SALADA has the finest flavour in the world and it costs only one-quarter of a cent a cup

"SALADA"

(GREEN) 693

JAPAN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

THE ISLE OF RETRIBUTION

By EDISON MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERFIELD

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Ned Cornet goes on a voyage to Northern Canada and Alaska to exchange two thousand silk and velvet gowns with the Indians for furs. Ned is accompanied by his fiancee, Lenore Hardenworth, and the latter's mother. Bess Gilbert goes as seamstress. The crew consists of Captain Knutzen and his assistant, McNab. Forest and Julius

Lenore and her mother suffer from the increasing cold because they are unsuitably clothed for a sea voyage. The craft runs into a gale and, because he is smoking, too freely of liquor, the captain is unable to navigate

Bess and McNab steal Ned's rum and confiscate his stock of liquor. This they share and when Ned questions Bess

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER X.

It was by far the most [illegible] in Bess' life. She had hoped right, but her payment was [illegible] from the man she had hoped to serve. All her castles had fallen, her dreams had broken like the bubbles they were. This was the answer to the longing in her heart and the longing in her soul the spoken wish that she might pass from his sight forever.

But at his post McNab had already forgotten the episode of [illegible]. Indeed, he had forgotten [illegible] matters of much greater moment. At the present his mind was wholly occupied by two stern realities, one of them being that the storm still raged in unabated fury, and the other that a drunken captain was leading his ship at a breakneck pace into dangerously uncharted waters.

Once more McNab lifted the hatch into the hold and [illegible] the dazed face of the [illegible]

"What now?" Knutsen [illegible]

"You've forgotten all [illegible] by one ever knew," McNab returned merrily. "There's no [illegible] reaching Tau Island. [illegible] risking everybody's life [illegible] sailing the way you are."

"Are you captain of [illegible]" Knutsen demanded angrily.

"No, but—"

"Den get out of here! [illegible] actly, what I'm doing [illegible] as safe as—"

But it came about that Captain Knutsen did not finish the sentence. McNab was never to find out, from Knutsen's lips, just how safe he was. All at once he cried sharply in warning.

Before ever Knutsen heard that sharp cry he knew what was coming. Dulled though his vision was by the process of his brain, he saw that curious ridge of white foam—an inoffensive looking thing across their bows. At the instant his keen ears caught a new sound, one that was only half revealed in the roar and beat of the storm.

There was not the [illegible] of an instant before his great [illegible] made response. At the same instant Forest tried to apply the power of his engines in obedience to the sharp [illegible] gong from above. And then both Knutsen and McNab braced themselves for the shock they knew would come.

The craft seemed to leap in the air, shuddered like a living thing, and the wrath of the sea [illegible] plight descended [illegible] one into the [illegible] sect and the [illegible]. It may have been that Knutsen hesitated again—a meaningless act that was lost [illegible] wisdom for seconds that seemed to drag into interminable centuries he rat[illegible] surely without outward sign of motion. His great hands clutched his wheel, the muscles were set and bunched, but it was as if the man had died and was frozen rigid in an instant of incredible tension. His face, utterly without expression, Forest crouched beside his [illegible]

There was nothing that either of them could do. The waves and wind were a power no man could stay. All their efforts were as useless as Knutsen's shout; already the little ship was in the remorseless grasp of a great billow that was hurling her toward the ridge of white foam in front. For another instant she seemed to hang suspended, as if suddenly taken with wing, and then there was a sheer drop, a sense of falling out of the world. A queer ripping, tearing sound, not loud at all, not half so terrifying as the bluster of the wind, reached them from the hold.

Cold sober, Knutsen turned in his place and gonged down certain orders to Forest. In scarcely a moment, it seemed, they were pulling the battens from the two little lifeboats on the deck.

CHAPTER XI.

Knutsen's brain was entirely clear and sure as he gave his orders on the deck. His hand was steady as iron. His failure to master himself had brought disaster, but he knew how to master a ship at a time like this. From the instant the Charon had struck the reef, he was the power upon that storm-swept deck, and whatever hope McNab had lay in him.

