Brother and Sister Are Flying Partners

Regina.—Regina's first brother and sister flying combination are seeking new adventure as they travel by bus toward Cariboo, B.C., 325 miles north-east of Vancouver, where they plan to engage in placer mining and in operating a stage line.

Struan Complin and his sister, Mrs. Margaret Langford, with her three-year-old son Bobby, left here recently in a bus that Struan purchased from a stage company where he was formerly employed.

Budapest Woman Has 21 Children

Budapest.—Mrs. Antai Krammer, a peasant woman living near Budapest, has been awarded the Government's first prize for having more children than any other mother in Hungary.

Mrs. Krammer, who is only 48 years old, now has 21 children. She was married at 16.

Gold medals were awarded 6,000 other Hungarian mothers, who, combined, have a total of 80,000 children—an average of 13 1-3 children each.

This is proof, said Hungarian authorities, that Hungarian parents are the most prolific in the world.

It gets rid of dirt easily and quickly, no hard rubbing and scrubbing . . .

UNPLEASANT cleaning jobs are easy when you use Gillett's Pure Flake Lye. It actually *washes* the dirt away. Gets right down to ground-in grime! Use a solution of 1 teaspoonful dissolved in a quart of cold* water. Off comes the dirt! And you do no hard rubbing!

Keep Gillett's Lye on hand for all your cleaning. Use it for toilet bowls. To clear stopped-up drains. It kills germs, destroys odors—and never harms enamel or plumbing. Your grocer sells Gillett's Lye. Ask him for a tin—today.

*Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

FREE BOOKLET—Get your copy of the new edition of the Gillett's Lye Booklet—it tells you dozens of ways to make house cleaning easier by using this powerful cleanser and disinfectant. Also contains full information for soap making, thorough cleansing and other uses on the farm. Address Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Avenue & Liberty Street, Toronto, Ontario.

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT

Issue No. 37—'34

The Flying Courier

By Boyd Cable

SYNOPSIS

Glynn Filliman, pilot of Imperial Airways, travels by Air Mail to India, carrying two copies of talking films of the Prince of Napalta, who is too ill to travel himself. The talking films are sent as a last resort to foil his half-brother, The Vulture, to usurp his throne. On the same liner travels Uorah Seaman, who becomes interested in Glynn.

On film is stolen by the Vulture's envoys aboard the liner. Glynn is deceived at Hydrapore into believing he is meeting the Prince's representatives. The second film is stolen, but Glynn is rescued by the police.

The police officer had opened the little bag he carried and turned out of it the broken remnants of the film found under the dying man. It was cracked, broken, twisted and tied in knots, charred in places by fire, smeared and clotted for the most part with half-dry sticky blood. The Premier and Hasim stared at it with bulging eyes and dropping jaws.

A servant slid into the room and over to the Secretary, who, after a word from him, said quickly, "Bring him in," and to the Premier, "The film operator."

The operator was shown in, made his salaams, and moved quickly to the Premier and Secretary. He was a young Anglo-Indian, keen, alert and intelligent looking, and he spoke and bore himself with the politeness of an educated man and the assurance of a technician, sure of his knowledge. His eagerness and haste were patent to both the men to whom he spoke. He was ready, he said, and the film would he running two minutes after he got back with it to his machine.

"But may I say there is no minute to lose," he added earnestly. "It was known the moment the police car arrived with the one they call the Flying Couries, who brought the film from London by air, and from Karachi by train. They are already clamouring for the picture, and there are many who shout loudly that there will be no picture, that the tale of a film of His Royal Highness the Prince is a lie. There have been brawls in the crowd between groups of men of the Prince and those of his half-brother the Vulture. May I have the film quickly then, and put it in the projector?"

"The film is here," said the Premier. "It is—is damaged. But if you can mend enough of it to show it is a film of His Highness, you will be well rewarded. See!"

He stood aside from the table on to which the film had been turned out, and waited with an anxious eye on the face of the operator. The man stepped forward with an exclamation of satisfaction, but as his eye fell on the tangled rubbish on the table, he stopped abruptly, glared a moment, flung a glance round at the impassive faces of the Premier, the Secretary and the officer of the Guard, and with clenched jaws moved to the table and began to turn over and examine the film.

"Is there anything you could repair, or enough you could cut up and rejoin — anything that would show on the screen it is a picture of the Prince?" demanded the Premier.

