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Empire Preference

La Presse (Ind.): The amazing attitude adopted by the Labour Government of Great Britain with regard to the preferential tariff in the Empire has caused an explosion of exceedingly important opinions, as much in Britain as in the Dominion and colonies. Speaking broadly, it is astonishing that Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, should not consider this policy to be essential to the progress of economic relations between the different parts of the Empire, when the latter are entirely unanimous in declaring it to be so. The economic conference which, it appears, will be held in London next autumn, will no doubt dispel misunderstandings on this question of vital interest.

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ISSUE No. 31—'29

Boys in Uganda

The schoolboys themselves trailed into the school grounds, where there was soon a hum and stir all over the place. Here from the carpenter's bench came the buzz of saws, the swish of shavings, and the tap of the mallet. Looking in at the windows of the shop one could see the boys making tables and desks, spade handles, chairs, and many other things that their forefathers never dreamed of. The very school itself was built by the boys, the bricks made and laid, the windows shaped and framed, and doors constructed. Most of these boys are the sons of local chiefs.

One boy was making a revolving bookcase for the king who, at the capital, can be seen driving down in his Rolls-Royce to the side of the opposite hill to the bookshop, which is run by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. There he can buy books that will help him and his prime minister and chiefs to rule their country, wisely. Other boys were weaving wickerwork chairs from tough twigs brought from trees near the lakeside.

In some schools, at six o'clock in the morning the boys, like thousands of other young men and women of Uganda, are up and out and off with hoes (iron hoes with crooked wooden handles) over their shoulders, their brown bodies gleaming in the early sun. They trudge barefoot along the footpaths into the fields. The fields are full of young cotton plants, and the boys are fighting the weeds that, under the hot sun in the warm damp earth, thrive like black magic. For two hours before school they work there in the cotton fields, where the plants grow so swiftly that, within three months of sowing, the white balls of cotton—and some of the best cotton in the wrld it is—are shining in the sun, and the boys are out picking and stuffing it into sacks. The cotton is then crammed into two-hundred-pound bales, which are carried on the heads of men down to waiting motor-lorries. The lorries come down one after the other in harvest-time, loaded with tons of cotton.

The lorries when loaded are driven along the road to a ginning factory. There the cotton is carried in, the bales are undone, and in the ginning machines the cotton fabric itself is worked away from the seeds. The factory has a white man at its head, but the machines are tended by the men and older boys of the country. . .

Some of the boys enjoy reading and there are now a number of books, though still too few, printed in the language of Uganda. The youth even has his paper to read. It is called the Grey Heron. It is a quaint name for this paper, which is edited and printed entirely at Nairobi in Kenya Colony by Baganda men. The grey heron is a bird that stands in the fields of Uganda all day without showing any movement, but taking in everything that is going on. Then in the evening it flies away up into a tree, where it meets ten or twenty others, and they all chatter, making a terrible din. The Baganda say that the heron family are all discussing in the tree the things the grey heron has seen during the day; so that is the reason why the paper has that name. Through it the boy learns about the news of the great outside world: an industrial strike; a football match between American and British teams; an upheaval of anti-foreign feeling in China; attempts to fly to the North Pole (though he finds it difficult to understand what ice and snow are), and so on.—Basil Mathews, in "Black Treasure."

The Radium Monopoly

London Daily News and Westminster (Lib.): (A director of the Belgian Company, which has a virtual monopoly of radium production, declares that the present price of radium—from £10,000 to £14,000 a gramme—is too low, and before long may go higher still.) The price is monstrously high. The skilled use of radium is the best reply science has so far made to the most terrible scourge of modern civilzaton. Yet hundreds of thousands of sufferers from cancer are being robbed of hope because radium remains the most costly substance in the world. It is morally indefensible that control of the production and price of a thing so vital to mankind should be vested in any private corporation. Here, if ever, there was one, is a case for international co-operation through the machinery of the League of Geneva, or some other properly constituted body acting on behalf of all national Governments.

