

HEAD HURT?

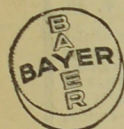
WORK won't wait for a headache to wear off. Don't look for sympathy at such times, but get some Aspirin. It never fails.

Don't be a chronic sufferer from headaches, or any other pain. See a doctor and get at the cause. Meantime, don't play martyr. There's always quick comfort in Aspirin. It never does any harm. Isn't it foolish to suffer any needless pain? It may be only a simple headache, or it may be neuralgia or neuritis. Rheumatism. Lumbago. Aspirin is still the sensible thing to take. There is hardly any ache or pain these tablets can't relieve; they are a great comfort to women who suffer periodically; they are



always to be relied on for breaking up colds.

Buy the box that says Aspirin and has Genuine printed in red. Genuine Aspirin tablets do not depress the heart. All druggists.



ASPIRIN

TRADE-MARK REG.
MADE IN CANADA

RED CAP HAS MET MANY TRAINS

St. Louis, Feb. 26—Joe Banks, 37, a red cap at Union station here, has met 1,113,000 trains during his 16 years of service. He has never ridden in one.

He explains it this way: "I've seen so many trains they don't seem to interest me any more. But there is something about carrying grips that keeps you at it. I guess it's because every load is different. And you meet so many interesting people."

Joe has carried baggage for five Presidents.

Al Smith gave him his brown derby when he visited St. Louis during his last campaign.

He carried Al Capone's grip when the beer baron took a round-about route to Chicago from Philadelphia after serving a year in jail there.

Ball players, actresses, such men as Pershing and Foch—have all been served by Joe.

When asked the largest tip he had ever received he replied: "Ten dollars. That from a man just in from the Louisville Derby where he had won a lot of money on Black Gold."

Joe has lived in St. Louis all his life. He is married and has four children.

A CARTOONIST'S JOKE REALLY HAPPENS

"I've heard," said Mr. Argus, "that on various occasions some of the least intelligent among the populace of the city have mistaken our fire alarm boxes for mail boxes, in consequence of which they succeeded in sending in fire alarms while at the same time failing to mail their letters."

"But I must admit that I took these tales with a grain of salt, but not any more. My change of mind was brought about the other afternoon while going east through Chambers street, in the direction of the Municipal Building."

"Right on the corner with the Hall of Records there is a traffic control box of dark color, of course, and not an awful lot unlike a mail box except that it is a different shape."

"To my astonishment there was a young man struggling to open it and I saw at a glance that he held a letter in his hand and was endeavoring to deposit the letter therein. But to all his tugs and pulls the locked box remained obdurate, so I went up to him and told him that it was no mail box and that he could mail his letter without much trouble by simply walking a few blocks south to the Post Office. So, after all, such things do happen in this city of ours."

GUARD THE BABY AGAINST COLDS

To guard the baby against colds nothing can equal Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are a mild laxative that will keep the little one's stomach and bowels working regularly. It is a recognized fact that where the stomach and bowels are in good order that colds will not exist. That the health of the little one will be good and that he will thrive and be happy and good-natured. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AN AMERICAN WRITER WHO CLAIMS THAT THE CITY OF PARIS IS STILL IN VILLAGE CLASS

(George Slocumbe in New York Herald-Tribune)

It is a trick of light or a trick of temperament, which is highly propitious to the making of discoveries. An arrangement of clouds in the sky, the sudden break-up of a familiar landscape into strange and bewildering planes or light and shade, the fall of sunlight or moonlight on field or river, the broken cadence of a remembered voice among other voices—any one of these will bring a shattering revelation in its train. Any one of these, occurring on one of those rash and reckless and utterly magical days when the clouds of discontent are suddenly dissolved in pearly light and all the drab aspects of the town are illuminated and heroic like the pure lines of a modern lithograph, is enough to start the strange singing in the head that means youth or lunacy according to the state of one's liver.

Nothing else could have prompted my recent rediscovery of an old truth—that Paris is still a village. I had seen other villages that were like towns, cold and smoky, wet and muddy and terrible, towns in industrial regions where coal and iron slag have blighted the verdure and made the earth monstrous. I had seen villages deserted and abandoned, falling into decay, villages like graveyards with the weeds growing thick over houses less tenanted than the tombs in the cemetery. I had searched for a village like no other, unique and beautiful growing like a Gothic flower in stone.

