

Saiada Orange Pekoe has a most fascinating flavour



'Fresh from the gardens'

The Gringo Privateer

By PETER B. KYNE

CHAPTER XXXV.—(Cont'd.)

The king thumbed a push-button and summoned his vice-president and assistant general manager.

"You let those Wilkins cattle get away from you," he charged. "Why?"

"Because Wilkins wired me I would not offer the cattle for sale until our representative had time to get there and inspect the herd. It was busy and couldn't go, and our cattle buyer was sick with flu. I felt Wilkins would keep his word."

"Oh, well, it's too bad. We should have had that herd."

He turned to some papers on his desk, indicating by that action that the interview was terminated, insofar as his inferior was concerned. But it was far from a finished matter in the mind of King Bardin.

His Majesty wired Dan Wilkins that Kenneth Burney was not even in the employ of the Bardin Land and Cattle Company, having resigned a week previous to his resignation, however, Burney had been the general manager of the El Rancho Division. He requested Dan Wilkins to forward him, if quite consistent with the latter's pleasure, copies of all communications received from Burney, a copy of the contract and any further information that might tend to convict the said Burney of operating under false pretenses. Further, he advised Dan Wilkins not to deposit the cheque Burney had given him until assured by competent legal authority that if the sale of his cattle had been induced by fraud and false representation it could be set aside; in which event the Bardin Land and Cattle Company would be glad to purchase the cattle at the same or possible a slightly higher figure and pay cash.

Patently His Majesty waited for Dan Wilkins' reply. When it came it was from the latter's attorney and ran:

Dear Mr. Bardin:

My client, Mr. Daniel Wilkins, has referred to me your telegram in reply to his of the 8th inst. and has placed in my hands his original contract with Kenneth Burney and one telegram from the latter, a copy of which I enclose.

After reading this telegram you will agree with me that if Burney has seemed to represent himself as the agent of your company, such representation is implied rather than expressed. It does not, even remotely, refer to the purchase of the cattle by any one other than himself, but in signing his telegram he added the line "Manager El Rancho Division." This I might be understood as merely identifying himself and giving Mr. Wilkins a clue to his standing in the cattle business, although I feel quite certain he added this identifying line for the sole purpose of adroitly inculcating in the mind of Mr. Wilkins the erroneous impression that when he should arrive to trade for the cattle it would be as the representative of your company, with whom Mr. Wilkins has done much pleasant trading in the past.

Mr. Wilkins informs me that at no time while at the latter's ranch, did Mr. Burney, directly or indirectly, represent himself as the agent of your

company. Having assumed that he was your agent, it never occurred to Mr. Wilkins to doubt his own assumption or question Burney regarding his authority. Burney gave my client a cashier's cheque for \$50,000, made in favor of himself and endorsed by him to Mr. Wilkins; the latter deposited the cheque the day he drove Mr. Burney into town to catch the southbound train and it was not until his return to the ranch that he discovered he had traded with Mr. Burney as an individual rather than as the agent of your company.

If Mr. Burney employed a certain measure of guile in consummating this deal with Mr. Wilkins, he certainly was imbued with an ardent desire to protect Mr. Wilkins in the event he should find himself unable to go through with the deal as per contract. The contract specifies that should payments of the deferred payments not be made on the dates and in the manner specified, then, at his option, Mr. Wilkins may declare the contract null and void, in which event Burney agrees to abandon any and all rights under the contract, the cattle revert to Mr. Wilkins and any sums hitherto paid on account are to be retained by Wilkins as and for agreed liquidated damages.

While my client is none too well pleased at having inadvertently done business with a total stranger with whose credit and financial rating he is in ignorance, and whose eloquence and personal magnetism he has the utmost reverence, nevertheless it is my opinion that were he to sue for the contract set aside he could not sustain his suit. Inasmuch as he sold at his own price, he will be satisfied if the deal goes through without a hitch—particularly in view of your statement that if there should be a hitch you will be glad to take the deal yourself.

For your information copy of the contract of purchase and sale is enclosed herewith.

