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'Fresh from the gardens'

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It's Quite Formal With Its Revers and Deep Yoke Bodice

BY ANNETTE

A dainty Paris nightie of irresistible charm that is so entirely flattering and formal with its deep yoked bodice with tiny revers.

It's so attractive in yellow printed crepe de chine with the yoke and bosom front in plain yellow crepe. It rather gives the impression of a smart negligee, belted at normal waistline.

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Style No. 146 is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

It's perfectly adorable in peach colored crepe satin with the yoke and bosom front of deep shade ecru Alencon lace.

Eggshell shade in flat silk crepe with ecru lace is another equally smart idea.

Crepe georgete, ninon, batiste and sheer linen appropriate.

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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.

Falling Hair—Just try Minard's.

February—All Hail!

Among the Romans the second month of the year was the month of purification. It took its name from a name of Juno 'Februa," a derivative of the Sabine word "Febrino," which means to purify. The people in northern latitudes occupied themselves much with the promises of the seasons, and coined old proverbs and rhymes, and crystallized traditions. One tradition of February gives us pictures of dripping skies, inundated meadows, brimming creeks, and bankful rivers. The poet Spenser personified February as sitting in a wagon drawn by a couple of fish. Where I spent my boyhood we schoolboys used to sing something about

February fill-dyke
Either black or white.

Meteorological departments can easily disprove traditions and disallow rhymes, but with all their power of prognostication they cannot sweep away the joys of February.

The first joy to mention is the delightful shortness of the month. Its usual length is twenty-eight days, and one to the good every four years. Even if one has to travel in the teeth of its storms one can button one's coat a little more tightly and smile inwardly. Blow, blow thou winter's wind for thy reign is shorter than any other month in the year. February will soon be torn from the calendar and March shall enter, either lion or lamb.

The fact is winter and spring meet in February. A hedgerow may be wrapped in snow on one side and on the other be sun-smitten and flushing slightly with the rapture-throb of awakening vitality. Which thing is a parable. In sheltered nooks delicate green will make its appearance; and woods that nestle in the arms of hills will be uncurling tiny leaves and jewelled blossoms; and birds will begin to win and possess one another, their sober winter hues giving place to brighter colors; and piping voices are astir and feeling their way to strength. Crocuses prepare to cry from the ground and snowdrops to wave their little flags and perfumed violets to shed their scent upon the breeze, a prelude to primross. Winter and spring mingle and we are at the point of emergence.

That is to say February is the month of abounding hope. We are visibly moving toward the illuminated miracle of spring; the rich fruitage of summer; the golden harvests of autumn. All the treasures of these seasons are in prospect.

John Burroughs once said that February represents our spiritual pilgrimage more fully than any other month of the year. Because in February the best things are invisible a prize for faith. The great harvests lie below the ground; the heart's best is still to be reaped.

Self-Government for India

London Daily Express (Ind. Cons.): If a self-governing India were possible to-morrow no one would rejoice more than the British nation. But most obviously it is not yet possible. There is no conceivable structure or organization emanating from and controlled by the Indians themselves that can at present take the place of the British Raj.

Jungle Breath

by Ben Lucien Burman

THIS HAS HAPPENED.

Lincoln Nunnally, elderly American chemist, mysteriously summoned to the queer little jungle-bordered town of Porto Verde, in west central Brazil, encounters an old friend, Vilak, who tells him it was he who had sent for him. Vilak's cousin, Elise Marberry, owns a coffee plantation near Porto Verde and has received mysterious warnings to get out of the country. Several deaths have already occurred.

The day Nunnally arrives, Tony Barbetta, one of Elise Marberry's foremen, has been hit with a club in the hands of Limey Potts, another foreman, and killed. Vilak tells Nunnally he is certain Limey Potts, though he struck the victim, was not the murderer. Vilak believes Gaylord Prentiss is involved in the mysterious deaths, and the two decide to visit his home that night. Before going to Prentiss' place they call on Elise. She tells them all the rifles on the place have been stolen.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY
CHAPTER VIII.

Vilak made a quick tour of the building, then closely examined the door. "Good lock, all right," he murmured. "Open it, please."

The little German obeyed, exposing a white stone interior, filled with electric wire, storage batteries, detonators, the delicate, more expensive parts of machinery which might prove too much of a temptation to the natives if left in the ordinary warehouses. The floor was bare except for the few drifting leaves inescapable in this region of superabundant vegetation.

