

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.

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 is the Trade Mark of the Bayer Company, Limited

FIVE CROOKED CHAIRS

By FAREMAN WELLS

SYNOPSIS

Adam Meriston, a farmer's son, is called 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. Adam enters the building while the girl watches the door. Suddenly he hears footsteps.

The man turns out to be Adam's employer, Mr. Perkin.

Adam, in his private hours experiments with short-wave wireless.

WITH A GRINDING SHRIEK

Life in Mr. Perkin's office had been so uncomfortable for Adam that it was a delight to him to envision as he strode along the lamp-lit streets of Mensebridge, the possibility of an escape from that unpleasant place. He was persuading himself that he was indeed a young man with a scientific future, able to make money. He'd leave the office in a few months, leave it gladly, relying on the proceeds of his invention. It would be a greater relief to him than ever now that he had begun to suspect something exceedingly fishy about the activities of Mr. Perkin.

Perkin's story about making an investigation of the Grail Street property, after dark and apparently by the aid of matchlight, was unbelievable. Nevertheless his mind even now refused to admit the idea of this lean, dry lawyer having been involved in an attempt at highway robbery.

Funny that he had never realized that there was something queer about the man. After the revelation of his frightened face on that rotten old staircase he would have believed anything of him. That was exactly how anyone would look who had been surprised in the commission of a crime. Now Priscilla, even when she was startled out of her wits, looked appealingly innocent.

He must get his mind settled so as to give that valve a thorough test to-morrow afternoon. It was clearly going to be too late to do anything to-night. The valve meant a career, he was convinced, and since his meeting with Priscilla Norval, a career had assumed a more than selfish importance to him.

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, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or shaving gum or rouage which only move the bowels—ignoring the real cause of trouble, your liver.

Take Carreri'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.

Fit and brisk he arrived at the office next morning ready to tackle any amount of work. Its dingy but respectable atmosphere was calculated to destroy the remnants of his uneasiness. The very ringing of the telephone bell, and the business-like responses it evoked, seemed reassuring. Surely telephone bells did not ring just like that in the offices of shady solicitors. There ought to be an air of subterfuge in a place whose chief was accustomed to prowl by night in obscure quarters like Grail Street.

Perhaps after all Mr. Perkin had told him the truth. He knew Mr. Montada to be one of the firm's most important clients, although he had never seen the man. He must find out quietly if he did own the Grail Street property. He'd get that out of Mr. Brewster, the managing clerk.

The morning dragged on until presently Mr. Perkin himself emerged from the inner office, overcoat hat and gloves immaculately, his umbrella a model of neat rolling.

"I think I'll take Adam with me today," he told Mr. Brewster. "It's time he had some experience of Court work."

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 385 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.

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 conserved 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

"SALADA" TEA

Outstanding Quality

Fresh from the Gardens

Famous London Fog Is Just An Illusion

(Coming Events in Great Britain and Ireland)

"November fogs Are we not the victims of our own incorrigible habit of phrase-making?"

I am assured that there are Americans who believe that Great Britain has but two kinds of weather—Scotch mist and London fog. They are, I need hardly protest, Americans who have yet to make their first visit to this country. They have not even heard of the superbly sunny summer which we enjoyed this year, or of the summer that preceded it, in which, from May to August, 926 hours of sunshine were recorded at Kew.

But there is some excuse for their misapprehension.

We have for too long allowed the world to suppose that England in winter—and especially London in November—is intolerable; indeed, we have gloried in the assertion. For generations we have been abusing our weather, without making it plain that this is a form of indulgence peculiar to ourselves.

We are rather proud of the reputation we have built up of being able to live in a "difficult" climate; it exhibits us as a hardy race (which we are) and one able to adapt itself to conditions that would severely test the stamina of lesser breeds.

That this attitude may be regarded as unnecessarily arrogant does not matter so very much; the trouble is that it is silly. For the loss sympathetic and understanding stranger blandly accepts our description of English weather without in the least comprehending our queer inverted pride in it.

