Such delicacy of flavour is not found in other teas

"SALADA" TEA

162

'Fresh from the gardens'

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

Daintiness has this little sheer woolen frock—and such charm!

It has the modish flared sleeves and becoming draped bodice.

And it's cut on extremely slenderizing lines with its curved seaming through the flat hipline.

A rich brown print made the original, with plain pastel-red contrast.

Style No. 2997 may be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 39-inch material with ¾ yard of 39-inch contrasting.

Black crepe satin is stunning in this model with pinkish-beige crepe satin contrast.

Dark green canton-faille crepe is another interesting scheme in combination with eggshell.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

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.

Sanctuaries In Ontario Prevent Game Depletion

The Province of Ontario occupies the geographical centre of Canada, a land of wonderful diversity in topography, as in resources, reaching northward to the waters of Hudson Bay and southward to the Niagara River, giving expression to nearly all the inventions of Mother Nature in soil, climate, forest types and the multiple varieties of wild life. Small wonder that a continuous woodland of 100 million acres, most of it in the primitive stage, and within such easy reach of the great human concentrations of the American Continent, has drawn to itself thousands of annual visitors equipped with gun or rod. Recognizing what has happened to other sections of America where easy access and popularity rapidly forced a depletion of games and fish, the same fear might arise respecting Ontario, now that the trek of sportsmen has turned in its direction. One overlooks, however, the great fact that Ontario is amply provided with vast sanctuaries, that shooting seasons are strictly limited, as is the bag, and that in the forested zones native population is so thinly scattered as to affect but meagerly the breeding range as it existed in days primeval.

She had paid strict attention throughout the lesson, scarcely taking her eyes off the school master. At the end he said: "Now, Lucy, I'm sure you have something interesting to tell us. What is it?" She replied: "Please, sir, do you know you are wearing odd socks?"

Boy Scout Statue Unveiled in England

Monument Commemorates Gathering of 50,000 at Birkenhead in World Camp

To perpetuate the memory of the third World Scout Jamboree at Arrowe Park, near Birkenhead, England, a statue of a Boy Scout has just been unveiled at the end of Pilgrim's Way, where the five main roads of the tent city met. At the Jamboree, held a little more than two years ago, 50,000 Boy Scouts from seventy-three countries camped together for two weeks.

In the absence of Lord Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout of the World, at whose call in August, 1929, the youth of the world came together, Lord Hampton, Chief Commissioner of the Boys Scouts Association of Great Britain, unveiled the statue in the presence of several high British Scout officials. Lord Hampton was the guest of honor at the twenty-first annual meeting of the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America at Memphis, Tenn., last spring, and later made a tour during which he observed many phases of scouting in America.

The memorial is in the form of a life-size figure of a Boy Scout carved in green stone in an open frame of buff sandstone. It was designed by Leonard Barnish of Liverpool. Below the figure appear the words: "Presented to the Borough of Birkenhead by the Boy Scouts Association to commemorate the World Jamboree at Arrowe Park, 1929." The inscription also includes an extract from Lord Baden-Powell's farewell message at the Jamboree which reads:

"Today I send you out from Arrowe to all the world bearing my symbol of peace and fellowship—each one of you my ambassador, bearing my message of love and fellowship on the wings of sacrifice and service to the ends of the earth. Frow now on, the Scout symbol of peace is the Golden Arrow. Carry it fast and far, so that all men may know the brotherhood of men."

Councillor E. J. Hughes, Mayor of Birkenhead, accepted the statue on behalf of the borough.

How Carrier Pigeon Finds His Way Home

The theory that the homing pigeon has a special sense of direction is disproved by experiments conducted by Dr. Ralph H. Grundlach of the University of Washington. A better explanation for its skill in finding its way home is that the carrier has good vision, wide cruising range and some special motivation.

Dr. Grundlach constructed a maze in such a way that only a creature having a direction of sense would be able to solve it. Experienced homers were baffled even after three months of trial.

Another experiment was to release sixteen trained racing homers on a strange course. On the new course only three came home in less than five hours, six were out from one to fourteen nights and two never came home at all.

Mr. Close—"This vacation has cost me a small fortune."

Miss Spend—"Must have been small."

The sacred rights of man are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records. They are written as with a sunbeam in the whole volume of human nature by the hand of divinity itself and can never be erased by mortal power.—Anonymous.

Proud father (whose son is tinkering with the wireless set): "That boy of mine will go far." Guest: "Good! When does he start?"

There are a lot of grey-haired people who are dyeing to get married.

ADMIT ONE

BY SIDNEY HORLER.

SYNOPSIS

Phillip Crane, a young aeroplane designer, comes to London on holiday. At Waterloo Station he saves a girl, Margery Ferguson, from death by snatching her from beneath a large car.

On arrival at the Mid-Western Hotel, where he has suddenly decided to stay, he is surprised to find a letter addressed to him, although no one could have known of his intention to stay there. He is further mystified by finding the letter is written in code. After dining out, on his return he finds an unknown woman in his rooms.