But a tiny scrap of green, which to the old man seemed just another leaf, caught Vilak's eye. He picked it up and when the German's attention was concentrated elsewhere put it carefully in his pocket. They strolled outside again.

In a few moments they had left the puffing Schwartz, and were once more inside Elise's brilliant living room.

"Did you go to see Prentiss yesterday as you intended?" Vilak asked as he leaned over and caught a brilliant fly creeping dangerously close to a spider web in the corner. He tangled the insect's legs in the web an instant.

Elise watched him wonderingly. "What are you doing that cruel thing for?" she protested.

"I'm being kind, not cruel," he retorted. "I am trying to show it the error of its ways and by demonstrating that webs are dangerous for it, save it from crawling to an unhappy end. But it won't learn. Watch."

He lifted it from the web and set it on the floor. In a moment it was again crawling toward the web, in another the spider had swooped down and before Vilak could prevent, slain it. "It's a cruel law, nature's law, the jungle law, or whatever you want to call it. And the closer we are as men to it so the more cruel are we. Spider kills fly, frog kills spider, little snake kills frog, big snake kills little snake, man kills big snake or another little man. Did you go to see Prentiss?"

She nodded. "After all, we are the only Americans here, and I felt like a beast for not trying to do something for him. As far as I am concerned he can have the land he's on for good. I won't dispute it."

"Did you see him?"

"Yes . . . and no." She was silent a moment. "I shan't try again. . . alone."

Vilak grunted. "Humph . . . what happened?"

"He came running out of his house, opened the gate, and set that enormous mastiff of his on me. If I hadn't been a fairly good tree climber it wouldn't have been very . . . pleasant."

Vilak took out his cigarette case and smoked thoughtfully. Nunnally and Elise talked quietly. The old man was enchanted by her charm and intelligence. He added his persuasions to those of her cousin that she leave Porto Verde as quickly as possible, either to return to the United States or to take up her residence in some civilized part of Brazil. She only shook her head smilingly. The talk drifted to their plans for the night and then to Prentiss again. Elise, after hearing that the two men intended visiting his fazenda, remarked quietly that she would go with them.

Vilak heard. His gaunt, odd-shaped head jerked forward. "News to me," he mumbled. "Afraid I'll have to contradict it."

"I'm afraid that I'll have to contradict you in turn, esteemed cousin. I'm going."

"Haven't you had enough happen to you when you went out there in the daytime? You want more trouble?"

"That's not the question." She brushed back a few wisps of hair that had strayed over her dark olive forehead. "It's merely that I've made up my mind about a few things where I've been weak and foolish before. In the past when you have gone out on your dangerous expeditions here I've done nothing except sit on my veranda and lazily read a novel. I'm not going to do it any longer. I can't with a clear conscience. I'm responsible for bringing you down here. The Victorian period is over. That's the one thing that you, with all your wisdom, can't seem to understand. A woman's as good as a man, as bad as a man, as brave as a man.

Vilak put a pellet of betel on his tongue and rose to go. "The harem doors now open wide, the foolish wives to foolish freedom stride," he quoted.

"Talk away, if sarcasm makes you feel more superior. But with all due respect to you it won't change my intention in the slightest. I'm going . . . must you insist on chewing that dreadful betel?"

"Sorry, I must. And with equal regret I must also announce that you shall not come with us. Seriously," he said with finality as he neared the door. "I'm not in the slightest doubting your courage or questioning your intelligence, for which I have the highest admiration. I simply have a very strong conviction—fundamentally it may be based on prejudice, I admit—that whenever women have any connection with crime, except as a motive, trouble quickly follows.

"I can't take you with me. Try to understand! And knowing your disposition I might add that if you attempt to follow, you'll be endangering all of us, mostly yourself. I'll be compelled to send you back just as you throw rocks at your dog who insists on following you down the road. Not because you don't love your dog, and wouldn't like to have him along, but because you know the chances are that he'll be killed by an automobile. Now please be sensible."

He pressed her hand gently, strolled to the door and returned with a bundle part of which he gave to the old man, part of which he put on the floor at his feet. There are boots and gloves for you, Nanny," he said. "Get into them. And put your raincoat on now. I know you'll tell me it's hot but put it on anyway."

