

WRIGLEYS' SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
SWEETENS THE BREATH
THE FLAVOR LASTS

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY throughout the World

FIVE CROOKED CHAIRS

By FAREMAN WELLS

SYNOPSIS

Adam Meriston, a farmer's son, attracted 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 explains 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—Corville Perkin.

Adam, in his private hours experiments with short-wave wireless. Walking homeward, Adam is nearly run down by a large swift car.

He calls on Triscilla Norval.

Her father recounts the history of five antique chairs he possesses.

Adam is extremely puzzled over the connection of Corville Perkin and Montada who wants the antique chairs. Then Triscilla is spirited away.

IN A DERELICT BOAT

Mr. Perkin turned into a rear office on the first floor, slamming the door sharply behind him. It bore a commonplace company name and the information that they were Corn and Seed Merchants. Adam went so far as to try the door. It was evidently secured by a modern lock. Feeling that somehow this was all quite useless to him in his present dilemma, he went out and entered a tiny tea-shop that commanded a view of the building.

He sat there a long time drinking tea and watching. There was no sign of Mr. Perkin, evidently his business was taking a long time. Convinced of the folly of waiting for his reappearance, Adam again turned his mind to the problem of gaining the little yard across the river.

Stimulated no doubt by the hot tea, he was this time able to formulate a plan.

At the Leas, a pleasure garden on the stream of the city, there were for hire in summer, it was not yet summer, but he determined to get hold of one either by fair hire or by borrowing without consent.

Having made up his mind he was at once eager and decisive again. A tram ride brought him quickly to the Leas, but the place was shut and

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TRADEMARK REGISTERED IN CANADA

TIRED and IRRITABLE

Do you feel weak and nervous? Is your housework a burden? Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Mrs. M. A. Kelly of Woodstock, New Brunswick, says, "I was weak and nervous. A neighbor brought me your Vegetable Compound. It helped me so much that I am taking it now as the change."

Get a bottle NOW. It may be just the medicine YOU need.



looking infinitely deserted in the thin mist that trailed across its lawns and shrubberies.

This suited his present plans, and he made his way rapidly to the upstream end, where iron railings projected a foot or more over the water. It was a comparatively easy task for an agile youngster like him to clamber round the railings and thus enter the place. After skirting the damp shrubberies along the bank he at length came across a row of boats all lying keel-upward on the grass and smelling of fresh tar.

The only kind of craft afloat was an old square-ended punt, waterlogged and rotten. Reflecting that, if this were missed, they would think it had been carried off by the current, and would not make much enquiry after it, he began to bale the thing out with an empty paint can. It was now considerably darker, and the mist had thickened over the river as the air grew cooler with the coming of night. There would not be much likelihood of his being noticed. He found a single oar, and putting his halting can conveniently amidsips, he cast off.

There was no need to row. All that he had to do was to keep the old craft off the banks, to prevent her from swamping if he could, and to let the current carry her. It was surprising how slowly she seemed to move. From the banks the river had given the impression of rushing fiercely, but now he was at the mercy of the current, and he seemed to be moving at no more than a walking pace. They began to pass misty gardens, then a bridge, more gardens, hundreds of them, their houses crowding nearer to the water's edge as he penetrated the city confines. The intervals between the bridges grew less and the walls that were now banking the river grew higher. Lights gleamed from the windows in some of them, and hot wafts of sour-smelling steam drifted across his path. It was mistier and darker now than he needed for concealment, and his only problem was to keep the leaky tub from sinking and to make sure that he did not pass his objective. When he came under the wide iron railway bridge he knew he was nearly there, and he kept the punt scraping and bumping along the stone-pitched bank.

Suddenly he was startled to hear from above him the loud clucking of a hen. A solitary hen it seemed, until it was answered from the other bank. He pushed his oar into a cranny of the pitching and stayed the punt. He waited there, patiently listening, until he realised that his craft was rapidly sinking under him, when, not daring to bail, he stepped out cautiously, gripping the coping with both hands and finding resting-places for his feet against the stonework.

