

## Faster Way Found to Relieve Headaches

NOW PAIN OFTEN RELIEVED 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!

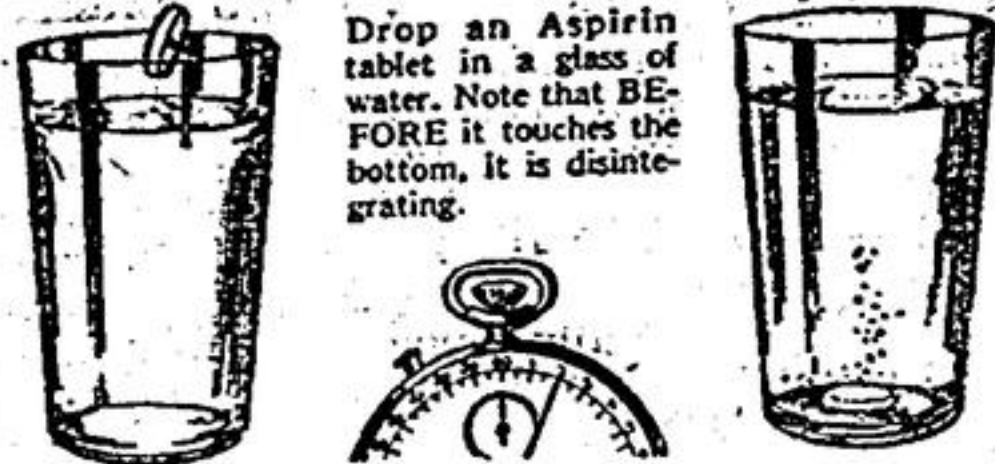
In the stomach as in the glass here, an Aspirin tablet starts to dissolve, or disintegrate, almost the instant it touches moisture. It begins "taking hold" of your pain

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 is the Trade Mark of the Bayer Company, Limited

# WINGS OF FORTUNE

BY LESLIE BERESFORD

### SYNOPSIS

Sylvia Darney, 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 hunting. 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 benefiting John Fellowes. Sylvia runs in to John Fellowes when a fire breaks out at his hotel and tells him of the will. He advises her to carry on the deception.

John Christopher kills Tony and Sylvia that the fortune has been wiped out by market manipulations.

This was a room in which Sylvia had only once been for a moment. She had entered it by accident this morning, discovering Tony and the Conte deep in talk, and had left again with laughing apologies. It was used by the Conte as his study, was a rather unusual room, the walls and ceiling being all wood-paneled, beautifully carved. In the shaded lights, at this moment, it had an air of stertiveness which sent a little quiver of anticipation through Sylvia.

Tony drew her towards the fireplace at the far end, massive dark wood heavily carved to represent a growing vine, with thick gnarled stems, spreading leaves and hanging bunches of grapes.

"No detectives in the world," Tony laughed softly at her side, "would imagine this to be anything more than what it seems, a magnificent piece of work, to be admired. But—see—"

One of his hands, suddenly raised, seized a bunch of grapes fairly high up in the carving, seemed to push it sideways. A sharp little sound just made itself heard through the silence, and the bunch of grapes—together

## It's Liver That Makes You Feel So Wretched

Wake up your Liver Bile  
—No Calomel necessary

For you to feel healthy and happy, your liver must pour two pounds of bile into your bowels, every day. Without that bile, trouble starts. Poor digestion. Slow elimination. Poisons in the body. General wretchedness.

How can you expect to clear up a situation like this completely with mere bowel-moving salts, oil, mineral water, laxative candy or chewing gum, or roughage? They don't wake up your liver.

You need Carter's Little Liver Pills, purely vegetable. Safe, quick and sure results. Ask for them by name. Refuse substitutes. 25c at all druggists.

## HOLDS FALSE TEETH TIGHT AS CEMENT

Plates can't possibly slip when you sprinkle on Dr. Wernert's Powder. Largest seller in world—holds plates so tight they can't annoy yet so comfortable they actually feel and act like your own. Keeps mouth sanitary, breath pleasant—special comfort-gum prevents sensitive gums from getting sore. Small cost—any druggist.