After reading that contract the king sat long in silence contemplating the carpet. "His father has backed him to his last dollar, but—It isn't three hundred and some odd thousand dollars. What Burney plans to do is to operate on margin. After making the second payment he will sell his contract to some big operator. Indeed, he may even try to sell it to me."

"Six months hence those cattle will be worth not less than five dollars a head more than he paid for them—and as a sweeter Burney will have this year's calves free—probably about thirty-five hundred head. He'll sell those later as long yearlings and at a good price. Yes, sir, the boy is going to make some money—and entirely at my expense. Within the year wedding bells will ring for him and Marjell and I will be left holding the sack."

On his desk calendar he made careful note of the dates Ken Burney's payments to Dan Wilkins were due, and then proceeded to forget the matter.

Ken Burney met his second payment of \$200,000 on the Wilkins cattle, as the king was very careful to ascertain; also he had paid Dan Wilkins

and his cowboys their wages regularly and had provided funds for all incidental expenses connected with the herd. The price of beef having advanced two cents in the interim, the king decided it was now time to look Ken Burney up and trade him out of his contract. Surely he would be forced to let go now; with a nice profit in hand he would, the king reasoned, be glad to do so. Also, His Majesty knew that within six months, he, the king, would be able to turn the entire herd at a profit of ten dollars a head. So he got on the trail of his victim by writing him in care of his father. Promptly Burney wired him that the subject broached in his letter of date was a matter of interest to him.

"That fellow certainly beats my time," His Majesty decided. "Well, he'll have to do some tall financing in the next six months, and if he fails to make connections elsewhere he'll probably offer to sell me a half interest in the deal. Well, if he does, he'll be in a position where I can do the dictating. By Judds, I'll succeed yet in elbowing that fellow into going to work for me."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Nevertheless, as the time for making the remaining payments fell due, Ken Burney resolutely failed to materialize. The next thing the king knew, Burney had relieved Dan Wilkins of his job and taken over the management of the herd himself. And, although the king and him watched very carefully, it appeared that Burney had not, as yet, disposed of a single cow.

"He's financed himself and is doing the sensible thing—holding his herd," His Majesty decided. "The calves he got free with the trade he will sell as two-year-olds; he has a new calf crop and a big one and he'll grow that out and as soon as this year's calves are weaned he'll clean up."

The king sighed dully. All of his well-laid plans had, indeed, gone by the board, and he was in hourly dread that some young fellow who could not, as he might think, be prevailed to marry him. He reflected bitterly on his purchase of the Burney ranch. He had paid a stiff price for that ranch and he wished he hadn't. He was relieved, therefore, when his general counsel called him up one day and told him he had received an offer for the Burney ranch of fifteen thousand dollars less than the king had paid for it.

"Nothing doing," His Majesty decided. "Sell it for what I paid for it, but not a cent more."

(To be concluded.)

Old Man and Wife

The youthful years, like revelers long gone,

Grow faint upon the senses. Now they know

The recompense that comes when young hearts go:

The gift of silence on a sun-flecked lawn.

They spend an hour with evening when the tall

Gaunt cedars yield their shadows, lean and gray,

And rise to meet the sun who comes to call

Each morning, like a friend across the way.

They who have grown too wise for any speech,

Who feel a peace too deep or joy or pain,

Know there is nothing more the world can teach

Than what is learned in shadow, wind and rain.

And so, where lilacs brood and roses climb

Over a moss-green roof, they sit and wait

A dark remembered hand upon the gate

As for an old friend gone a long, long time.

—Anderson M. Scruggs.

Water Marks From Flood Found in Old Persian City

Oxford, Eng. — A city so ancient that its ruins show watermarks left by the Biblical flood has been discovered a few miles east of Babylon by the Oxford University Field Museum Expedition in Mesopotamia.

On top of it is the first well-preserved palace of the Sasanian dynasty of Persian kings ever found, and the discovery of the palace was largely accidental.

