October Investments

Our October Bond List and Review offers a wide range of Canadian government and high-grade municipal bonds. It also reviews the Canadian bond market of the past year and presents a chart showing yields obtainable from long term Province of Ontario bonds from 1912 to date.

Copy of October Bond List and Review gladly furnished on request.

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Money is scarce yet she has pretty clothes

"You always look as if you had just stepped out of a fashion sheet. Yet money is none too plentiful with you. How do you do it?" the neighbors were always asking Mrs. Burnette. One day she told them. "My secret of pretty clothes is simple. When my dresses, blouses and underthings become faded with much washing, I renew their color beauty by a simple rinsing in Diamond Tints. These wonderful tints are made by the makers of Diamond Dyes which you know are the best dyes made for dark colors. Diamond Tints are for light shades. They need no boiling and they last through repeated launderings. All you need to do is to rinse your things in Diamond Tints. You can get such lovely shades by using them. So you see," said Mrs. Burnette, "pretty clothes are as easy for you to have as for me."

DIAMOND TINTS
AT ALL DRUG STORES

Hungarian Court Protects Street Sweeper

Vienna.—The danger of committing that serious and peculiarly Austrian crime of "wounding official honor," has been increased by a recent magisterial ruling that not only tram conductors and the invisible telephone girl must be treated with the exaggerated respect due a bureaucrat, but that the street sweepers of Vienna possess the same sacrosanct character.

"This is a very grave matter, Herr Richard Fritz," the magistrate, Dr. Willer, told the defendant. "You have insulted an official personage in the execution of his duty."

Very humanly the defendant replied: "I've had nothing to do with an official personage—I had a few words with a street sweeper."

"That's just what I'm dealing with," replied Dr. Willer. "Didn't you see his official cap?"

"Yes, and his sceptre—his broom," replied Herr Fritz. "Only in Vienna could a street cleaner be treated as an official! I merely 'told him off' because he was making such a dust—in the execution of his offlical duties."

The open wound to the dustman's official honor remains for the moment unhealed, as the grave case was adjourned to await the evidence of a policeman.

The Destructive Starling

Mr. W. C. Cain, Deputy Minister of Lands and Forests, paid a visit to the Jack Miner Bird Sanctuary to view the trees killed by the European Starling and to ascertain in what way Starlings actually killed the Scotch and White Pine. The trees had been grown from seedlings furnished by Ontario Forestry Department and were from fifteen to twenty feet in height, the Scotch Pine being in one grove and the White Pine in a separate grove.

Last October the European Starlings started to roost in these two groves in countless numbers and by November practically no green needles could be seen, being covered with droppings. By Spring not only the trees were covered but two or three inches of slimy droppings covered the ground and these droppings acted on the trees like lye from wood ashes.

In midsummer when thunderstorms came and the big rains hit the trees the droppings washed off and needles fell at the same time.

The outside four or five rows of trees are not killed as they did not roost near the outer edge of the grove, but in central part of each grove, where they roosted in greatest numbers, the trees are all dead.

Discussing the starlings' diet it was discovered that the birds ate a goodly number of insects, beetles and so forth, but no more than our own native flickers, woodpeckers, bluebirds and other valuable birds that are being driven out by these European Starlings.

"As far as them being weed seed destroyers," Jack Miner branded them as "weed seed distributors," as a large portion of weed seeds they eat are not digested, and will and do germinate wherever dropped.

Forces of Peace

By Edouard Herriot, Premier of France.

If one wishes seriously to discuss the grave problems of peace, what folly it is to talk ceaselessly of material disarmament if one does nothing to bring about moral disarmament, if one directs openly or secretly the most magnificent forces of life to the most sinister demands of death, if one fosters industrial activities which would, when desired, quickly furnish the means for human destruction. • •

With this community in peace once established, the solution of the problem introduced by Germany would not be difficult. What good are useless quarrels? A statute of peace must be set up which would unite all the nations of Europe under the same regime of security which, it should be understood, would also guarantee complete security to Germany.

Weavers

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny,
We reap as we have sown.

—Whittier.

Satisfy their 'tween-meals hunger with Christie's Premium Soda Crackers and milk, or jam, or spreads, or peanut butter. They'll love them and so will you. Keep a package in the pantry all the time for soups, salads, desserts, quick lunches.

Crisp, light, flaky and slightly salted. Delicious.

Christie's PREMIUM SODA CRACKERS

Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS.

Rich old Mrs. Jupiter is murdered during the engagement party she gave for her secretary, Mary Harkness. Suspicion points to Mary's brother, Eddie, who is killed by a car as he goes to meet her. Bowen, Star police reporter, discovers a racetrack crook called The Fly to whom Eddie owed money. Mary meets Bowen in a speakeasy where The Fly is said to be hiding. Dirk, her fiance, comes to take her home. He is on his way to lock up the Jupiter necklace in his office safe. Dirk proves The Fly is not there. Mary clasps the necklace about her throat just as three strangers enter.

