Green tea with the finest flavour in all the world

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

The Gringo Privateer

By PETER B. KYNE

SYNOPSIS.

Kenneth Burney, adventurer and one-time gentleman, comes to Bradley Barbin, king of the cattle country, for a job. Burney has had a fight with Martin Bruce a rival cattle owner who has been stealing the king's stock, aided by Miguel Gallegos, a Mexican bandit. The king, liking young Burney's style, offers him the job of getting the cattle-thieves. Burney accepts, though he knows it means a fight to the death. He meets Muriel, the king's beautiful daughter. Muriel, who is more interested than she cares to admit, tries to persuade her father not to let Burney tackle the cattle thieves. The king decides to test Burney's courage by making him ride Jeromino, the roughest bronco on the ranch. Burney passes the test with flying colors, but his independence arouses the king's ire. At Ruachita, a nearby town, Burney runs into Martin Bruce the cattle thief who has sworn to kill him.

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

"If you move your right hand the fraction of an inch I'll kill you." Ken Burney warned, and walked swiftly toward him. He circled around in back of his victim and with a quick twist removed the apron. In Martin Brules right hand reposed a single-action .45, with a four and three-quarter-inch barrel—and the gun was already cocked. With the finesse of the old time gunman Bruce had cocked it ever as he drew it from the holster. With his own pistol barrel pressing against the back of the old man's head, Burney reached down and removed the pistol from the latter's hand, thrust it into his rear trousers pocket and then ran his left hand over Bruce's person, feeling for another gun. He found it—a smaller weapon thrust down the band of the latter's trousers—and appropriated that, also.

"Will you be good enough, Mr. Bruce," he requested politely, "to sit back in the chair and permit the barber to comb your hair?"

"You'll notice it ain't standin' on end," the grim old wolf replied easily.

"Oh, there will be no killing today, Mr. Bruce. Of course I could have killed you with three barbers to bear witness that I shot in self-defence. I trussed to the apron to handicap you and permitted you to reach for your weapon before I pulled mine. To me, however, your elimination, no matter how desirable, would have been grossly inartistic under such circumstances. I prefer more finesse when I turn killer."

Martin Bruce sat back calmly in the chair. "Gimme a shampoo," he ordered the barber. "Nothin' like lookin' pretty when a feller's in danger o' dying' with his boots on." He smiled almost approvingly at his youthful enemy. "You took a long chance, son."

CHAPTER XI.

I agree with you, sir, that, had I not acted with a commendable sagacity, thereby eliminating most of that long chance, I would even now be sitting on the top of a pink cloud twanging a harp."

"I warned you, didn't I?"

"You did—and you meant it and I knew you meant it. We're merely deferring the obsequies, Mr. Bruce."

"What is the big idear, Burney?"

"You owe me two months' wages and I want to collect it from you while you're living. It would involve a year's time and considerable red tape to collect it from your executor."

Martin Bruce's thin smile broadened into an appreciative grin. "Well, there's sense in that, Burney. I never intended beatin' you out of it. You could have had a cheque the day you quit if you hadn't been in such a hell-fired hurry to vamose."

"A mere tribute to my respect for you, sir. Shall we go over to the bank as soon as you have finished here?"

"Certainly." And five minutes later Martin Bruce, preceded tactfully by Ken Burney, approached the cashier's cage in the bank, where Bruce shoved a cheque, endorsed by Burney, under the grille. "This is the endorser," the old rascal announced, jerking a thumb at Ken Burney. "I identify him and O.K. the endorsement. Give him the money."

Burney scooped the bills off the counter and he and Bruce left the bank in the same order they had entered it. "Mind walking down to the livery stable with me?" the young man suggested. "I'm going to saddle up and leave town. After I've gone you can go back to the barber shop and recover your pistols."

Martin Bruce, for reasons apparent to the reader, offered no objection. He stood around on the livery stable floor while a hostler led Rowdy out and saddled him. Thereupon Ken Burney paid his bill, climbed aboard and raised his hat in courteous farewell to Martin Bruce.

"Just as well you're leavin' the country," the latter called after him. "Take my advice, young feller, an' keep goin'."

