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FIVE CROOKED CHAIRS

By FAREMAN WELLS

SYNOPSIS
Adam Meriston, a farmer's son, articulated to a solicitor, makes a brave but unsuccessful attempt to thwart three thieves in a bag-snatching raid. The bag was torn from the hands of a girl who afterwards explains to Adam that it contains the day's takings of her father's shop.

He attempts to track the thieves and reaches an old warehouse. Adams enters the building while the girl watches the door. Suddenly he hears footsteps.

THE MAN IN THE DARKNESS
The light burnt up this time and half-illuminated the figure that held it, bent towards the ground.

There was a trap that had nothing to do with Adam, for in the landing floor a few inches from the man's feet was a jagged gap where the rotting boards had failed. Only a yard more and Adam himself might have met with a noisy tumble.

The man stepped carefully across the bad place and straightened up. The dwindling torchlight showed, not a hunch-back, but a tall, spare figure in immaculate business clothes, though this revelation did not for a moment dawn on the excited watcher's mind. He was at first too absorbed by the glimpse he had caught as the man was rising of a little leather bag poking slightly from a fold of the fellow's overcoat, where his bent arm supported it across his chest. Adam glowed with triumph as if the bag were already in his possession, and then instinctively he set himself to measure up his opponent.

The match gave a last flare as his glance shot upward to catch the face. Then it was thrown down and its spark extinguished underfoot. The watcher's noisy heart actually missed a beat. He had seen the face, and it was that of his employer, Mr. Corville Perkin.

For a moment he stood too astounded to think, even to move. But events were forcing his hand. He must make some decision quickly; in three steps, or four at most, the man would be near enough to touch. Significant that his mind should frame it like that, that he no longer contemplated pinioning his quarry with eager remorseless arms. Far from this, so great was his normal awe of Mr. Perkin that his impulse now was to behave like a peccant schoolboy, to cower deeply in his corner and trust that his employer would pass without detecting his presence.

On thing only prevented him from acting thus—the glimpse caught under a bent arm of the little leather bag. He wouldn't have let the Lord Chief Justice himself—and he had a proper respect for the Lord Chief Justice—go away with that. As if by instinct his fingers found the switch of his torch.

Mr. Perkin started violently and sprang back a couple of feet. Then he stood peering, his face working, a face that had gone more parchment-like than ever now, dusty parchment. Still feeling that he must have committed some atrocious misdemeanour if only by his very presence there, Adam's first impulse was to excuse himself.

"It's all right, sir," he gasped. "It's only me, Meriston."

The other recovered in an ominous silence. His lips slowly tightened, his head began to assume its old commanding attitude as, in the penumbra of the torch he could catch a confirmatory glimpse of a multi-coloured scarf. Obviously he had sustained a severe shock.

"Good heavens!" he said. "So it's you, is it, Meriston? You gave me a

fright, an extraordinary fright." His words rapidly regained their normal acidity of tone. "Then what the devil are you doing following me?" he broke out testily.

"I wasn't following you sir. At least not that I knew, I wasn't."

"Then may I ask what the devil you are doing here?"

The voice indicated that Mr. Perkin was once again the master of himself, and of Adam. It was menacing, dominating.

"There's been a robbery, sir, and the thief came down this way." In spite of the sight of a corner of the bag still visible as before, he was entirely without inclination to connect Mr. Perkin with anything but the most scrupulous business.

"Oh," came the reply, "so you've been doing a bit of detective work on your own, eh?"

"That's it, sir."

"Hm. I should have thought you would have had enough sense to leave that to the police. It's hardly what one expects from a member of the office staff, prowling about masquerading as a detective, or is 'sleuth' the word you use?"

"I'm very sorry, sir."

"I should think, sir." However, it's very lucky that it's only you. And now I suppose you'll be wondering what I am doing down here at this time?"

"Not at all, sir."

This response was not entirely untruthful. He was too amazed, and too conscious of having in some innocent way done wrong, to wonder about anything. For some four years it had been daily impressed upon him that Mr. Perkin was unquestionable, his actions beyond criticism. If his mind had been less confused he might have wondered how he had come by the little bag, but that was as far as his temerity would have taken him.

Mr. Perkin cleared his throat, just as if he were in the Police Court addressing the Bench.

