THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS FLAVOR

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
The PERFECT GUM
Its Flavor Lasts
SWEETENS THE BREATH

THE QUALITY CHEWING GUM

FIVE CROOKED CHAIRS

By FAREMAN WELLS

SYNOPSIS

Adam Meriston, a farmer's son, articled 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 Priscilla 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 Priscilla is spirited away.

It was what they wanted. Not only the unexpected delicacies, the revivifying wine, but the man himself with his fantastic air of light-hearted pedantry. He was as much a tonic to their worn spirits as the viands to their deprived bodies. He was an immense success, and he realised the fact and gloried in it openly. Nor did he outstay his welcome by one of those split seconds he was so fond of recording in his note-book. Within half an hour of the end of the repast he took his leave, remarking wistfully to Scylla as he did so: "I hope when you grow up, my dear, you will marry a scientist. I think you would make an excellent wife for a scientist, and that, I can assure you, is the very hardest kind of wife to succeed in being. It is only, alas, once in a blue moon that the born scientist and the born scientist's wife arrive at the church at the same moment. I noticed, by the way, from the calendar that there was a blue moon due before the end of the year, too."

"One moment, sir. I must come with you," said Adam ,on the spur of a sudden recollection.

"What for," asked Scylla in alarm.

"We've forgotten to tell the police you're home again. We must not leave it until tomorrow before we let them know."

"Your generalising habit, Meriston, is my only cause for fear in connection with your scientific future," stated the Professor. "You say 'we,' for instance, as if the word included us all. That is wrong. Having less to occupy my mind than the rest of you, no doubt, I have already made a full report at the police station."

Priscilla flung her arms about his neck and kissed him heartily, an action that expressed very completely the feelings entertained at that moment by Adam and her father and that sent Professor Starling strutting up the now lamplit street in a manner more like that of a young buck than a scientific pedant.

"If all scientists were like him," she declared as she returned from seeing him out, "I really do think it would be nice to marry one."

Adam's only answer was a look. He slept at Cavendish Street that night, and, like the other two, slept thoroughly for the first time since the night before the picnic. Indeed so tired were they all, that it was not until they were seated before a very late breakfast that it occurred to anyone to mention the peculiar statement that Mr. Norval had made the previous night about news that would keep until the morrow. When Scylla, for it was she who first remembered that there was something yet to learn, raised the subject, her father started up as if in alarm.

"Why yes, of course. I'd forgotten," he said. "Yesterday I had a letter from Valdamonte in London. I wired to his address at once and had a reply within an hour saying that he would call and see the chairs this morning."

"Hasn't he come too late?" suggested Adam. "I mean, there isn't anyone now who is likely to buy your Spanish chairs. Poor Montada being dead and Perkin unlikely, I should imagine, to purchase on his own account. But perhaps Valdamonte wants to exercise his option."

"That was what I gathered from his letter. He seemed most anxious to be assured that I had kept my part of the bargain, so I don't doubt that he will be wanting to buy them back and prepared to give me a fair price."

"It's half past ten,' ' remarked Scylla, glancing at the old French clock.

The two men needed no further hint. They hastened into the shop and drew the blinds, unlocked the door and left it invitingly open. Then for a while they fussed about aimlessly, each afraid to speak of the irritation he felt at having to wait for so important an arrival as that of Senor Valdamonte.

He came at last. A taxi bustled up to the shop door. A thin, distinguished-looking man with a grey, pointed beard terminating his drawn and ravaged face, stepped out. Norval was quickly on the pavement to greet him.

"Ah, my good friend, Norval," he exclaimed as they clasped hands. "At last I have come to inspect my chairs."

"I had almost despaired of ever seeing you again," declared Norval as he led him into the shop.

"And I too. It was only a week ago today that I succeeded in making my escape from a very uncomfortable Spanish prison. I am not yet very strong, I fear." He seemed to sway slightly as he spoke.

Adam at once dragged forward a chair, and he declined wearily into it. Obviously he was exceedingly frail. "Do you wish the taxi to wait?" enquired Mr. Norval.

"Ah, yes. Let him wait."

THE SECRET OF THE CHAIRS

Adam tactfully retired to the sitting-room, but a little later Norval called him to assist the Senor to climb the stairs.

"You are strong, my friend," remarked Valdamonte, as he found himself practically carried up the steep flights. "It must be good to be young and strong like you."