Almost at once the four passengers were on deck, waiting to take their meager chance in the lifeboats. The stress, the raging elements, those angry seas that ever leaped higher and nearer, as if coveting their mortal lives most of all the [illegible] had never previously touched them, affected no two of them alike. Of the three women, Bess alone moved forward, out of the shelter of the cabin, to be of what aid she could. Her drawn, white face was oddly childlike in the lantern light. Mrs. Hardenworth had been stricken and silenced by the nearing visage of death; Lenore, almost unconscious with terror, made strangling, sobbing sounds that the wind carried away. And in this moment of infinite travail Ned Cornet felt his manhood stirring within him.

The yellow flame was bright upon Bess' drawn, haggard face.

And then up, and Knutsen's cold face gazed over his face. "Help me here," he commanded. "McNab, you help Forest and Julius launch the larger boat."

There was not much launching to do. Waves were already bursting over the deck. Knutsen turned once more. "We want four people in each boat," he directed sharply. "Cornet, you and I and Miss Hardenworth in this one. The other girl will have to get in here, too. The other boat's slightly larger.—Mrs. Hardenworth, get in with McNab, Forest, and Julius."

"Pat Mrs. Hardenworth in your boat, so she and Lenore can be together," Bess told Captain Knutsen. "I'll get in the other."

The captain did not seem to hear. He continued to [illegible] beat his orders. In the work of lowering the lifeboat he had cause to lift his lantern high, and for a moment its yellow gleam was bright upon Bess' drawn haggard face. Farther off it revealed Ned, white-faced but erect in the beat of the storm.

In one instant's insight a single glimpse between the storm and the sea, he understood that she was taking him at his word.

"Get in with us!" he said shortly. "Don't be silly—as I was." Then, lest she should mistake his sentiment: "Mrs. Hardenworth is twice your weight, and this boat will be overloaded as it is."

The girl looked at him quietly, nodding her head.

He helped her into the dory. Julius, who at the captain's orders had been rifling the cabins, threw blankets to her. Then, tenderly lending her his strength, Ned helped Lenore over the wind-swept deck into the bow seat of the lifeboat, nearest to the seat he would take himself. "Buck up, my girl," he told her, a deep throbbing note in his voice. "I'll look after you."

Already the deck was deserted. The dim light showed that the larger dory containing McNab, Forest, Julius and Mrs Hardenworth, had already been launched. There was no sign of them now. The darkness and the storm had already dropped between. They could not hear a shout of directions between the three men, not a scream of fear from the terrified woman who was their charge.

It was as if they had never been. Only the Charon was left, her decks awash and soon to dive and vanish beneath the waves—and their little group in the dim bleam of the lantern. Knutsen and Ned took their places at the oarlocks, Ned nearer the bow, Knutsen just behind. A great wave seemed to catch them and hurl them away.

Both girls sought refuge in troubled sleep. Ned sat with his arms about Lenore, giving her what warmth he could from his own body. Bess was huddled in her seat. Could their less rugged constitutions stand many hours of such cold and exposure? It was a losing game, already. The North was too much for them. Life is a fragile thing at best: a few hours more might easily spell the end.

But that hour saw the return of an ancient mystery, carrying back the soul to those gray days when the earth was without form, and void. Darkness had been upon the face of the waters, but once more it was divided from the day.

Even here, seemingly at the edge of the world, the ancient miracle did not fail. A grayness, like a mist, spread slowly; and the curtains of darkness slowly receded. The storm was abating swiftly now; and the dawn broke over an easily rolling sea.

Captain Knutsen, who had sat so long in one position—his gaze fastened on one point of the horizon—that he gave the impression of being unconscious, suddenly started and pointed his hand. His voice, pitched to the noise of the storm, roared out into the quiet dawn.

"Land!" he shouted. "We're coming to land!"

(To be continued.)

