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1376

THE PICTURESQUE ROBE DE STYLE

For the Summer dance, very picturesque and piquant is this period gown whose girlish simplicity may be translated into terms of white, or pastel-colored taffeta, or the lovely crisp organdies. The silhouette shows a tight bodice and bouffant skirt with several rows of shirring at the top. You will note the scalloped lower edge of the skirt, and that it is a little longer at the back than the front. A narrow collar of contrasting-color material outlines the low round neck and ties in a bow with long ends at the waisline. The frock as pictured is sleeveless, but the pattern provides long sleeves and the skirt is marked for a shorter length if desired. No. 1376 is for the slight woman and is in sizes 34, 36 and 38 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch material, with 3 yards ribbon. Price 20c.

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Two young chorus girls were talking about an actress. "Do you really think she's popular?" asked one. "Popular!" said the other. "Why, the longest run she ever had was in her stocking."

Speaking of pests, Professor L. Caesar, Ontario provincial entymologist, says Essex County has almost completely controlled the corn-borer. Now to control the horn-blower!

3 handy packs for 5¢

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ISSUE No. 29—'28

U.S. Dairy Industry Studying Methods of United Selling

Market Stability Assigned to Co-operatives by Speaker at Amherst Institute

Amherst, Mass.—Encouraged by a generally voiced confidence that the dairy industry of New England is on the road through more efficient organization to a marked expansion in the coming year, the New England Institute of Co-operation turned to the problems of co-operative purchasing for its theme.

The institute, which was organized last year at Connecticut Agricultural College, has mobilized here a representative list of leaders in co-operative affairs, and its discussions, which will continue through four days, are evidencing thorough study of basic problems.

Cautions Against Price Cutting

G. E. Sniffen, of the research division of the Dairymen's League, opened the session with a talk on the "Economic Position of Dairying in the Northeastern States." He declared that the future market will be for fluid milk and predicted the gradual disappearance of the condensery except where surpluses must be handled. He called for consolidation of distribution systems to save duplication of effort.

W. P. Davis of the New England Milk Producers' Association placed the responsibility for market stability upon the co-operatives of New England. He said that about 80 per cent. of the milk supply is sold under the "known price" system, which is fixed in advance, and equal to all dealers. Then he pointed out the handicap, both to themselves and to their farmer members, resulting from co-operatives that sell at cut prices.

H. P. Young of the University of Vermont, discussing in detail problems of daily co-operation, said, in part:

Consolidation of Selling Agencies

"Let me suggest a way out. A single agency to sell the product of all independent co-operative units which would operate for the creameries in much the same way that the N. E. M. P. A. does for its membership would simplify price determination and tend toward harmony and a stable market.

"Such an organization selling to its own group of dealers would have immensely more prestige than do the creamery directors and managers at the present time, trying from time to time to sell milk. The present trend toward distributor consolidation makes more imperative consolidation of selling agencies."—(Christian Science Monitor.)

German General Uses Militarism

Tells Munich Audience That Compulsory Training is Essential

Berlin.—Gen. Hans Von Seeckt, who as former commander-in-chief of the German Reichswehr was once a thorn in the side of the Allies in their efforts to disarm Germany, declared at Munich that Germany again must have compulsory military training. A distinguished audience of diplomats and many officers of the old German army heard Gen. Von Seeckt deliver his lecture on "War in the Future."

"The time for mass armies has gone," asserted the speaker. "The world war was a struggle between men and material, and material won. The last war brought no military decision, but complete exhaustion, not only of the soldier but of industry."

Since mass armies have proved themselves useless in the next war, the mass must be replaced by quality, said the General, and a small, mobile and highly trained army is needed. Accordingly, what Germany needs, concluded Gen. Von Seeckt, is both a professional army and a people's army—the professional army consisting of volunteers enlisted for a long period of service and a system of obligatory military training of youth, while the entire industry of the nation ought to be put to work manufacturing war munitions.

Medical Man: "Your husband must have absolute quiet. Here is a sleeping draught." Patient's Wife: "And when do I give it to him?" "You don't give it to him—you take it yourself."

Women's stockings may not be more durable than men's socks, but they have a longer run.—Arkansas Gazette.

Sunburn? Use Minard's Liniment.

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Loring Ranger offers a hundred thousand dollars reward for the return of his daughter, Hope, who has disappeared. Ranger is assisted in his search by his two friends, Eustice Higby, attorney, and Juarez Charlie, adventurer.

A message comes to Hope's father instructing him to buy her a hat and leave it in a certain place. This command is carried out by Ranger and later a picture of Hope, taken in the hat, is sent to the girls father.