The old punt lumbered silently away into the night. He did not care to scramble for it, it was obvious that somebody stood there on the bank just above where he crouched. Then, no one as of a queer sliding over pulleys, and, as his eyes strained upward, a dark shadow seemed to descend through the misty gloom as if it came out of the night sky. The hen that he was now convinced was no hen but a man, clucked once more and the sliding sound ceased. Then there was the sound of light careful footsteps passing above his head. They proceeded towards the farther bank and were lost. The sliding noise renewed itself and the dark blur above faded upward. He hung on

there until he felt he could hang on no longer. Then he scrambled as lightly as he could up the pitching. Clearly, an individual had just left the Grail Street warehouse by some form of mechanical bridge. He hoped that someone might still be there. It gave him a thrill of assurance to find the little door under the arch once more ajar, and a still greater thrill to discover wet footmarks leading up the stairs again.

Across the top floor he moved, only an inch at a time, until he arrived at the door of the little blanket-throated room. There was a faint chink of light under that door. Careless of anything he flung it sharply open.

The light immediately went out and a second later it was replaced by a beam that cut a long, funnel through the darkness, a funnel that started from almost complete obscurity about the lens of a torch and widened towards him at the door.

"Put your hands up, my friend," said a soft foreign voice. He obeyed.

"That's right, very nice indeed," the voice encouraged him mockingly. "Ah, it is our young friend Senator Meriston who has come to cheer us up. It is good to have company, Senator."

He made no answer. His eyes were steadily penetrating the darkness behind the torch. He saw shaded ooly hands; and a gleam of metal from one that rested on the table; a pair of soft eyes staring, and a glint from the bridge of a curving nose.

(To Be Continued)

Ready to Swim in Sea of Gore, but Women Supreme

(From the San Francisco Argonaut)

Americans have always been sensitive to the criticism of foreigners, whether it came from radicals or Tories; but most of it, perhaps, has been owing to their realization that the foreigners saw some things among us about as they were. It is generally admitted today that Charles Dickens saw Americans during the Jacksonian era, quite as he has described them in his "American Notes" and in "Martin Chuzzlewit."

But the American man was never criticized by any foreigner quite as severely as he was by an American women's rights lecturer, a certain Mrs. Skinner, three generations ago. Here is a sample of her oratory:

"Miss President, feller wimmen, and male trash generally, I am here today for the purpose of discussing women's rights, recussing her wrongs, and cussing the men."

"I believe sexes were created perfectly equal, with the woman a little more equal than the man."

"I believe that the world today would be happier if man never existed."

"As a success man is a failure, and I bless my stars my mother was a woman. (Applause.)"

"I not only maintain these principles, but maintain a shiftless husband besides."

"They say man was created first—well, s'pose he was. Ain't first experiments always failures?"

"The only decent thing about man was a rib, and that went to make something better. (Applause.)"

"And they throw into our faces about taking an apple. I'll bet five dollars that Adam boosted her up the tree, and only gave her the core."

"And what did he do when he was found out? True to his masculine instinct he sneaked behind Eve, and said, 'twan't me; 'twas her,' and woman had to father everything, and mother it, too."

"What we want is the ballot, and the ballot we're bound to have, if we have to let down our back hair, and swim in a sea of gore."

He made no answer. His eyes were steadily penetrating the darkness behind the torch. He saw shaded ooly hands; and a gleam of metal from one that rested on the table; a pair of soft eyes staring, and a glint from the bridge of a curving nose.

(To Be Continued)

That's Curious!

The world's biggest clock, with a dial surface about six times the size of "Big Ben," is being built in Montreal. The clock will have three faces, the diameter of each face being 60ft., mechanism weighing about six tons, minute marks over 3ft. apart, and minute hands 30ft. long and weighing 2,500lb. In the course of a year the minute hand will travel 312 miles round the face of the clock.

In spite of improvements in transport that have taken place in the last few years, the fastest train from London to Edinburgh is one hour and ten minutes slower in 1935 than it was in 1895.

WHAT DOES YOUR HANDWRITING REVEAL?

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Geoffrey St. Clair
Graphologist

Here is a letter from a young married woman who is separated from her husband. She says: "I was married four years ago, but mine was an unhappy marriage. My husband was cruel to me, and left me after a year. I haven't seen him since, and he has not helped to support me, although I know where he is living. Now I have become fond of a young man, and he wishes to marry me, if I get a divorce. I can easily do that, but would like your opinion about my friend's character. I also enclose some writing of my husband's."

