A Quality Which Is Incomparable

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Seeing New York

By ED. B. WARING.

I cannot leave Chinatown and the Bowery without telling of two exciting experiences I had while wandering around these places. Thinking some pictures would help me remember my sojourn in this interesting city I started out one day to take some snaps of Chinatown and the Bowery. However my hopes of getting any pictures of these two places were short lived because the first two attempts nearly cost me my camera and probably my well being.

Arriving in Chinatown I picked out the headquarters of one of the Tongs and was getting ready to take a snap of it when out dashed a shabbily dressed Chinaman gesticulating wildly. Grabbing my camera, he asked me "why you take?" and when I answered meekly, "just for curiosity," he told me, none too politely, to "go way," and he emphasized his remarks with a push on the back. Nothing daunted I commenced along the Bowery looking for some other likely looking subject and I didn't have to walk far before I espied a typical Bowery saloon. Standing right on the corner, the saloon was equipped with swinging doors, brass rails to rest the weary feet on and all the other essentials which go to make up the real old-time saloon. However, it seemed as if this was my unlucky day, and no sooner had I set myself to take this piece of artistic scenery when out dashed the barman. When I say barman I mean it. He was one of those things you hear about but seldom see. He was small and portly and had a well seasoned handle-bar moustache which looked as though it could stand a couple of swings, his nose was of a bright red and reminded one of a well seasoned tomato and with his checker vest and white apron he made a perfect picture for a beer advertisement.

Grabbing my arm which held the camera, he asked, in words which couldn't be printed, why I was taking a picture, and the ferocious look he gave me prompted me to reply, with an air of indifference, "oh, nothing." Seemingly doubting my word, he gave me a push on the shoulder and warned me to clear off before he set some of his boys on me. Being only a local boy in a big city, and far away from home, I took his advice and moved away without much coaxing.

Union Square, of which you have all probably heard about, is located not far from the Bowery and is to New York what Allan Gardens and Queen's Park are to Toronto, and Hyde Park is to London. It is the meeting place for the soap-box orators and here one can get all kinds of advice, from the way to get rid of your mother-in-law to how to become a king or a president. The park in the centre of the square is usually packed with these orators and also is well filled with quack doctors and the like. The benches around the park are always taken up, particularly in the afternoon when the gentlemen of the Bowery partake of their afternoon nap. The orators, for the most part, are Communists, and they attack everything and everybody, and always have a large audience. I stopped to listen to one of these speakers who happened to be giving the President and the N.R.A. a bit of abuse. After listening for some time I was just about to move on when a chap standing beside me asked my opinion on the N.R.A., and this was where I made a mistake, because in answering him I let myself become embroiled in a very heated argument, and before I knew it a crowd, all seemingly of the same faith, had gathered, so believing in the old adage that a shut mouth is better than a broken nose, I decided to agree with everything they said, despite the fact I was doing a bit of "strange Interluding." I stopped at several other meetings and witnessed a few more innocent bystanders like myself become the centre of heated arguments. It seems as though there is a bunch of people who frequent this park for no other reasons than to incite arguments. After listening to the different speakers and agreeing with myself that their views were all the same, I started to walk out of the park only to be accosted by several rather communistic looking gentlemen, who asked my views (as if they mattered) on different subjects, but not caring to get in another argument, I informed them I knew nothing, which was probably right.

As far as I could see the repeal of prohibition will mean nothing to New York excepting that it will allow the beer saloons to place the "hard stuff" on the counter instead of under it. I was told when beer first became legal everybody was selling it, drugstores, cigar stores, grocery stores and any other store with a roof over its head. The Federal Government soon nipped this by putting on a $500 license fee, and so now it is mostly restaurants which have opened beer gardens in front of their establishments. However, the large fee didn't deter the burlesque shows, and one can enjoy a sandwich and glass of beer while watching the antics of the supposed actors.

In concluding this series next week I will tell you of some experiences in Harlem and endeavor to describe the "Great White Way" for you.

Indian Art Being Revived in B.C.