Prof. Stephen Langdon, the United States director of the expedition explained how the discovery was made. The Field Director, waiting to begin excavation of the Mall Hill over the site of the ancient city, set his Arab workmen to levelling the mounds of earth nearby. They had not been at work for a week before one wall and two gateways of the Royal Persian Palace had been laid bare. Prof. Langdon estimates its date at about 350 A.D.

Plane Designer Envisions Atlantic Air Trade

Panama City, Pan.—Ignor Sikorsky, airplane designer here on an air tour of Central America, recently predicted safe, economical, transatlantic mail and passenger air service within three years.

Huge airplanes like the Dornier DOX will not be practicable for some time to come in commercial ocean flying, Mr. Sikorsky asserted. The most suitable ships for crossing the Atlantic, he added, are four-motored ships which can easily carry 24 passengers in addition to a pay load.

The most practical route across the Atlantic, he said, is by way of Bermuda and the Azores, where weather is favorable and two convenient landing bases are available. He said he expected to see seadromes so placed in the ocean that no single hop would be more than 700 miles over water.

There are three eminent pleasures in life—construction, destruction, and no, we needn't the jeweller's given him credit for that."

Sonnet

Ab, now that you, who held my thoughts for years, Have laughed and lightly turned away from me, And I, bewitched no more and free from tears, Can think in calmness of your ways, and see You pass uncaring by, your eyes grown cold, And feel, instead of love, a faint surprise

That hearts can be so easily consoled, That I can watch, unburnt, your roving eyes Seek other loves, can see your gay fair head Turn carelessly from me, and know that I Care even less than you, that all we said Of constancy was lighter than a sigh:

Again I see, so long obscured by love, The constant hills and boundless sky above!

—Irene M. McCrae in The Australasian.

Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

Paris advocates color contrast. And there isn't anything smarter than the black and white theme carried out in this chic model of flat crepe.

It's adorably simple. You'll like the slimmest crepe by the cross-over peplum bodice, accented with black buttons and shoulder flounces.

Style No. 2996 is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

It's perfectly stunning too in black and yellow tweed mixture with plain yellow contrast. It may be worn now and is an advanced idea for Spring.

Another splendid combination is printed crepe silk used for the entire dress with plain blending shade crepe cuffs and buttons.

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.

Evidence of Pre-historic Race Found in Alaska

Nome, Alaska.—A recent report here that bones of mastodons, stone anchors and other implements have been unearthed in the Kuguruk mining district, 120 miles inland from Nome, revived interest in the probability of prehistoric races having roamed this region.

In the Fall of 1928 three stones, resembling anchors, were found. The report said that about 25 more of these curious stones—which apparently were used by prehistoric Mongolians as weights to hold down their skin houses—had been found in the Kuguruk region.

All of the stones were found at an approximately depth of 10 feet. They averaged 50 pounds in weight, and some of them are covered with queer inscriptions, similar to Chinese characters.

H. B. Collins, Jr., anthropologist from the United States national museum at Washington, said that in his opinion, the stones were used as anchors on Mongolian boats travelling from Siberia to Alaska and then were carried inland and used at a settlement which is now buried.

The argument started over a borrowed frying-pan, passing by easy stages through defects in character, facial and other bodily peculiarities, to what one person would do to another if that other did not look out. Then came a slight fall in the storm.

"After all, Mrs. Briggs," said Mrs. Mean, "you needn't get so uppish. I often pays back more than I borrowa."

"Yes, I can see that," retorted Mrs. Briggs; "his 'ere pan' adn't no 'ole in it when you borrow'd it."

A wise man never tells a girl that she is pretty in the presence of her rival.—Detroit News.

Kit: "But, anyway, dear, we must give Jack credit for getting her a nice engagement ring." Kat: "Oh, no, we needn't the jeweller's given him credit for that."

Watch Your Child For Speech Defects

Eighty Per Cent. of All Such Trouble Begins Before the Sixth Birthday

Speech is an expression both of mental maturity and of personality conditions. Children usually say da-ah or some equivalent "words" by the end of the first year. They show an intimate interest in words at about the same time. At eighteen months they speak in jargon, and by the second year they begin to join words.