"Smith"

R. MacG. Dawson in the Dalhousie Review (Halifax): Alfred Smith was defeated in the presidential race . . . some fifty-five years ago; . . . because . . . his name was Smith. . . . Glance at the successful presidential candidate of recent years: Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Warren Gamaliel Harding, Calvin Coolidge, Herbert Hoover. None of these is quite normal, and the majority are almost unique. . . . . No one except Roosevelt could have lived down the obloquy of Theodore as a Christian name, but once he had done so, the prefix became a distinction. . . . . The alliteration of Calvin Coolidge, Woodrow Wilson, and Herbert Hoover, while it seems at times reminiscent of the vaudeville stage, adds, nevertheless a touch of distinction, and gives the names of driving force which they would not otherwise possess. A man with the name of Smith never had a real chance . . . These reflections indicate a future which is indeed alarming. Ambitious parents, who hope to see their child or children in the White House, will no longer make great sacrifices to train and to educate them, but will concentrate instead on the much more difficult and serious problem of giving them names with political potentialities.

Free Trade Within the Empire

Toronto Star (Ind.): Mr. Lapointe suggests that Canada's present course should be not the mistaken one of hoisting tariffs in reprisal against the United States, but granting increased preferences in Canada to British goods and goods from other British countries and foreign nations that do not specially fence out Canadian products. Some go so far as to say that this policy should and may be put into the effect to the extent of having free trade with the Empire and a tariff against the United States and foreign countries. That would be carrying the policy a long way. But in selected lists of goods at present largely imported from the United States there could be brought about a large shifting trade into British and into Empire channels. It cannot be denied that there is a growing feeling in Canada that the deliberate and specific attempts of the United States to shut out Canadian goods notwithstanding our enormous buying in their market, makes it necessary for Canada to look elsewhere for trade and not only look but push and prefer and facilitate trading elsewhere. The British Empire is a vast field on which trade preference may operate.

Lord Passfield's Appointment

Glasgow Herald (Cons.): A quite unexpected appointment, and one not likely to arouse enthusiasm is that of Mr. Sidney Webb to the Colonial and Dominions Office, a post which demands more youthful vigor and more Imperial sympathy than Mr. Webb possesses. The consequences may be serious, unless the Under-Secretary, whose name is not yet known, is a man of exceptional energy and enthusiasm. But it is a curious trick of fate that the convention requires one of the principal Secretary-ships of State to be held in the House of Lords should apparently have decreed that Mr. Webb should end his singular career in that rarified atmosphere.

First lady: "I knew your first husband—a pity he died so soon." Second Same: "That's what my present husband says."

Never take a Scotsman to a variety show on Friday. It makes him laugh in church.

ISSUE No. 28—'29

469

ONE-PIECE WRAP AROUND.

It's one-piece! The smart, printed silk crepe wrap around model with effective shirring and drape at right side, so suitable for street and all-occasion wear. Its extremely slender line makes it so suitable for average full figure. The shirring is repeated at shoulders. Long sleeves have turn-down flared cuffs. A narrow belt crosses back and extends to each side of front. Style No. 469 can be had in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. In the 36-inch size, 2¾ yards of 40-inch material with ⅜ yard of 40-inch contrasting, is sufficient. Plain silk crepe, canton-faille crepe crepe Roma, wool crepe, printed cotton foulard and printed rajah silk are fashionable fabrics suitable. Pattern price 20c in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

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. Patterns sent by an early mail.

The World's Greatest Aviator's

Modern methods of dealing with the fauna of the world are revealing much information as to the lives and habits of our "friends in feather and fur." For example, the banding of birds has yielded more information upon the migratory movements of birds than has hitherto been gained through all the years. The finding recently of the body of an arctic tern on a beach in South Africa, with a metal tag attached to one of its legs bearing a number and the address of the Bureau of Biological Survey, United States Department of Agriculture, sheds light upon what has been something of a mystery. It has long been known that the arctic tern nests in the arctic regions of North America and "winters" in the extreme confines of South America, a habit which entails a migratory journey of more than 10,000 miles twice each year, yet the precise route of travel has remained unknown.