Burney pulled up and rode back. "I'm not leaving the country, Mr. Bruce. It requires more moral persuasion than any dirty cow thief can bring to bear to make me lower my tail. I'm on the payroll of the Bardin Land and Cattle Company, and provided my conduct is exemplary I expect to remain there."

"You called me a cow thief," the old man rasped. "I'll make you prove that, Burney."

"I intend to prove it, and when I do, this country will be too hot to hold you, you old wolf. You've got to be taught that the rough-and-tumble methods of your youth have become declasse. You should reform. Cattle rustling on the scale you practice it went out of fashion quite a number of year ago."

Martin Bruce scratched his head. "Lemme see, now," he said with great good nature. "The Bardin outfit ships from the station in Cochise County, Arizona. I don't know whether you're aware of it or not, young man, but I'm the sheriff of Cochise County, and in my jurisdiction it's against the law to pack a gun, open or concealed, without a permit from the sheriff."

Burney smiled sweetly. "When you frisk me for one I shall not resist—and there'll be quite a number of Bardin riders on hand to take care of you in the event you decide to kill me for resisting the inspection. The trouble with you, Mr. Bruce, is that you take in too much territory. In Arizona you're sheriff with authority to enforce the law; in New Mexico you're a thief with courage enough to defy the law. But remember: You're amenable to New Mexico law, so watch your step."

"I can roll my own hoop," the older man replied, and stalked away uptown with what dignity he could muster. Ken Burney watched him until he turned a corner, then rode back into the livery stable, put up his horse, and in the harness room engaged in a game of cribbage with the proprietor for three hours, being careful, however, to sit facing the door.

After a while he strolled up to the bank and requested the paying teller to give him five dollars in brand new twenty-five-cent pieces in exchange for a five-dollar bill. From the bank he repaired to a drug store, where he purchased a quart of bichloride solution, a 4½ by 5¼-inch folding camera and a quantity of film. He then returned to the livery stable, saddled Rowdy, packed his worldly effects on his pack pony and rode south and east, hoping that his ruse of departure earlier in the day had worked on Martin Bruce. In all probability the old sinner would suspect him of having made tracks for El Ranchito.

He rode fast and at sunset was well down in El Cajon Bonita below the international boundary. After selecting a camp in the bed of an arroyo through which a thin trickle of water still flowed he watered his horses, hobbled them and turned them loose to graze. From his pack he took a skillet, a coffee pot and food and prepared supper, after which he put out his little fire, rolled up in his blankets and slept the sleep of the carefree and innocent.

He was up before dawn and had disposed of breakfast before sunrise. After catching up his horses, he tethered the pack pony in the arroyo, saddled Rowdy and with his camera swinging from the pommel and the bottle of bichloride solution in his inner coat pocket, rode out across the valley. Presently he was riding among the cattle that wore the brand of the Bardin Land and Cattle Company. In general they were good grade Herefords with the usual Hereford markings, but from time to time he came across cows that showed a strong cross of Shorthorn or Durham.

When he found a lusty calf running by the side of such cows and the calf exhibited variegated coloration and was unbranded, he carefully photographed mother and calf from in front and from both sides, then roped the calf, hog-tied it, made a slit about an inch long in the hide inside the left foreleg just above the knee, rinsed his fingers in a dash of the bichloride solution, deluged a new, bright silver quarter piece with it, slipped the coin into the slit and worked it well down in the sheath between the hide and the muscle, after which he cast the calf loose.

By the middle of the afternoon he had secretly tagged with germ-proof silver quarter-dollars twenty head of calves and photographed them and their mothers, so he decided to call it a day and returned to his camp in the arroyo, where he again hobbled his horses and turned them loose to graze, cooked himself an early supper and spent the night in the arroyo.

The following morning he was up and on the road by daylight; late that night he rode into headquarters at El Ranchito. When he repaired to the mess hall to honey the cook into giving him a late snack, he could not help noticing the alacrity with which that harrassed individual hastened to assure him of prompt service. Nor did the cook hail him familiarly as Smokey. On the contrary he called him Mr. Burney, with much unction, and fried him a steak, which he served on the private table with the red tablecloth.