CHAPTER II.—Cont'd)

"Yes—of course. They were here awaiting me." He did not know why he was carrying on this stupid game, except that the woman was temporarily dominating him.

"Then, why weren't you here to keep the appointment? If I told—" She stopped and looked at Crane as though she wanted to read his soul.

"You are much younger than I imagined. They said you were thirty-five, and wore a moustache."

"So I did until ten days ago. Then I got tired of it." He smiled at the silly conceit which had leapt into his mind merely because the first statement happened to be true.

The woman seized on the words.

"Were you suspected? Was that why you shaved off your moustache? Come here!" Because he did not obey the command immediately, she stepped forward and, taking him by the shoulders, drew his face down. At first, Philip had the insane notion that she meant to kiss him, but the fierceness in her face belied any such idea.

"Yes, you are speaking the truth," she said.

So dynamic was her manner that he actually felt an overwhelming relief. It was as though he was a real player in this mystery-drama, instead of being a mere understudy—and a fraudulent one at that . . .

"You know what you are to do?" the interrogation proceeded; "but I am wasting time," she went on in that same tempestuous fashion; "everything was detailed clearly in the letters. By the way, what have you done with them?"

"I thought it best to lock them up." This, again, was the truth.

It seemed somewhat to calm the storm.

"Yes; you can't be too careful. Anything happen on the voyage over?"

"No—nothing." The game was beginning to intrigue him now; and the belief that there was possibly something crooked in it added to the interest. Stupid, perhaps, but he was feeling like a man who had been given a ticket marked:

ADMIT ONE TO ADVENTURE.

He was going on.

"No one followed you here?" came the next snapped question.

"Not that I know of. A fellow bumped into me in King Street, St. James's, tonight, but I put the breeze up him properly and he soon cleared off." Time was giving him confidence; he was beginning to feel that, up till now, he had not done so badly in his totally unrehearsed part. A sense of humor made him add sharply: "You ought to have had more sense than to come here dressed like that. With your hair and figure, everyone in the hotel will remember you."

He expected an explosion, but, instead, he saw something of the anger die down in the beautiful face.

"I had to dress—I'm going on to the Rosy Dawn Night Club. Stevensson is to be there. Have you met Stevensson yet?"

"No—not yet." It was too much to hope that she would put all her remaining questions in that form, but, so long as she did, he could stick to the truth without, apparently, any great risk of the consequences.

"I expect he'll want me to bring him back here," she added.

Crane considered it time to register his disapproval. He was on a much-needed holiday; he couldn't have his rooms—and a private suite at that!—littered up with a lot of mysterious beings who belonged by rights to the films.

"But you musn't do that!"

"No?" There was a challenge in the monosyllable.

"I won't allow it—do you think I want all Scotland Yard prowling round?" That was a good one, surely; and when he saw the woman bite her lip and give evident serious consideration to his rebuke, he knew he had struck a bull's-eye.

"Then you'll have to come with me to the Rosy Dawn."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

He couldn't tell her, he supposed that he had decided on trying to get a rubber of bridge—he doubted if she would understand.

"Tomorrow must do," he temporized; "it was a beast of a journey"—which was more or less correct—"and I want to rest—be alone." The latter statement, whilst being possibly ungallant, was, at least, strictly accurate.

"Stevensson will want your report."

"He must wait for it." He'd have to wait a jolly long time, too. "I can't be bothered with anything tonight. There's not that much hurry." If his eyes had not been fixed on the woman's face, he must have grinned.

"You seem to have learned independence in America, but I warn you, Crane, that that sort of stuff won't go with Stevensson, or with—" She broke off quickly as, for the third time since this interview had started, a puzzled expression, which seemed to be more than half suspicion, flashed into her face.

"You don't speak with any American accent," she said.

"Of course not; don't you know that I'm a Cornishman, and that a Cornishman never acquires any accent but his own?"

This farce must end. He yawned. "I hate to be rude, but I'm going to bed. Make any appointment you like for after eleven tomorrow morning, but you'll have to excuse me now. I want to make up for the sleep I lost."

Pretty good, he thought. When the woman was gone, he'd roar with laughter and try to speculate what it all meant on his way to the smoking room.

His visitor rose at the unmistakable hint.

"All right," she said curtly, "I'll go. I don't know what Stevensson will say, though."

Crane yawned again in a most realistic manner.

"Let him say what he likes. Good night." Crossing to the door, he opened it.

She looked at him again in that strangely intent fashion.

"I'll tell Stevensson that I think you're too good-looking for the job," she said; "the girl may fall in love with you." The words were accompanied by a short, hard laugh.

"The girl—?" He had repeated the two words before pulling himself up. A very disturbing mental picture had flashed across his brain; he saw himself looking again into the brown eyes of a girl who was sorely troubled—a girl who had whispered the words: "They meant to kill me!"

"It's all set down in your instructions—anyone would think you hadn't read them! You're to attend to the girl—keep her out of mischief!" Another short, hard laugh.