Issue No. 47—'34

throat before proceeding, his well-rounded phrases filling the room with their sonorous note and a little thrill of the uncanny.

"The Chamber of Commerce in London have issued an official statement in regard to the affairs of this important financial syndicate, concerning which startling rumours have been current in world financial circles during the last few days. It is now authoritatively announced that there is no foundation whatever for the slightest fear as to the Anglo-Chinese Finance Corporation's stability. It is not only entirely solvent, but has actually increased its capital on the most advantageous terms."

"Say, that's not much of a funeral march!" laughed the drawing voice of Lester Vanderduyl across the room. "Sounds more like making whoopee, Sylvie! Here's to the fortune that came and went—and came again! Lucky you!"

Somebody had switched off the radio and that sonorous voice, giving out other news of no interest here now. Sylvia stood there, dazed. Once again she found her position completely changed all in a minute. The miracle which John Christopher had decided as out of the question had happened, after all. The Massingham money had not been swept away. It was still there, safe and sound.

That, of course, did not make it any more hers than before. But that mattered nothing. She held it for the moment, till it could be handed over to John Christopher, its rightful owner. What mattered most was hidden away in that secret cavity behind the carved fireplace in the Conte's wood-paneled study. That will was now no longer worthless.

(To Be Continued.)

### Little But Magnanimous

The Queen Mary, it appears, had no right to the name. It was taken already.

Were it not for Glaswegian magnanimity the giant White Star-Cunarder could have been reduced to a number again and the rightful Queen Mary, the S.S. Queen Mary of Glasgow (gross tonnage, 870), would sail the seas in triumph, small but sole possessor of her royal name.

That the Queen Mary of Glasgow had the right thus to humble a giant ship and its proud owners cannot be questioned. Rather more than a year ago the little freighter was named, by royal permission, launched, and registered at Lloyd's "Queen Mary" she was, the white she steamed and carried freight no other British ship had the right to her name.

But, what with the number of things that a Queen has to do and to remember in a year, and what with the advance secrecy that wrapped the name to be given the great new liner, the Queen Mary of Glasgow and her claims were overlooked. Not until the Clydeside ceremonies were over, the name given and the vessel launched did the owners of the larger Queen Mary learn that they were no better than plagiarists, and their ship a usurper.

They learned it then, though, Messrs. Williamson-Buchanan of Glasgow, owners of the Queen Mary freighter, lost no time in telling their. Thirty times as big the new liner might be; the rightful Queen Mary she was not.

That was the situation; a difficult one, it will be seen. It might have been embarrassing for everybody, a Queen included.

However, a Scot and a Glasgow man can be generous when the occasion warrants. Messrs. Williamson-Buchanan of Glasgow have proved it anew. Rather than cause embarrassment to Scotland's Queen and confusion to foreign Customs, the rightful possessor of the name has been persuaded to waive precedence. Henceforth she will be called "Queen Mary II."

So that is all right.

Apples weighing 8 lb. each have been grown by Mr. Ichitaro Matsuda, of Nagano, Japan. Although sour, they have a good flavour. Their size is the result of many experiments.

with a portion of the carving—moved outwards like a door.

A dark, oblong cavity disclosed itself, and into this Tony thrust his hand. A moment later, this had brought out that same unsealed packet from the bank, which he opened sufficiently to disclose to her the will and other documents she had earlier seen in his possession.

"Safe enough in there, don't you think, Sylvia?" he chuckled, thrusting the packet back again into the cavity, which he then closed afresh with his fingers on the bunch of grapes which was the key to his secret cabinet.

Sylvia's watchful eyes did not fail to fix indelibly on her mind the exact position of that hanging mass of carved fruit for future use. But she was careful to camouflage that keen and incisive interest behind an appearance of dazed, almost foolish wonderment.

"Why, whoever would have dreamed of such a cute arrangement as that, Tony!" she gasped, staring up at him, wide-eyed. "I should just say it was safe indeed! If you hadn't actually shown me that hiding-place—"

"And that's something you've got to keep right to your little self, Sylvia," he warned her softly, drawing her hurriedly and stealthily back to the door, which he closed after switching off the shaded lights within.