Burney immediately carried his meal over to one of the long tables where the help ate. "You're very kind and considerate, Cookie, old son," he declared, "but while Mr. Graydon remains on the ranch I think we'll just keep that table sacred to him. If he should invite me to eat there, that would be different. But he hasn't."

(To be continued.)

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It cleanses teeth and throat, sweetens mouth and breath, and strengthens the gums.

Your health is aided while your pleasure is served.

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Good and Good for You

AFTER EVERY MEAL

ISSUE No. 41—'30

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

2676

Tailored chic expresses this model perfectly.

It is one-piece from shoulder to hem which makes it most interesting for the home seamstress.

The front inverted plait secures snug hips stitched from the waistline to decorative embroidered arrows.

The deep flared cuffs and jaunty collar are youthful.

Novelty wool crepe made the original Paris model with linen collar and cuffs.

Other exceedingly effective fabrics are patterned wool jersey, sheer tweed, canton crepe and flat crepe silk.

Style No. 2676 may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years.

Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards of 39-inch material with ¾ yard of 35-inch light contrasting and ⅛ yard of 20-inch dark contrasting.

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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.

Hidden Treasure

Just before the big circus show started the lion-tamer and the dog-trainer were seated in the dressing-tent talking about their respective acts.

"By the way," inquired the lion-tamer, "how's that new dog you bought last month coming along?"

"That terrier, you mean?" replied the dog-trainer. "He's learning fast, and will make a good performer if I can get him accustomed to this jumping from town to town."

"What d'you mean?" queried the lion-tamer.

"Why, the other day, when we were showing in Birmingham, he buried a bone beside the centre pole, and he tried to dig it up in Oxford the next day," replied the dog-trainer.

Autumn

Who doesn't like the autumn,
The golden time of year,
Who doesn't like the autumn
When the hoar frosts are here?
Who doesn't like the pumpkins,
So mellow, big and round,
Who doesn't like the crimson,
Falling silently to the ground?
When the corn has reached its glory

Mr. Straphanger: "Madam, you are standing on my foot." Miss Ditto: "I beg your pardon. I thought it belonged to the man sitting down."

Life is made up of trials, with an occasional conviction.

"Hottest Spot" Is Science Test

Temperature Near 900,000 Degrees Believed to Have Been Induced

The highest temperature ever produced on earth it is believed, has been roughly measured by R. Tanberg of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company's research laboratories. It was found on a small spot on the crater of the metallic electrodes between which an electric arc was maintained inside a special type of vacuum tube and is estimated at 900,000 degrees.

Previously the hottest spot ever found on earth was that in the crater of an ordinary arc light, which reached about 10,000 degrees—almost as hot as the surface of the sun. Accurate measurement of the temperature produced in Mr. Tanberg's apparatus is impossible because the heat would vaporize any measuring instrument. The temperature was calculated, consequently, by observation of the behavior of surrounding gases.

Treasure Hunters Foiled by Storms

Ship's Papers Recovered But Not a Penny of Bullion

Brest, France.—Unable to conceal their disgust with the Autumnal storms which caused them to postpone their treasure hunt on the floor of the Atlantic until next Summer, the crew of the Italian salvage ship Artiglio have abandoned the slimy wreck of the P. and O. liner Egypt and put into Brest for the Winter.

A Summer's hard labor had produced the ship's papers, but not one penny of the $5,445,000 in gold and silver locked in the ocean's depth since 1922. The Egypt was rammed and sent down bow first on the night of May 20, 1922, and has lain ever since in 66 fathoms of water, a treasure ship to lure adventurers, so far in vain.

"Another fortnight and we would have had it—or at least some of it," Alberto Gianni, one of the Artiglio's three divers, commented ruefully. "Now these storms have made further work useless until next Summer. It was a hard break for us."

The Italians returned to port after exploding 26 mines in an effort to lemolish the Egypt's lower bridge and get into the strong room where the gold is stored in barrels.