In the attic he rested a while on one of his family chairs before going on his knees and running his hands over the leather back, pressing with his fingers in a peculiar manner. Adam imagined this to be a demonstration of his passion for the chairs, particularly when he proceeded to perform the same operation on one after another of them. He was therefore surprised to hear the request for a screw-driver.

In response Norval produced a neat little tool compendium from his pocket. To the astonishment of the two witnesses Valdamonte immediately proceeded to prise out several of the old gilt-headed nails that secured the leather. In a few minutes he had prepared an opening large enough to admit his hand, and from which he proceeded to draw a series of bundled documents. The other watched fascinated as the real mystery of the Spanish chairs dawned on them.

Valdamonte glanced over the papers piled on the seat before him and sighed. Then he rose unsteadily to his feet. "Bearer bonds," he explained with a foreign shrug. "The most of my fortune. I am glad to recover them. I had greatly feared I should be forestalled."

"You very nearly were, sir," remarked Adam.

"Ah, I am not surprised. Someone undoubtedly betrayed my secrets. I had disposed similarly of two other parcels of securities, fortunately each of them for lesser amounts than this, when I was lucky enough to meet with a man whom I at once regarded as being supremely honest. It is delightful to realise that in this my instincts by no means deceived me."

He bowed courteously to Norval, who stood fingering his beard with evident embarrassment. "The other two parcels have disappeared, the furniture in these cases having been disposed of," he resumed with a tinge of bitterness.

"That explains Montada telling me he had been rich before he came to Mensbridge," exclaimed Adam.

"Ah, Montada? Is that what he called himself?" A small man with a great hooked nose, eh?"

"That's one man. He's dead," said Adam.

(To Be Concluded)

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Geoffrey St. Clair
Graphologist

(Editor's Note: Since this series of aritcles commenced, the author has replied to thousands of readers, who wrote asking either for a character analysis or for guidance in personal problems. Mr. St. Clair can help YOU, too. See his invitation to you following this week's article.)

* * *

Can a girl love two men at once? That is the interesting poser that is put to me in a letter just to hand. I am giving you part of this young lady's letter to me, as I have no doubt that there are other readers of this column, which appears in papers throughout the Dominion, who are in a similar predicament.

"Some time ago, about two years ago, to be exact, I met a young man while in Toronto for a holiday, and fell in love with him. I have seen him at different times since, and feel quite sure that my feeling for him is sincere and deep. About six months ago, we had a little tiff, not very important perhaps, but whilst we were in the middle of it, I met a young man nearer home, and have since seen quite a lot of him. There is no doubt that we have learned to care a good deal for each other.

I intended, in the early stages, to break it off with No. 2 young man when my first friend and I became reconciled, but I failed to do so, and now I have both young men caring a good deal for me, and the first young man doesn't know anything about the other one, and vice versa.

I realized that I haven't entirely played the game with either of these young men, particularly the first one, but what do you think I should do now? Do you think I would be better to carry on with No. 1 and let the other go? They both are very anxious to marry me, and it appears that I will be forced to make a decision one way or the other before very long. Your advice would be eagerly received".

I quite agree with you that you "haven't played the game" with these young men, but I can readily appreciate the reasons for your drifting into this impasse. However, I have examined the different writings, and will deal with your own first of all.

You are of a type that is very ready to show affection, and must really have affectionate companionship. Indeed, you are what I call the type that 'falls in love with love'. My own personal feeling about you is that you don't love either of these young men. It seems to me that you would soon realise it if you were in love with one of them.

No.1 young man is affectionate, loyal, straightforward, rather dignified and not the tye to 'wear his heart on his sleeve'. The second young man is more expressive of his feelings, more spontaneous. He is also straightforward, as is the first one.

There isn't a great deal to choose between either of them. There is some difference in temperaments, but you could, I believe, get along quite well with both of them.

The No. 2 youth has this advantage —he is living nearer to you and can see more of you than is possible for the first young man. And, all thngs being equal, there can be no doubt that propinquity adds to the possibilities for mutual association, and for falling in love.

However, I cannot advise you to marry either of these young men. You are not in love really earnestly with either of them. It seems to me that you should take the first opportunity of breaking off your association with No. 1 young man, and trust to the future to decide whether you really love the other friend sufficiently to marry him.

* * *

Have YOU any problem that Mr. St. Clair can help you with? He will be quite frank, unbiassed, sympathetic and friendly. Perhaps you would like to know what your own real character is—or that of your friends? Remember that handwriting tells the real story of one's temperament, character and potentialities. Send specimens of the handwritings you wish to be analysed, stating birth-date 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. Your letter will be treated in confidence and replies will be forwarded as quickly as possible.