"I promised the Conte I wouldn't even tell Paula the secret of that natty little contrivance!" he laughed in cautious undertones in the dark of the hall, drawing her to him. "You see, I'm trusting you, sweetheart. Trusting you because I'm so hard in love with you, want you for yourself, just as you are—without any money—"

Laughingly, she escaped his lips and his arms, making for the lighted salon where the radio had been making music. It was silent now, as she entered with Tony protesting at her heels a dove in a vulture's lair. But a dove possessed now of the means to cut the claws of these birds of prey.

She had only to get back into that wood-paneled room alone, touch a particular bunch of grapes, and that will was hers. Worth nothing at all in money—perhaps, but. . . Suddenly, quite close to her, the radio loud-speaker sent out, rather startlingly, a man's resonant voice.

### CHAPTER XVII

#### A MIRACLE HAPPENS

The voice, of course, belonged to an announcer in London, which the radio was transmitting, following on the dance music. A word or two had already explained that he was giving out late news of importance. This Sylvia noticed only vaguely as she was making her way across the room.

But the next words uttered in that resonant voice brought her swinging round in mute surprise.

"Anglo-Chinese Corporation of Shanghai!" she heard, with a long pause following.

"Public funeral of your fortune, Sylvians!" Tony's voice laughed, cynically, through the silence.

The unseen announcer cleared his

# "SALADA"

JAPAN GREEN TEA

Exquisite Quality

Fresh from the Gardens

## What Does Your Handwriting Reveal?

GEO. ST. CLAIR  
(Grapho-Analyst)  
All Rights Reserved

(Editor's Note: These human interests problems, with which Mr. St. Clair is dealing, are similar to those that beset so many of our readers. Can this well-known Handwriting Expert help you? A friendly word, some cheerful advice, will often help you to bear your troubles easier. See the author's invitation following this article.)

"Sally," which is a non-de-plume covering the identity of a young lady living in Toronto, writes as follows: "My problem is, I suppose, similar to that of many girls in business today. I happen to be fairly good-looking, and my boss, who is, by the way, a married man of 38 years of age, keeps asking me to go out with him. Now I am not particularly staid. I enjoy good times, and am fond of getting around, and, to be quite frank, I am not worried overmuch about the moral angle in this case, because I happen to know that my boss does not get along with his wife. What kind of a man is my boss? Does his writing tell you whether he is honorable, and do you think he is the type of man with whom I can go out with occasionally, without any serious results? My own age is 23."

"This is a rather different angle to this age-old problem. Generally the layman would lay it down as an axiom that a single girl should not go out with a married man—and it is still very true that a girl lays herself open to unhappiness by encouraging the attentions of a married man.

However, I do not intend to lay any stress on this feature in this case. The man's writing is so informative as to his mentality and character that a partial analysis of it should suffice to discourage my correspondent.

The writing of this man reveals an overwhelmingly conceited personality. He has an amazing impression of his own importance in the scheme of things, and, to be quite frank, he thinks the sun rises and sets on himself. His writing is very plain in this respect.

And there is another feature of it which would be enough to warn any girl to leave him alone. He is deceptive—not to be trusted for a moment; Naturally shrewd in business, he is something of a hypocrite, too, but his conceitiveness sticks out like a millpost.

Leave him alone, Sally. He can do you no good, and I don't believe that his intentions are straightforward. Probably, if you were to know the real truth of his relations with his wife, you would find that he is the one to blame. In any case, discourage his attentions. Give him no encouragement at all. After a while, he will get tired of constant rebuffs, and turn his attention elsewhere.

Mr. T., London, writes: "I am 17 years of age, and my parents are very keen on my going to college. I have always had an idea that I should

like to be a doctor and my parents are offering me the opportunity to study it. But I would like to be earning money now, and a friend of mine has an opening for me in an office at quite a fair salary. What would you advise?"