The next message from Hope's captors tells Ranger to leave one hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds under a certain railroad crossing. At Dr. Bristow's sanitarium George Kelsey and the supposed sister of Nurse Copley become acquainted.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

He settled down now to unrelaxed watchfulness. A long string of cars came along from out of town, then an almost equally long string from the opposite direction; a couple of trucks; and then from the north a lone flivver containing two men.

Just before it reached the cut, a trio of motors came up from the south and the flivver stopped, its driver getting out to fuss with the engine.

The three cars came up and passed. Nothing else was in sight in either direction. The driver of the flivver climbed quickly back into his seat and started for the cut.

"Two minutes is all I can allow them at the most" Charlie whispered excitedly.

The long indicator of the stop-watch swept around its circle. One minute gone. Another round, and still the car stayed down in the cut. Before it came into view again, there had elapsed exactly three minutes and 20 seconds.

Hardly did the top of it appear over the edge of the dip before Charlie slipping the stop-watch into his pocket, swung down through the branches.

He rushed across the "jungle," and jerking his motorcycle out from under its concealing pile of brush, pulled it into the road. But when he attempted to start, he found the mechanism gone dead. Impatiently he leaned over to see what was the matter, and found to his amazement that the spark plug was missing. Hastily he rummaged in his tool-bag for another, but although he would have sworn he had three spare plugs, there was none to be found.

Then he suddenly froze. On the flap of the tool-bag was chalked a rude "X" within a circle—the sign of the Combine.

The thing was plain enough to him now. In spite of all his efforts at camouflage, his artful twists and turns, the agents of the Combine had evidently succeeded in trailing him to the "jungle," and there while he slept, had effectively put him out of the running.

Charlie cast up his eyes, as he himself would have expressed it, like a dying duck, and wretchedly shook his head. He was facing down the byroad toward its junction with the Lone Hill road on the other side of the railway; and now there swept across his field of vision the suspected flivver.

Driven hard in its progress toward town, it had covered the distance down from the archway during the two or three minutes that he had spent in lamentation. Charlie's plan had been to lead it along the highway on his motorcycle and let it overtake and pass him, so as not to give the suggestion of pursuit. Now the sight of it, spinning triumphantly by, only added poignancy to his humiliation.

Then suddenly his fingers went fumbling at the leather case which held his field-glasses. He noticed that the rear left wheel of the flivver carried a new tire, and remembering that the Lone Hill Road had just been freshly oiled, it gave him a new idea.

He jumped to his feet and leveled his glasses on the flivver's whirling wheels. A little thrill of hope woke in him. His eyes had not been mistaken. The three old tires had a smooth tread; that of the fourth was corrugated. Perhaps—perhaps it might be possible to follow that spoor on the oily roadway.

He bent another look through the glasses at the back of the receding car to take the number on its license-board. It was 2,155,633.

"You never can tell." He screwed up his lips. "Chances are that it's a false number but they might have forgotten to shift. Anyhow, that and the tire-tracks are the only clues I've got, and I'll take 'em for what they're worth."

So, pushing the crippled motorcycle beside him, he hurried on in the flivver's wake.

CHAPTER XI.

Dr. Bristow was sitting at his desk in the outer office of his suite going over a pile of letters.

The clock on the mantelpiece had just struck nine, and Bristow's brows puckered as he surveyed the accumulation of mail yet to be considered. He had sat down to it immediately after dinner and was still not half through.

As he picked up the next envelope and drew out its enclosure, there came a tap on the door. Before he could respond, this was pushed open and Anita Copley entered.

"Ah, Anita!" He leaned back in his chair. "Strictly on time, and I've scarcely begun. Vile nuisance, this sort of thing. No more of it for me tonight anyway. Well," he thrust the pile of letters away from him and turned toward her, "how is the little sister today?"

"Just the same." She helped herself to a cigaret, lighted it, and sank far down in an easy chair, stretching her feet out before her. "I've put her to bed and locked the door on her; she won't stir. She doesn't even get up in the morning until I tell her to. She seems slower stupider every day. Her writing, too, is awful—more incoherent."

He nodded. "She's strong physically, though. By the way, has she been hanging around Kelsey any more? I found her sitting under the trees with him the other day."

"She's forgotten him," Anita was positive. "Notices him no more than she does any one else."

"That's all right then." Bristow dropped the subject; his mind had turned in another direction. "Speaking of Kelsey, though, I think I can use him."