Royal Bride's Good Taste Displayed in House Furnishings

Since she returned from her honeymoon, the latest royal bride has been as happily engrossed as any other young married woman in the choice of furnishings for her new home.

The Duchess of Kent, like the Duke, has extremely good taste, and she has been careful to see that her new curtains, chair covers and wall decorations were such as would make the ideal background for the lovely furniture which is one of the beauties of the house.

GOOD COTRASTS.

An ivory satin has been selected for the Duchess's bedroom, and there is an interesting difference between the curtains and chair coverings, for while the former have a thin diagonal self-stripe, the latter are scattered with stars similarly woven in the material so that the effect carries out that suggestion of a Regency atmosphere which somehow pervades the whole house.

Rough-cast materials are used both in the Duke's study and in his bedroom. The Duke is obviously fond of dark blue, for in the former room the curtains are white with an edging of navy blue braid, while the chairs are entirely covered in navy blue.

LOVELY LINEN.

In the bedroom the rough fabric of the curtains is dyed a each color, which contrasts delightfully with the blue-green of the satin bed cover, over which is laid a peach-beize quilt.

As an artist herself, the Duchess appreciates lovely handwork and characteristic of her exquisite taste is the bed linen she has purchased.

Sheets and pillow-cases of the finest white linen appliqued with a pale blue satin edge and sprays of flowers comprise one set; another is in pale pink linen with leaves scattered over it. Equally charming are the sets in fine crepe de chine with the same irregular edge and flower trimmings carried out in matching or contrasting satin.

Winnipeg Goldeye

We hasten to join with our contemporary, the Winnipeg Tribune, in viewing with alarm the threatened disappearance of that unique and succulent fish, the Winnipeg goldeye. Rightly, the goldeye is the pride of the prairie, — perhaps even "Manitoba's only distinctive contribution to the world's gustatory delight." Many are its merits. To begin with, it is smoked and therefore can be carried far, bringing joy to Montreal and New York no less than to Brandon. Then it is a "secretive" fish and does not too loudly anounce its presence in the kitchen while being cooked. This is a trick it might well teach the kipper. Its appearance, on the first meeting, is perhaps startling — its bright rose-gold suggesting an origin in the aquarium or in the oriental print room of the museum. But once understood, this brilliance only lends enchantment. It is accommodating in the matter of bone structure, a virtue which we wish the delicate shad would imitate. And, last, but first in importance, its mild flavour is superb.

The Tribune's figures tell the sad story: —

The catch of goldeye in Manitoba waters in 1926 was 1,162,000 pounds. In 1929 it was 1,110,500 pounds. In 1930 it was 574,000 pounds. In 1933 it was 280,000 pounds, and in 1934 it was 325,000 pounds. — Montreal Star.

"Failures always overtake those who have the power to do, without the will to act." —James Ellis

WEAK WOMEN

ARE you tired, nervous, run-down? No pep? No ambition? Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It quiets quivering nerves—improves the appetite—makes life seem worth living again.

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Issue No. 26 — '35

Enjoy the Best Tea
"SALADA" TEA

EXTINCTION FACES THE GOLDEYE AND MANITOBA IS TAKING ALARM

(From the Winnipeg Tribune)

Significant figures! The catch of goldeye in Manitoba waters in 1926 was 1,162,000 ounds. In 1929 it was 1,110,500 pounds. In 1930 it was 574-000 pounds. In 1933 it was 280,000 pounds, and in 1934 it was 325,000 pounds. The price has been rising steadily, and the fishermen have redoubled their efforts, naturally, to catch a fish worth up to 38 cents a pound.

The figures simply mean the goldeye is disappearing, and that is serious.

The practical disappearance of the once-flourishing whitefish industry is bad enough, but that was simply a case of greedy men destroying a valuable industry for their own profit. But the disappearance of the goldeye is something else.

It is not merely a money loss, important though that may be. It is the loss of Manitoba's only distinctive contribution to the world's gustatory delight—something that has made the name of Winnipeg to be spoken with reverence in all the shrines to the palate.

The really distinctive contributions to the world's dining tables are few, and Canada has been responsible for only perhaps half a dozen all told. Most of our good products — maple syrup is an example—we share with other countries. The Montreal melon is one of Canada's prime products, and the goldeye ranks with it at the top of the list.

Unfortunately the goldeye has won its sway with too conspicious success. It is doomed to extinction unless something is done about it.