British novelists also are much to blame. I could give many instances, but cite as a conspicuous example of the willingness to make the worst

of a bad thing the opening chapter of "Beak House." What a superb glorification of soot, mud, drizzle and fog! In fact, Dickens painted a picture so starkly alluring that well-primed Dickensians from overseas have been known to profess disappointment on discovering that the once celebrated "peasoup" variety of fog—the incomparable "London particular" as the brew was called by its reluctant admirers—is no longer procurable.

The dawn of a day like that described in "Beak House" would now provoke as much excitement in London as a snowstorm in Jerusalem.

Within reason, and from a strictly romantic standpoint, fog may have its merits, but that London has more than her share of it is one of those illusions for which the Londoner himself is chiefly responsible. A few facts from the Meteorological Office alone are sufficient to destroy the fable.

Until the rise of aviation brought the demand for exact knowledge of "visibility" there was no systematic measurement in this country of the duration, range and density of fog. Accurate measurement of "visibility" was not begun until after the war. But records that were made at Greenwich show quite definitely that whereas between 1881 and 1900 there was practically no variation in the volume of London's November fogs, there has been since then a steady decrease.

Visibility measurements are now taken regularly, frequently and accurately at many stations both in England and abroad.

Fog is held to exist when an object becomes invisible at a distance of a thousand metres, October and November are admittedly the foggiest months. And the worst time for fogs is one hour after sunrise.

Here is the average of fog observations at seven o'clock in the morning during the November of a number of years, made at four typical observation stations:

London, Croydon—5 days.
London, Kew—7 days.
Paris, Le Bourget—7 days.
Frankfurt—5 days.

Which suggests that it would be not merely false pride on our part, but a blatant disregard of facts, to brag any more of our monopoly in November fogs. In plain and sober truth, we are no better off, and no worse off, than our neighbors.

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Royalty and Dogs

OUR EMPIRE

From earliest times British dogs have owed not a little to the patronage of Royalty, although probably never before have they been so markedly in favor as today, when nearly every member of the Royal Family is a dog owner.

Since the days when Richard II, deserted by all save his faithful greyhound, Mathe, surrendered the throne to Bolingbroke, nearly all the Kings and Queens of England have been distinguished by their love of dogs. Henry VIII we are told, allowed neither "greyhounds nor mastiffs nor any other breeds at Court" but his own dogs in "crimson leather collars studded with pearls" accompanied him on all occasions, and the Court rules were so far amended as to permit Anne Boleyn, while still a lady-in-waiting, to keep a spaniel and a wolfhound, for whose deprecations among sheep His Majesty was sometimes called upon to pay out of the Privy Purse.

Henry II had his pet dogs, and the Stuarts were all dog lovers in the truest sense of the word.

No more pathetic tale was ever told than of Mary Queen of Scots, whose little Skye Terrier crept under her robes as she bent down for execution, and bathed in her blood, refused comfort or human companionship until he, too, passed away. Then James I, it is recorded, never tired of the chase in company of his sporting dogs; Charles I was one of the great dog-lovers of mediæval times and one recalls that the poignant appeal of Charles II: "Will they ever cease robbing His Majesty?" referred to the loss of one of his pets.

I think that Pepys, in recording the King's insistence on the presence of his spaniels within the Council Chamber, mentioned that they did not always appear in quite the same way to his subjects, who were inclined to echo the sentiments of a courtier who, being severely nipped on one occasion, prayed God "to bless Your Majesty and damn your dogs."

From the earliest years of her reign, Queen Victoria did her utmost to encourage pedigree breeding. It is recorded that her first love was a spaniel, and throughout her life, collies, dachshunds and others, to many of whom tablets are erected in the grounds at Windsor, followed in succession until at the time of her death she owned more than seventy dogs.

No one who witnessed King Edward's funeral procession will ever forget the pathetic figure of Caesar, the wire-haired terrier, who refused to be banished from the room when the King was dying. And everyone is familiar with the pictures of King George's Labradors, the Prince of Wales' Cairn terriers and Alsatians, and seldom are portrait groups of other members of the Royal Family without at least one doggy member of the circle.

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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 re-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.

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.