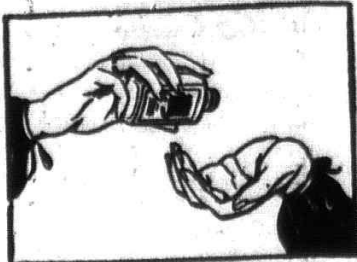


HOW TO RELIEVE YOUR COLD ALMOST AT ONCE



1. Take 2 Aspirin tablets.



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



3. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 Aspirin tablets in a third of a glass of water and gargle. This eases the soreness in your throat almost instantly.

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



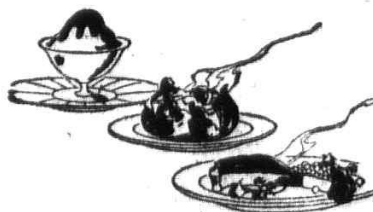
Gold Is Sought In Fort William

Fort William.—There's gold under them that streets, said Fort William residents recently.

This fact, suspected for some time, was believed confirmed by the scratching claws of a chicken. The chicken, owned by Walter Bailey, yielded a gold nugget about the size of a grain of wheat while it was being dressed.

Bailey resides near a brick plant where two years ago workmen uncovered a number of nuggets in a seam of sand, lying above clay that underlies Fort William. The find by Bailey renewed interest in the possibilities of washing gold from the sand.

Aside from some "panning" by a mine near the spot where the workmen found their nuggets, nothing further was done to develop the possible gold mine but now renewed interest in the spot is being shown.



If You Eat Starches Meats, Sweets Read This

**They're All Necessary Foods
— But All Acid-Forming.
Hence Most of Us Have "Acid
Stomach" At Times. Easy
Now to Relieve.**

Doctors say that much of the so-called "indigestion," from which so many of us suffer, is really acid indigestion . . . brought about by too many acid-forming foods in our modern diet. And that there is now a way to relieve this . . . often in minutes!

Simply take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia after meals. Almost immediately this acts to neutralize

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 the majority are in their forties. Their combined broods total 926 — an average of close to 10 apiece.

They came to the capital at the expense of the government and are to be feted by the Romans for three days, which is Mothers' and Children's day in Italy.

Mussolini will receive them before they go back to their homes and will give them diplomas and prizes. The meeting with Il Duce in Venezia Palace was established as an annual affair last year.

Although there are some new faces in this year's assembly most of the champions are those who won out last year, many with another addition to their brood.

While in Rome the mothers will have free access to public entertainments, will ride free on street cars and auto-buses and will have free board and lodging. They will receive the plaudits of the public in a parade.

The annual contests and Rome meeting are part of Mussolini's plan to increase interest in large families and thus augment Italy's population. Last October he reviewed a parade of prolific mothers and their families

in the Italian Affairs. (RC 10, Volume

TIDES of YOUTH

By the Author of "Pencarrow"
By NELLE M. SCANLAN

SYNOPSIS

Here we see a group of young people carried on the tides of youth. Young Kelly Pencarrow finally settles down on the Pencarrow farm, with Genevieve his cousin as housekeeper who is in love with her cousin Robin Herrick. Cousin Nell Macdonald becomes engaged to Erena Joicey-Goff. Peter Pencarrow is showing interest in Maisie Kite, a typist.

Kelly could not recapture the ecstasy. Here he was at Duffield. He drew rein and sat a moment, hoping that something of the old fire would return. It was like meeting the sweetheart of one's youth, now the matronly wife of another man. He was hurt and disappointed—disappointed with himself. He wanted to yield himself to a sweet sentimental regret; to feel once more the longing for Duffield, to know the stirring of his pulse as he looked at it with pride—the Pencarrow estate.

It had not changed very much. The house was larger and the garden more mature. The difference was close and intimate, but nothing could alter the landscape—the hills and the sea and the wide stretch of land with its sheep and cattle. The dusk and the mist obliterated the details which alone had changed, and left the broad outline; the Duffield he had known and loved.

For years he had longed for and dreaded this moment. Now it had come, and he was unmoved. But ten years is a long time.

The occasional discontent he had felt at the Hutt had its roots in the dream he cherished—the dream of Duffield. Now perhaps, he would be satisfied.

Cold and tired, he rode up to the house and was welcomed by the housekeeper. He saw the head shepherd and talked of sheep and lambs. Weary and a little sad that he had been denied the sweet poignancy of that awakened belonging, he slept in his old room.

The storm had blown itself out, and Kelly sprang out of bed eagerly next morning. As the sun rose over the fresh and lovely scene, he stood at his window, his eyes wandering from one point to another, across the garden, to the far hills, and the snowy caps of the Orongorongs.

The disappointment of the night was less acute. He had asked a man for a boy's emotion. He realized now that had he remained here during these ten years he might feel just as he did to-day. It was a response no less deep for its quiet. Youth passes, and with it goes the vaulting hopes and the wild desires, and in its place comes a slower, less passionate answer to the whip of pain or the throb of pleasure. Duffield had not changed, but he had.

Without embarrassment Kelly for Gentry's return. It seemed odd that it was he, not Phillip, who stood at the door as the car drove up; that he should offer the welcoming hand, and say that tea was ready. If Gentry noticed it, she showed no sign. He had never shared Kelly's feeling about Duffield; was free from jealousy. He was quite indifferent but it was a surprise to Kelly to know how little the encounter disturbed him.

Now that Gentry was back he could leave.

"Oh, don't hurry away," said Ella. "I'd better get back. We are pretty busy this month. When does Michael expect to be home?"

"Father wants to come next week but the doctor says no."

"He need not hurry, now that you are back."

Gentry laughed. "I think he has more confidence in you. He didn't and while he knew you were here, he thinks I'm a rotten farmer."

"Of course he doesn't. But you are as keen about things as Kelly. I

serious but a bad shake up and few broken ribs."

"Ella's cold better?" asked Pat.

"Never saw her so well."

"Gentry's luck still holding. Ma

vellous how he picks winners. I doesn't know a damn thing about horses," said Pat.

"You only hear what he wins; ve rwhat he loses," was Robin's comment.

"Things in pretty good shape there?" Pat asked casually.

"Yes—fair."

Genevieve's sharp eyes watched Kelly closely. She guessed that Duffield he had dreamt about these years, and the place he had just seen, were very different. What

ver had occurred, it had left Kelly undisturbed. They had all been secretly afraid that the visit might make him discontented at the Hutt.

As the weeks passed, the result appeared to have been otherwise. Kelly settled down to the summer work with a new eagerness no longer disturbed by the sharp contrast between the Home Farm and its limitations and Duffield as his youth's fancy had painted it. It was still the same, but something of the glamour had gone. He would build anew a

affection for it, if he must, but base on its solid worth and not its romantic value. As the days lengthened and the sun warmed the Valley, he

watched the flowers bud and blossom in Grannie's garden, and in new and more intimate way made

them his own.