Children Model from Life; Forests Supply Material For Dyes

Indian arts are being revived in the native schools of the Okanagan Valley, B.C. Children take time out from study of the three R's to scour the forests for flowers and roots which are used to instruct them in the almost lost arts of their ancestors.

Mosses, flowers, roots and bark are made into dyes and paints. Old recipes for the making of medicines from herbs and roots are tested while the children strive to improve and perfect their creations.

Spinning, weaving, dyeing, pottery, clay modelling, carving and design are attempted by the children in the class-room. To the accompaniment of the click, clack of the spinning loom children sing Indian songs and listen to records of musical selection.

Ponies, dogs, cats and calves serve as life models for the drawing class. The mascot, a pet deer, is often coaxed to pose. Clays used for modelling are found on the reserve. After they have been worked they are placed in a pinewood fire, then set to cool and polished. The school works out of doors.

Herbs that are collected include greaseweed which is prepared for the treatment of rheumatism. For respiratory ailments, a decoction of sunflower seeds was found beneficial. Butterfly weed, as an emetic, was voted perfect, while the pitch of the fir balsam was used as a salve in the treatment of wounds.

One method used in the treatment of snake bite was the application of the powdered rattle of the rattlesnake, rubbed into the wound. Colors of the Okanagan tribe—red, black and yellow—are employed in the painting class. Paint is obtained from red and yellow ochre, mixed with fish oil, and black from charred pinewood embers.

Ochre is secured from Tullameen, near Princeton, Tullameen being the Indian word for paint. In the olden days it was exported in large quantities to different parts of the American continent. The Blackfeet used it when on the warpath.

Girls Need Training More Than Boys

Milwaukee.—There is a greater need for girl scouting than there is for boy scouting, in the expressed opinion of the only male delegate to the Girl Scout convention.

Twenty years in Boy Scout work and 15 years in Girl Scout activities leads James E. Brooks, retired consulting engineer of Glen Ridge and Montclair, N.J., to believe he is qualified to judge.

"The Boy Scouts are a great organization," he said, "but even without it boys are inclined to develop into good and active citizens. Girls are different. They are just beginning to enter fields heretofore strictly left to men, and they haven't the natural inclinations or abilities which thousands of years of experience has given to the other sex."

"If democracy cannot do better in the future in assuring competent leaders, some other method will be devised to produce them."—Harry Elmer Barnes.

Every soul has a landscape that changes with the wind that sweeps the sky, with the clouds that return after its rain.—George MacDonald.

WRINGER ROLLS
Re-Rubbered—Also New Rolls
for any make of electric washer or hand wringer; highest quality, lowest prices. Money-back guarantee.
Coffield Electrical Applicance Company.
387 Yonge St. Toronto

ISSUE No. 45—'33

SYNOPSIS.

Capt. Trevelyan rents his house in Sittaford to Mrs. Willett and takes a smaller one in Exhampton. While his friend Major Burnaby and three neighbors play at table tipping with Mrs. Willett and her daughter Violet, a "spirit" message is received that Trevelyan has been murdered. Burnaby finds his friend dead. Trevelyan's estate is willed to his sister, Mrs. Jennifer Gardner, and the three children of another sister, Mrs. Pearson, now dead. James Pearson had come to Exhampton from London the day of the murder. He is arrested. Emily Trefusis, his fiancee, meets Charles Enderby, reporter, and asks him to help her. After she had talked to Violet Willett she heard Mrs. Willett mutter, "Will night never come? I can't bear it!" Enderby, watching the Willett's house late at night, sees Violet secretly meet an unknown man in the garden. The man hears Enderby.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Cont'd.)

"What's that?" he said.

He caught sight of Charles' retreating figure.

"Hie, you, stop! What are you doing here?"

With a bound he sprang after Charles. Charles turned and tackled him adroitly. The next moment they were rolling over and over together locked in a tight embrace.

The tussle was a short one. Charles' assailant was by far the heavier and stronger of the two. He rose to his feet, jerking his captive with him.