There can be no hesitancy here, my friend. You would be very unwise to give up your earlier ambitions regarding becoming a doctor for the very temporary importance and self-satisfaction that money would give you in the other job. You would be sorry for it in years to come. In this case, I can confirm your parents' advice. Go to college.

Have you any problems that Mr. St. Clair could help you solve? Do you want to know the truth about yourself—and your friends? He will tell you the unvarnished truth. Send specimens of the writing you want analyzed, and enclose 10c coin for each specimen. Enclose with 3c stamped addressed envelope to: Geoffrey St. Clair, Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont. All letters are confidential.

### Five Dionne Sisters Begin to Look Alike

Callander, Ont. — So much alike are the Dionne quintuplets that necklaces bearing their names will have to be worn by the famous sisters for identification, Dr. A. R. Dafoe, their physician, believes.

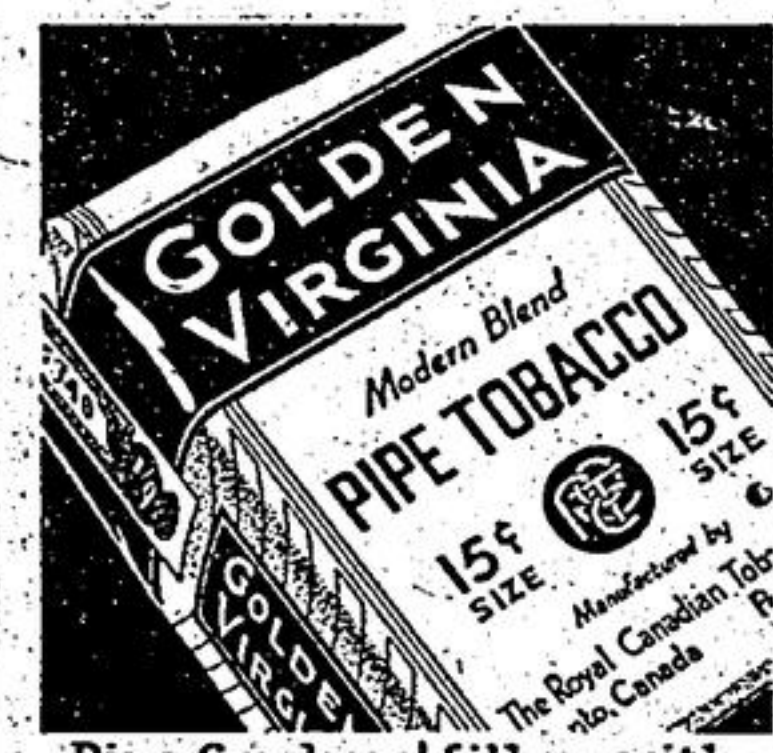
Dr. Dafoe, who has watched over the "famous five" since birth, believes that the babies, now five months and one week old, are becoming more alike and that it will soon be necessary to have some definite means of identifying them.

## Crowds Demand Lighter Music

Margate, Eng.—Taste in public entertainment at the seaside has completely changed since the war. At least it has at Margate, where, according to John Saxby, Margate's entertainments manager, who has had 34 years' experience of the town.

Holiday-makers are no longer content with orchestral concerts and the concert parties in vogue before the war. They want revues, cabarets and jazz. Generally, they demand lighter entertainment, and expect accommodation for refreshment.

Mr. Saxby told of this change at a Ministry of Health inquiry into the corporations application for a loan of \$135,000 to construct and extend the pavillion and Winter Gardens. The pavillion, said Mr. Saxby, was totally inadequate to cope with the change of taste in entertainment. This year Margate has approved improvements involving an expenditure of \$1,500,000.



Pipe Smokers! fill up with GOLDEN VIRGINIA and enjoy a really good smoke!

ALSO MADE UP IN CIGARETTE TOBACCO



## EDWARDSBURG CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP



The famous energy-producing sweet—an easily digested food invaluable for infants, growing children, and enjoyed by the whole family.

