so whenever Adam was approaching.

That was all he knew of her except that usually, at the last moment when it seemed as if she were about to pass without so much as a glance in his direction, the heavy lids would flicker and the great plum-eyes dart a timid glance right into his own steady grey ones. Then young Adam would throw his head well back between his big shoulders, so that the chin stuck about above his multi-coloured scarf, tossing the rough hair off his forehead, for he wore no hat, and would stride on his way telling himself that perhaps one day she would drop the little leather bag she carried and he would pick it up and possess the chance of speaking to her.

This comely had gone on for months, and he was not, so far as he knew, a whit nearer the coveted opening that would turn their encounter to something more than an episode to be dwelt on for an hour or two each week between more pressing absorptions.

Nox the chance had arrived, but arrived very differently from anything Adam had imagined possible.

Highway robbery in the midst of a busy city at a time when people were thronging home from their day's work would have seemed to him extremely unlikely a mere ten minutes ago. Even when he had noticed the hunch-backed huddled against Grail Street corner he had had to preliminary suspicion, had failed to connect him in any degree with the two men who had dismounted, queerly enough, from the far side of the big trolley that stood by the kerb with engine running, and had been moving round as if contemplating the removal of the spare wheel and reluctant to tackle such a task in the rain.

(To Be Continued.)

Five Diseases Cause 65 Per Cent. Deaths

London.—Suggestions the English race at home is physically deteriorating received no support in the annual report of the chief medical officer, issued recently.

Sir George Newman, the chief medical officer of the Ministry of Health, declared there was evidence in every part of the country to indicate the health of unemployed and their dependents, in particular, on the whole was not suffering seriously.

The chief causes of death in order of mortality were diseases of the heart, cancer, bronchitis, diseases of the nervous system, and tuberculosis. These five were responsible for 65 per cent. of the death rate.

Road accidents were principally responsible for deaths by violence.

Cancer deaths set a new high, notably among females. They were 1,526 per million of population, an increase of 856.

"SALADA" TEA

Distinctive Quality

Fresh from the Gardens

Woman Checks Fishermen's Tales

Charts Show That Women Hold Two World Records For Fishing—Mrs. Anna Tiffin Hauled In The Largest Brown Trout Ever Caught At Cariboo, B.C.

Francesca La Monte never in all her life caught a fish, big or little, yet every fisherman in the United States who makes a haul that she hopes is phenomenal rushes to tell Francesca about it. For that matter, so does every fisherman.

For this pretty dark-eyed young woman is custodian of the chart of world records in fish catching which is kept in the Hall of Fishes at the Museum of Natural History in New York. This guardianship is part of Miss La Monte's job as assistant curator of ichthyology at the Museum.

Besides keeping the biggest catch records up-to-date, she helps to plan and prepare exhibits for the Hall of Fishes and works in the laboratories sorting and identifying hundreds of varieties of fish that they sent to the museum from all parts of the world.

Women hold two world records for fish catches, according to Miss La Monte. The record Florida king fish was caught by Mae Haines off Long Key, Fla., in April, 1927. It weighed 58 pounds.

The world record brown trout was caught by Mrs. Anna Tiffin on July 2, 1933, at Deka Lake, Cariboo, British Columbia. It weighed 30 pounds and three ounces. The world record

rod and reel catch for women is held by Mrs. Eastham Guild, also known as Carrie Fin. Her champion fish was an 823-pound black marlin, caught in the South Seas. The biggest black marlin ever caught beat Mrs. Guild's by 153 pounds.

BATTLES FISH HOURS "Most of the champion fishermen are anything but husky-looking," Miss La Monte commented thoughtfully. "You'd never think for instance, that Carrie Fin, who has a positively fragile appearance could ever stick out a battle with a giant fish lasting five or six hours. But she's done it again and again. Miss Fin lives on a cocconut plantation in Tahiti. She and her husband, who is also a big game fisherman, stopped off to see us last year.

"Another well-known fisherman who doesn't quite look the part is Mrs. Marie Starr Chadbourne, whose special hunting grounds are Florida and Elmin. She is young, blonde, pretty and always perfectly dressed.

"Our world records are compiled in cooperation with Field and Stream Magazine and the chart is changed whenever a record is broken. We get jubilant letters, telegrams and even cables from hopeful aspirants nearly every day during fishing seasons. They always describe the dimensions of their catch, but we write back that they will need to send us pictures and also affidavits.

"Our fish stories must have backing—and, as a matter of fact, we find that most fishermen and women are very honest."

PRESERVED IN GIN The fishes sent to the museum come in all kinds of containers. Huns-

dreds from the interior of South America, arriving in gasoline cans, wrapped in banana leaves. One man, failing other preservatives, sent a fish along in a bottle of gin. It kept very well, Miss La Monte says.

Along with all her other duties, Miss La Monte runs a kind of information bureau. Artists frequently come in to see color plates of fish. Then there are always people who want to know things like what is a "sliding"? (that's Danish for young herring); or what is a Jack Dempsey? (which is the nickname of a popular tropical fish.)

Miss La Monte gets and answers inquiries in every conceivable language from English to the dialects used by African or Indian natives. She knows six languages herself, but often uses them all up in a day and has to call for help.

Besides the inquiries about fish, there are women bringing in pocket-books to find out what kind of shark the leather came from; hotel men wanting to know about fish names to use on menus; school children hunting material for compositions.

WRITES ABOUT ANIMALS Animals are her hobby in her spare time. Miss La Monte writes books about them.