And once, on the roof of a castle in Tourain, that strange castle of Chambord which Francois I built as a superb hunting lodge, I had found it—a perfect village grouped round its steeple, in whose grotesque shadows the ladies of the Court of Francois lingered to watch the royal hunter course the stag in the illimitable coverts of the park below. But it was a dead village that the Renaissance architects of Francois had created out of the belfry and chimneys and gables of the vast roof of Chambord. Among the living villages there is none like Paris.

A Gerat Church

Come up behind Notre Dame stealthily from the east and stare at it through the bare-branched trees that grow like black serpents in a fantastic ballet; come up the quays of the river with eyes that take in nothing but the vast sky and the vast river and the vats apse of the church beyond. Nudé upon its island it lies in winter, a gray mass so strangely light, tugging like a captive balloon at the flying buttresses that like cables moore it to the substantial earth. So it has endured through centuries, since that dim and dazzling moment when its first builders say it white in the clear air, rising proudly from a cluster of towers and walls and battlements already graying from their greater antiquity.

It requires an effort of the imagination to see it now as those dead eyes saw it, from the low levels of the meadows that bordered the river, or from the wooden hills from which centuries earlier the Norsemen, and the Romans before them, had looked down greedily upon the walled islands in the sluggish river. But engraving of the seventeenth century show the river with its unpaved, gently sloping banks, and the new churches then in construction, and the older ones already gray, and Notre Dame above them all, dark in a majestic age, wrapt in the romantic mantle of its beauty and its isolation.

Still a Village

And Paris is still a village. The sounds of village life, the musical hammer of the blacksmith, the shriller music of the coppersmith, the dull thudding of the wheelwright, the hollow booming of the copper hammering the staves upon his casks, the little sawing noise of the grindstone of the knife grinder, the sounds of washerwomen and horses stamping impatiently on stone, the chime of church bell and water trickling from a fountain—they can all be heard in Paris. The street cries are long in dying. The old professor of music who as recently as 1880 taught the market-women of the Halles to sing appropriate tunes to the ritual words with which they offered their wares—from the spring watercress and green artichokes and all the fruits of the four seasons—has long since disappeared with his crack-

ed fiddle. It is to the "Louise" of Carpentier that their children now turn if they have need to be reminded of the gay or melancholy airs.

There was a time when every trade in Paris had its cry. The sellers of herbs and drugs and charms and potions, the menders of chairs and laces and glass windows and porcelain and pewter, even the flour millers seeking corn to grind and the friars seeking alms, raised their voices in more or less harmonious outcry. For there is no delusion more curious than that which credits the villages of the Middle Ages with tranquillity. They rang with noise snot greatly dissimilar to those which afflict modern ears. Hunting horns and trumpets, the rattle of drums, the braying of asses and bleating of goats, the loud monotonous song of the mendicant, the blaring jazzy noises of the fair, the high hilarious notes of the village drunkard combined to produce a very fair imitation of the modern traffic symphony of Paris.

And Paris was never more village-like than now, when the booths of the annual Christmas fair still crowd the boulevards, and the modern descendants of the magicians of the middle Ages spread their wares before the credulous, philtres and love charms, magic necklaces, talismans and elixirs, promising love and long life and rejuvenation and happiness to the charmed, half-convinced loiterers, offering in their crystal ball or their greasy cards the illusion which has haunted all men since the beginning of time, the illusion of reading the unfathomable future and the veiled face of destiny.

MECHANICAL GEORGE PITIES MACHINE SLAVES

(New York Sun)

If you ask George—or even if you don't—he'll tell you he hasn't been late to work a single time in six years. George manages a flower shop 'way uptown and his hours are 9 to 5. For six years, day in and day out, except Sundays, George has walked to the door of his shop at the very instant the hands of the electric clock over his desk form a perfect right angle—9 o'clock sharp.

Being a commuter, that means George has to roll out of bed without a moment's hesitation the second his alarm clock explodes at 7 a.m. race through a bath, shaving and breakfast in exactly forty-five minutes and start for the train at 7.45 a.m. on the dot.