Your husband's writing merely confirms what you tell me about him. He has a violent temper and is selfish. Thinks of no one but himself, and his own pleasures. The writing of your new friend shows that he is reliable and honest—normally affectionate, with an underlying sense of judgement or balance.

He is also ambitious and hopeful—should get along very well if he has half a chance, because he is anxious to be someone in the world. He has no outstanding vices, so far as I can judge from the very small specimen of his writing that you sent me.

There is one point about him, though, that is worth mentioning. He is no sit-at-home. He likes to be having a good time. I do not suggest anything vicious by this, but simply that your friend likes some variety in his life—shows, parties, dances, probably—things of that sort.

However, your own writing shows that you have this same characteristic, so you are well matched in that respect.

On the whole, the two of you seem well suited. I hope that, whatever you do finally decide to do, you will get more happiness than seems to have fallen to your lot in the past.

I would like to take this opportunity, now that this series of articles has been running in this paper for over a year, to thank all

those who have written to me in the past, and for the many kind expressions of thanks for help given. The letters that have come to me in the mail have been one of the brightest parts of this work, and I am very glad to have been able to help so many of you. I do appreciate the many pleasant comments made from time to time by readers.

Would YOU like to have your own character analysed from your handwriting? This well-known Graphologist can help YOU as he has helped so many others. And he may be able to help you to know your friends better. Send specimens of the handwriting you wish to be analysed, stating birthdate in each case. Send 10c (coin) for each specimen, and enclose with 3c stamped addressed envelope, to: Geoffrey St. Clair, Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont. All letters are confidential and replies will be mailed as quickly as possible.

NEW YELLOW LABEL 28c 1/2 lb.



SALADA TEA

BROWN LABEL - 33c 1/2 lb.
ORANGE PEKOE - 40c 1/2 lb.

"Boon Dogging" Good English

The "boon-dogging," permitted by the New York unemployment relief authorities, much to the indignation of persons there who could not find the term in any dictionary, is really nothing so very vicious, according to S. K. Marshall, instructor in English literature at Columbia University.

"Part of the term, at least, is good Elizabethan English," he told a reporter. "Even yet in parts of England something good is referred to as 'boon.' And a 'doggie' is, as I see it, nothing but an archaic slang-term similar to the modern 'gadget.'"

"Hence, even if you never have boon-dogging in Canada, you'll know that it merely means making good or useful gadgets."

A Little Life

"Every day is a little life," was an old thinker's wise epigram. If each day gets the better of us, how are we going to conquer in life as a whole? Only as we make each day a victorious battleground where selfishness and shirking and disobe-

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NOT A SOAP!

HOW I HATED CLEANING TOILET BOWLS UNTIL I USED GILLETT'S LYE



Stains flush off this easy way

Once each week sprinkle Gillett's Pure Flake Lye—full strength—into the bowl. Off come all stains without scrubbing! Kills germs, banishes odors as it cleans. Frees trap and drain pipe from obstructions. Absolutely harmless to plumbing and enamel. Get a tin today!

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

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT

HURDY-GURDY SEEN AS SIGN OF SPRING

Don Marquis, in New York Herald-Tribune.

Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia has disappointed me by favoring the notion of banishing hurdy-gurdies from the streets of New York city, on the plea that the hurdy-gurdy operators are beggars. I don't know Mayor LaGuardia, and I know very little about him, but his name has always suggested to me something like a flower garden and the syllables flow with an appealing Latin liquidity which is almost the guaranty of a lyric soul. Judging from the name alone, one would naturally think of him as a friend of song and sunshine, and, judging from his record, we know him to be an efficient and zealous public servant.

Therefore, I should like to be one of 500,000 citizens of New York to write letters to him telling him that he is all wrong in this notion of his about the hurdy-gurdy. The hurdy-gurdy operator is not really a beggar at all. He is a vendor. What he peddles in New York is music and sentiment. And he is all too slenderly paid for his stock in trade.

New York, in some of its aspects, is a place of bleak and barren efficiency, where people get from one uninteresting place of business to another with the least possible loss of time, their elbows abraded and their ears lacerated by all the grinding circumstance and raucous hubbaloob of traffic. If there is something beautiful for the eye, something free and careless for the imagination, it is a note in the turmoil which should be allowed to survive.

