Every tiny leaf is a storehouse of flavour

"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

535

'Fresh from the gardens'

Develop Poise

By JULIETTE FRAZIER

Mothers should feel it a very important part of the training of their children to make them calm, reasonable and helpful in emergencies and in case of accident. Even very young children have been known to show great presence of mind as a result of careful training.

I remember when the two children of my neighbor, Mrs. Blank, were quite small, she asked my advice with regard to their behavior on several occasions. Then one day when I was calling on her, it happened that a caterpillar was discovered on Marian's dress. Mrs. Blank screamed and made ineffectual dashes at the "horrid thing", and Marian howled like a Comanche. I scraped the caterpillar on to a piece of paper and threw it out the window.

"Marian is so sensitive," said Mrs. Blank, proceeding to pet her daughter.

"Wouldn't it be better to have her sensible?" I asked smiling. "Though," I continued, "sensitiveness is very desirable if devoloped in the right direction. Is Ted also afraid of insects?"

"Why, no; he is a boy," said Mrs. Blank.

"But if an insect is dangerous, will it show any respect to sex? If it is poisonous, will it not poison him as quickly as it will his sister?"

"Oh, but—it looks so ugly," replied Mrs. Blank.

"Well, does Ted like unpleasant-looking things any better than Marian? Excuse me, Mrs. Blank, I think the trouble is that Marian has found out that you expect her to shriek at the insect, and that you regard it as genteel and quite becoming to an embryo lady. Ted knows his playmates would laugh at him for such folly, and so he shows common sense."

At that moment I saw the caterpillar crawling back up the window ledge and called the child's attention to it. "See, Marian, what a lovely silky coat he has. He is so helpless, you could easily hurt him, if you were so cruel, but he could not hurt you. Come, touch him. Some day he will spin a cocoon and go to sleep in it until Mother Nature awakens him, and then he will find himself turned into a beautiful butterfly."

Marian was at once interested in the caterpillar, and she has never feared one since, but her training had encouraged a disposition to frantic screaming at sight of all creatures of this kind, and this caused her mother considerable mortification soon after.

There was a wedding at our church, by far the grandest wedding ever held in our town. We were all invited, and Mrs. Blank, beautifully gowned occupied a front seat, with Marian, marvelously flounced and beribboned. In the very midst of the ceremony, Marian espied a beetle crawling up her sleeve. Instead of picking it off, or asking her mother to do so, she gave vent to unearthly yells, which startled everyone in the church, and momentarily halted the marriage ceremony.

Only a radical change in the method of training could change the habits of a child behaving in this way at seven, so that at thirteen she would display the presence of mind of a little girl I saw in the Yellowstone National Park last summer. She had been left to take charge of her little brother, a child of three years. They were standing upon a wide table-rock which overhung one of the natural hot springs, boiling some hundred feet below. The girl had been holding the child's hand but had let it go to run back a little way for her handkerchief which she had dropped. The child, meanwhile, walked towards the edge of the rock. The girl saw that to call or to pursue would insure his destruction. She grasped a small jar of candy which she had in her coat pocket, and shouting "Candy", poured its contents out on the palm of her hand. The child paused and looked back. He was not six feet from destruction, but could not resist the lavished sweets, and came skipping back to share them!

Here was a fine instance of presence of mind: self-control which repressed the dangerous call or pursuit; disciplined intelligence which took advantage of the strongest impulse of the fugitive in a flash argued out the dangers and probabilities of the case, and then acted on the instant when to delay but a moment would have been death.

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ISSUE No. 50—'29

Science Notes

Application of copperas or sulphate of iron around trees whose green leaves turn yellow during the spring or summer has been found an efficient remedy for correcting the condition.

Making it possible for the amateur photographer to take snapshots in color, a special film recently has appeared on the British market.

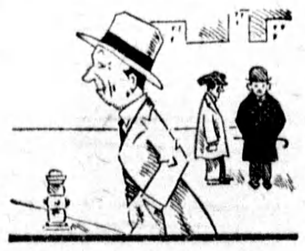
Small towns and country roads are more dangerous than the streets of large cities so far as automobile accidents are concerned, according to a study made by the Connecticut department of motor vehicles.

Hardy microbes that lived on wood and remained active for more than 19 months, probably assisted in the formation of coal, bureau of mines scientists believe.

Heat adversely affects the efficiency of telephone transmission, making necessary automatic devices to control the service, particularly for long-distance conversations.

Blind persons do not hear better than those of ordinary vision, but they listen harder, investigators of the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness have found.

Experiments with tires to be used in attempts to break world speed records disclosed that they all deflated when revelved at a rate of speed equivalent to 20 to 300 miles an hour.



