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'Fresh from the gardens'

THE KESTREL HOUSE MYSTERY

By T. C. H. JACOBS

SYNOPSIS

Henry Holt and his ward, Mariel, are staying at a farmhouse near the town of Kestrel. Mariel is a beautiful girl who has a habit of visiting a series of mysterious places. She takes place the latest victim being a young daughter of the local vicar. A letter from the vicar's brother, Percival Pycroft, arrives. Mariel has been sent to the farm having been told by her father to get into conversation with Mariel. She has a conversation with Mariel and then a conversation with Mariel and Mariel.

CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd)

Mr. Holt turned to Mariel and whispered: "I think, my dear, that I should not go to bed. It's—clear up."

Mariel, who had risen from her chair, kissed her guardian and murmured "good night" to the young man who was thinking evilly at her. She understood now what was the nature of his malady, and for some unaccountable reason she felt the hot tears starting to her eyes as she went slowly and thoughtfully to her bedroom. Holt turned to Pycroft, a packet of anonymous creases his high forehead.

"I must say, sir," he began when the other stepped him with a wave of his hand.

"No, professor, no, no, you are quite wrong. I'm not drunk. But I stay, professor."

"I'm not a professor, and I'm more than—astonished at your conduct, sir," snapped Holt with considerable heat.

"Not a pre—professor!" exclaimed Pycroft blankly.

"No, sir, I am not."

Henry Holt turned his back upon him and proceeded to gather together his belongings. Packing them in the valise he tucked it under his arm.

"I wish you good night," he said softly.

"Nightie, Prof.," nodded Pycroft, smiling amiably.

For the best part of half an hour he remained almost motionless, his long legs stretched out in front of him, his hands thrust deep into his trouser pockets. Rousing himself at last, he glanced towards the sideboard and, happening to catch sight of himself in the oval mirror which reflected the back, he winked with solemn deliberation at the reflection.

CHAPTER III.

It was one evening some days after his first visit to the Blue Boat that Percival Pycroft was leaning languidly over the farway gate apparently lost in contemplation of the rugged moorland. A cool breeze, laden with the sweet scent of bracken and heather, gently ruffled his Auburn hair in playful caress. As far as the eye could see not a living thing was moving on the moor; a scene of peace and rare beauty, incidentally alluring in its suggestion of romance and mystery. The gauzy tent was fast fading from view as the purple haze deepened in the veil of twilight. A raven croaked huskily as it soared high overhead on its way to the rocky crag far out on the moor.

Pycroft glanced up at the great black bird and then, as if coming to a sudden resolution, detached himself from the gate and stepped out on the white road. He paused a moment undecidedly and then squaring his broad shoulder set out across the heather towards the valley.

Though Mr. Holt still treated him with a certain tolerant contempt, with the ward he had so far progressed as to have played several games of tennis that very morning on the rather patchy courts which Barrows boasted and did not forget to advertise.

It was to Mariel Mallowing that his thoughts were turning now. For the first time he was conscious of a vague dissatisfaction with his mode of life, and the knowledge roused in him a sense of uneasiness.

Absorbed with his thoughts he had reached the entrance to the valley before he realized that it was growing dark. The sound of the river swirling among the lichen-stained boulders roused him from his reverie.

With a start he halted and glanced about him. On the other side the land rose sheer from the water's edge, a towering wall of bare granite, grim and melancholy in the gathering darkness. Before him stood a small wood of stunted oaks which concealed the valley itself, a delightful place in daylight, but now its gloomy interior was uninviting, almost menacing.

From somewhere in its depths an owl hooted, a dismal, sinister sound.

With a shrug of his shoulders which was half a shiver Pycroft turned away and was on the point of retracing his steps, when suddenly a shadow moved out of the deeper shadows by a great rock. With a crooked oath he leaped back, stumbled over a stone and fell upon his back. A second later something

hurled itself upon him, half stunning him with a savage blow.

For one horrible second he had the impression that some huge, grotesque creature was hovering, bat-like, over him and then it struck again. He was dimly aware of the odor of sickly sweetness, a thousand stars danced and flashed before his eyes with bewildering rapidity, and then the blackness of oblivion.