Kamaran Island Has World's Worst Climate

Though certain parts of the North American Continent might feel justified in claiming "the world's worst climate"—according to Charles Fitzhugh Talman in his Science Service feature "Why the Weather?" (Washington), the favored spot is an island in the Red Sea. He says:

"Hot weather is endurable is the relative humidity remains low; hot days are endurable if the air cools off at night. Neither of these mitigating features is found in the average climate of the Red Sea coast. An English meteorological journal has recently suggested that Kamaran Island, which lies in the Red Sea off the coast of Yemen, can claim the distinction of having the worst climate on earth. A four-year record shows that from April to October, inclusive, the average daily maximum temperatures range from 91 to 95; which would not be bad were it not for the fact that the average minimum temperatures are from 81 to 88. The highest single reading during the four years was 105, which we can easily beat in America, but the mercury never once fell below 66. The average relative humidity was 72 in January and 58 in July. The climate of the island is extremely enervating. In spite of deserts near at hand and an average rainfall of only two inches a year the air generally feels damp, and the winds, though strong, bring no relief. Occasional sand storms add the human discomfort. A lovely place to stay away from is Kamaran!"

Just Like a Scot

The young man and his fiancee were rushing along the country lane in his little two-seater car.

She was of an inquisitive nature, and she decided to ask him a question that had been puzzling her for some time.

"John,' she said, "do you know what Angus' father gave him and his bride when they got married?"

The young man laughed hollowly.

"Why, yes," he answered; "the old Scot bought them railway tickets for their honeymoon in Cornwall."

"Well, that wasn't too bad of the old boy," she replied.

"But that's not the funny part of it," he added. "Angus and his bride didn't discover until after they got away in the train that they were only single tickets."

Little Princess Will Wear Kilt

Balmoral, Scotland.—The King's little granddaughter, Princess Elizabeth, has just been measured for her first kilt. It is to be made of the Inverness tartan.

The tartan, though little known, is not new; it was designed by an old lady who lived at Inverness in Queen Victoria's time. It owes its name to the fact that the Duke of York, who has adopted it, is Earl of Inverness.

News that Princess Elizabeth is to be allowed to wear a kilt coincides with a revival of its popularity in Scotland.

THE TRUTH

He that finds Truth without loving her is like a bat; which, though it have eyes to discern that there is a sun, yet hath so evil eyes that it cannot delight in the sun.

—Sir P. Sidney.

Driver: "My wife says if I don't give up golf she'll leave me." Brassie: "Jove, that's hard luck!" "Yes; I'm surely going to miss her."

Tea Biscuits unusually good when made with Magic Baking Powder

If you bake at home send for the New Magic Cook Book. It will suggest many attractive dishes and save time for you.

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3 out of every 4 Canadian housewives* who bake at home, use Magic Baking Powder because they find that Magic *gives consistently better baking results.*

Next time you bake biscuits, try Magic and see for yourself how it will help *you* with your baking.

Try this Recipe for Biscuits

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons shortening
1 cup cold sweet milk, more or less

Method—sift together flour, magic baking powder and salt, then cut in shortening. Gradually add cold milk sufficient to make as soft a dough as can be handled, using a knife to mix with.

Flour centre or board generously, drop dough on it, pat or roll out very lightly to ½" thickness. Cut out, bake 15 to 20 minutes in a hot oven.

All ingredients should be cold. Handle as little and as lightly as possible and avoid working in more flour after milk has been added.

*This fact was revealed in a recent Dominion-wide investigation.

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Medical Officer of Byrd Expedition Tells How They Were Kept Fit

Balanced Rations Preserved Health of Antarctic Party and Were the Result of Careful Dietary Preparations

A hitherto unreported aspect of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition is discussed in the following article. How was the health and well-being of the forty-two men at Little America safeguarded? What recreation did they have during the long, lightless Antarctic winter? What food did they have to eat, and what medical attention did they require? These questions are answered, with a wealth of interesting personal incidents by the medical director of the expedition.

The Byrd Expedition arrived at its home port with its personnel intact and every man well. When one considers the hazards that had to be surmounted and the size and widely scattered distribution of its contingents one begins to appreciate that such a record is extraordinary. No former expedition ever had such good fortune. It would even be difficult to find a similar group of men who in ordinary life would all be well at the end of two years.