Minard's Liniment for aching joints

The Affair at Flower Acres

by CAROLYN WELLS

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Douglas Raynor is found shot through the heart in the early evening on the floor of the sun room of Flower Acres, his Long Island home. Standing over the dead man, pistol in hand, is Malcolm Finley, former sweetheart of Raynor's wife, Nancy. Eva Turner, Raynor's nurse, stands by the light switch. In a moment Nanc. appears, white-faced and terrified. Orville Kent, Nancy's brother, comes in from the south side of the room. And then Ezra Goddard, friend of Finley; Miss Mattie, Raynor's sister, and others, enter upon the scene. Detective Dobbins heads the police investigation. An autopsy reveals that Raynor also was being systematically poisoned with arsenic. Lionel Raynor, son of Douglas Raynor by first marriage, comes to claim his father's estate. Dolly Fay, a neighbor's girl, begins to suspect that another will favoring Nancy is being kept hidden by Grimshaw Gannon, a hired man.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

So. Dolly thought if opportunity offered, and it certainly would, she proposed to hunt for that missing will Doubtless it would require little search, for Gannon, unsuspecting of the child, would not hide it carefully. All this came to Dolly by intuition, and, as she went, she pondered on the ways and means.

As if in answer to her thoughts, she saw Gannon come out of his door and go striding off in the direction of the Raynor house.

Whereupon Miss Dolly Fay quickly whisked herself about and pretended to be going the other way.

Passing Gannon, she went on, and, when he was safely out of sight, she made straight for his house.

Entering the always open door, she went into the one big living room, which was also his workroom and museum, and this time, ignoring the beetles and butterflies, she looked eagerly about at the desks and cupboards which she had never before noticed.

A medium sized desk seemed to hold the papers of the old man, and after a glance about her, Dolly quickly began pulling out bundles of letters and papers.

As she had anticipated, they were for the most part relating to the science of entomology in one way or another. Letters, cloppings, memoranda—all seemed to have to do with insects or birds.

Until a typewritten paper rather different from the others caught her eye. It was a large sheet, but of flimsy texture. She unfolded it and glanced over it quickly. She caught sight of the words, "to my wife, Nancy Kent Raynor—" and she knew she had achieved the object of her search.

Her absorption was interrupted by an exclamation outside the window and looking up Dolly saw Lionel Raynor, his face aflame with anger, staring at her. "You little thief!" he cried, and then, as he strode around to enter at the door, Dolly's quick-thinking mind led her swiftly to conceal the paper by slipping it into the lining of her coat. There was a rip in the bottom of the side pocket, and anything put there, would, as she well knew, drop to the hem of the coat and stay there in safety.

This was done, when—and it was but a moment—Lionel entered at the door from the hallway.

"Give me that paper!" he said, in a low, threatening tone.

"What paper?" said Dolly.

"Don't talk like that! The paper you just now stole from Mr. Gannon's desk!"

"Why, do you want to steal it?"

"Shut up that baby talk and hand over that paper!"

But Dolly was not at all intimidated.

"Mr. Raynor," she said with dignity, "I don't know what you're talking about. I'm here working on my entomology—Mr. Gannon is my teacher—and you accuse me of stealing!"

"That will do," he said, sternly, "I saw you. You took a paper from Mr. Gannon's desk. Where is it?"

"I put it back—there it is," pointing to the first paper at hand.

"That's not the one—it was a yellowish paper—"

"A yellowish paper?" Dolly looked at him inquiringly.

She was sure now that she had done right to take the will. It must be the lost one, that belonged to Nan. At any rate, Lionel Raynor had no claim to it.

"Yes—the one you were reading when I came up the porch steps."

For some reason the man had concluded to change his tone. But it was too late, his anger had proved to Dolly his deep desire to get possession of the paper and she was bound he shouldn't.

"All a mistake, Mr. Raynor," she said, with her sweetest smile. "Some of these old yellowed newspaper clippings, I dare say."