"Switch on that light, Violet," he said, "let's have a look at this fellow."

The girl, who had been standing terrified a few paces away came forward and switched on the light obediently.

"It must be the man who is staying in the village," she said, "a journalist."

"A journalist, eh?" exclaimed the other. "I don't like the breed. What are you doing, you skunk, nosing round private grounds at this time of night?"

The torch wavered in Violet's hand. For the first time Charles was given a full view of his antagonist. For a few minutes he had entertained the wild idea that the visitor might have been the escaped convict. One look at the other dispelled any such fancy. This was a young man not more than twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, tall, good-looking and determined, with none of the hunted criminal about him.

"Now, then," he said sharply, "what's your name?"

"My name is Charles Enderby," said Charles. "You haven't told me yours," he continued.

"Confound your cheek!"

A sudden flash of inspiration came to Charles. An inspired guess had saved him more than once. It was a long shot, but he believed he was right.

"I think, however," he said quietly, "that I can guess it."

"What?"

The other was clearly taken aback.

"I think," said Charles, "that I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Brian Pearson from Australia. Is that so?"

There was a silence—rather a long silence. Charles had a feeling that the tables were turned.

"How the devil you knew that I can't think," said the other at last, "but you're right. My name is Brian Pearson."

"In that case," said Charles, "supposing we go to the house and talk things over!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Major Burnaby was doing his accounts or—to use a more Dickenslike phrase, he was looking into his affairs. The Major was an extremely methodical man. In a calf-bound book he kept a record of shares bought, shares sold and the accompanying loss or profit—usually a loss, for in common with most retired army men the major was attracted by a high rate of interest rather than a modest percentage coupled with safety.

"These oil wells looked all right," he was muttering. "Seems as though there ought to have been a fortune in it. Almost as bad as that diamond mine! Canadian land, that ought to be sound now."

His cogitations were interrupted by Mr. Ronald Garfield. He found young men extremely trying, and practically everything the unfortunate Ronnie said or did managed to rub the major the wrong way. Still, hospitality is hospitality.

"Have a drink?" asked the major, loyal to that tradition.

"No, thanks. As a matter of fact I just dropped into see if we couldn't get together. I wanted to go to Exhampton today and I hear Elmer is booked to take you in."

Burnaby nodded.

"Got to go over Trevelyan's things," he explained. "The police have done with the place now."

"Well, you see," said Ronnie rather awkwardly, "I particularly wanted to go into Exhampton today. I thought if we could get together and share and share alike as it were. Eh? What about it?"

"Certainly," said the major. "I am agreeable. Do you a lot more good to walk," he added. "Exercise. None of you young chaps nowadays take any exercise."

"Oh, well," said Ronnie, "I don't believe in being strenuous myself. Elmer said you were starting at eleven o'clock. Is that right?"

"That's it."

"Good. I'll be there."

Ronnie was not quite so good as his word; his idea of being on the spot was to be ten minutes late. He found Major Burnaby fuming and fretting but he proceeded to enter into cheerful conversation.

"Sittaford has become a pretty gay spot—what? Miss Trefusis and this chap Enderby and the lad from Australia—by the way, when did he blow in? There he was as large as life this morning and nobody knew where he had come from. It's been worrying my aunt blue in the face."

"He is staying with the Willetts," said Major Burnaby tartly.

"Yes. But where did he blow in from? Even the Willetts haven't got a private aerodrome. You know, I think there's something deuced mysterious about this lad Pearson. He's got what I call a nasty gleam in his eye—a very nasty glint. It's my impression that he's the chap who did in poor old Trevelyan."

The major made no reply.

At Exhampton the car drew up outside the Three Crowns. Ronnie alighted and after arranging with the major that they would rendezvous there at half-past four for the return journey, he strode off in the direction of such shops as Exhampton offered.

The major went first to see Mr. Kirkwood. After a brief conversation with him, he took the keys and started off for Hazelmoor.