Citing a single instance, it is perhaps not often realized that we owe to the late Fridtjof Nansen not only the first actual use of skis and of dog teams and light sledges in polar exploration, but also the practical means of preparing hot food on long sledge trips; and even less is it realized that any one of these items might be specifically life-saving.

The medical program while largely concerned with definite preventive and precautionary measures aimed first of all toward building up the resistance of the individual to the unusual demands of the environment. On other similar expeditions the least scratch toward the end of the season was likely to lead to ulceration and grave illness.

Keeping Men Mentally Fit

We early realized the necessity of fostering a healthy mental equilibrium among men, some of whom were liable to have difficulty in adjusting themselves to a social situation from which there was no escape. Accordingly, from the very first a definite yet reasonably elastic policy was adopted toward each specific individual type. Our general freedom from sickness speaks well enough for this program. Words of advice were dispensed more liberally than pills.

Byrd kept himself fit by walking out every day whatever the weather. In addition he was one of the few consistent users of the gymnasium. Here he practiced weight-lifting and went through a series of exercises he had developed for every muscle of the body. Here, also, Bernt gave boxing instruction and sparred daily with several of the boys. Some of the rest of us went out occasionally, but found that after the regular daily duties the non-productive gymnasium work demanded just too much moral enacity for our weak wills.

Care of Frost-Bites

With the amateur crew we had, heaven knows why we never had any serious accidents. We became accustomed to freezing the face so that those of us who were out in cold weather paid little attention to it and our friends were the ones mostly concerned for us. It was not the same, however, with a frozen hand or foot; we became quickly and painfully aware of it and did not scoff at it. Rubbing the frozen part we found was very bad treatment, especially rubbing with snow, for the tissue was apt to be torn and bruised by such methods and an extensive crusted "burn" would result instead of a quick and complete return to normal.

As it was only necessary to bring the frost-bitten part back to body temperature one held the hand gently over the part until circulation was re-established, or if a hand were frozen it was held next to the skin in the armpit or between the thighs. We had several bad freezings such as when Dean Smith lost his fur gloves while on top of one of the steel radio towers and had to climb down bare-handed, but in every case by calm and sensible treatment not a blister remained where a few minutes previously the part had been as white and stiff and lifeless as a plaster cast.

Bruises and muscle strains seemed to heal very slowly. A sledge runner fell on Larry Gould giving him a black and blue arm that instead of healing in a few days was sore for several weeks; and Paul Siple, who seemed to pick out the hardest work to do, strained a shoulder muscle in chopping up dog food and as a result his arm was in a sling for a couple of months. With protective eyeglasses that would not fog we suffered very little from snow glare.

The Varied Diet

Extended advice as to proper foods once given was thereafter never required on the ships or at Little America. The proper foods were there, and well prepared and varied daily menus were provided by Tennant and Reichert, each of whom was a good combination of steward and chef. The men found little difficulty in becoming accustomed to the necessarily coarse diet and there was never any serious dissatisfaction with the food. All of us grew to think of caribou hair and occasional other equipment as really part of the soup.

Scurvy, of course, was especially kept in mind. And to combat it we had citrus fruits in every conceivable form. We had such fruit preserved in syrup or partially dehydrated under carbondioxide; we had vacuum-packed sterile fresh juice and the powdered whole fruit; and, most satisfactory of all, we had the actual frozen grape fruit and lemons which experimentally proved a brilliant success, for until the end of our stay when thawed out they were to all appearance, taste and reaction the fresh fruit.

Various forms of yeast, wheat germ, cod liver oil, etc., were provided, and powdered whole milk, malted milk, ovaporated and condensed milk, tinned sweet butter, whole wheat and white flour as well as cake flour and potato flour, frozen eggs and dried eggs, canned tomatoes, spinach, string beans, peas and unbleached green asparagus, and a large variety of carefully selected canned fruits, including cranberry sauce and applesauce, green gage and damson plums, etc., until we felt that even the most evasive vitamin must be present.

We anticipated the lack of mineral salts in the only water available, the melted neve or granular snow being practically distilled water, by providing lime, specially treated table salt and large quantities of dehydrated foods rich in potash, iron, etc. The dehydrated potatoes, for instance, had been scrubbed but not peeled, and the rice was unpolished. Paying attention to such items was a complicating detail, but without question was a large factor in our unusually satisfactory health record.