He helped the old man into his saddle, leaped in himself, and, waving a half-amused, half-troubled goodbye to his cousin who stood peering after them a delicate silhouette against the barred door, set off to the road again.

They retraced their route until they neared the bridge which crossed the river. A red glow showed a few hundred yards down the railroad track. "Queer," said Vilak. "Never saw that before. Let's have a look at it."

They stepped their horses nearer and through the brush saw five or six torches burning brightly, by the light of which some twenty or thirty men were hurrying about pitching a tent. They were the customary motley of black, Indian, and half-breed, with an occasional surly individual who appeared to be white. They were clad in the nondescript clothing of the typical Brazilian laborer, here a once brilliant purple shirt hanging out over vivid green breeches, there a tattered strip of cloth which had been manufactured as an American suit of underwear.

Most were the dregs of their races, with cruel eyes and vicious, degenerate faces. The teeth of some of the Indians had been filed into sharp points. "Must be section hands," Vilak remarked. "Those in the States aren't the gentlest creatures in the world but they can't hold a candle to the ones they get down here. The cream of the country. Wonder if the railroad sent them up on account of the flood? Think I'll find out."

They dismounted, stepped through the brush and reached the open. In a little depression of the land a bright fire was burning. Nunnally looked at it. His wrinkled face became puzzled. "Er . . . why have they that . . . er . . . yes . . . that?" he asked in a whisper. "It's hot tonight . . . very hot. And they're not using it to . . . er . . . melt anything. It's . . singular . . . yes . . . er . . . singular."

Vilak stared thoughtfully at the blaze. "Fires can be used for other things than heat," he answered. He bent down and drew something out of the hot cinders. This he held before the chemist. "Perhaps that, for instance. Mean anything to you?"

The old man's sleepy eyes narrowed behind their glasses. All he could see was what appeared to be a small bit of charred wood no different than the other pieces of branches which formed the glowing embers. He shook his head. "No . . . it . . . er . . . . means nothing . . . er . . . nothing."

Vilak tossed it back into the fire.

(To be continued.)

Most were the dregs of their r aces, with cruel eyes and vicious, degenerate faces.

Royal Bank Annual Meeting; Assets Exceed Billion Dollars

The annual meeting of shareholders of The Royal Bank of Canada not only marked the close of the most successful year on record, but was rendered specially interesting by constructive addresses delivered by Sir Herbert Holt, president; C. E. Neill, vice-president and managing director, and Morris W. Wilson, general manager.

Sir Herbert, in addressing the shareholders, pointed out that in spite of the losses incurred by thousands of investors throughout Canada and the United States, the strength of the business structure is such that there is no reason to look forward to more than a moderate recession in business during 1930.

Dealing with conditions in Canada, Sir Herbert stressed the fact that neither the prospects in foreign trade nor the situation in Canadian industry, trade and agriculture, warrant pessimism concerning the outlook for the coming year.

Industrial Advisory Council.

After dwelling on the success obtained by President Hoover in securing the active co-operation of industrial leadership throughout the country in the recent crisis, Sir Herbert urged that it would be to the advantage of Canada to establish a non-partisan Advisory Council, composed of men of outstanding ability, representative of industry, agriculture and labor. This council would bring about a close rapprochement between government, industry, agriculture and labor that would assist the formulation and execution of effective measures for the maintenance of that equilibrium which would ensure stable prosperity.

Vice-President's Address.

C. E. Neill, vice-president and managing director, submitted to the meeting a very interesting proposal by which Canada might benefit to a far greater extent from the tremendous tourist traffic that is coming annually into the country from the United States.

"Canada," said Mr. Neill, "is attracting approximately fifteen million visitors a year. This great annual migration presents an unparalleled opportunity for increasing our trade. As yet there has been no concerted effort to build the tradition that there are purchases which can be made in Canada more advantageously than in the United States. If we could make purchasing in Canada sufficiently attractive, it would make a difference of more than one billion dollars a year in our trade."

General Manager's Address.

Morris W. Wilson, general manager, reviewed the 60th annual report and balance sheet, for the year ending November 30. The figures, both of assets and profits, constitute a new record for Canadian banking. Total assets of $1,001,442,741 are shown, being an increase of $92,046,856 for the year. Deposits have gained $64,620,923 and now stand at $772,067,768.

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