"No, it wasn't!" his ire blazed up anew. "It was a large paper—a typewritten one—where is it?"

"GIVE ME THAT PAPER!" HE SAID IN A LOW, THREATENING TONE.

"Search me!" said Dolly, slangily, at the same time putting her hands in her two coat pockets, careful not to expose the slitted lining of one.

"On my honor, these are the only pockets I possess, and they are both empty."

She stood before him, a slip of a thing, her simple little one-piece frock quite evidently possessing no hiding place, her coat pockets empty, and her piquant face turned up to his own with a look of utter innocence.

"Positively, I have it on me," she cried, as she threw off the loose coat, and whirled around before him. "I swear, Mr. Raynor, that I have not any paper hidden about my person."

Of course she hadn't, with her coat over a chair-back near by.

Unsuspecting her prevarication, Raynor gave her a perplexed look, even held her coat as she slipped her arms again into its sleeves.

"I resent all you have said to me, Mr. Raynor," she announced with dignity. "I will leave you to look for papers yourself. I'm going home."

CHAPTER XI.

NANCY EXPLAINS.

The Italian Garden at Flower Acres though conventional in design and detail, was so planned that it was always a picturesque mass of bloom and greenery. In one corner was a specially attractive arbor, and here sat Finley and Nan Raynor.

"It's out of the question, dear," he said, "that you and I should shun each other's society for a foolish feeling of convention. Your husband is dead, and when the time comes, you are going to marry me—"

"Oh, no, Malcolm—never—"

"Why not, pray?" he smiled at her as at a wayward child. "I'm not going to hurry you, Nan, I'm not even going to trouble you with my love-making—but, unless you can look me straight in the eyes and tell me you don't love me—then I shall continue to hope, yes, and expect—"

"Oh, hush, Malcolm—don't talk like that. I never can marry you until this mystery is cleared up—and then—less than ever!"

"What do you mean by then less than ever?"

"I mean that when the truth is known about—about Douglas' death—it will be impossible for me to marry anybody—"

"Except me! Now, Nan, dearest, you must confide in me."

"Never!" and Nan Raynor's face was so full of horror and alarm that Finley himself felt a shudder of fear.

"What an opportunity!" exclaimed an exultant voice, and Dobbins stepped inside the arbor. "Just the people I want to see. And I will inform you that unless you both answer truly the questions I'm going to put to you, it will be a very serious mistake."

"We are not obliged to incriminate ourselves!" Finley said.

"No; but I shall judge by your attitude—ah, I may say I shall judge more by what you say than by what you do."

"Be careful, Nan," Finley said, "of what you don't say!"

But though his tone was jocular it was obviously a forced lightness.

"First, Mrs. Raynor, as you may or may not know, we retrieved that parcel you threw into the Folls."

"Yes?" said Nan, in a low tone.

"And we found that it contained a dope outfit—to put it plainly, some bottles of morphine."

"Yes?"

"And I want you to tell me, if you please, why you threw it away with such secrecy and care."

"Because," Nan spoke with an effort "because, if it had been discovered in my possession or if I had been known to destroy it—I would have been misjudged in the matter."

"Misjudged? Am I misjudging you now, when I assume that the morphine in question belonged to you?"

"I—I suppose it—belonged to me—" Nan's great eyes looked dark and troubled, and she glanced from one man to the other, as if uncertain what course to pursue.

"Oho, you suppose it belonged to you, do you? Aren't you quite sure? Where did you buy it?"

"I—I didn't buy it."

"Where did you get it, then? How did you get it? That stuff is not easily procurable—though its devotees seem to manage it, somehow."

"I found it—" Nan said slowly. "It—it belonged to somebody else."

"Where did you find it?" Dobbins' cold stare seemed fairly to hypnotize her into answering, and she said:

"Among my husband's belongings."

(To be continued.)

