Way to Ease Headaches, Pain Almost Instantly

METHOD OFTEN RELIEVES NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATIC PAINS IN MINUTES!

Remember the pictures below when you want *fast* relief from pain. Demand and get the method doctors prescribe—*Aspirin.*

Millions have found that *Aspirin* cases even a bad headache, neuritis or rheumatic pain often in a few minutes!

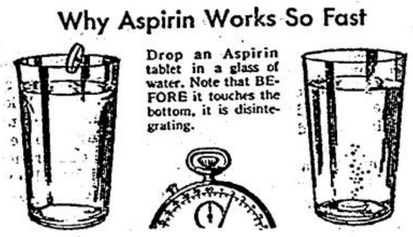
In the stomach as in the glass here, an *Aspirin* tablet starts to dissolve, or disintegrate, almost the instant it touches moisture. It begins "taking hold" of your pain practically as soon as you swallow it.

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

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 DOES NOT HARM THE HEART—

WINGS OF FORTUNE

BY

LESLIE BERESFORD

SYNOPSIS

Sylvia Darnley, an orphan is employed at a travel bureau. She meets John Christopher Fellowes, going to Paris and Monte Carlo.

Mrs. Paula Carmichael and Tony Mallison staying at the hotel tell her she is heiress to a fortune left by her uncle, Luke Massingham.

On the way to Monte Carlo, together with Paula and Tony, the train is wrecked and Sylvia is under the impression that Tony rescued her. Paula warns her against fortune seekers.

Going to a teashop alone, Sylvia overhears John Fellowes tell a friend of HIS rescue of Sylvia on the train. Sylvia confronts Tony with this information. Tony then tells her that a later will was made by her uncle benefitting John Fellows. Sylvia runs in to John Fellowes when a fire breaks out at his hotel and tells him of the will.

"Frightened of Tony?" she laughed in the end, when she could speak, and shook her head. "No, he doesn't frighten me. But I don't want Paula and him to find out that I've been with you, spoken to you."

"That's wise!" he nodded. "You've a wonderful lot of sense, Sylvia. For instance, to go back to that stupid will business, you've let them think they've got you firmly in their trap all right?"

"Yes. But that was only for the moment, till I could see you, Mr. Fellowes—"

"Make it John" he interrupted, his fingers seeking hers in the dark. "Your uncle would have had us call each other Sylvia and John if he'd been alive to see us meet, I know."

"Well, John. . . ." The colour flamed hot in Sylvia's cheek, and her fingers still rested in his hold a minute before she seemed to realise it and let them slip away.

"We've to decide what is to be done about this later will—at once—" she faltered under his breath.

"Nothing can—nothing need be done—at once, Sylvia!" she heard him laugh softly.

"Nothing?" she retorted in surprise.

"Nothing more than you are doing. Just play with these two ingenious friends of yours. Let them think you're right in with them."

"But—all the time I'm spending money that's yours, don't you see? I can't go on doing that. It's stealing—"

"Don't be silly, my dear! The law has entitled you to the money, and it's yours till the law finds out its decision was wrong. That can only be proved if this later will is produced—"

"That's one thing I wanted to tell you, John. The will's in a bank here. Tony's going to show it me to-morrow."

"Is he? I wouldn't waste shoe-leather, going to see it, if I were you, Sylvia. That will doesn't matter—"

"But, how can you say that? Surely, I must try and get hold of it, somehow? Without it, you can't come into this money that belongs to you."

"That needn't worry you, my dear!" he patted her hand. "The money and the will don't matter in the least. What does matter is to get you out of the hands of that unscrupulous pair of crooks. That's not such an easy problem, either. They're not going to let you and those eighty-thousand pounds slip through their fingers too lightly, I'm afraid. Still—

"I think we may find a way of beating them," he went on after a moment of thought. "You must leave things to me, Sylvia, play a waiting game yourself, behave as if you were heart and soul in with them. That's your programme, little girl."

"I don't see how that's going to get us any further," Sylvia murmured doubtfully.