It is not too late to do something, and the best of experts should be called in to decide what measures of conservation should be adopted. A catch of 325,000 pounds last season suggests that the breeding stock is still available. The experts should be given the task of studying the ways of this fish, and working out plans under which supply can be conserved with reasonable market production. Wonders have been worked by patient scientists in the propagation of fish of the trout, bass and other game varieties.

Here is an opportunity to perpetuate a fish which has perhaps a greater-advertising value for Winnipeg and Manitoba than any other product.

No Proof The Scots Invented Golf Game

Ask ninety-nine golfers out of a hundred the origin of golf and they will say unhesitatingly that the game was first played in Scotland. But, according to Major W. G. Tucker, secretary of the Royal Blackheath Golf Club in England, which claims to be the oldest existing golf club with a continuous history, the exact origin of golf is lost in the mists of antiquity.

"Literary researches into the subject," he writes in the current Rotarian Magazine, "have led to the conclusion that the name golf was probably derived from the Teutonic kolbe, a club (kolf in low Dutch is a game). By a Scotch Act of Parliament in 1424, prohibiting games that interfered with archery and other military sports, football is prohibited, and no mention is made of golf. By another Act of Parliament in 1457, football and golf are prohibited, so that it seems likely the game was introduced between those dates or perhaps became popular after football But items in the accounts of the

"In 1491, King James IV of Scotland decreed: 'Futeball and Golfe forbidden. Item, it is statut and ordainit that in na place of the realme there be usit fute-ball, golfe, or uther sik unprofitabills portis. . . . . But items in the accounts of the lord high treasurer (1503-6) show that King James, himself, yielded tot he lure of this 'unprofitabill sportis.' The Edinburgh council, in 1529, proclaimed "threw this burgh' that 'na inhabitants of the samyn be seen at ony pastymes within or without that toun, upon the Sabboth day, sic as golfe, etc.' A year later the proclamation was repeated but the prohibition was modified to read 'in tyme of sermons.'

"Be this as it may," he continues, "local tradition maintains that King James I of England and VI of Scotland disported himself at golf on Blackneath when he held court at Greenwich, subsequently sanctioning the formation of a Society of Golfers in 1608."

Old Scotch records reveal that other kings were among the early devotees of the game in Scotland and England. And so the reason is aparent why golf often is referred to as a "royal sport."

Think Out New Daily Problems

Chapel Hill, N.C.—New graduates of the University of North Carolina left the campus with the advice of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt to "think out new ways of doing things."

"These are difficult times," Mrs. Roosevelt said. "We are more prosperous and hopeful than a few years ago. But we who look at realities—and you graduates must look at realities—we cannot say we are satisfied with our country or things as they exist today."

She said that while "we would like to see everyone with a minimum income," the question of the hour is "how to start."

Appealing for courage, initiative and imagination "to try, in this strongest of nations "to solve its problems, she declared:

"We in this nation do not produce enough today to give every individual an income sufficient for a decent standard of living. We must think out new ways of doing things. This machine age has grown up so rapidly we don't know how to handle it."

Pine-Fed Pigs

In the Middle Ages millions of porkers picked up a precarious living in the great forests, grubbing for acorns and roots. To-day they are regaled on quick-fattening oil-cake, which makes better bacon. But such fare is dear, and Germans have been enjoined to observe economy in pig-feeding. Now a German chemist has come to their aid with an extract from pine-wood, of which commodity Germany has millions of acres. It is claimed that this extract is capable of fattening pigs rapidly and satisfactorily. The experimental results have proved so encouraging that a factory has been set up at Mannheim to produce the extract.

At A Reception

Two undergraduates made a bet that at a big function the people receiving the guests were so tired of murmuring appropriate phrases and so dazed by the constant stream of passers-by, that they took in very little of what was said to them. One of the undergraduates determined to prove his point. As he reached the distinguished couple he bowed, smiled appropriately, took the extended hand, and said: "I murdered your mother this morning."

"Very glad to see you here," said the famous man, beaming the set beam.

Passed on while the man received the next person, and the previous guest had scarcely departed from the wife, the daring undergraduate had time to gloat upon his success and straighten his face before he bowed over the lady's hand.

"I murdered your father," he said gravely.

"Most kind," murmured the tired lady, "charming of you. I'm so glad to see you."

LIVE Yeast Ends Indigestion

"I have been been taking Phillips Pure LIVE Yeast regularly for the last three weeks, and I have at last got rid of a nasty form of indigestion." — Extract from original letter.

If your stomach "acts up" after eating you will find Phillips Pure LIVE Yeast a great boon.