While the finding of this bird which was banded at Turnevik Bay, Labrador on July 23, 1928, does not log the whole journey from north pole to the antartic, yet it offers valuable data. If these strong fliers wing accross the north Atlantic to Portugal, then down the west coast of Africa, as seems likely, and on to the extreme end of South America, several thousand miles are added to the journey. No doubt whole problem will be cleared up as the practice of bird banding persists.

A parallel to the long flight of the arctic tern is the migratory journey of the golden plover, which summers in northern Labrador and flies southward over the islands of the Caribbean, hopping to South America to spend the glorious months of the southern summer amid the expansive pampas of Argentina. These far travelers make their return journey through the heart of North America, just east of the Rocky Mountains. The Pacific golden plover, however, probably has the record for the longest nonstop flight. It making its way from Alaska, its summer habitat, it cares the Aleutian Islands and makes a straight course for Hawaii, a distance of 2800 miles over the open ocean. Since its only compass is its "small red heart," one stands in awe before the instinct which leads these feathered aviators over the vast waste of sea. Yet they make the journey successfully each year.

Give and Take

Three Rivers Novelliste: A campaign has been proposed in Montreal to teach pedestrians to cross the road without getting themselves run over by motor cars. It might be more to the point if they started away by imposing on motor cars the fundamental respect needed for the traffic regulations.

"Miss Gidling told me that you paid her such a charming compliment the other evening," said Mrs. Marblely. "It was someshing about her being pretty. The poor girl was so pleased! I don't see how you men can be so untruthful!" "I should think you'd know by this time that I'm never untruthful," said Mr. Marblely, reproachfully. "I said she was just as pretty as she could be; and so she was!"

"What kind of music suits your taste?" "Well, I'm not particular. I like it either rare or well done."

Brunettes Tan Better Than Blondes

In Fact, Some Blondes Can't Acquire a Coat of Tan at All—a Sad Blow for Many, Since a Tanned Complexion Has Become So Fashionable That Drug-Stores Now Sell it in Bottles.

According to a special "holiday bulletin" issued by the Canadian Social Hygiene Council, in co-operation with the Department of Public Health of Toronto, there are a number of "don'ts" and "do's which the holiday city or town-dweller should observe if his constitution is to stand the strain of the summer rest-period.

Don't scratch mosquito bites, don't pick poison ivy, watch your milk and water supplies and get plenty of sun, but not too much at once, are some of the admonitions. And here is an emergency medical kit that everyone is advised to pack in the suit-case:

3 or 4 bandages, 2 or 3 inches wide,
¼ pound of sterilized gauze,
1 ounce of absorbent cotton,
1 or 2 ounces of tincture of iodine,
1 small roll of adhesive plaster about 1 inch wide,
1 ounce of boracic acid,
1 or 2 ounces of bicarbonate of soda,
A hot water bottle,
2 ounces of aromatic spirits of ammonia.

"The last item is important in the event of a collapse," the bulletin advises. "From one-half to a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a wine-glass of water acts more promptly than whiskey or brandy. It is one of the best stimulants we have." Cuts or bruises should be washed with soap and water and carefully painted with tincture of iodine. Splinters should be removed with a needle sterilized by being held for a few minutes in boiling water and the injured place treated with iodine. Poison ivy irritation should be treated with the juice of the jewel weed, a plant growing two or four feet high, in marshy places, and possessing a juicy, semi-translucent stem, and with orange-colored flowers with brown spots. Either strong laundry soap, or fresh lime-water is good substitute.

Avoid being overly zealous in your efforts to get sunburned. Half an hour at a time is quite as long as any part of the body, not accustomed to exposure, should be subjected to the strong rays of the sun, for the first few days; then it will be quite safe to increase the time to an hour, and after a fairly good coat of tan has been developed you are well protected against the dangers of sunburn. If you do not take these precautions your holiday may be spoiled—painfully.