"Then the surprise will be the greater when it comes!" he laughed softly.

"You sound so sure, John, so certain!" she eyed wonderingly the pale outline of his face just to be glimpsed in the darkness. "I don't understand you at all. How is it you're so positive of everything? You knew all about me in Malchester. Now—before I could tell you about this later will—you knew already."

"Maybe I'm clairvoyant, or something funny like that!" he laughed, and then once again his fingers closed over her bare arm, his disengaged hand pointing towards the glow of light outside the hotel.

"There comes back friend Mallison, trying to imitate Sherlock Holmes, and looking very disappointed about it!" he laughed softly in her ear. "You'd better run and put him out of his misery, my dear! If you trot along now and mix with the crowd, you'll no doubt be able to persuade him that you've been all the while looking for him too, throw yourself in his arms and greet him like a long-lost hero."

And because, before she could say more to John Christopher, she turned only to find herself standing alone in the darkness thrown around by that clump of overhanging palms, Sylvia had no alternative but to follow his advice. For that matter, Tony was more easily satisfied by her story of a long and vain search for him, than she was over the results of her all-too-short talk with John Christopher.

She could only find satisfaction in the fact that he knew everything, that he knew especially she was not to blame, and she no longer had to face alone the position of living fraud in which she had so unexpectedly found herself. Since John Christopher, knowing everything, insisted that she must continue in that position, play a waiting game, that was her only course.

Sleeplessly, that night, she wondered how this was all to end, what he would do to get her out of the toils of these people, as whose willing accomplice she now had to pose, much against her will. Most of all, she wondered how he could possibly have discovered the secret of that hidden will, Paula and Tony being so positive that they and she alone could have any knowledge of its existence.

However, the fact that the secret had leaked out, unknown to them, was a trump card which gave Sylvia more courage to play the game John Christopher had urged on her. She played it so well indeed during the next couple of days that she was certain Paula and Tony were entirely deceived into believing her completely submissive to their will.

And now, of course, there was no pretence at all as to their real relationships, when they were alone together, whatever pretence still existed in the presence of others. Neither Paula nor Tony any longer hid themselves behind a camouflage of being just kind friends, helping her to a good time. It was no longer Sylvia's fortune which supported their extravagant existence, but one in which they openly demanded their share.

"We shall be wanting a little money this morning, by the way, Sylvia!" Paula reminded her, joining her with Tony in her own little *salon* upstairs.

"And not exactly a little, either, Sylvikins," Tony corrected in his suave, self-satisfied voice, leaning over the little writing-bureau at which she was sitting. "It's time that Paula and I had a real dip into old Luke Massingham's lucky-bag. After all, sweetheart, it's as much ours as yours. Better begin by fixing us up with a cheque for a hundred thousand francs apiece, don't you think?"

Sylvia could only think that it was John Christopher's money, and she wanted to say so, wanted to tell Tony what a contemptible cad he was in her eyes, making this demand of her, no doubt only the first of many he intended to make. But, having promised John Christopher to play into their hands, she could only do that. She drew out her cheque-book, made out and signed the cheques as asked.

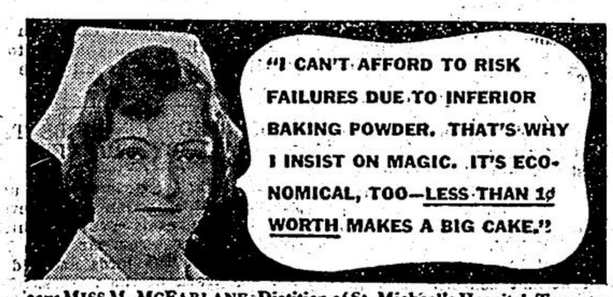
"That's a good little girl!" he smiled down at her after pocketing his cheque, Paula taking the other.

"Reminds me—!" he went on. "Maybe you'd like to have me drive you down to the bank, Sylvia? I promised you should have a look at the important little document they're keeping there in safety for me. Matter of fact, I'd rather expected you to have reminded me of that before this."