The Anglo-Indian made a gesture of hopeless despair. "There is nothing. Excellence," he said shortly. "With days of work I might pick out inches here and there and smooth them and join them up to show there had been a picture of the Prince. But to-night, to-morrow, or next day, there is nothing, nothing at all, that would be made possible to pass through the projector."

The three who listened to him — the Premier, the Secretary and the officer commanding the guard—looked at each other. Commissioner Rawly, sitting beside Glynn, was watching the three, with half an ear on the murmured talk of Glynn and Norah. He guessed the significance of the last look that passed between the Premier and his Secretary and from them both to the Commanding Officer. He heard the abrupt words of the officer—"With permission I go to order my troopers to horse, and out swords," saw him salute, turn and stride out.

Commissioner Rawly leaned across Glynn and remarked to Norah on the other side of him, "There's going to be some fireworks round here presently. Get flat down on the floor when the shooting starts. And I think we ought to get this young fellow-me-lad to bed—or a mattress well down on the floor for preference. Good job these Indian palaces are mostly built of marble and stuff that won't burn easily."

CHAPTER XXVII
GLYNN'S TRIUMPH

Almost unconsciously and unheedingly, those in the Premier's room had been hearing from outside the full rising and falling roar of the shouting mob, the rolling booming thunder of the drums. Suddenly, through that there came to them the clear, cold, unhurried notes of a cavalry trumpet, clean and sharp as a knife cutting through cheese. As the first soaring notes shrilled out, the roar of the mob died down and away, and even the insistent thunder of the drums muttered and faded into silence. But as the last trumpet note pealed out and cut off, the roar of the crowd, the beat of the drums rose again, and swelled and reverberated in an ominous passion of fanatical calls to strife, murder and war.

* * * *

The Prince's Premier hurriedly recalled himself to a sense of his duty and hospitality. Calmly but quickly he crossed the room to where Glynn sat slumped back in his chair with Norah on his one side and Rawly on the other.

"Captain Elliman, you ought to go to bed and rest," he said kindly. "You have done your utmost, and we all understand it is no fault of yours that at least one copy of the film has not reached us."

Glynn staggered to his feet and stared. "No film reached you?" he exclaimed. "When does your Air Mail arrive? Didn't it come on the train we did?"

Everyone there thought his mind was suffering from the strain and perhaps the blow on his head.

"It's all right, Glynn," murmured Norah soothingly. "The Air Mail doesn't really matter just now."

"Matter," shouted Glynn. "Of course it matters. Nothing else does. When will it reach you?"

"It came some hours ago," said the Premier, and Glynn stared at him with dropping jaw. "It came," he gasped, as the Secretary lifted a tray full of letters and packets from a table beside him.

"There has been no time to open it all," he explained, "or more than glance through the letter from the Prince."

Glynn pounced on one packet. "Better open that," he said, "and quick, too. The Prince's film is in it. I ought to know. I packed and posted it myself."

With frantic haste the cover was torn off, a round tin pulled from the cardboard packing, the lid snatched off and a roll of film exposed. "Don't waste time to examine it," cried Glynn. "I guarantee it is what you want."

"Run," cried the Premier, thrusting the tin into the hands of the operator, "—and you, Hasim, out quick and shout that the film of the Prince is here, will be shown within minutes."

The two dashed off and the Premier sank back in his seat mopping his brow. "But how it this?" he asked in a puzzled voice. "The Prince was emphatic in letters and cables that only two copies had been sent."

"So there were—only two," said Glynn composedly.

"Then how—one was stolen with your bag at Galilee; the second is there—useless wreckage. How is it there is one by the same Air Mail that brought you?"

(To Be Concluded.)

It's a Queer World

A cow has been sentenced to death, after trial by jury, at Grud, Jugoslavia, for the murder of a thirty-year-old woman. She was fatally tossed when crossing a field.

The rain tree, one of the wonders of Peru, is the country's saviour in times of drought. Its huge umbrella-like leaves condense the moisture of the atmosphere and precipitate from 10 to 15 gallons of water a day.

Owls see in the dark, according to a new theory, because of the infra-red waves emitted by their eyes, which pick up rats and mice and disclose them as white objects against a grey background.

A wordless dictionary, which aims at recording the dying Indian sign language, is being compiled in America. It will be filled with those strange symbols by which the red man once made treaties, carried on trade, and parleyed with white people.

Iona, an island of the Hebrides, sees a policeman only once a week. He comes over from Mull, and as evidence of his appearance an inhabitant is asked to sign his notebook. Motor cars, bicycles and roads are unknown on the island.