CHAPTER XX.

Bowen and Dirk followed Mary's eyes and saw the newcomers, too, almost before she could tear her fascinating gaze from theirs. Although, strictly speaking, none of the three men were looking at her, but at the necklace gleaming like new blood against the snowy velvet of her evening jacket. She had had drawn it about her swiftly but clumsily. The greater portion of the necklace swung outside.

"Don't go now, it'll look as if we're running," Bowen said quietly, almost without moving his lips.

They sat in petrified silence a few minutes, each with his own whirling thoughts, making half-hearted conversation. The party at the opposite table ordered drinks, talked in low tones, and otherwise comported themselves in an ordinary manner.

Mary sneaked glances at them out of the corners of her eyes. Was one of them The Fly? All three were dark; one quite handsome. He was the one who had jumped to his feet. Had they been in the small dining room and left, returning by the front door? They might be quite different men, perfectly harmless customers of the place, like themselves. Although "perfectly harmless" was a strong designation for any of Jack Shay's customers, if the place was really the criminals' hangout Bowen had said.

Adroitly she managed to push the necklace out of sight, covering it with the collar of her wrap. As the party at the opposite table made no overt move, even failed to look in their direction again, Mary said restlessly:

"We may as well go. They know we were about to leave, they saw me put my wrap on."

The waiter, who had been nowhere in sight a few minutes before, now stood leaning with arms crossed against a dilapidated sideboard which stood against the back wall. His face was nearly without expression as such a sinister countenance could manage to be. Although he kept his eyes fixed assiduously on a spot halfway between their table and the strangers' table, Bowen had the feeling that he was all attention, waiting to be signalled for.

He held up his finger, and Mike came swiftly forward.

"Check, please!" Bowen said in a carrying voice. Mike fumbled for his pad. Before he could find it, Bowen whispered, "Put it on the cuff and I'll see you later. Tell Jack tomorrow's pay day. I'll be around."

Mike nodded wordlessly.

Mike would have moved off, but Bowen detained him.

"Is that him?" he asked softly.

"Yes. Yes. I tell him. Thank you!" Mike answered, making significant facial contortions, and palming a coin Bowen handed him. He hurried away before any more could be said.

So one of those men was The Fly! Mary had become adept in reading Mike's peculiar form of sign-language, and no wonder, for his pantomime was more exaggerated than subtle. As an actor, Mike was pretty much of a "mugger." As long as he kept his back turned to the enemy, however he was safe.

Dirk said, "Ready?" Mary, powdering her nose, nodded.

They got up and moved toward the door, Dirk leading, Mary following, and Bowen bringing up the rear. Mike leaped into action with exaggerated servility, coming forward to open the door. Whether by design or not, he was almost at Mary's side, and directly between her and the three seated men, as she walked to the door.

No one of the me at the table moved.

Once outside, Mary sagged against Dirk's arm. But when he looked at her sharply, in quick fear that she was about to faint, he saw that she was shaking with silent laughter. Hysterical! He gripped her arm tightly and snarled at Bowen: "I hope you're satisfied!"

"Honey, I'm not having systerics, honest!" Mary giggled. "It's just the let-down. I never was so thrilled in my life! Wouldn't have missed it for anything!"

"Perhaps it will amuse you to know there was nothing to miss," Dirk said sharply. "You don't believe all this claptrap, do you? Three drummers from Terre Haute making the rounds of the speakeasies, and you let this clown feed you a wild story about murderers and jewel robbers. You've been reading too much Edgar Wallace, Bowen. Keep it to yourself after this, will you?"

Dirk gripped Mary's arm and led her to the curb where his coupe stood. Several car lengths away stood Bowen's rattle-trap. He started to go toward it, then turned and came up to the coupe and leaned through the open window.

"Got a gun?" he asked.

"No, Al Capone, I have not," Dirk said. "And what of it?"

With a quick gesture Bowen drew an automatic out of his pocket and handed it into the car, butt first.

Even Dirk was touched, disconcerted for a minute. Then he said with good-natured scorn, "Oh, keep it! What if somebody does plug me? You'll get a good story."

Bowen's temper gave way.

"I don't give a damn what happens to you," he said roughly. "But you've got a woman with you, remember. Take this whether you want it or not."

He shoved the gun into Dirk's lap and swung off. As they moved down the street, Bowen's little tin-can car followed them.

Something about that grotesque equipage and its owner wrung Marp's heart and anger flooded her.

"I think you're a beast!" she said to Dirk. "You shouldn't have talked to him like that! Maybe Mike lied to him, but I'm sure he didn't mean to lie to us!"

"Mike? Who's Mike?"

Mary told him what she knew.