Miss La Monte has lived and "kept pets," as she expresses it, in most of the countries of Europe, including Russia, Italy, France and Norway. She also went as the museum representative to the International Congress of Zoologists. In her own private zoon from time to time she has had everything from white mice to baby jaguars.

Neptune Gets Nasty



Mountainous seas which lashed Pacific coast coast left scenes such as this in their wake. View shows road crumbling before onslaught at West Newport, Cal.

The Song He Sings

The man who wins is the man who goes Ahead with his work each day, Who's never stuck by his adverse luck But makes of his labors play; From early dawn he will labor on, And he sings a song as he goes along. For it sharpens his appetite.

The man who wins is the man who smiles And sees that the sky is blue; He is always there with a great big share Or smiles and of sunshine too; He never grows and he never howls That the world is out of gear— But he meets the shocks and the jealous knocks With a great broad smile of cheer.

"It Helps Me!"

That's what 98 out of 100 women say after taking this medicine. It quiets quivering nerves, gives them more strength before and after childbirth, sides them over Change of Life : : makes life seem worth living again.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Issue No 39-'34

Get Acquainted

It is astonishing how slow many people are in getting acquainted. Not merely do strangers find it hard to make friends, but old-time residents will not speak to each other; people may meet each other on the street for years and never give any sign of recognition. They know each other perfectly but would like to get acquainted but they have not been introduced.

These unbending people may be lovely and charming in their own circles and full of kind thoughts towards others. Their attitude does not necessarily mean that they are proud. It frequently comes from an exaggerated feeling of propriety or bashfulness, an idea they will be considered forth.

putting if they disregard strict etiquette.

A town where this spirit exists has a cold pall of distance stifling its people. They can not form friendships they need for their own welfare and the development of the community. People get false ideas of each other and look on each other as haughty. They draw back in their own little shells, and no neighborhood spirit is developed.

It is a good rule when two men or two women have met each other enough so they know each other by sight, to get acquainted. As isolated strangers they are an obstacle to the community. When they get to know each other, and discuss their common interests, they become good neighbors and a force for community progress. —North Hastings Review.

Ideas Wanted

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THIRTY-NINE LEE AVENUE, TORONTO

Actress Must Live Like a Jockey

Mistinguet, The Dancer, Whose Youthful Appearance Belies Her Sixty Years, Corroborates Statement.

How to keep young and fit like Gopile Sorel and Mistinguet—is an easy job, according to the Dame Aus Camille, and owner of the most beautiful pair of legs in the world.

Both of these celebrated exponents of the theatre, more particularly of the drama, and the dance, are past 60 and going strong on the vaudeville stage.

Madame Sorel who in private life is the Countess de Segur, says, "An artist must live like a jockey, if she puts on weight she cannot act. Every morning when I get up I go through a series of physical culture exercises for the body must be sculptured before it can be dressed.

"After that I dance a few minutes to make my muscles limber and then I am thoroughly massaged." And here, she explained, is where the rub (literally) comes in. "This is painful but it has to be done. Deep breathing and abdominal exercises require great deal of care, for if they are badly performed they do more harm than good."

After being sufficiently battered about by her masseuse Madame Sorel is brought to life by a quick cold shower which brings her immediate relief and puts her in form for the day.

"Then I lie down and read a book," she adds, "I never eat bread. My meal consist of grilled meats, a glass of high-grade Bordeaux wine and fruit. When I dine out I admit that I am tempted by all the appetizing dishes I see, but if I indulge the next day I have to punish myself by a diet that consists of drinking only a little warm water with a squeeze or two of lemon juice in it."

And the Polles Bergeres' headline attraction Mistinguet, corroborates these bitter facts.

"An actress' life is nothing but pure hard labor. When my muscles begin to get stiff after dancing I have to go through veritable torture."

But those million dollar legs must be preserved of any price in cash or pain. Her leg insurance amounts to so much that it has to be distributed amongst several well-known companies.

Little Girl Steals Show

London Child Awarded Special Prize at Western Fair

London, Ont.—Little Miss Constance Bristow blond baby rider, riding her Shetland pony Sweetheart, stole the spotlight of the Western Fair Horse Show recently and became so popular that Director William Robinson created a special prize on the spur of the moment and the little lady proudly carried a red ribbon on her pony's bridle.

Constance is the seven year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bristow of this city, and the prize was awarded for her "exceptional skill in handling her mount." She had entered the children's saddle class and Sweetheart persisted in walking when the announcer called a trot, trotting when it should have been a canter and then breaking into a canter for a walk. The crowd which filled the seats and all but a few hundred of the reserved sections, cheered and applauded and were mightily pleased when the plucky child got her reward.

How Big Is London?

What is the area of London? No, don't trouble to answer! Whatever reply you make, no body can say you are right, for no one knows the exact size of London. The County of London, which includes the London boroughs, has an area of 115.98 square miles. The London county council, however, is effective over an area of 116.95 miles. The London postal district covers 232 square miles. The Metropolitan police are even more ambitious, for they keep an eye on nearly 8,000,000 people over an area of almost 700 square miles. The Metropolitan water board supplies the households from Hadam, in Herts, to Sevenoaks, in Kent—a total acreage of almost 367,361. The electricity supply of London is distributed over an area of 1,841 square miles. The City of London has an area of only one valuable square mile in the world. The Tower of London is not in London! It stands in Stepney.

CAUTION IN THE KITCHEN

The moral comes first: Don't sass your maid, for she may want to hire you some day. One working for a family in Brockton Mass., turned out to be an Austrian countess and heir to a \$1,000,000 estate. —Louisville Herald Post.

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