Apricot stones, imported to Britain, are manufactured into face powder; In Germany they are converted into high explosives.

Third Teeth

Moncton, N.B.—Whatever it may mean, a renewal of youth or otherwise, Roland Mitton, 92-year-old farmer of Little River, Albert County, N.B., has just begun to cut his third set of teeth. His second set disappeared 20 years ago. He still does active duties about the farm.

"SALADA" TEA

f11

Orange Pekoe Blend

Fresh from the Gardens

Well-Known Ontario Writer Mourned

Jean Blewett, Prominent Canadian Authoress, Was Beloved by Girls and by Women Readers of Three Generations

Chatham, Ont. — Jean Blewett, prominent Canadian authoress, died here recently. She had been staying at the home of her brother, William McKishnie during the last two months.

Mrs. Blewett who was 72 years of age had been in poor health for some time.

Mrs. Blewett, poet, novelist and newspaper contributor, was born at Scotland, Harwich Township, Kent County, Ontario, Nov. 4, 1862. Her parents, John and Janet (McIntyre) McKishnie, were both natives of Argyllshire, Scotland. She was educated at the local public schools and at St. Thomas Collegiate Institute. At the age of 16 she was married to Bassett Blewett, a native of Cornwall, England, who for many years conducted a farm near Blenheim, Ont., and died in 1919, some years after removal to Toronto. Through her mother Mrs. Blewett was related to Duncan Ban MacIntyre, the famous Gaelic poet.

While still in her 'teens the desire and ability to write revealed itself, and her poems, short stories and articles in the press began to attract attention. In 1890 she published a novel, "Out of the Depths", and since then many short stories have appeared from her pen, and work was commenced on a new novel illustrative of Canadian girlhood. Some years ago Mrs. Blewett won a prize of $600 offered by the Chicago Record-Herald for the best poem on "Spring" when the editor wanted to ascertain if the subject could still be treated freshly. A collection of her verse entitled "Heart Songs" appeared in 1897 and another, "The Cornflower and other Poems" in 1906, both having a wide sale. A collected edition of her poems was issued in 1922. Her first published and paid for poem, accepted by Frank Leslie's Weekly, was a lullaby to her own baby.

Mrs. Blewett showed in unusual measure an understanding of and sympathy with the common people. Her writing appealed to the heart more strongly than to the head, and her work was clipped and cherished by thousands who had no love for the more sombre classics. She knew Canadian life, east and west, and above all she knew human nature, and this fact shone in her lines, prose as well as verse. She dealt with homely subjects in a homely way. She did not attempt wild flights or rhapsodies or deep philosophical problems, but she wrote in simple, everyday language of everyday affairs. In particular she appealed to girls and women readers. Her thoughts were always wholesome and sometimes had a religious touch. She ever sought to interest her readers in the ideal, and had no sympathy with the sordid or unwholesome phases of life.

Among the many poems written by Mrs. Blewett none was more popular than "For he was Scotch and So was She," which reads as follows:—

They were a couple well content
With what they earned and what they spent.
Cared not a whit for style's decree—
For he was Scotch and so was she.

And oh, they loved to talk of Burns—
Dear, blithesome, tender Bobby Burns!
They never wearied of his song,
He never sang a note too strong,
One little fault could neither see—
For he was Scotch and so was she.

They loved to read of men who stood
And gave for country life and blood,
Who held their faith so grand a thing
They scorned to yield it to a king.
Ah, proud of such they well might be—
For he was Scotch and so was she.

From neighbors' broils they kept away;
No liking for such things had they,
And oh, each had a canny mind,
And could be deaft, and dumb and blind.
With words or pence was neither free—
For he was Scotch and so was she.

I would not have you think this pair
Went on in weather always fair,
For well you know in married life,
Will come, sometimes, the jar and strife;
They couldn't always just agree—
For he was Scotch and so was she.

But near of heart they ever kept,
Until at close of life they slept;
Just this to say when all was past,
They loved each other to the last.
They're loving yet, in Heaven, maybe—
For he was Scotch and so was she.

Mrs. Blewett will be missed by a wide circle of readers and by the many friends her sweet and unassuming personality had gained for her.

Life of a Chorus Girl

(H. V. O'Brien in Chicago News.)

The term "chorus girl" has a wicked sound. When to that is added "artist's model" the air takes on a purplish hue.