He had told Evans to meet him there at twelve o'clock and he found the faithful retainer waiting on the doorstep. With a rather grim face, Major Burnaby inserted the key into the front door and passed into the empty house, Evans at his heels. He had not been in it since the night of the tragedy, and in spite of his iron determination to show no weakness, he gave a slight shiver as he passed the drawing-room.

Evans was deft and efficient at his work. Everything was neatly sorted and arranged and classified in heaps. At one o'clock they repaired to the Three Crowns for a short mid-day meal.

At half-past three their task was finished. The trunk of clothes and underclothes was allotted to Evans, and another was strapped up ready to be sent to the Seamen's Orphanage. Papers and bills were packed into an attache case and Evans was given instructions to see a local firm of removers about the storage of the various sporting trophies and heads, as there was no room for them in Major Burnaby's cottage. Since Hazelmoor was only rented furnished no other questions arose.

When all this was settled Evans cleared his throat nervously once or twice and then said:

"Beg pardon, sir, but—I'll be wanting a job to look after a gentleman, same as I did to look after the Capting."

"Yes, yes, you can tell anyone to apply to me for a recommendation. That will be quite all right."

"Begging your pardon, sir, that wasn't quite what I meant. Rebecca and me, sir, we've talked it over and we was wondering if, sir—if maybe you would give us a trial?"

"Oh! but—well—I look after myself as you know. That old what's her name comes in and cleans for me once a day and cooks a few things. That's—er—about all I can afford."

"It isn't the money that matters so much, sir," said Evans quickly. "You see, sir, I was very fond of the Capting and—well, if I could do for you, sir, the same as I did for him, well, it would be almost like the same thing, if you know what I mean."

The Major cleared his throat and averted his eyes.

"Very decent of you, pon my word. I'll—I'll think about it." And escaping with alacrity he almost bolted down the road.

Evans stood looking after him, an understanding smile upon his face.

"Like as two peas, him and the Capting," he murmured.

And then a puzzled expression came over his face.

"Where can they have got to?" he murmured. "It's a bit queer that. I must ask Rebecca what she thinks."

* * * *

"I am not entirely happy about it, sir'" said Inspector Narracott.

The Chief Constable looked at him inquiringly.

"No," said Inspector Narracott. "I'm not nearly as happy about it as I was."

"You don't think we've got the right man?"

"I'm not satisfied. You see, to start with, everything pointed the one way, but now—it's different."

"The evidence against Pearson remains the same."

"Yes, but there's a good deal of further evidence come to light, sir. There's the other Pearson—Brian. Feeling that we had no further to look I accepted the statement that he was in Australia. Now, it turns out that he was in England all the time. It seems he arrived back in England two months ago—Travelled on the same boat as these Willetts. On Thursday of last week he left the Ormsby Hotel in Russell Square and drove to Paddington, from there until Tuesday night, when Enderby ran across him. He refuses to account for his movements in any way."

(To be continued.)

VIKING GOLD SYNDICATE
Owning 1,000 acres one mile west of NORANDA. Write for information.
330 Bay St. Toronto

ROUYANDA GOLD SYNDICATE
In the heart of the Rouyn District. Capitalization 10,000 Units. Original public offering $25 a Unit. Adjoining Northern Quebec Gold, Astoria Rouyn, and Granada. Noranda a near neighbor. Favorable Geology; Easily accessible; Extensive Findings in GOLD. The stock values of Canadian Mines have more than doubled in 18 months. Do you wish to participate in Canada's new wealth? Further information—
RALEIGH A. PRICE AND CO.
1604 Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto. - - - Phone Waverley 2354

London Register Offices Closed

Henrietta Street and Princess Row, Scenes of Romantic Marriages Locked up Tight

Two of London's famous register offices—Henrietta Street and Princess Row—the scenes of some of the most romantic marriages in recent years, closed their doors a week or so ago.

Royalty, the cream of Society, American millionaires, and members of foreign nobility made a special point of going to one of these register offices to be married. And, conversely, few Covent Garden porters would be married elsewhere than at Henrietta Street.