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Fashions for Men

A courageous professor in Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill., appeared on the campus the other day attired in a roomy blouse that topped conventional trousers, and left a V-shaped opening at the throat so that the Adam's apple might have a better chance to do its "daily dozen."

The blouse — long, trim, and full—completely hid the most irksome and unsightly of human harness, the suspenders, and was furnished with a broad, loose waistband at the meridian of the belt. Deep, wide pockets set within easy reach of the hands, and sleeves shortened to allow play of the wrists, added serviceability to the outfit. The innovation in costume appealed so strongly to the haberdasher who fashioned the blouse in accordance with the professor's specifications that he is planning to put it on the market, so that all men have a chance to become more comfortable.

This revolution in masculine attire, thus boldly proclaimed in the face of a stupid tradition that insists that homo sapiens shall move about the planet in a somber, heavy sack drawn tight at the neck and thickly wadded at the shoulders, should indee mark the beginning of an era for the emancipation of the fashion-trodden male.

For a generation women have enjoyed freedom from discomforts and unyielding conventions, have in fact audaciously developed novelties in dress that seize upon every beguiling color in the rainbow. Modistes blend, slash and fabricate so that the feminine frock to-day not only gladdens the eye, but also admirably serves every practical requirement, especially on a sultry summer day when an armored man becomes a wilted cabbage.

Let the courageous champion of reformed fashions for his fellows "carry on" his beneficent campaign, and thus usher in a new reign of freedom. Let him add riotous colors—perhaps deep purple or gorgeous crimson—to men's street attire, so that the sedate business suit shall be permanently relegated to the attic and the devouring moth. Let him discard that fluttering streamer of useless toggery known as a necktie. Let him originate some dashing waistcoat designs, perhaps even an artistic substitute for the old-fashioned vest, at present little more than a bulging envelope for pencils, fountain pen, and watch. Let him design a straw hat that reveals some touch of individual ownership, and doesn't look like a million other sun-kissed skimmers. Let this intrepid crusader try his wits on the conventional dress suit and tuxedo, for years strait-jackets of masculine misery.—Christian Science Monitor.

Little by Little

Dublin Weekly Times. It is manifest that the Socialist Party's full program must be postponed until another Socialist Government has an independent majority in the House of Commons. Mr. MacDonald's present task, therefore, is to produce a policy which, by giving his party "something to go on with," will keep it in good humour, and will convince it that the essential "cause" is safe in his hands That something, however, must be designed with a careful eye to the Liberal vote.

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South Africa and the Empire

London Daily Telegraph (Cons.): The position of General Smuts, as leader of a party beaten for the second time, and with little visible prospect of recovering its lost ground in the agricultural areas, is one of the tragedies of the public life of the Empire. In any country leaders of hi sattainments, or with a comparable record of statesmanship in the broader sense, are rare; yet the man who did most to save South Africa to the Empire, and who was among the chief architects of the League of Nations, appears condemned t a future in which his genius will have ttle scope.

Slow to Learn

Glasgow Herald (Cons.): The post-war economic and political education of the French people proceeded more slowly than that of any other nation. It is only now that they are beginning to realize that there are limits to what Germany can pay, that the evacuation of the Rhineland cannot be long postponed, and that their war debts to Britain and the United States must be paid according to the schedules contained in the Churchill-Caillaux and the Mellon-Berenger agreements. This last lesson especially, is an exceedingly hard one for them to learn.

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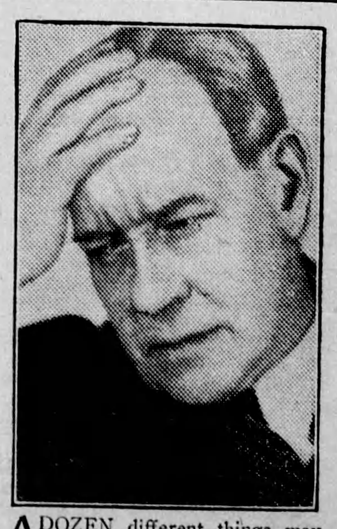

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