"As a matter of fact," he began, "you may as well know that I have been making some private investigations here. This property is on the market, and the owner hopes to sell it to the authorities for their new police-barracks. I am trusting you with very confidential information, you understand. That's why I had to leave it until after dark before I could come down to get a first-hand idea of the place. People know that I act for Mr. Montada, and that alone would have made it too noticeable for me to be seen walking down Grail Street in broad daylight. If a hint of such a thing reached the Town Hall they would put two and two together in no time and that would probably mean the end of our client's aspirations. You will realise, I hope, how essential it is to act circumspectly in such circumstances?"

"I understand, sir." Actually he was a long way from understanding. The story did not impress him as sounding in the least probable, and if such a tale had proceeded from any other than Mr. Perkin he would have incontinently rejected it.

"I'm glad you do," said Mr. Perkin drily. "And in that case I should advise you to get along home—and, mind you, not a word of this to anyone, or I shall be forced to conclude you entirely unfit for the profession of a solicitor. It will be better for me to wait here a few minutes. It would hardly do for the two of us to be seen leaving Grail Street together. They'd think I'd brought you to take measurements."

Adam moved obediently to go, but remembered the little bag. That he certainly was not going without that was the only clear idea in his bemused mind.

"Very good, sir," he said, and then blurted out: "But what about that bag?"

"Bag?" said Mr. Perkin innocently. "Bag? What bag?"

"The one you're carrying, sir. You see that's the one that was stolen." It seemed a dreadful thing, to say as

"SALADA"

Orange Pekoe Blend TEA Fresh from the Gardens

if he were actually accusing Mr. Perkin of the theft.

The solicitor passed a hand over his long, smooth jaw. "Indeed!" he said, with extreme surprise, and then: "Of course it must be. What an extraordinary thing! I picked it up as I came down the street, and in the shock which, I will admit, your method of approach gave me, I had forgotten it. Do you happen to know the owner?"

"It's a lady, sir. I don't know her name. She's gone back to get a policeman."

Mr. Perkin's face seemed to go dusty again. His head went back as if in a gesture of despair, but of course that could not be.

"The devil she has!" he muttered. "Awkward, very awkward." A moment later he moved forward and laid a hand impressively on Adam's shoulder.

(To Be Continued.)

A New Era For Women of Spain

Madrid.—The advent of the second republic three years ago opened a new era for Spanish women. Today women sit in Congress, and a few have even become bull fighters.

Spanish women have won the vote, and their independent use of it is credited with being the chief reason for decisive victories of the conservatives last November.

Divorce has been legalized. And modern Spanish laws strike less severely at women whose children are born out of wedlock, Spanish women are showing an aptitude for the professions, it is revealed by the experiences of the universities.

There is a new personal freedom for women. The strict chaperonage which formerly was essential to a Spanish girl's appearance at social functions is vanishing. The modern girl drives her own automobile. She smokes in public if she so minded, and her clothing these days is designed for comfort and freedom rather than to cloak everything but an oval face.

CONSERVATIVE.
A sports writer says there are 300 kinds of games played with balls. There's more than that many kinds played with golf balls alone.

"He who ruleth the raging of the sea knows also how to check the designs of the ungodly."—Racine.

That Depressed Feeling Is Largely Liver

Wake up your Liver Bile
—Without Calomel

You are "feeling punk" simply because your liver isn't 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 or 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.

MAKE YOUR FALSE TEETH HOLD FAST

Eat, talk, sing and shout and never fear embarrassment. Your false teeth stick all day long when you sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder—they fit snugly—comfortably—they can't slip. Prescribed by world's leading dentists—they know it's the best! Costs but little—any drugstore.

Bread Mother Used To Bake Always Had Heavy Streak In It

NEW YORK—Isabel Ely Lord, noted cooking expert, flouted the sentimentalists who long for the old-fashioned cooking of their mothers.

"There has never been better home cooking than there is today," she said. "Remember the pies that mother used to bake on Saturday to last the week? Today women bake them to order."

"Remember the fried steaks? No one would think of frying a steak today. They broil them instead."

"Remember the home made bread? There was always a heavy streak in it somewhere."

College-Trained Secretaries Go Far

"College-trained secretaries are preferred by banks, insurance companies advertising firms department stores,

publishing houses, brokerage and other offices," in the experience of Dean Tristram Walker Metcalfe of Long Island University. "It is easy enough to obtain secretaries without the cultural background afforded by a college education or to obtain college graduates without adequate secretarial training but to find young men and women adequately trained in both fields is still comparatively difficult.

"Blue" Spells

Reduce some women to the petulant shadow of their own smiling selves. Others take the Vegetable Compound when they feel the "blues" coming on. It steadies quivering nerves... helps to tone up the general health... gives them more pep... more charm

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

None Finer ever made

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Few Minutes Eases Neuritis Pains Now!