Sylvia had indeed, more than once, thought of doing so, although John Christopher had insisted that she would be wasting time. Not that she questioned the existence there of this secret will, since John Christopher had expressed no doubt on the point. But really she was a little curious to be sure on the point herself.

(To Be Continued.)

"People want to fix the world, when the fact of the matter is that the world is fixing them."—Henry Ford.



"I CAN'T AFFORD TO RISK FAILURES DUE TO INFERIOR BAKING POWDER. THAT'S WHY I INSIST ON MAGIC. IT'S ECONOMICAL, TOO—LESS THAN 1¢ WORTH MAKES A BIG CAKE."

says MISS M. McFARLANE, Dietitian of St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto

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"CONTAINS NO ALUM." This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.

MAKES FALSE TEETH FEEL LIKE NATURAL

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"SALADA" JAPAN GREEN TEA

732

Delicious Quality

Fresh from the Gardens

What Does Your Handwriting Reveal?

GEO. ST. CLAIR
(Grapho-Analyst)

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(Editor's Note: Letters of commendation are coming in each day from readers who have obtained a personal reading of their handwriting. The author invites YOU to send yours for a character delineation. See the end of this article for offer.)

A girl from a small rural town in Ontario writes me as follows: "Will you please tell me if my handwriting shows whether there is anything the matter with my personality? I am a fairly good-looking girl, but I do not seem able to keep my boy friends. Perhaps my writing will tell you just what is wrong, and then you can help me to enjoy a better existence. As it is, I am lonely, aand I cannot see why I should be so."

Looking at this girl's writing, it is very evident that she is inclined to be reserved. She is capable of feeling intensely, but is very backward in expressing her emotions. She holds herself back, and the result is that she does not reveal her real self to her friends.

She seems cool and distant when, in reality, she is anything but that. Yet her native reserve and restraint make her seem so. And there are a lot of people who do not like this. They do not understand her, and so jump at the conclusion that she is not affectionate, or is too haughty. The result is that they seek the company of others who are more open in the expression of their feelings.

There are many people situated similarly to my correspondent. In most cases, true, likeable people if one gets to know them and understand them, to the majority of people they do not appeal.

I am not going to suggest to my friend that she undertake to change herself. This would be impossible. Whilst it is possible for us to remedy faults and defects in our character, and to strengthen good characteristics, it is quite out of the question to change the entire basic structure of one's temperament. To ask this girl to change her nature to that of an extremely buoyant and spontaneous one, would be like expecting the leopard to change its spots or the sun to change its manner of rotation.

But it is possible for this girl to be a little more expressive. One great drawback that this type of nature has is a tendency to be ultra-sensitive. Very frequently, they imagine slights where none is intended. And this makes them more aloof and inaccessible. To paraphrase a well-known expression: They are of the earth, but not earthy.

I suggest to my correspondent that she "come down to earth." We all have to accept a certain amount of "give and take," unless we intend to live alone, caring nothing for anyone else.

Endeavor to cure yourself of this sensitiveness. It will not be easy, of course. You won't do it in a day or a week. But you will eventually go a long way to overcoming it, and it will save you a lot of worry and unhappiness in the future. Endeavor to show yourself a little more intimately to your real friends or to those you want to interest.

You may not be able to transform yourself into the overwhelmingly popular success that some girls are; but you will be far more likely to please those, in whom you are mainly interested. And that is, after all, mainly what you are seeking.

Would YOU like to find out what YOUR character really shows? Have you any friends whose real natures you would much like to know? The author of these articles will send you a personal reading, and it may be worth a great deal to you. Send specimens of the writing you want analyzed, and state the birthdate in each case. Enclose 10c ecoin for each specimen, and enclose with a 3c stamped, addressed envelope, to: Geoffrey St. Claire, Grapho-Analyst, Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont. Letters are confidential, of course.

Why Newspapers Are Like Women

Because they have forms.

Because they are bold face type.

Because they always have the last word.

Because back numbers are not in demand.

Because they have a great deal of influence.

Because they are well worth looking over.