"Stevensson's looking for her now in his big green car; she's somewhere in London."

Another memory stabbed his brain; that juggernaut from whose wheels he had snatched the girl had been painted green!

CHAPTER III.

Philip did some lightning reflecting. A memory came back to him. He saw a girl's face: it was white with fear. Whispered words faltered from her lips: "They meant to kill me!"

The vision lasted for at least half a minute, and at the end of that time, an explanation to this mystery had arrived. The situation was plain. He, by some extraordinary chance, had been mistaken for a crook. This girl, who must belong to a gang, believed he was someone else. That explained everything, of course—the cryptograms in the letters bearing his name. What a joke! And for this amazing thing to have happened to him—a quiet, ordinary commonplace draughtsman, who had come from Truro of all places in the world!

His mood of jocularity soon passed. He became serious. It was the vision of that girl's face again, the terror he remembered seeing in her eyes, that brought the gravity back into his mind.

But for his quick dash that girl would now have been dead. Dead! It was a horrible thought to associate with anyone so young and beautiful, so fragrant, and so vibrant with the happiness that should have been hers.

Then a third thought came. This affair, however big it might be, concerned exclusively other people. It was no business of his. And yet, although his native common-sense, he knew, had dictated it, he was not prepared to listen to this voice of caution. Ordinary and commonplace he might be: dull and uneventful his life up till now certainly had been; he was the last person to be associated with any foolish Don Quixotry, but— He was a man, and what man with any spirit could allow this fiendish scheme to go through without endeavoring to raise a hand to prevent it?

"What are you thinking about?" The words, sharply uttered, recalled him to himself. He had to pretend. He must endeavor, so far as was able, to continue to lay the part of the crook for whom he was mistaken. This girl, cool, sophisticated, and intelligent, as she undoubtedly was, had to be deceived—if that was possible.

He looked across at her, smiling.

"What was that you said?" he queried.

His companion lit the cigaret which she had just taken from a tortoise-shell case.

"I said that the girl might possibly fall in love with you," was the reply.

He seized on the words. "Well, that would be all to the good, surely?" he heard himself saying.

(To be continued.)

healthful food..

KRAFT

Cheese is rich in calcium, phosphorus . . . and body-building vitamins. It is the most highly concentrated source of highest quality protein known. For a balanced diet, include Kraft cheese with every meal.

Made in Canada

KRAFT CHEESE

Made by the makers of Kraft Salad Dressing and Velveeta

The Gap in the Hedge

It is tiring along the highroad
In the heat of the noonday sun,
It is lonely in every by-road
When summer days are done,
But oh! how the spirit rallies
When gaps in the hedgerows bring
The gleam of light in the valleys
And joy to our wayfaring.

On the road to the great hereafter
When the shadows round us fly,
And the echo of all our laughter
Is heard the wind's sad sigh,
May we find in the darkest places
A gap in the hedge to show
The beauty ahead and the faces
With heavenly light aglow.

—"K", in Chambers' Journal.

International Finance

London Daily Herald (Lab.): No nation can live to itself in the financial sense. As someone has said, the countres of the world are roped together like Alpine climbers; if one falls over the precipice the strain falls on the others. Mark, franc, dollar, pound—their fortunes are intertwined.

Avarice

Avarice makes a man a peevish and cruel master, a severe parent, an unsociable husband, a distant and distrustful friend, and causes often an unhappy home.

England, My England

What have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the world on your bugles blown?

Where shall the watchful sun,
England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
England, my own?
When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the Song on your bugle's blown,
England—
Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England:—
'Take and break us; we are yours,
England, my own!
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky:
Death is death; but we shall die,
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
To the stars on your bugles blown!"

—W. E. Henley, in Pearson's Weekly.

if you like a thicker and sweeter syrup buy BENSON'S GOLDEN SYRUP

You can get GREATER NOURISHMENT for LESS MONEY by serving

EDWARDSBURG CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

The CANADA STARCH CO., Limited MONTREAL

A8

"FATIGUE? I just postpone it!"

"No, I don't have 'nerves.' You can't have them, and hold this sort of position. My head used to throb around three o'clock, and certain days, of course, were worse than others.

"Then I learned to rely on Aspirin."

The sure cure for any headache is rest. But sometimes we must postpone it. That's when Aspirin saves the day. Two tablets, and the nagging pain is gone until you are home. And once you are comfortable the pain seldom returns!

Keep Aspirin handy. Don't put it away, or put off taking it. Fighting a headache to finish the day may be heroic, but it is also a little foolish. So is sacrificing a night's sleep because you've an annoying cold, or irritated throat, or grumbling tooth, neuralgia, neuritis. These tablets always relieve. They don't depress the heart, and may be taken freely. That is medical opinion. It is a fact established by the last twenty years of medical practise.

The only caution to be observed is when you are *buying* Aspirin. Don't take a substitute because it will not act the same. Aspirin is made in Canada.

BAYER