"You mean," Dirk said slowly, meaningfully, "that all this so-called evidence he's got that a man named The Fly robbed that house, killed Mrs. Jupiter and then ran your brother down presumably to keep him from telling, is the word of a double-starred yegg like that waiter?"

Put that way, it did sound rather thin. But some traitorous part of Mary persisted in believing that in his own way Bowen was right. Might there not be truth even in a "yegg" like Mike, if the claims of friendship demanded it?

What had happened was clear enough—Jack Shay, still mulling over the significance of that afternoon's taxi crash, had carried the name "Harkness" back to his friends in that room, and asked if it meant anything to any of them.

It had meant a good deal to The Fly, naturally. He and his two companions had slipped out the side door and came in again by the front for the purpose of getting a look at her. It had been sheer bad luck that they had seen the necklace.

Fear grew in her. If Bowen's reasoning were true, then the Fly might be following them this very minute.

They were in lower Broadway now, in the manufacturing district, dark and comparatively deserted, heading for the Nassau street law office of Stephen Ruyther and Son. They were going along at about 45 miles an hour, but clinging tenaciously on their trail, about a block behind, was Bowen's machine, its "oneman top" swaying perilously in the breeze.

Nassau street was dark as they came to a stop before the small office building in which three generations of Ruythers had their offices.

"Cover that up," Dirk told her curtly as he turned the key in the switch and locked the car. Holding the collar of her coat tightly across her throat with both hands, she got out and followed him into the building.

The lobby was dark except for a dim light way at the back, which proved to be a watch-light kept burning for safeguard in a little hole-in-the-wall jewelry shop opening off the lobby. By its pale and ghostly radiance they found their way up the stairs.

Steps, steps, steps—arm in arm they went up, up, up, Mary's fingers fairly pinching Dirk's arm, so tense was their pressure. The stair-well was pitch black, but each landing place was faintly lightened from without by a tall, narrow window. On one of these Dirk bent his head and kissed her.

"Scared?" he asked. She could see well enough by this time to see that he was smiling fondly. She squeezed his arm tighter. "Awfully," she said.

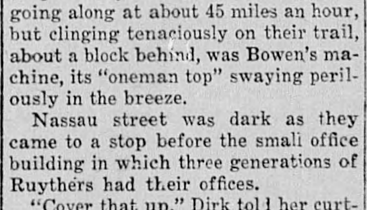
The blaze of light that followed when Dirk had opened the office door and punched the button was blinding. Mary threw up her hands to protect her eyes from it. Dirk went straight to the safe and began twirling the knob. Mary unfastened the ruby necklace, held it up for a last admiring glance, and put it into the soft leather bed he held out for it. He laid it away inside, shut the door and spun the knob.

"Phew!" he said, getting up and dusting off his hands. "Thank God that's done!" He made a pretense of mopping his fevered brow with a handkerchief. "Five more minutes with that thing on my mind, and I'd have buckled under the strain."

Mary lifted ironical eyebrows. "What? Surely you don't believe in such nonsense as thieves and things?"

Dirk was about to reply, when the very windows reverberated with the force of a crash in the street outside. Pausing only long enough to pick up the gun Bowen had given him, Dirk rushed to one of the windows which faced Nassau street, lifted it and looked out.

(To be continued.)



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Dickens in the Lead

Croydon, England.—Dickens still remains the most popular of British novelists, Shakespeare is read more than ever, and Tennyson and Longfellow have a greater number of readers than any living poet.

This is shown by the annual report of the Croydon libraries committee for 1931-32, and may be taken as indicative of the reading tastes of middle-class Britons, the London suburb of Croydon being a cross-section of typical English middle-class folk.

A slight falling off in the demand for certain authors is also seen. Thos. Hardy, still largely read, is no longer insistently called for, and the same can be said of George Meredith, Joseph Conrad, Anthony Hope and Rudyard Kipling, although the demand for certain of their books continues unabated.

Windshield Wiper Needs Care.

Keep your windshield wipers in good working condition always. They are essential to safety when driving in a heavy rain, sleet or snowstorm.

Innocence is a flower which withers when touched, but blooms not again, though watered with tears.—Hooper.

Simplicity

I hold things lovely
The simpler they are—
The phosphorescent flicker
Of a single silver star;
The fragile cobweb beauty
Simplicity can hold so much
Of Queen Anne's lace.
Of loveliness and grace!

—Charlotte Champenois, in the Christian Science Monitor.

Reading that Russia, with discovery of a dandelion containing 15 per cent rubber content, has planted 2500 acres to it, those of us who care for our own lawns will be quite sure that here at last is one Soviet venture certain to finish well ahead of the Five-Year Plan.

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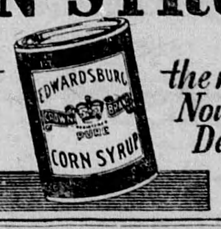

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