Because you can't believe everything they say.

Because they carry the news wherever they go.

Because if they know anything they usually tell it.

Because they are never afraid to speak their minds.

Because they are much thinner than they used to be.

Because every man should have one of his own and not bother with his neighbor's.

Draperies Are Now Going Feminine

No doubt to harmonize with the increased feminine trend in dress — the longer skirts, smaller waists and taller hats—are the draped beds, the ruffled, tucked and embroidered bedspreads and pillowcases, and the quilted and appliqued curtains.

Empire muslins are ousting net as a window decoration. The curtains are tied with the wide ribbon sashes of the period. It is curious to think that these Empire modes, worn by the beauties of the day, have been adapted from the wardrobe as new curtain treatments.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

Best for You — Baby Too

Safety Device Tried on Son

Bus Driver Allows Own Boy To Be Hit By Automobile

So confident is a London bus driver in the safety device he has invented that he allowed his son to be knocked down by a car fitted with the apparatus. The boy was picked up unharmed.

The inventor is W. H. Lloyd, of Tottenham. Fourteen years ago Lloyd saw a young girl knocked down by a lorry and terribly injured by the wheels which passed over her. He decided to invent a device which would prevent anyone being run over after being knocked down.

Lloyd now believes he has perfected his apparatus. After the demonstration on his son, a friend has volunteered to be the next "victim." A film is to be taken of the "accident," which, Lloyd hopes, will be shown to Ministry of Transport officials.

Chatterboxes

This all happened once, at an inn in Malvern, England, writes the New Yorker. The only two occupants of the place at the time were an American gentleman, who was there for his health, and a British colonel, who seemed to belong there like the delphiniums. It was one of those hosteries in which the presence of anybody at all gives the rooms an eventful air.

Each morning the American gentleman and the British officer would meet in the writing room after breakfast, and one morning the American dared speak.

"Good morning," he suggeste.

The colonel glared with a stony glare.

Four days later, no word having passed between them, the American was sitting in the writing room when the other man entered. In the midst of crossing the room the colonel stopped suddenly, turned on the American, and blurted out, "What's the date of Shakespeare's birth?"

"Born 1564, died 1616," replied the American.

The Britisher scawled and left the room. The two saw each other many times again, but their garrulous interlude was never referred to.

AN OCCASION.

The first wedding in history aboard ship in Simon's Harbor, Simon's Town, S. Afrecia, took place when Jas. Purvis, a sailor on the Royal Research ship Discovery, was married to Dorothy Thompson of Cape Town by special license.

Men Bathers More Modest Than Women

Men are more modest than women on the bathing beaches. That is the discovery of the Governor of Alicante Province, of Spain after a tour of the seaside resorts.

He has just issued an order prohibiting nude bathing on the public beaches and immodest bathing dresses.

The Governor expressed his regret that the order also affected men bathers "who are more careful and modest than the women."

To prove that he did not mean to be puritanical, however, he has set aside certain sections of the beach where sun bathing will be allowed.

Your Job

One of the benefits resulting from hard times is the discovery that a job is not a nuisance. In times past many young people who made the change from the comparatively care-free life of the school room to the complexity of the business world went with the attitude of the martyr. A period of depression soon puts another complexion on the matter, however, and the young fellow who secures a job as soon as he graduates, looks on himself as an object of congratulation.

That is something worth remembering in good times and bad. Your job is not a disagreeable necessity, not a burden you must carry, but one of the things that make life worth living.

TEETHING FEVER Relieved/

Mrs. Edward James' baby had two teeth when less than three months old. She writes: "He has 18 now and I can truthfully say that giving him Baby's Own Tablets while cutting his teeth kept him fit and well". Teething is a restless feverish time for babies but the little one can always be soothed and the fever reduced by giving sweet, *safe* Baby's Own Tablets. Very easy to take, no after effects. Price 25c everywhere.