Yet I lunched yesterday with a girl who plies both trades, and a gentler, more refined (to use a quaint Victorian word) or livelier-minded young person I never met. Beside her, most debutantes would appear crude.

She was a country girl who graduated from college, taught school for a time, and came to the great city to study music. To live, she got a job at the world's fair in the chorus of a show. She was dismayed when she found that the job called for nudity in a peep show, but she stuck to it, and won a prize in a beauty contest.

This led to living-pictures—better pay, but harder work. All day, she stood with nothing much on, being ogled by prurient oafs. In odd moments, she practised the violin. Then the perfection of her figure caught the ye of a sculptor, and she increased her income by posing for him. This meant more work, but she still managed to put in some hours assisting a famous composer in the orchestration of a symphony.

She is playing now, four times a night, in the floor show of a well-known night spot. Her revelations of what goes on behind the scenes, there, are upsetting. A chorus girl is hedged with more restrictions than surround a maiden in the most select of boarding schools. Every detail of conduct is supervised as carefully as diet and exercise. Though, says this young woman, the supervision is hardly necessary. The girls take their dancing seriously. They are artists, and so much time is required for work that little is left for play.

"If I wanted to be sure a girl would go straight, I'd put her in the chorus of a good show," she says.

How do young persons of the chorus occupy their time between shows? Well, believe it or not, they put on old riding breeches, strap on roller skates, and, without removing makeup, go whizzing through the streets for a breath of fresh air!

That life is seldom as it seems was my thought as I listened to this young woman's clean, shrewd philosophy of life. We talked of books and pictures and far lands, and I was agape at the breadth of her knowledge, the subtlety of her responses, the clear-eyed humor of her realism.

For hours after leaving her, the dismal auguries of the politicians left me cold. I can't believe that the country is going to pot when there are such vividly courageous personalities still in it.

Safety First

Every day motor traffic is increasing in volume, yet with all the general knowledge at the disposal of the automobilist, some drivers seem to be unaware that there is particular danger at grade railroad crossings. Almost daily the dispatches carry details of deaths caused by some careless motorist driving upon a rail road crossing in front of an approaching train. Thhese drivers seem to be so careless and irresponsible as to make their acts little short of criminal. Individuals of seeming intelligence, able to possess cars and operate them, remain as ignorant when it comes to driving across a railway track as the savages who have never seen a railroad or locomotive. It is a good policy to take a minute and save the rest of your life.

Nightgown Dresses Have High Waistline

Higher waistlines have had insistent quotation in wireless reports from the Paris openings, frequently linked with the Directoire period so that there is no doubt as to how high they are. In this connection there is reference to "nightgown" dresses which suggest those simple belted frocks, hanging straight to the floor which are so closely associated with the Directoire period. These models apparently are on the simple sides of fashion while those with fullness and formality quoted as taking their cue from the Renaissance period show a reverse style picture.

Designers who have just returned from the Paris openings express themselves as convinced by the numbers of evening models which encourage a higher waistline effect, espesially as combined with a molded line, for evening wear.

Fashion Expert Deplores Style Of British Girls

London.—Incredulity greeted a biting criticism of the way British girls dress, launched by Mrs. Tobe Coller Davis, United States fashion expert.

"English girls are badly dressed. They have no dress sense. American girls are much smarter," Mrs. Davis was quoted as saying in the Daily Mirror.

"When Mrs. Davis takes another look around, she'll change her mind," seemed to be the general verdict.

Mrs. Davis said the only well-dressed women she had seen in England were those wearing tweeds.

WHEN YOUR DAUGHTER COMES TO WOMANHOOD

Most girls in their teens need a tonic and regulator. Give your daughter Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for the next few months. Teach her how to guard her health at this critical time. When she is a happy, healthy wife and mother she will thank you.

Sold at all good drug stores.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

FALSE TEETH

DR. WERNET'S POWDER

Dr. Wernet's Powder holds false plates so firmly and comfortably in place for 24 hours—they actually feel natural—eat, laugh, sing without fear of any slipping. Prescribed by world's most eminent dentists—they know it's the best—just sprinkle on. Inexpensive—any drugstore.

Ideas Wanted

Artists and Authors, Amateur or Professional are invited to send us saleable Sketches, Illustrations, Designs, Short Stories and Articles.

Are You Artistically Inclined?

We offer you practical instruction and criticism on Paintings, Landscapes and Flowers in Water Colours. Send a three cent stamped envelope for full information.

Ideas Unlimited

THIRTY-NINE LEE AVENUE, TORONTO