Orange Pekoe Blend
"SALADA" TEA
515

Pop Clark's New York Blues are a 200 to 1 shot, Terry Burke being the only sports writer to give them a chance at the pennant. As the schedule is played out the stars of the teams opposing the Blues are singled out for spectacular death on the playing field by shooting or mysterious poisoning, or are put out of commission by serious injury. Whitper, Philadelphia pitcher, is shot through the heart; four Boston players are sent to the hospital by the wrecking of their taxi; Dirkin, Chicago's star batter, is poisoned, and Pietro, Chicago bat boy disappears; Scotter, St. Louis pitching ace, is poisoned; Rawlins, Chicago manager, is hanged in the hotel room adjoining his own. When Penny, Detroit's star pitcher, refuses to play against the Blues, baseball's Czar calls a meeting of club owners. Terry Burke has had beats on most of these sensational murders for the Star and Detective Kelly at first suspects both him and Larry Doyle, the Blues' rookie shortstop. Clark sends Larry to Newark but he is soon sold to Boston and then to Washington. At Clark's suggestion, the owners ask Terry to help them uncover the murder gang and he agrees. Larry is in love with Frances Clark, Pop's pretty daughter, and Terry with Alice Andrews. Big Boy Planer, Cleveland's all around star, is poisoned and incapacitated, but lives. Terry outlines his plans to Kelly, who has become his friend, before the crucial series between the Blues and Washington. Terry fears Larry is marked for death.

"We ought to hit a village or something soon," Terry shouted to Pietro, as he raced 'round a curve, the rear end of the old car swinging wide. A passing driver cursed at him, but he tore on. Ahead there was a clump of houses and, yes, there was a store. Terry jumped out and helped Pietro inside the store. He darted for the telephone booth.

"Where am I?" he shouted into the receiver. "Then give me the Maryland State Police quickly." He waited. "Maryland Police?" Terry's voice rang out. "There is no time to lose. I'm at a place called Miller's store. I'm Terry Burke. I was kidnapped last night. There is a man wounded in a house not far from here; from Miller's store you pass a gas station and take the first turn left, then the first left again. It's the only house on that road. Now get this. There will be an attempt to kill Larry Doyle on the Feds team this afternoon. No," impatiently, "I don't know how they will try to do it. Listen! Time is important. See if you can get hold of Kelly of the New York detective force. He will know what to do. When the Washington pigeon—you know the one that has disappeared—flies over the field, have a man there who is a good shot. Before that bird can get too close to Doyle, shoot it and grab—" Terry pulled the door of the booth shut. When Terry came out he took Pietro by the hand and rushed toward the car.

"Which way to Washington?" Terry yelled, and the storekeeper motioned excitedly.

Would He Be In Time?

At the city limits they saw a motorcycle policeman, and Terry slammed on the brakes.

"I'm Burke, who was kidnapped. I've got to get to the ball park."

"I had a call to watch out for you," the policeman said to Terry.

"I'm afraid I'll be too late. Has anything happened at the park? I'd like to get in touch with Kelly of New York. Can you get me through?"

"There is a call box down the road a bit. The chief will know all about it."

Terry followed to the police telephone box. The policeman called and then gave the receiver to Terry.

"I've got to talk to Kelly of New York," Terry said. "This is Burke."

He had to wait until a call was put through to the field. "Kelly," he said excitedly, "this is Burke. Yeah, I'm all right. Has anything happened? What's the score? Tied? Two-two in the sixth? Listen, Kelly, the Feds have got to win this game or they must at least get the lead. Why? Doyle will be safe if the Blues win. I know that, but we will never catch them unless we do it right there on the field redhanded. You can't prove a thing, and you know it. We've got to catch him in the act. The Washington pigeon is coming back. When it lights on Doyle's shoulder he is to die. Tell Doyle. Tell Pop Clark. Ask him to let his team loaf, if necessary. Fixing be damned. A man's life is at stake. Ask Doyle if he is willing to take the chance. He may die, but it is your job to see that he doesn't. I'll be over just as soon as I can. I'll go to the Blues' clubhouse. I don't want to be seen. If they know I'm free, the jig is up anyhow."

A Desperate Risk

They were off, the motorcycle siren screaming. They entered the field through one of the end gates and worked their way over to the Blues' rooms. Terry swung the door open and crashed in, followed by Pietro and the policeman. There was a gasp of surprise. Doyle and Frances were standing sde by side, Pop Clark, puzzled and worried, looked at them. Kelly held the center of the floor. Cainer, the Washington manager, was standing just behind Doyle.

"You fell them, Burke," Kelly said. "They won't listen to me."

"What has Kelly told you?" Terry asked.

"That you want Larry to risk his life so you can catch the murderers," Frances said indignantly.