Dr. Williams' BABY'S OWN TABLETS

126

Bridge Cheaters Use Eyelashes

(By Frank Emery in Brooklyn-Eagle)

Ten million Americans play contract bridge which in the last decade has skyrocketed into a popularity never approached by such pastimes of chance and stakes as the poker variations, faro, roulette, baccarat, dice or even horse racing.

Contract is the modern game for the card adventurer, the flim-flammer, the chap who lives well by his wits if he hasn't too many scruples to bother him. The game is, indeed, the answer to his prayers.

The bridge knave and his, or possibly her, partner rehearse a system of wig-wags," intonations of the voice, mannerisms, or any hundreds of subtleties by which they can exchange information not permitted in the bidding and hit the bull's eye of their grand and small slam holdings.

The bridge bid say, "Two spades."

The flicking of an ash off a cigarette may tell the partner, "Five and a half quick tricks." If the ashes go on the floor, it may convey six and a half.

SIGNALS

Most of the important bridge and whist clubs have had experiences with pairs of players suspected of systematically signaling as a means of parading off with high stakes, and the only recourse has been to simply bar them. Too much success in arriving at the correct contract or a too obvious signaling system may lead to complications but the astute bridge wolves take care not to overplay their tricks.

One instance in which use of "wig-wagging" signals was proved to the general satisfaction of players in an exclusive Manhattan club involved a titled European pair whose consistent and heavy winnings aroused suspicions and caused the pair to hurriedly decamp from the country.

Several of the victims confided their suspicions to R. F. Foster, dean of American bridge experts, who lives in Brooklyn, and Mr. Foster agreed to come to the club as a guest and try to detect the shenanigans.

SYSTEMS

"I watched them for almost an hour befoore I finally got the clue to their system, and it wasn't a particularly well-conceived one," Mr. Foster said. "They were making high scores hand over hand and every bid they made hit the right mark. The man and woman were both very slow bidders, and I was sure the suspicions were warranted. The tip-off came when it struck me that the woman—she was a stunning brunette—did not look at her cards while her partner was bidding. I managed to finish my rubber and walked around to their table as a harmless old kibitzer.

"When I knew what to look for, it wasn't very hard. What information they were exchanging was given by blinking the eyelashes. I studied for sometime and then I got the idea.

"When one of them blnked once, it was to call the spade suit. Then a pause, and the next blinks would indicate how many honors were held in the spade suit. If the first of these blinks was just a little bit long, it meant top honors. Then another pause, and two blinks to say the heart suit was being flashed, then some more to enumerate the honors. Then three blinks for the diamonds, and so on, and four for the clubs."

Mr. Foster chose to announce his finding then and there in the card room, and if the scene was lacking anything for the next few minutes, it wasn't action.

Don't Read This

Unless you are interested in a medicine which has helped over 700,000 women and girls. Take it before and after childbirth, at the Change or whenever you are nervous and rundown. 98 out of 100 say, "It helps me!"

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Thirty-Nine Lee Avenue, Toronto

This is a Classic Season in Dress

So Says Princess Dilkusha de Rohan of Paris

Paris is in for a classic season in dress. "I believe in the classic," said the Princess Dilkusha de Rohan.

"For street wear my line is decidedly restrained, "she added, "throwing into prominence the quality of the materials, which are the result of painstaking search."

She makes a lot of three and some four-piece ensembles for street, because she thinks it a pleasant variation from the overworked "ensembling" in a single shade. It also gives the wearer a chance to have several charming effects with a single outfit. It is not only smart but economical. Her jackets are short, while her coats are long, or three-quarters, varying from fitted for street to looser lines for sport.

In evening gowns, Princess de Rohan has garnered her inspiration from the Merovingian period. There are flowing draperies for skirts with the fullness both front and back, but carefully planned to accentuate the natural lines of the figure. There are angel wing sleeves which, when turned back on the shoulders, form a complete cape of what seems a different fabric because of its reversibility. There is always a cape, jacket or novel wrap with each evening dress.

Skirt lengths for sport are 11 inches from the floor; for street wear they come to the shoetop and keep your eye open for the new shoes and for foormal wear they graze the floor or have trains.