If there ever was a mechanical, time-controlled life it is George's. But listen—George takes the elevated to get to his shop and at the station where he descends he has a view, going down the steps, into the second story window of an office over a branch bank. In that office four men are already busily at work when George passes them. Each one is seated at an electric adding machine with a large stack of checks on the stand beside it and each man, every morning, is bent over his machine tapping the numbers and turning the checks as fast as his hands can move.

The sight, repeated morning after morning, drove George to Philosophic comment.

"Poor devils!" he exclaimed once. "Things of having to work at a machine, just like a machine, doing the same thing at the same time every day!"

Lima Beane thinks the ideal place to live is where there can be no desire to live anywhere else.

A Medical Companion To Girls and Women

Womanly ailments are usually accompanied by backache, cramps, headache, restlessness and the "blues." These symptoms indicate that you need the gentle assistance of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Certain in action, yet very mild, these tiny sugar-coated pills are quick to regulate and cleanse the system. Quick results follow the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which are well adapted to the delicate constitution of girls and women. All Druggists sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

A MOTHER'S ANXIETY

About Her Delicate Daughter

"She seems to be fading away," said an anxious mother recently about her daughter. Thousands of mothers could say the same thing. Their daughters endure a trying life robbed of all vitality and brightness. Their cheeks are pale; their eyes dull; their step languid and every movement tells of shattered health. If neglected their suffering grows more acute till decline sets in.

If your daughter complains of weariness; pains in the side; weakness; headache or backache; her appetite is uncertain and her spirits low—anaemia is the cause. She needs new blood. Give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once, for these pills actually renew and enrich the blood. They make sickly girls well and happy; improve the appetite and bring back all the charm and brightness of perfect health.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Mr. Rudy Vallee would be wise to keep a watchful eye on the balcony, which he probably does anyway. A dinosaur's egg, 8,000,000 years old has been located in China.

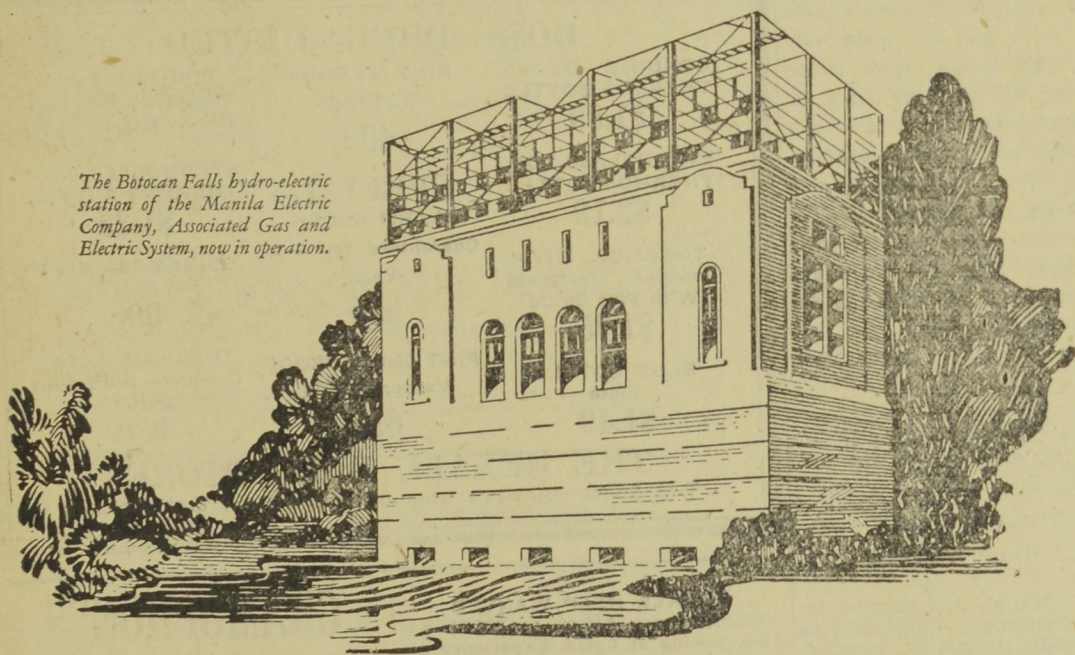
Sometimes we think of becoming an expert on old musical instruments, a job which seems to consist of peering into alleged Stradivarius violins and saying "No."