Strange Ceremonies

Probably the last fashionable society wedding to take place there was the marriage last month of Lord Claud Hamilton, Equerry to the King, to Mrs. Violet Newall.

Now there is only one register office for the City of Westminster, and that will be at Caxton Hall. This is caused by provisions under the Local Government Act of 1929.

Henrietta Street, just off the Strand, has probably seen more colorful and romantic weddings than any other register office in the world.

Some of them and the strange incidents that accompanied many of them were recalled by one of the registrars.

"I have married people in evening dress, in full military kit complete with medals and order, in ordinary working clothes, and in fancy dress," the Registrar said.

Millionaires' Thrill

"I have married actors and actresses still wearing their stage clothes and make-up, who have nipped out from the theatre between acts to be wedded.

"The society marriages have been far too numerous to recall. Among the outstanding ones I remember the very popular wedding of Prince Henry of Pless, when throngs of people lined the streets outside and cheered him.

"Amrican millionaires I have had in plenty. Many of them write from their homes to ask if they can come over and be married in Henrietta Street. They come over and apparently get a great thrill out of it.

"We also get a considerable number of people from the Continent, chiefly France. Henrietta Street seems to be well known in that country.

"The curious thing about French bridegrooms is that they insist on being married in evening dress, even if the ceremony takes place during the morning.

"Then, of course, we have the Pearly Kings of London who arrive here to be wedded to their 'Queens.' All their relatives seem to come, too, complete with donkeys and carts

Brides' Vain Wait

"Again there are the fruit porters from Covent Garden nearby and we even have people who 'reside' in Bruce House where one may live for a shilling a night.

"There have been pathos and human drama as well as the 'high spots' of romance. I have seen too many instances of the bride waiting patiently for the bridegroom who never turned up.

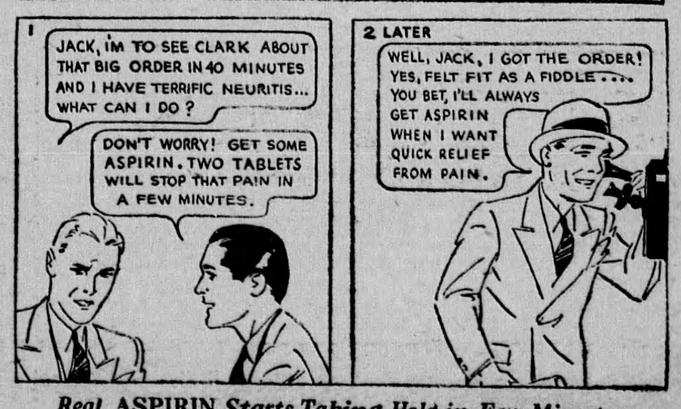
"Now we are leaving the office whose walls have seen and heard so much, for a bigger building. But there can never be another 'Henrietta Street'."

Princes row register office has been noted chiefly for its fashionable weddings. Last year Prince Lennart grandson of the King of Sweden, was married there to Miss Karin Nissvandt, daughter of a prominent Swedish business man.

"To deceive for a definite purpose almost means to be loyal."—Arthur Schnitzler.

In one out of every four murder cases the guilty person takes his own life, according to estimations.

Quick Relief Now From Neuralgia



Real ASPIRIN *Starts Taking Hold in Few Minutes*

Now comes *amazingly quick* relief from headaches, rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia . . . the *fastest safe relief, it is said, yet discovered.*

Those results are due to a scientific discovery by which an Aspirin Tablet begins to dissolve, or disintegrate, in the amazing space of two seconds after touching moisture. And hence to start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The illustration of the glass, here, tells the story. An Aspirin Tablet starts to disintegrate almost instantly you swallow it. *And thus is ready to go to work almost instantly.*

When you buy, though, be on guard against substitutes. To be sure you get ASPIRIN'S *quick relief*, be sure the name Bayer in the form of a cross is on every tablet of Aspirin.

Does Not Harm the Heart