If a child is far behind this schedule, he should be taken to a physician for a diagnosis of deafness, backwardness, or some other difficulty. Occasionally, however, children show speech delay without any retardation of general intelligence. Comprehension may remain normal even when speech lags.

Sometimes a chronic kind of silence arises out of timidity. The suppression of speech is due to some obscure personality inhibition, which should be removed. This happens especially frequently in children of pre-school age. They are often greatly benefited by a nursery school or kindergarten, where they are given companionship and social opportunities which develop self-confidence, and release the impulse to expression. Children, of course, differ in degree of talkativeness; but almost always chronic silence is an unfavorable symptom which needs attention in the pre-school years.

About eighty per cent. of all cases of speech defect, like malarticulation and stuttering, begin before the sixth birthday. The early years, therefore, are good years for prevention and for cure. It is well to take pronounced trustworthy medical and psychological cases of stuttering in hand early. Seek advice. Don't wait till the child is old enough to go to school.—By Dr. Arnold Essell in McCall's.

Fashion Gems

A new glove suggestion from Paris—flaring, wide-topped pulls-on that are hand-stitched are worn a full size too large with the cuff over the coat sleeve.

Southern "rendezvous" of the smartly dressed indicate that the plain materials are the favorites. Flat crepe, linen and light-weight woollens appear over and over again in white for sports wear and in pastels for slightly more formal wear.

The "Watteau" hat is an innovation of great charm and originality. In the picturesque style of the eighteenth century, this new silhouette features a very shallow crown, a brim that sweeps up at one side with the trimming below it—the whole affair perched precariously over one eye.

A long brassiere that moulds the waistline and diaphragm, as well as the bust, and that has garters in front and back solves both the stocking support and foundation problems of the pyjama costume.

Old British Inn Link With Romans

Castle Tavern Served Public for 2,000 Years at Least

Recent excavations in Blossom's Inn Yard, near the London Guildhall, have brought to light drinking vessels ranging back through the ages for over nineteen centuries. The inn yard appears to have been used as a kind of dump for discarded drinking vessels.

Amongst those found are more than a hundred Roman vessels, dating from times before the sack of the city of Boadicea in A.D. 61. Some have their owners' names scratched on them.

The Castle Tavern, whose stables were in Blossom's inn yard, dated from the fifteenth century, and was dismantled in 1910. But it is clear that the site must have been used for an inn continuously for something like 2,000 years.—From Tit-Bits.

Lighting Experts Meet In England Next Fall

New York.—American lighting experts and engineers will gather in Great Britain next fall to attend the 1931 International Congress on Illumination, according to the recent announcement of the United States committee on illumination. The meetings will afford the delegates a splendid opportunity to witness the success of Great Britain in coping with its problems of lighting in the industries.

The official program covers the period from September 2 to September 19 and, besides its scientific interest, provides for an opportunity to travel, for the congress will meet in several of the more important cities of the British Isles, starting with Glasgow on September 4.

The convention date has been chosen so that the visitors may attend the Faraday Centennial in London immediately after the international congress. The centennial includes a meeting of the Institution of Electrical Engineers and will be followed by the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

Liberty

What state could fall, what liberty, if the zeal of man's noisy patriotism were as pure as the silent loyalty of a woman's love.—Bulwer Lytton.

The Chinese hibiscus, a tender evergreen shrub which may be planted in pots, tubs or outdoors during the summer, flowers freely if kept in a light sunny position.

The ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE

STORY ONE

Well, boys and girls, so many queer things have happened to us while flying about the world during the last few months, that we just have to tell you the story of our adventures. Some day, perhaps you'll fly over strange countries, too; countries filled with savage tribes and wild animals, and a thousand interesting things one never dreams of while sitting at home.

Perhaps you'll fly above the clouds at times and look down on them billowing and rolling beneath the wings of your plane, just like a big sea of gold and silver in the sun; and away down below you'll see harbors, so far down that they look like toy boats floating on the rim of a bathtub.