He picked out a letter from among those he had read, and tossed it across the desk to her. It was a request from a well-known magazine for a series of popular articles covering modern methods of dealing with the insane, and naming a handsome figure as payment.

"How does the alderman feel about the way things are going?" she asked.

"That is worth considering," he said, "not only for its advertising value, but because it gives me a prestige, a cachet of high authority that it is wise to cultivate."

He scowled. "I'd rather be hung than tackle it. It means no end of research, consulting the authorities, taking reams of notes, and then on top of it all, the work of writing. Not for me! I had just about decided to write and refuse, when I happened to think of Kelsey."

"But Kelsey wouldn't take the job," Anita cried impatiently. "He wouldn't help you out that much. He hates you like poison."

"Of course he hates me," Bristow returned equably; "and he'd die before he'd do me a favor. But it's bound to strike him that the position would offer opportunities. He might happen on something incriminating that would serve to corroborate his story. He'd think of the chances to communicate with the great outside."

"How does the alderman feel about the way things are going?" she asked interestedly. "I saw him when he got in this afternoon, but it was only for a moment, and we didn't have a chance to talk. He's looking better for his trip."

"Oh, yes," Bristow granted; "and he's pleased, very well pleased indeed, with the way everything's been handled. Why shouldn't he be? He wants to see us both at half-past nine for a conference," he glanced at his watch; "so you'd better look in an sister now, and then go on up to his rooms."

She slowly drew herself up from her chair and then stood waiting submissive and yet hotly imperious.

"You've forgotten something."

"Yes? What?" He looked as if he had not an idea what she meant, but over his face was a glimmer of what at that moment she would have heartily agreed with Kelsey was his maddening smile. "Ah, I see; a kiss." He repaired his omission, but lightly.

She threw her arms about his neck and pressed her cheek to his.

"Run now." He gave her a little push. "The alderman hates to be kept waiting, you know."

"Damn you!" she said through her shut teeth, the angry fire in her eyes drying her starting tears. And then, with head thrown up, she walked out of the room.

Bristow left by another door to hunt up his assistant and give him instructions. As he finished and turned to go, he paused.

"If I'm needed for anything important, Doctor," he said, "you'll find me up in Alderman Higgins' apartments."

Hardly had he passed out and gone his way before the door opened again, and Kelsey strolled in.

There was no other companionship for either of them; for Morton was an odd, mousy little man who left the hospital but rarely even when off duty.

He had accepted the Superintendents diagnosis of Kelsey's condition implicitly, but since Kelsey's medical personality was congenial, he was willing to ignore any other phases he might be harboring.

But on this especial evening, Kelsey was seeking Morton's company for something more than mere sociability. That morning the girl who had so attracted his interest had managed to hold another brief conversation with him, and in it had asked him a question on which she seemed to lay considerable stress. Unable to answer it himself, he had promised to secure the information she wanted; and he planned to glean it from Morton, if he could only succeed in weaning the little man from his abstract theories and speculations long enough to indulge in a morsel of gossip.

In the two or three days following that talk of theirs under the shadows of the old beech tree, Kelsey had been careful not to approach the girl again.

(To be continued.)

Fulfilment

Who is he will regret
The vanished violet?
None will who ever knows
In her full time the rose.
We have outfledged the spring,
We have new deeps to wing;
To drink the sun's increase
Unfold with me in peace.
Long ago has my pollen
On your bound graces fallen:

Burn from your cloudless skies,
Marigold of Paradise!

—H. J. Massingham in London Observer.

Minard's Liniment for Insect Bites.

Wild-cat stocks are so called because purchasers thereof ought to be locked up in the zoo.

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Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) indicating Bayer Manufacture. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assure the public against imitations, the Tablets will be stamped with their "Bayer Cross" trade mark.

Have you read "God's Commonwealths" by The Roadbuilder (Col. W. G. MacKenzie) on

OUR LORD'S VISIT to Glastonbury, England, where church authority claims He built Britain's first church.

JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA, Who buried our Lord, lived 37 years in Britain.

LAZARUS, after being raised from the dead, came to Britain.

MARIA MAGDALENE Came with Joseph and Lazarus to Britain.

SIMON ZELOTES the Apostle who preached, died in Britain.

ARISTOBOLUS, father-in-law of the Apostle Peter, and Britain's first Bishop, buried in Britain.

ST. PAUL, the Apostle whom 20 church authorities state visited Britain.

DID YOU KNOW that the inscription on Joseph of Arimathea's tomb at Glastonbury, England, stated: "I came to the Britons after Christ"?

DID YOU KNOW that the first British church bore the name "The Secret of our Lord" or a thousand years?

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