DISCOVERY BRINGING QUICK RELIEF FROM PAIN TO MILLIONS

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

Why Aspirin Works So Fast

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

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 is the trade mark of the Bayer Company, Limited.

English Feminism Has Made Goal

BRITISH WOMEN SATISFIED POLITICALLY AND SOCIALLY—NOW ARE JUST IRONING OUT MINOR INEQUALITIES.

London.—Feminism in England has shoved the ball across the goal line. The campaign for women's rights is a movement which has achieved most of its objectives. So feminism, as an issue stirring a crusading zeal in women, is petering out.

A mop-up squad of alert women is still active ironing out some slight inequalities. An effort is being made to win for women the right to enter Great Britain's diplomatic service, and feminists foresee the day when England will send its women to foreign lands to serve His Majesty's Government. On another front women are campaigning for abolition of the present law under which English women who marry foreigners lose their British nationality.

Women may, and do, sit in the House of Commons. One woman has served in the Cabinet. The House of Lords still sticks to the ancient tradition of being a man's institution. But apparently women are satisfied to allow the House of Lords to cling to its hoary tradition because so many powers are being stripped from the dignified upper chamber that feminists do not care to crash its august gates.

SIX POINT GROUP.
The average British woman is well satisfied with her lot, politically and socially. But to make triumph for their sex complete the so-called "Six Point Group," founded by Lady Rhonda, carries on for the attainment of equality politically, occasionally, socially, morally, economically and legally.

The days of the window-breaking crusades of the late Emmeline Pankhurst are only memories. Her daughter, Christabel, has turned her attention to religious affairs. Sylvia, another daughter, for a time was a thorough-going Communist and now is an active anti-Fascist.

The real battle engaged in by women in attainment of their rights took place when the famous Emmeline learned that the soldiers' and sailors' franchise bill of 1919 was not going to mention women. And this after a war in which British women, at the front and elsewhere, had performed noteworthy service. Mrs. Pankhurst had only to threaten a revival of militant suffrage activities.

"God forbid," Lloyd George was quoted as saying when Mrs. Pankhurst confronted him in person with her threat. The result was the franchise bill gave all women more than 30 years old the right to vote. The full franchise bill of 1928, in the Baldwin Conservative regime, reduced the age limit to 21 years, and added 7,000,000 women to the polling lists.

Women's Clubs Must Co-operate Closely With Business

"Read a Little Less Browning and Promote Community Stability," Says Editor of Iowa Clubwoman.

New York.—Mrs. Frederick W. Weitz, editor of the Iowa Clubwoman, says that recovery might be hastened if women's clubs read a little less Browning and co-operated more closely with business.

"For years we have heard of the potential power of America's millions of clubwomen," she said. "It is time they realized that they must exert it."

"American women are considered the brainiest and most efficient in the world. Much of the credit for this is due to the club training of the last 50 years, which has been to many the equivalent of a university extension course."

"This developed mentality must now be applied where it is most needed—in promoting community stability, and in supporting business projects."

Tiny Bible on Exhibition

Chicago.—What is said to be the smallest Bible in existence, with pages about one-third the size of a postage stamp and a thickness of only one-quarter of an inch, has been viewed by more than 3,000,000 visitors at a Century of Progress Exposition here. The Bible was printed by David Bryce & Son of Glasgow, Scotland, in 1895.

It Won't Be a Stylish Marriage

Baltimore, Md.—On a bicycle built for two, a young Baltimore couple rode to the church to become one.

In other words, Adam Preisinger and his bride-to-be, Miss Frances Boorman, rode to church on a tandem bicycle to get married.

Not only that, the whole wedding party came pedalling along with them.



Canadian Industries and Agriculture, Inspiration of Huge New Mural

Agriculture is linked with industry in the 34-foot canvas, "Canada Builds a Great Nation," shown above, which with its 26 striking and vigorous figures of workers, depicts Canadians, as a race of builders, emerging from the handicaps of depression with redoubled energy. Unprecedented in the Dominion, very modern in treatment, it was painted by the Swiss-Canadian artist, Carl Mangold, to stress Canada's fortunate position among the world's nations at the present time. The idea originated with a Canadian industrial group. Shown at the Canadian National Exhibition, the mural was an outstanding success and requests have been poured in steadily for loan exhibits including invitations to place it on view in New York and London as a symbol of this country's present-day progress.