At other times you'll fly over black tropical forests and follow the white track of unknown rivers under the light of a huge bright moon—wonderful, dangerous forests where crocodiles lurk in the swamps and tigers and bears hunt through the live-long night, while blue faced monkeys swing and jabber in the trees.

You'll see these things, and a thousand more, and of course you'll want to tell the boys and girls you know all about your adventures, just like I am going to tell you mine.

Most of the boys and girls I know call me Captain Jimmy. While my real name is Captain James Harworth Newberry, only the grown-ups call me that. We fly a Victrola plane. By me, I mean Scottie and myself. Scottie is one of those plain whistery dogs known as Scotch Terriers. He looks like an animated bath brush, and he has never won a blue ribbon or a prize; yet, for sheer personality, he's a dog a show all by himself.

Scottie is the first mate and the crew—and what a crew he makes. Anyway, I found Scottie when he was only just about six weeks old, and he I just took to each other. You know how it is. Sometimes a dog just adopts you. You don't buy him; he picks you. Scottie just got used to riding around with me so I couldn't keep him out of the plane. From the day of my first ride he has gone everywhere with me—all over Canada, Europe and even Africa.

It was a fine bright morning when we pulled the old Victrola out of her hangar at the Calgary flying field, and headed her out into the wind. Perhaps if we had known all the adventures we were going to meet we would never have made the trip at all. For you know, while it's lots of fun to read of adventures, actually having them sometimes is not all its' cracked up to

be—and you often—yes, very often—wish that you were in some nice safe place instead.

We had the propeller humming like a giant bee—the even contented hum that is music to an airman—when the ground shot away from under us and we rose into the sky. We were probably going 70 or 80 miles an hour, but it didn't feel so fast as we got further away from the field.

Once in the air, a plane is not hard to drive. In front of the pilot's seat is the chief control lever known as the "stick." It is not a very hard name to remember, but it is a sure enough important piece of the plane. When I pull the stick toward me, it lifts the horizontal fins on the tail of the plane, and causes the nose to push up into the air. When I push the stick from me, it pulls the fins down and of course pulls the plane down and toward the rudders at the extreme tail of the plane. When I push the one to the right, the plane turns to the right—when I pass to the left, the plane goes to the left. It's exactly like steering a car, only you do it with your feet instead. A round clock on the instrument board tells me how fast I am going—another tells me how high I am in the air. So you see it's all easy enough when you get used to it—like lots of things that look hard at first.

As we flew over the foothills, the scenery became more beautiful. Wooded slopes, cool ravines, and here and there an open valley where the lonely cabin of some homesteader or prospector showed half in the cover of the woods. Then shadows began to make patches on the sunlit country; below—the shadows of gathering clouds. Scottie seemed to sense something wrong and pawed at my flying suit—as dogs do when trying to draw your attention. Then suddenly "puff" a gust of wind struck us—then another and another. Then a rain squall hit us—and in a moment we were in the center of the meanest storm you ever saw, the old ship rocking and tossing like a boat in an angry sea—the sky growing darker every minute—and the rain coming down in sheets amid the blinding stab of blue lightning. Then the right wing dipped crazily and the plane began to slip sideways. . . .

(To be continued next Thursday)

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After Meals

The tramp knocked hopefully at the door of the cottage on Christmas Day. "Please, ma'am," he said to the lady who opened it, "I'm a sick man. The doctor gave me this medicine, but I ain't got nothing to take it with."

A sympathetic light came into her eyes, for was it not the season of goodwill?

"Poor fellow!" she murmured. "I suppose you want a spoon and a glass of water?"

The tramp shook his head.

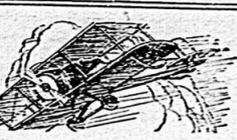
"No, ma'am," he replied. "I would not trouble you for that. But the medicine 'as to be took after meals. I was wondering if you'd got a nice bit of turkey 'n'ny?"

OLD THOUGHTS

There is nothing good in man, but his young feelings and his old thoughts.—Joubart.

Literature is the thought of thinking souls.—Thomas Carlyle.

ISSUE No. 9—31



STORY ONE

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