"He has absolutely no soul for beauty."

"How now?"

"Yesterday, at the football game, I pointed out the reigning belle, and he merely complained that she obstructed his view of the north goal posts."

Approximately one million cubic feet of air will be required a minute under maximum operating conditions, and a complete change will be made each ninety seconds. The power layout is so arranged that any part of the equipment may be operated from either the American or Canadian side.

Remember this: they that will not be counselled cannot be helped. If you do not hear reason, she will rap your knuckles.—Benjamin Franklin.

Minard's Liniment for Chapped Hands

Jungle Breath

by Ben Lucien Burman

THIS HAS HAPPENED:

To the queer little South American town of Porto Verde, in west central Brazil, a town fringed by dark, forbidding jungle, comes an elderly American, Lincoln Nunnally. An air of mystery seems to hang over the place. This impressions is accentuated when the porter who handles Nunnally's grips hints of strange deaths that have occurred and mumbles gloomy prophecies.

Nunnally registers at the ramshackle hotel and steps out on the balcony. A beautiful young girl drives past in a chaise, accompanied by a negro woman and a small child. To the Americans' amazement, she waves to him, then drives on. He sees two sinister looking men watch the girl, exchange mysterious signals, then follow her.

Another surprise is in store for him. In the barber shop, the barber, a strange dark man with an Oriental cast to his eyes, speaks to him. He then recognizes the barber as Vilaka West, known to him as Vilak, a fellow American. He asks Vilak what he is doing in Porto Verde. To his amazement, Vilak says he has sent for him.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY.

CHAPTER II.

A new wave of urprise wrinkled the skin around Nunnally's sleepy, gentle eyes. "You're jesting . . . jesting . . . I was sent for by the . . er . . . Porto Verde Development Company. . . It owns most of the coffee plantations and mineral developments in this section of the country. . . So I've been told. I've the letter . . er . . in my pocket." He put his hand in his coat.

Vilak checked him. "Don't bother, Nanny. I'm the Porto Verde Company. In this case, anyway." When the other opened his mouth to protest, Vilak daubed his face with lather. "If I could have as effective a way as this to keep everybody from asking too many questions all my life, I'd be happy. You see, my cousin, Elise Marberry—the Hasting-Marberrys if you know your New York social register, which I pray you don't—happens to own the Porto Verde Company. And what's my cousin's is mine."

"But that tells me nothing. . . . er . . . Vilak . . . nothing. Why—?"

"You talk too much." Vilak swabbed his soapy brush liberally about the other's lips. "Listen and I'll explain. If anyone ever explains anything. When Elise's father died, he left his property to her and her elder sister. Elise was in college at the time, her sister had just been married. But they were both very energetic young women and decided to come down here and take more or less personal charge of the property, the elder sister bringing her new husband with her.

"It was a terribly foolish thing to do, for the climate here is devilish for certain physiques and within a year and a half, both the husband and wife died, leaving a baby—affectionately called Tinky—and this enormous place for Else to take care of. She did it extremely well, too. Marvellously well for a youngster, for that's all she is, really—little more than a child. You saw her driving by this afternoon. She wanted to meet you at the boat, but I forbade it. I wanted to meet you first and see if you would remember me."

He stropped his razor an instant, then went on. "Elise was getting along here without the slightest difficulty when, a few months ago, some queer, almost uncanny, things began to happen. Three of her workmen were killed in very mysterious ways; then, before long, she began to feel that she herself was menaced and received a letter which proved that her feeling wasn't imagination. It came after she had made an unsuccessful attempt to visit a rather extraordinary American who is living in the vicinity. It consisted merely of an old Portuguese proverb, 'She who eats in her own kitchen may dine well many a day.' It was speared to the kitchen table with a dagger. Very subtle, eh?

"Well, I was resting down in Havana, after a rather strenuous expedition to the Orient—which cost me this bit of my left ear, by the way—and she asked me to come down to Porto Verde to see if I couldn't straighten things out a bit. I came, of course, and instantly advised her to get out. Things aren't pretty here at all. They're bad enough normally in any of these jungle-frontier towns. Here hardly a day goes by without something violent taking place, but Elise is a stubborn little vixen and won't make the slightest move to leave."

The old man's face tingled with excitement. He tried to lift his head, but finding this impossilbe slumped back into the chair in resignation.

"I saw something . . er . . queer a little while ago . . queer. Perhaps it may be connected in some way with your cousin. I would tell you if you would . . permit . . . permit me to talk."

"All right. Go ahead."

"Two men . . . highly unpleasant . . . er . . unpleasant. One had a patch on his . . er . . cheek and an Adam's apple enormously enlarged . . enormously. The other had many . . er . . . broken teeth and one arm. They ere making signals to each other when your . . er . . cousin passed. Then they began following her through the . . er . . brush."