Besides frozen carcass beef, mutton, fresh pork, etc., which we carried, and for which extensive refrigeration was necessary across the tropics, the region itself provided a great abundance of whale meat, seal meat, penguin and skua gull. The whale meat was like very coarse beef, but slightly fishy; we preferred the Crabeater seal as less gamy than the Wedell variety; the penguin seemed like not overtender beef liver flavored with fish oil, and the skua gull, according to Jack Bursey, was not quite as good as the common sea-gull here.

Danger Kept in View

But all these were sources of fresh meat, potentially at least, and Byrd by his own example tried more than any one else to get the men accustomed to this somewhat distasteful fare, for he realized the ever-present possibility of disaster, of the ships not being able to get through the ice pack, or of the isolation of one or the other contingent. Yet the best that most of us could do was to eat very small portions of these curiosa.

The emergency food or use on the trail and on the airplane flights proved exceptionally satisfactory. The pemmican, consisting of compressed blocks of a mixture of beef, suet and cereal, depends for its palatability and quality almost entirely upon the care used in its preparation. One of the last services Amundsen did for Byrd was to supervise the preparation of this product in Denmark. We found that we could depend quite freely upon the pemmican as our principal emergency food, many of us liking it so well that we know we will miss it on our first frosty morning.

The Eskimo biscuit, a hard bread rich in bran and containing finely shredded beef, formed a perfect balance for the pemmican. It contained a large amount of roughage and became a popular bedtime snack throughout the Winter. Like the pemmican, it had been made with great care, Floyd Bennett and Bernt Balchen supervising its preparation in Canada.

Our daily duties took us out of doors except in the most violent blizzards. There was always snow shoveling to do. In fact we often thought that a shovel would be a most appropriate emblem for us. Windows and ventilators had to be kept clear, and tunnel and hut entrances made passable many times during the day. Stores had to be dug out, and often when some one had thoughtlessly removed marker poles large areas and many cubic feet of the barrier had to be folded back until the stores could be located.

Sheep

"Rounding the corner of the Downs
they come
A white flock, moving slow,
Treading the steep and terraced ways
That only sheep may go.

"Above their bent and nibbling heads
A faint wind passes by,
Aeolus, shepherd, drives his clouds
Across a paleless sky!"

—Joyce Sambrooke in the Sussex County Magazine

One For Father

Tommy returned from school with a perplexed brow.

"What's the matter, sonny?" asked his father.

"I can't get a certain sum right," returned the boy. "I wish you'd help me with it, dad?"

His father shook his head.

"Can't, my boy," he said, "it wouldn't be right."

"I don't suppose it would," Tommy replied, "but you might have a try!"

He Knew

The schoolmaster was putting questions to his young pupils.

"Now, Bobby Perkins," he said, "what do we call a man who keeps on talking and talking when people are no longer interested?"

"An orator!" answered the boy.

"Well, that's not quite right," the master replied. "What would you call him, Stanley Stone?"

Stanley came out of his daydreams with a bump.

"A teacher!" he said drowsily.

He Couldn't Believe It!

On entering the grocer's shop the customer happened to brush his coat against the newly painted door.

"Look here," he said angrily, "I've spoilt my coat on your beastly door."

"I'm sorry!" apologized the grocer. "But didn't you see the notice 'fresh paint'?"

"Yes," thrust back the customer, "but I didn't take much notice of it. You have another notice there, 'fresh eggs'—but they are not fresh!"

Well Tutored

All summer the lover has been on the rack,
And he is not happy precisely
To find that the girl he's engaged to comes back
With a wonderful gift to kiss nicely.

INEQUALITY

Our inequality materializes our upper class, vulgarises our middle class, brutalises our lower class.—Matthew Arnold.

BLACKHEADS

Get two ounces of peroxine powder from your druggist. Sprinkle on a hot, wet cloth and rub the face briskly. Every blackhead will be dissolved. The one safe, sure and simple way to remove blackheads. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. F. W. SCARF & CO.
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