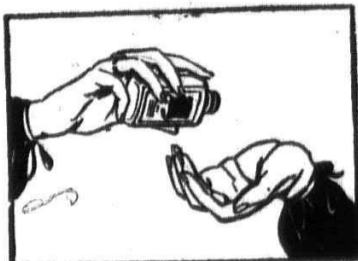


HOW TO RELIEVE YOUR COLD ALMOST AT ONCE



1. Take 2 Aspirin tablets.



2. Drink full glass of water.
Repeat treatment in 2 hours.



3. If throat is sore, cough and etc.

Follow Simple Directions Here For Quick Relief

When you have a cold, remember the simple treatment pictured here . . . prescribed by doctors as the *quick, safe way*.

Results are amazing. Ache and distress go immediately. Because of *Aspirin's* quick-disintegrating property, *Aspirin* "takes hold"—almost instantly. Your cold is relieved "quick as you caught it!"

All you do is take *Aspirin* and drink plenty of water. Do this every 2 to 4 hours the first day—less often afterward . . . if throat is sore, the *Aspirin* gargle will ease it in as little as 2 minutes.

Ask your doctor about this. And be sure you get **ASPIRIN** when you buy. 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. *Aspirin* is the trade mark of the Bayer Company, Limited.

**DOES NOT HARM
THE HEART**



Italy Honors 94 Mothers

ROME — Italy's most prolific mothers, 94 of them, began their second annual celebration in Rome recently as guests of Premier Benito Mussolini.

Since each represented a province, with two from Rome, the affair had some aspects of a national get-together of beauty queens in the United States.

The champion mothers were chosen on the number of healthy children in their families, and those with less than eight were not even in the running. Only mothers married since the World War were admitted to the contests.

All are robust physical types and

13th B

By EDMUND

In the great dining room of Westhope Manor, pannelled and mullioned and hung with life-sized portraits of his revered ancestors, Henry Fettes Amesbury, twelfth Baron Westhope, a lean and lonely figure, stood with his back to the log fire that had warmed that end of the vast room for more than four centuries. Tonight, the eve of Westhope's forty-fifth birthday, its counterpart at the far end of the room was screened and its function usurped by a system of cunningly concealed electric tubes. The electric bulbs in the chandeliers were extinguished. Here and there, between portraits, shaded light glowed dimly, reflecting in suits of armour on stands, in the blades of antique swords and pignards, in an array of shields bearing coats of arms . . . For the rest, the firelight only pierced the gloom, casting gross waxed flooring the immense, distorted shadow of Henry Fettes Amesbury.

The distant ringing of a bell, deep-noted, jangling, aroused him from reverie. "Poor little woman!" he muttered aloud, and began pacing to and-fro, the monstrous shadow moving with him.

Suddenly he became conscious of another shadow in the room, and paused.

"Yes? What is it, Bevan?"

"Her ladyship—"

Westhope made a step forward.

"Well?"

"The doctors have just gone up, my lord."

"Pretty near now, eh? All right, Bevan. Let me know immediately if— if— You understand."

"Very good, my lord." The servant came nearer, a tall, erect figure of some great age, bringing with him a silver salver on which reposed a small white card. "The gentleman is in the library, asking to see your lordship. I explained to him that your lordship desired to see nobody tonight, but he—er—declined to go away."

Westhope picked up the card and a strange smile flickered on his lips.

"Alastair Fettes," he mused aloud. "He won't know anything about Hilary. He's come here to see me, hoping to find me on my death-bed."

"He asked most anxiously about your lordship's health."

Westhope laughed.

"I can quite believe that. The successful claimant to the title, Bevan, and my lawful successor, providing that I leave no male issue."