A product of The Canada Starch Co., Limited

CHRISTMAS CAKE—Christmas dinner . . . a monster turkey, nuts, candies, paper hats which come from the gaily colored Christmas crackers—and to bring to a conclusion the year's greatest feast—a Christmas Pudding and a Christmas Cake made from PURITY FLOUR. You'll appreciate the high quality, the absolute uniformity of PURITY FLOUR in the season of Christmas baking. It's best for all kinds of baking. All baking made with it is marked by a distinctive, pleasing flavor, an even texture, good color and the other qualities which fill the housewife's heart with pride. Buy a bag today from your grocer, and keep only one brand of flour in your kitchen.

# PURITY FLOUR

BEST FOR ALL YOUR BAKING

## Radio "Thrillers" Harmful to Child

So Declare Australians—Seek Removal of Programs Exploiting Crime

Sydney, New South Wales — Strong objection to radio "thrillers," mainly broadcast from American records and featured by the "B" class stations in Australia, has been taken by parents and educators on the ground of their bad effect on children. These stations, as distinct from "A" class stations, which obtain their revenue from listeners' license fees, subsidise on revenue derived from advertising. Most of the "thrillers" are sponsored programs.

One of the most severe critics has been the New South Wales Director of Education, Mr. G. Ross Thomas, who, at a recent teachers' conference, said: "We all deplore the thriller which is being put over the air, so often to the detriment of the child mind. I refer to the kind of entertainment which has as its background undiluted crime.

"The commercialization of services such as broadcasting frequently leads to a lowering of cultural standards. Such is the morbid interest created by broadcast thrillers that they are going to have a devastating effect on the mind of the child, which is so plastic, impressionable and emotional.

"This type of entertainment is handed out at a very unsuitable hour, when the small child is preparing for bed, and its older brother or sister is settling down to homework. It is worse than sensational entertainment that comes in the form of literature. It comes through the ears and enters the mind of the child through the door of creative imagination.

"When we have all the vast field of good literature that could be exploited for the development of higher forms of thought and morals, it is a reflection on us that this kind of thing is tolerated, and that we allow it to be meted out to children at this particularly unsuitable time in the evening.

"From an educational point of view, broadcasting is still in the very first stages. If it cannot be used to foster higher ideals of life, it would be preferable, so far as education is concerned, that broadcasting should be eliminated altogether."

### Curious World

Two Liverpool girls earn their living by walking twelve miles a day. They test new footwear. The girls, Miss Peggy Robertshaw and Miss C. Davies, with a pedometer attached to the right leg, walk the prescribed distance and return to the factory and hand in their pedometers and their boots and shoes.

An 80-ton wooden steamer, with a Diesel engine, has just been launched at Sydney. The vessel was built by Mr. Arthur Davis, eighty years of age, and his three sons. They used timber felled from the bush adjoining their house, and fashioned it with axes and adzes.

"Swift as an eagle's flight" means about 120 miles an hour, if the speed of a golden eagle, observed in Scotland may be taken as typical. The eagle flew at that rate for about three and a half miles and gained 1,000 feet in altitude.

### Painful Prospect

(There is a report that the B.B.C. is about to start an official filing system for all jokes emitted by comedians at the microphone.)

Brother, ere you crack that joke, Please consult the file; Happily some preceding bloke Wrung from it a smile. Do not trot it forth again When you "take the air"; Leave it in its little den, Docketed with care.

Yet this cautious plan implies Points one cannot joke— As of jokes men used to prize Stuck upon a spike; Dusty jokes of vanished gents, Bygone and begloomed— Jokes as Ancient Monuments, Scheduled and entombed.

O I beg the B.B.C. To revise its scheme, Let the jokes that used to be Vanish like a dream! Let all jests are laid away, Gem as well as stumer, In one grim, official grey, Burial ground of humor!

—Manchester Guardian.

### November

Hidden, the frolic and singing, Hidden the colorsome ways, Dignity steps from her cloister, Silent, with garments of grey— Walks down a field way of tatters, Echoes and memories of play— Frowning, she beckons to Winter, Hastens the Wind on his way.



# PURITY FLOUR

BEST FOR ALL YOUR BAKING