"I know the chaps you mean. The first is Pasquale Branza and the other is Detto Cicerone. They're town characters. Not the only queer people here."

He wrapped a towel about the other's face, then stood gazing reflectiely out of the window until a movement from the restless old man caused him to turn back to his duties. "Yes, yes, customer, you'll be through in a few minutes. I hope you see now what I'm doing down here. As far as you're concerned the story is easy. I noticed in the newspapers that you were one of the delegates to the Pan-American Scientific Congress at io de Janeiro, so I had the company send the telegram asking you to come here."

"But those . . er . . manganese deposits the telegram mentioned. Don't they exist?"

"Of course they do, my dear Nanny. I never lie. There are too many facts and statistics of all sorts to make crude lying necessary. They have found some manganese deposits they will be very grateful to have you examine. But I mentioned them only to get you here. I knew that a chemist of your attainments would be much too infernally busy with your work in New York to be sensible and voluntarily take a few days off for a much needed vacation with an old protege and friend.

"I'm awfully fond of you, Nanny. And it's been a long time, a very long time since I saw you. It seemed absurd to have you so close without doing something about it, particularly since I didn't know when I'd have the opportunity again. I suppose I ought to feel a little guilty for bringing you down to this beastly hole that I advised my cousin to get out of, but I think it'll be good for you to get a taste of the adventurous side of life. And I know you've always wanted it. So you see, there's your coincidence gone. Annihilated."

"But why should you be . . er . . . concerned in such unusual matters? And why . . er . . why are you a . . barber? Yes . . barber?"

Vilak put away his razor. "Your two questions come to the same. You don't know, of course, that about two years ago after I left your laboratory for something more exciting that a chemical retort—no, no, don't intrrupt me; I know that's exciting, but the criminology I drifted into is still more so. Love of problems, adventure, change, call it what you will, made me do it, I suppose. Or perhaps it was the mixture of Tartar and American in my blood; the hustling American part of me reveling in the action and excitement accompanying investigations, while the contemplative Oriental side of me revels in the deductions necessary to make clues valuable. That story of the Tartar strain in my ancestry is undoubtedly true. It explains a lot of things in my character.

"At this moment I'm a barber—an American barber; Robert Riggs, if you please—for a very definite reason; it's one of the best ways of getting information. There are enough American and English on the nearby fazendas—that's what they call the plantations here—to keep me busy even if the Brazilians didn't patronize me, which they do. I'm making myself the fashion."

"Have you learned . . er . . anything through it?"

"That's a leading question I refuse to answer. Instead I'll ask you whether you ever stopped to think how a barber has opportunity to study individuals and learn their characteristics and physical peculiarities better than any public servant, not even exceping a doctor. For an individual goes to a doctor only yearly, sometimes never, while rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, all have hair and almost all of them get shaved. I'm quite sure—hello!" he broke off suddenly. "Judging by the excited way Joao, the stable boys, is running out there, we're having another one of the pleasant incidents which break our daily monotony." He moved to the door. "Joao! Joao!" he called out.

The boy turned and unwillingly trudged toward him. He spoke in excited Portuguese for a moment, then ran on. Vilak returned to Nunnally, sitting up interestedly in the chair.

"It's as I told you," he announced gravely, "only much more serious this time. Another man's been killed. An Italian, Tony Bargetta, one of the best foreman on my cousin's fazenda. I knew he'd been having a feud for a long time with another one of the foremen, an Englishman named Potts, about some gambling debts, and apparently the killing was the result of that. From what Joao tells me, Potts confesses that he committed the murder. Hit him over the head with a club. But it seems there's something queer about it. I'll get your face dried and we'll go out and have a look."

(To be continued.)

The average automoblie is said to contain 35 pounds of cotton, the material being used in tires, upholstery, brake bands, tire covers rubber tubing, tops, carpets, padding, etc.

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Veniot Forecasts Speedier Air Mail

Montreal to Winnipeg in 12 Hours Seen by Postmaster-General

BIG THINGS IN 1930

Saint John, N.B., Will Be Within Four Rours Distance, He Declares

Montreal to Winnipeg in less than 12 hours by air—this is the promise made by Hon. Peter Veniot, Postmaster General of Canada.

He promised that next year, that is, some time in 1930, a service from Montreal to the west by Toronto would be established. It would then be posible to mail a letter in Montreal one night and have it delivered the next day in Winnipeg. As much as possible, night flying would be avoided, but it might be necessary in a few instances. Lights were being arranged for airports en route, and when such details as these were arranged, the Winnipeg-Montreal air mail would be a reality.