GOOD RADIO PROGRAM FOR SATURDAY

The following are the best features of Saturday night's radio program and the programs for the most important stations in Atlantic Standard time:

- CFNB, Fredericton
- 8.30 A. M.—Weather forecast, News, Columbia records.
- 12.30 P. M.—Columbia records.
- 1.15 P. M.—Stock Market Report.
- WLW, CINCINNATI
- 8.00—Amos and Andy.
- 9.00—Crosley Saturday Night.
- 9.30—Variety Hour.
- 10.00—Varied Featured.
- 10.30—Minstrels.
- WOR, NEWARK
- 7.00—Uncle Don; Sports; Aviation.
- 8.00—Orchestra; Concert.
- 9.00—Orchestra.
- 9.00—American Legion; Duo.
- 10.00—Organ; Orchestra.
- 11.00—Globe Trotters.
- WEAF, NEW YORK
- 7.15—Gold Room Orchestra.
- 7.45—Uncle Abe and David.
- 8.00—Rodeoheaven Sing.
- 8.30—Snoop and Peep.
- 8.15—Safety Laws.
- 8.45—Adventure.
- 9.00—Webster Program.
- 9.15—Radiotrons Varieties.
- 9.30—Silver Flute.
- 10.00—General Electric Hour.
- 11.00—Lucky Strike Orchestra.
- 12.15—Cotton Club Orchestra.
- 1.00—Rudie Vallee's Orchestra.
- WJZ, NEW YORK
- 6.15—Orchestra Music.
- 7.00—Raising Junior.
- 7.45—Lowell Thomas.
- 8.00—Amos and Andy.
- 8.30—Rise of Goldbergs.
- 8.45—Pickard Family.
- 9.30—Silver Flute.
- 9.00—Dixie Circus.
- 9.15—Rin Tin Thriller.
- 9.30—The Fuller Man.
- 10.00—The Campus.
- 10.30—Musical Doctors.
- 11.00—Chicago Civic Opera.
- 12.00—Slumber Music.
- 1.00—Orchestra.
- WABC, NEW YORK
- 7.00—Tom, Dick and Harry.
- 7.15—Drama Scrapbook.
- 8.00—Crockett Mountaineers.
- 8.15—Educational Feature.
- 8.30—Surprise Party.
- 9.00—Unemployment Talk.
- 9.15—Dixie Echoes.
- 11.00—Show Boat.
- 11.30—Jesse Crawford, organist.
- 12.00—Jack Denny's Orchestra.
- CKAC, MONTREAL
- 8.00—Book Review.
- 8.15—Ritz Carleton Orchestra.
- 8.45—Aladdin Folklore Frolics.
- 9.00—Cliclet & Dentyne Musicals.
- 10.00—Play by Play.
- 11.15—Dance Orchestra.
- 12.00—Jack Denny and his Orchestra.
- 12.30—N. C. L. Hockey scores.
- CNRA MONTCTON
- 2.30—Ocean Limited Hour.
- 3.45—Stock Reports.
- 10.00—Supper Dance from "Nov. Scotian."

The Botocan Falls hydro-electric station of the Manila Electric Company, Associated Gas and Electric System, now in operation.



Progress in the Philippines

66 per cent more power available

PHILIPPINE standards of living have risen steadily during the past two decades. Already they are far superior to those of any other country in the Orient. To meet the increased demands for electricity caused by this advance, the Manila Electric Company has just completed

the new Botocan Falls hydro-electric station.

This development makes available to the island of Luzon, largest and most populous of the Philippine group, 66 per cent more power than is produced by the present steam plant at Manila. Operated in conjunction with the Manila steam plant, the new station will enable the Company to give its customers more efficient and more dependable electric service than ever before.

The annual capacity of the Botocan Falls plant is 61 million kilowatt hours transmitted to Manila and other points by 55 miles of the highest voltage (110,000 volts) transmission line in the Far East.

To invest or for information, write

Associated Gas and Electric System

61 Broadway



New York City