To hundreds of thousands—perhaps millions—of New Yorkers the hurdy-gurdy is all wrapped up with their sentiment about their city. It would not be really Spring to them unless they heard the grind organ. They begin to listen for it, subconsciously, with the first sunshiny promises of March.

Other signs that the vernal miracle is about to recur gradually appear; timid shoots of grass come up in the little wire-protected plots at the base of city trees; the alley cats become more clamantly insistent in their midnight songs of courtship; the slush in the gutters turns to liquid black mud; dogs and their fleas attack each other with a fresh savageness; cock beer flows; the white gulls skim above the dirty East river with a new grace; a note as of the cooing of doves is heard from the top decks of buses. . . .

Out of the Prison of Winter, Earth and its creatures emerge. And the woodhouse sits on a splinter. And flirts with the cosmic urge. . . .

And in all the forlorn windows the jonquil blows his golden horn. Then comes the note of the hurdy-gurdy, and the New Yorker knows that it is Spring indeed. It is to him the first official announcement and it takes him back to the time when he was a kid and capered joyously on the sidewalks to those strains.

Sometimes there are singers accompanying the hurdy-gurdies, and what a brave and gallant thing to see and hear! . . . Song daring to lift up its head and lift up its voice above the racket of urban racket. . . .

Art asserting its continuity and triviality of commerce. . . . Joy call-out in mean and sordid streets that the universe is not all mean and sordid; a note of play and courage fingering its challenge to the world!

The hurdy-gurdy is one of the last of the world's beloved vagabonds, and it is a wandering troubadour which more than pays its way.

Yankee
4 to 5 cup
1/2 teaspoon
1/4 to 1/2 cup
4 cups milk
Mix ingredients
buttered casserole
water and bake
slow oven. Stir
minutes for first
from setting. Sc
cold with thin
Rice
Mix cooked rice
in whipped cream
maraschino. Chill
bets. Sprinkle ea
and garnish with
cream and red c

LANGUID

Appetites in spring languid. A condition is food flavor food with Try these dinn spring fever.

Baked S
1 fish for bakin
8 thin slices as
1 cup Grape-Nu
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon peppe
1 teaspoon powd
Dash of papric
1 tablespoon gre
1 teaspoon parsi
1/2 cup celery, fu
1 small sour pot
1 tablespoon Wo
4 tablespoons m
1/2 cup warm wat
Clean fish, wash
wipe dry. Cut tom
side and insert a
in each gash. Co
for stuffing in g
thoroughly. Stuff
securely with s
Place 2 slices of
in greased bakin
on fish. Bake in
degrees F. 45 to
occasionally with
from salt pork. S

1 large eggplant
1/2 tablespoon chop
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons laco
2-3 cup Grape-Nu
1/2 cup canned tom
1/4 cup finely chog
1 egg, slightly be
1/2 cup grated Am
if desired
Parboil eggplant
halves lengthwise
center, leaving sh
Chop removed pe
and saute with
pepper in bacon fa
Grape-Nuts, mix w
maining ingredien
sprinkle with a
Grape-Nuts. Bake
degrees F.) 30 min

Stuffed H
1 large eggplant
1/2 tablespoon chop
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degrees F.) 30 min

Rondeau Of Spring

Russell Janney in the New York Times.

From the French of Charles d'Orleans, Poet-Prince of the Fifteenth Century.

The year has flung his cloak away Of wind, of freezing and of snow, And now his mantle is aglow With broderie of sparkling day: There's not a bird or beast of prey That does not shout a merry "Ho!" The year has flung his cloak away Of wind, of freezing and of snow.

Each river, fountain, stream at play Dons livery that jewels king, Great silver drops like emeralds show, The whole world's dressed for holiday.

The year has flung his cloak away.

Has Built 1,200 Boats and Canoes

Cover D'Alen, Idaho. — Moses Sauve, 82, has built several thousand boats and canoes in the past 63 years but admits he "still is learning more and more about the boat business each day."

Sauve has built 1,200 boats on Lake Couer d'Alene in the past 23 years, as well as several thousand others in his younger days, among the Thousand Island, St. Lawrence River, Brockville, Ont.

Since his 70th birthday Sauve has maintained an average of 41 boats, 100 sets of oars and paddles a year.