Furthermore, recent revelations as regards the therapeutic value of the chemical rays of the sun have been such as to make one feel that it would be difficult to over-estimate their importance. Therefore, we recommend for small children the sun suits which can be obtained in any of our stores. These suits only protect the hips and upper part of the thighs and leave the balance of the body exposed to the sun's rays.

It is well to bear in mind that in order to get the therapeutic benefits it is not absolutely necessary that you be exposed to the direct rays of the sun—there is the sky shine, or reflected rays from the sky and clouds. On a clear day you may lie or sit on the shady side of the house, with the blue dome above you, and get from one-third to one-half of the benefit of the rays of the sun that you would get by exposing yourself directly to them.

For mosquitoes, three things should be remembered—netting, liquid ammonia, and coal oil.

The netting shuts them out, the liquid ammonia, applied properly to the bite, frequently neutralizes the poison and prevents subsequent itching, and the coal oil, put in a very small quantities on top of water in rain-barrels, little ponds, etc., prevents the mosquitoes larvae from developing into mosquitoes. Furthermore, certain aromatic preparations such as spirits of camphor, menthol and oil of citronella, may be applied to exposed parts of the body to keep these pests away.

Insist that your food be protected from the filthy, disease-spreading house-fly.

And do not be on the go all the time during your holiday. Take some reading matter with you and spend part of the day particularly in the middle of the day, in the shade of the trees, in your hammock, or in an easy chair, or lying on a rug on the ground. Do not dance every night during your holiday and expect to come home rested and refreshed for the balance of the year.

South Africa's Problem

London Daily Mail (Ind. Con.): The handling of the native question is of the first importance for the world. It looks as though in South Africa the very situation which occured seventy years ago in the Southern Confederacy of the United States were recurring. The dominating party, the Boers, with their Labour auxiliaries, believe sincerely in the bondage of the natives. South Africa statesmen of larger experience and wider outlook, such as General Smuts, realize that what the Boer extremists seek is impossible, and that a native population which is growing much faster than the whites cannot indefinitely be held down or treated as superior cattle. This "irrepressible conflict" is what looms largest on the horizon.

The Indian Situation

London Observer (Ind.): After the there remained but two mistakes which the Swarajists could commit. They might cut themselves off from the Indians who have accepted seats on Sir John Simon's Joint Free Conference, and they might antagonize the Indian Princes. Both mistakes have been commited. In the long run the second will probably prove the more deadly. It is, of course, out of the question that the Princes will accept or that Indian settlement will permit them to accept, a position of complete subordination to an All-Indian Government at Delhi.

Economy Corner

TWO-EGG CAKE.

Follow these directions for a plain two-egg cake and make it your standby.

Be sure your oven is lighted before you begin, if you are using a gas range. Have oven fairly hot if using a coal range. Grease pan with lard (I use a square pan), shake well with flour and then shake off all surplus flour.

Now begin. Sift a quantity of flour on a large paper to save dishes. Measure 2 cups level, taking care not to shake the cup. To the flour add ½ teaspoon salt and 2 rounded teaspoons baking powder, shaking the can well before taking out any. Sift these dry ingredients together two or three times. While you are measuring the dry ingredients have ready a good-sized piece of butter in a mixing bowl. During the winter set it near the fire a while before using (makes less work of creaming). Stir the butter well until soft and keep adding a cup of sugar, a little at a time, until sugar and butter are well blended. Add the yolks of the 2 eggs. Again mix well.

Now measure ½ cup milk. Add a little of the dry ingredients to the first mixtures, then a little milk, etc., beating well after each addition until all the milk and flour mixture are used. Flavor with a teaspoon vanilla or lemon. Equal parts of lemon and vanilla will give almond flavor. Equal parts of lemon and almond extract will give pistachio. Beat the 2 whites well until you can turn the bowl upside down without spilling the contents. Fold it gently. Don't beat, just turn over and under with wooden spoon. Pour into greased pan and bake in a moderate oven for about 40 minutes.