Coast to Coast Service

Mr. Veniot pointed out that his route to Winnipeg was only a segment in the Montreal-Vancouver line. It was hoped to get through to the coast from the metropolis by air, and accomplish a saving of 40 hours in so doing, over the fastest present handling.

The lines to Windsor and to Buffalo were proving useful to Canadians, he pointed out, for at these points a good connection was established with the American air routes to the north coast, the south and the west.

Saint John N.B., would be brought within four hours of Montreal soon, the Postmaster-General said, because an air route to that point and to Moneton via Quebec was under consideration. He hoped to stretch this despatch to Halifax ultimately, he declared.

Mr. Veniot also pointed out, speaking of air mail service, that farthest of post offices, Akavik, was now served twice a month by air instead of once a winter by dog team. Thus passes forever, another symbol of frontier days, for never again will the dogs carry His Majesty's mail to this lonely post office near the mouth of the MacKenzie River.

There was a man called Guy,
And said he, "I'll blow sky-high
All those gas-bags in Parliament,
ment, ment";
So to aid him in his task
He took a powder cask,
And straight down to Westminster he
went, went, went.

But his pals—'tis sad to say—
Went and gave the game away,
And the hangman made a nasty mess
of Guy, Guy, Guy.
But could he see the lot
Of gas-bags we have got
He'd resurrect and have another try,
try, try.

How to Learn AVIATION

International Aviation Schools have just opened in Toronto, a new and highly modern School and is equipped to teach Aviation in all its branches, under the guidance of ex-Imperial ground and flying Instructors. There is a tremendous demand for trained Aviation experts, at very high salaries. If you contemplate or have planned Aviation as your future profession, get in touch with us at once. Free employment service while learning and graduates assisted to highly paid positions. Day and Evening classes now being formed. Call in person or write.

INTERNATIONAL AVIATION SCHOOLS
137-143 Wellington Street West, Toronto, Canada.

Bank of Montreal Meeting

President and General Manager Review the Great Strides Made by Country.

The annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal, held at the Head Office of the Bank, was marked by interesting addresses by Sir Charles Gordon, President, and Mr. H. B. Mackenzie, General Manager.

In a comprehensive review of the commercial situation in Canada, Sir Charles remarked: "It should be kept in mind that there have been five years of almost uninterrupted expansion. In that brief period Canada has achieved a degree of development quite unprecedented. Not in one or two directions, but practically in all, remarkable material progress has occurred—in agriculture, in many lines of manufacturing, in mining, forestry, trading, water power reduction, and building construction.

No Inflation in Basic Commodities.

Among the other favorable features in the situation, he mentioned the fact that there is no inflation apparent in any of the great basic commodities such as wheat, sugar, cotton, steel, and other raw materials.

Unfavorable features in the situation were, first, the small crop of the Prairie Provinces and the slow movement of the grain toward the seaboard, and secondly the crash in the stock markets.

"There never was a time in the history of Canada," said Sir Charles, in summing up conditions, "when business as a whole has been at a higher peak than during the year under review, or when the developed sources of our wealth were more wide and varied than they are to-day, and never a time when the earning power of our people was sustained in so many channels of production. We must not allow a temporary reaction, the result of a purely speculative orgy in the stock markets, unduly to distort our view."

General Manager's Address.

In reviewing the business of the Bank, Mr. H. B. Mackenzie, general manager, drew attention to the fact that the balance-sheet showed assets aggregating $965,000,000 against $873,000,000 a year ago, an increase of $92,000,000. He also pointed out that deposits aggregated $772,000,000, an increase of $50,000,000, despite the fact that desposits "after notice" had decreased $18,000,000, the last a reflection principally of withdrawals for investment in securities. The last year had been exceptional in that respect, and the Savings Department would probably now resume its normal growth.

Ample Ground for Confidence.

Summing up, he said, "A review of trade conditions in the various provinces exhibits, upon the whole, not a banner year for Canada nor a quite cloudless sky but sound basic conditions and, allowing for a temporary lull in business, ample ground for confidence in our future growth and prosperity. The chief disappointment is the crop in the Prairie Provinces, but too much should not be made of one lean year. The West is a country of proved agricultural nothing is more dependable than richness and over a series of years seedtime and harvest."

KINDNESS

Wherever there is a human being there is an opportunity for kindness. —Seneca.

The Englishman who says Americans have no imagination should read the newspaper story of the fire in Washington which was "caused by a cigaret lighter."

"Not many fellows can do this," said the magician as he turned his Ford into a lamp-post.

For Toothache—Minard's Liniment.

This Christmas, serve Christie's Puddings and Cakes. Their wholesome goodness will delight young and old.

Hurrah! We have

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