"We'll protect him." He turned to Larry. "It's tough on you, Larry, but if you won't go through with it we will never catch the murderers. We can't prove a thing. Once they find out that I have escaped they will quit and we are licked. You don't want a repetition of this season, do you?"

Cainer broke in. "I'm not going to run the risk of losing my best shortstop as we are in line for the World Series. That's why I took Doyle out of the line-up today . . ."

Larry's voice broke in. "We'll have to stop this wholesale butchery somehow. Burke thinks he knows how to do it, and if I can be the decoy it is okay by me."

Frances tugged at his arm. "Don't be heroic," she begged.

"I'm not heroic," Larry said tenderly. "It's something bigger than we are, Frances. It's the game."

Pop's eyes turned to Frances. The very thing he had feared for her was happening. She was playing second fiddle to a baseball man's first and only love, the game. He put his arm about her tenderly.

"But, Larry," she said hopelessly.

"Frances," Larry pleaded, "don't say it like that! Please. I thought you would stand with me always."

"I'm with you," she said after a moment; "only I don't want to lose you. Larry, why must it be you?"

"Because he's a real baseball man," Pop said and there was a ring of pride in his voice, and understandng.

"Well, then, that's settled," Terry said. "What is the score?"

"Three-three," Cainer answered. "And the Blues are playing the best ball they have played all season."

"But the Feds have got to win," Terry said. He turned to Kelly. "Did you tell Pop of his part in the scheme?"

(To be Continued.)

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Issue No. 44 — '37

C—2

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PATTERN 4350
By Anne Adams

Like a cheery little frock with a gay outlook on life? Then here's just the captivating model to brighten up your mornings and serve faithfully as a "willing helper" when you're rushing through your household tasks all day long. And what's more, Pattern 4350 is as easy as A B C to make up, for its simple parts can be cut and stitched in a jiffy! Spicy bits of accent are the little "pouch" pockets, bow ends, and puffed-up sleeves that may be accented by a dash of ric-rac braid. Pretty flowered percale, chambray or dimity.

Pattern 4350 is available in misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 takes 4¼ yards 36-inch fabric and 2¼ yards ric-rac braid. Illustrated step by step sewing instructions included.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this Anne Adams pattern. Write plainly size, name, address and style number. Send your order to Anne Adams, Room 425, Wilson Building, Toronto.

Tin Can Fixes Skunk

P. M. Beaupre, of Belleville, was awakened during the night by strange noises . Visions of midnight bandits crossed his mind but it was not until daylight he realized how great had been his peril. A skunk was found in his yard. Its nose was caught in a tin can. Fortunately it had not resorted to its usual tactics when in trouble.

The skunk was exterminated at long range and buried deep.

Home Hints

By LAURA KNIGHT

HALLOWE'EN GOODIES

The Goblins Will Get You if You Don't Watch Out

On the night when witches and goblins and black cats are abroad the youngsters will want to be out too. However, this is just about the best time for mother to throw a party at home for the young gang so that when irate neighbours wonder who broke their front gate and created other havic, you can be righteously indignant, knowing that your Johnny and George and Bobby were at home on the night in question.

The children do enjoy this evening of make-believe and appreciate it when their parents can enter into the spirit of Hallowe'en. Let them have a party, dressed in weird costumes dug out of attic trunks, give them plenty of games such as ducking for apples in a tub of water and pinnng the tal on the donkey. They can pop corn at the open grate. pull candy or make taffy apples too. But the grandest part of the evening to them will be the refreshments so give them goodies that apeal particularly to children.

The Chocolate Fudge Cake, for which we are giving the recipe below, is an old favorite, especially for parties. On Hallowe'en it comes dressed for the occasion in a new orange colored frosting.

Chocolate Fudge Cake

2 cups sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted.
1 egg, well beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
¾ cup milk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add chocolate and blend; then add egg and vanilla. Add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Bake in greased pan, 8 x 8 x 2 inches, in moderate oven 325 degrees F. 1 hour. Cover with Orange Butter Frosting.

Orange Butter Frosting

Grated rind of 1 orange
Grated rind of ½ lemon
¼ cup orange juice
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 egg yolk
¼ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons butter
3 cups confectioners' sugar, sifted

Add orange and lemon rind to orange juice and allow to stand 10 minutes. Strain. Combine lemon juice, egg yolk, salt, butter, and confectioners' sugar. Add orange juice until of right consistency to spread. Beat until smooth and spread on cake. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers.

For small cakes, Chocolate Marguerites will prove very popular.