Keep at it until you are satisfied with results. The cake should be light and fine grained. Learn to know your oven, too—when it's too hot, not hot enough, etc. Don't look at the cake until you begin to smell it cooking, and then open and close the door carefully.

Best Bird Lover

The Partridge as Gallant Courtier

By MARCUS WOODWARD

Farmers say the partridge is the best bird that flies. Whether sportsmen or not, they like to see the coveys on their land, and they know the partridges lead blameless lives in the matter of harming their crops.

In the first mild days of the new year the partridge coveys break into pairs. Then begins a long courtship of five months or more before they settle to nest.

Naturally, there are quarrels and duels. Since the June before, the covey has been an harmonious family, the birds acting as one, day and night. As they begin to drift away into pairs, there may be odd bachelor birds, and they make trouble for all.

Malea is renowned for its splendid selection of native inhabitants of enough shades of brown to suit all tastes. There are Swazis, Zulus, Kaffirs, Somalis, Hottentots and many other varieties always in stock. Some of their stalwart warriors can throw an assegai from a considerable distance and perforate any part of your person you choose to indicate. Their skill with the axe is also remarkable; in fact, an expert would no doubt return your money to you if he failed to behave you satisfactorily at one blow.

Having satisfied your thirst at the Victoria Falls (a teetotal resort that rivals even Niagara) you should frolic for a while in the old-world country of Egypt. The substantial tombs of this shady and sunburnt land can more than compare with our own massive early-Victorian vaults.

The U.S. Tariff Wall

Vancouver Province (Ind. Cons.): It may be said that there are no markets to which we could transfer the trade the United States will exclude by this new, high wall. But that is nonsense, of course. We have not even begun to explore the possibilities of our empire markets. It has been too easy, hitherto, to look to our Southern neighbour. But if we find markets in the Empire for our products, we shall be expected to absorb Empire products in return, in place of American products, and that will mean an enlargement of preference. There is plenty of room for that. At the moment the United States is actually enjoying a tariff preference which proximity gives it. It is not entitled to that tariff preference. It will be entitled to it when the Smoot-Hawley Bill adds another course or two of bricks to the already towering American protective wall.

Use MAGIC BAKING POWDER

If your baking [illegible] is the way to success

Made in Canada

E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, ONT.

Some of our politicians are said to have been very dull as schoolboys. Perhaps they didn't receive enough encouragement to make them smart.

This Year Spend Your Vacation at the CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION TORONTO Aug. 23rd to Sept. 7th Empire Year

THE World's Annual Exposition—a colossal achievement where products are exhibited from the four corners of the earth. A great international program, featuring the

FOURTH [illegible] CLEY MARATHON [illegible] SWIM

in two events [illegible] August 23 for women [illegible] dredan, August 28 [illegible] and [illegible] entrants of [illegible] graded 16r the world [illegible] him and $50,000 purse.

The Goldman Band will be heard [illegible] ally the 2240 Voice [illegible] Chorus; the first showing [illegible] Cars in the new [illegible] Automotive Building [illegible] Agricultural and Paces featuring Standard [illegible] Futurity; lavish military [illegible] and Aircraft "Britannia's Miracle" Show and Sky Carnival [illegible] Cotton bowl Motor Boat Races [illegible] Cocks of never to be forgotten Empire Year at the National Exhibition Sept. 7.

[illegible] President
[illegible] Manager

SHIELDED against HEAT and FRICTION

Just as the cobbler waxes his thread to make his stitches last as long as the shoe leather lasts—Firestone saturates with pure [illegible] rubber, every fibre of every strand that goes into the tire, to make it resist internal heat, friction and strain as long as the tire lasts.

This extra patented Firestone process gives Firestone tires the extra strength and stamina to give "Most Miles Per Dollar".

See your local Firestone Dealer.

Firestone TIRES