In its preparation a way has been found to preserve in a high state of activity the important B Vitamins, Enzymes and Nuclein which make yeast so good for you. These important ingredients combine to: (1) Correct digestion and put an end to pains, gas, and nausea after eating. (2) Make your food do you good by insuring complete assimilation: thus building you up. (3) Fortify your blood and enable it to drive out poisons which are responsible for boils, pimples, rheumatic aches and similar troubles.

This 3-Fold action of Phillips Yeast will make meals once more enjoyable for you. And it will give you new strength and vitality. You will like Phillips Yeast, too, and it is not expensive. 15 days' supply (in granules of pleasing taste) for 50c; 45 days' supply, $1.00 at your druggist's.

A MOTHER'S FAULT

MAY ELEANOR SMITH

It was a very interesting conversation I was having with my best friend, I had not seen her for a long time, and it seemed as if all we had to say to each other could not possibly be told before five o'clock, when her train left.

Dimly, as from a distance, a small, insistent voice was saying, "Mummy, Mummy." I knew it belong to Sonny, who was seated on the carpet happily playing with his toys. Once in a while, he had spoken to my visitor, and she answered him politely, with a smile each time.

I went on talking, forgetting, or perhaps ignoring the small voice—it was so soft. I did hear it more than once, but the conversation engrossed me. Then, "Mummy—will you listen to me—I'm talking to you—do you hear me?"

The words were shouted in as loud a voice as lusty five year old lungs could manage. It made me very angry, for I prided myself on my children's manners.

"Please do not shout at me again," I sternly rebuked the young offender. "It is very rude!"

I was embarrassed that my little son should speak so impolitely to his mother, especially before a visitor.

"But Mummy—"

I glanced across at the small offender. My heart smote me. I knew there was something wrong, but what it was, and whose fault, I could not tell, yet.

Sonny's eyes were filled with tears, and his lips were trembling dangerously.

"But, but—Mummy—you told me not to shout!"

It was only then that I realized that the fault lay with myself, and not with five year old Sonny. I had taught him to speak quietly, and then because he was a good child and usually amused himself for hours at a time with very little attention, I had somehow fallen into the habit of allowing my own thoughts to engross me, to the exclusion of all else, and thus did not bother to answer the litte chap when he did speak to me.

How thankful I was that the fault, my fault, had been revealed to me in time. It was a bad habit, easily formed, but now that it had been brought to my attention, it would be quickly broken.

I interrupted him.

"Don't answer me back, I tell you I won't have you shouting. Either speak quietly, or not at all."

It was not very long afterwards that my visitor left. Sonny had long since gone out, a sulky look marring the usual contented expression of his face. I supposed he was insulted because I had rebuked him before a visitor. "Well," I said in self-righteous indignation, "I had a perfect right to do so!"

But had I? Was the fault wholly his?

Next morning at breakfast the early mail demanded my attention. I did not hear when Sonny spoke to me.

But luckily Sonny's Daddy, who was not reading letters, thank goodness, was there this time.

"Sonny is speaking to you," he said, rather loudly for him.

I answered somewhat crossly, for the letter was still unread and invitingly open.

"I didn't hear him. Why doesn't he speak out." I did not stop to think that the breakfast table was not the place to read one's letters, and that my small boy needed his bacon cut up, his egg cracked and more hot milk poured into his cup.—Issued by the National Kindergarten Assoc., 8 West 40th Street New York Cit.

Thinks Skin Disease Will Yield To Mind

Atlantic City, N.J. — Persons suffering from skin diseases may be cured by inducing them to ignore their mental troubles, Dr. John H. Stokes of Philadelphia told the joint convention of the Canadian and American Medical associations.

Dr. Stokes presented his treatment as applicable to those individuals who have "perpetual disposition to exceed the speed which their chassis will permit without rattling to pieces."

Instead of dogmatically telling a patient to "forget it," he merely suggests that if a person will bring a problem to the surface, admit its existence, and examine it abstractly he will realize that thousands of others have been afflicted with overwork, money trouble, or too many relatives and lived through them.

Dr. Stokes pointed out the curative values for nervous troubles and their resulting skin diseases of indicating that recovery is possible, that the mind will right itself if given a chance, and of rolling with the punch — "getting around that which one cannot get through or over."

As further aids to regaining a normal mental attitude he advocated the abandonment of the business luncheon, which he characterized as a "device of the devil," and the taking of a noonday siesta with the telephone silent. These he believes to be more effective than long vacations away from home.

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