Chocolate Marguerites

1 cup sifted cake flour
¼ teaspoon each soda and salt
½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
2 eggs, well beaten
2 tablespoons butter
1½ squares unsweetened chocolate melted.
1 cup finely cut pecans

Sift flour once, measure, add soda and salt, and sift together three times. Beat sugar gradually into beaten eggs. (Melt butter with chocolate and add to egg mixture; blend. Add flour gradually; then nuts. Turn into a greased small fancy pan. Place pecan half on each. Bake in moderate oven 375 degrees F. 10 minutes. Makes 2 dozen cakes.

A light, easily-prepared and much appreciated dainty for the Hallowe'en party are Jelly Jack-'O-Lanterns.

1 package quick-setting orange jelly powder
1 pint warm water
Dried currants
6 halves canned peaches, drained
6 marshmallows, flattened

Dissolve jelly in warm water. Fill wine sherbet glasses about one-third full and chill. Press currants into rounded side of each peach half to make eyes, nose and mouth of jack-'o-lantern face. When jelly is firm, place marshmallow in centre of each glass and cover with peach half, placing face-side up. Pour remaining jelly over peaches ; chill until firm. Serves 6.

HOT SUPPER DISH

Casserole of Vegetables (6 Servings)

1 cupful diced potatoes
1 cupful diced celery
1 cupful green peas
1 cupful lima beans
1 medium onion, chopped
¼ cupful rice
1 cupful canned tomatoes
1 teaspoonful salt
⅛ teaspoonful pepper
4 Oxo cubes
2 cupsful boiling water

Dissolve the Oxa cubes in the boiling water, and combine with rest of ingredients, Turn into casserole, cover and bake in a slow oven 350 degrees F. for two hours or until all vegetables are tender.

Negroes Choose Queerest Names

"Sardine," "Pantaloon," "Malaria" Are Often Met With in British Outposts

If a prize were offered for the race with the strangest names, negroes would win hands down. All over the world there are black men with names which we consider fantastic. In Papua, for example, where the authorities now give a bonus to mothers of large families, many youngsters have been named Bonus.

Malaria is the Christian name of thousands of young American negresses, who do not seem to mind having the same name as a dangerous fever.

Name Themselves

A sugar plantation in British Guiana had, among its negro workers, Whiskey Emmanuel Tomkins, John Pantaloon, Queen Elizabeth, Frank Locust and Prince Albert. The parents of Prince Albert took the name from that of the man who appeared on the labels of red tins of a popular American tobacco.

The late Sir Thomas Lipton had among his servants two Singalese youths named Erin and Shamrock, and the Mashona Boys of Rhodesia are fond of naming themselves after British coins or things found in the kitchen of the white man. Sixpence is the favourite, closely followed by Tickey (South African slang for a threepenny bit).

Wistful Chap "Nasty"

Plate, Dish, Knife, Fork, Spoon, Coffee, Milk and Sardine are often encountered. A British official's wife has related that the tallest youth she had ever seen came to ask for a job one day, solemnly announcing himself as Sardine. She engaged him, and renamed him Salmon. The same woman once found a wistful little chap at the back door, seeking employment. His name was Nasty.

Winter Prelude

The smoky wind, raw throaed, blows
A harsher note, with sterner spite;
The acorn stains the squirrel's nose,
The bee planes home in solo flight.

So silent is the shadowed wood,
A quail call echoes in the sky;
I know a startling interlude
When a wing opens and brushes by.

Yet in this solitary place
I hear deep voices sound a tune
That in the long and far-off days
I never heard in June.

—Alex R. Schmidt, in The Gypsy.

Iodine Proves Best Germ Destroyer

Iodine, the old-fashioned germicide, has been shown to be the most efficient germ destroyer when tested with a number of the newer germicides. The tests were made by Dr. A. J. Salle, assistant professor of bacteriology at the University of California. The germicides were tested on two kinds of germs, one a pus producer and the other the organism that causes typhus. It also was tested on embryonic tissues. The latter tests were made in order to ascertain to what extent the germicides injured the healthy tissue while they were engaged in the task of killing the germs. Iodine led the list in germ-killing tests and injured healthy tissues least. Of the newer organic germicides hexylresorcinal was found to be valuable for general use. The tests were made primarily to determine which germicide was best for use in surgical operations.

There are more than 1,100 different kinds of trees growing in the United States.

IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK AT WORK
when you've found a way to ease the pains of
RHEUMATISM
and do it the inexpensive way, too.

You can pay as high as you want for remedies claimed to relieve the pain of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, etc. But the medicine so many doctors generally approve—the one used by thousands of families daily — is "Aspirin".

Simply take 2 "Aspirin" tablets with a half glass of water. Repeat, if necessary, according to directions.

Usually this will ease such pain in a remarkably short time.

For quick relief from such pain which exhausts you and keeps you awake at night—ask for "Aspirin".

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Your Local Dealer's Name Appears Elsewhere In This Issue

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