His first coherent thought on regaining consciousness brought the realization that he was lying on the bottom of a motor vehicle which was bumping its way over some extremely rough ground. His head seemed to be revolving in every direction, spasms of pain stabbed across his brow, he felt sick and exhausted. By an effort of will he forced his eyes open and immediately perceived a pair of boots resting on his chest. For several minutes he stared at them wearily and then as the owner shifted his weight a little he closed his eyes, in a determined attempt to collect his thoughts.

Whatever else he may have been Pycroft was no coward, and though many emotions thronged through his mind fear was not one of them. With a philosophical calm, remarkable under the circumstances, he waited patiently for something definite to happen. Presently he was aware that the car was descending a steep incline very cautiously, and a few minutes later the brakes were suddenly applied, bringing the vehicle to an abrupt halt which jarred every nerve in his body.

The boots were removed from his chest and a beam of light was directed full upon his face. Not by the flicker of an eyelid nor the twitch of a muscle did Pycroft reveal that he was conscious.

"Still sleeping?" queried a soft, cultured voice.

"Sure thing, ho," replied the other. "Goin' to hump him out?"

Pycroft felt himself dragged from the car and dumped unceremoniously on the coarse, tufted grass. Very slowly he raised his eyelids, but the darkness and his position so limited his range of vision that he could see practically nothing.

He heard the swirl of the river clearly and judged that he must be a matter of yards only from the water. Already he was feeling better, his head still ached but his strength was returning. As far as he could tell his captors numbered either two or three, not more, and provided that they were not armed, would not have presented a very formidable obstacle to escape. But the spirit of adventure was upon him and he was determined to see this strange business to its end, although he was aware that he ran considerable risk in doing so.

Accordingly he lay passive when he felt his legs seized and his shoulders gripped. They lifted him awkwardly, evidently finding the dead weight of his great body no easy burden. He heard the creaking of wood and concluded that they were crossing the stream, but he did not venture to look.

For perhaps five minutes they struggled along with him and then he heard a new sound which for some moments puzzled him until he realized that it was the rustle of wind blowing through trees, probably pines. He wondered where he could be, as trees of the size he imagined these to be were conspicuous by their absence, or at least, rarity, on Dartmoor. He noted that their feet made no sound as they plodded along.

Presently they halted and he heard a low, eerie whistle, rising in three irregular notes and falling in weird, uncanny cadence to silence again. There followed the sound of belts being drawn and a few whispered words. The door closed softly after them.

"Still not daring to open his eyes he felt himself lowered upon a couch and heard an exclamation of relief from one of his bearers.

"S'truth, he's a sodd, thought I should have dropped him comin' up the plantation. Guess the Doc oughter be pleased with that I'll cop."

The men moved away and, seizing the opportunity, Pycroft partly opened one eye to glance stealthily about. He perceived that he was in a well furnished room, the floor of which was covered by a thick, expensive-looking, blue carpet, upon which the feet of the two men made no sound as they moved towards the table in the middle of the room.

Taking up a decanter, one of them poured whisky into a tumbler. "Guess I can do with it, bo," he remarked, draining the tumbler.

His companion shrugged his shoulders.

"The less you drink of that, my lad, the better," he snapped.

"Put a sock in it," retorted the other. "Hullo! The Doc's comin'!"

Pycroft heard the sound of shuffling feet and, suppressing a powerful

desire to get a glimpse of the newcomer, immediately closed his eyes again. He sensed the man approaching him, and at the same time became aware of an extraordinary sensation. It was not altogether fear, rather was it a sense of loathing, an utter repugnance for something unaccountably foul.

It was with a very decided effort of will that he restrained a shudder. "All O.K., Doc?" said a voice from the table.

"Any trouble?"

The question came in harsh, grating tones, which seemed to increase the astonishing sense of repulsion which Pycroft so unaccountably felt.

"Trouble? No, Doc, too easy for words. Guess he ain't such a livin' wonder as they try to make out. A couple of tags and a sniff of dope, and there you are."

A murmur of satisfaction and Pycroft was acutely conscious of the evil presence over him. He heard a sharp intake of breath and a second later there came a savage snarl of rage, positively bestial in its animal ferocity.

"You damned, clumsy, bungling fools!" stormed the Doc, hoarse with concentrated fury, "this is not the man!"

"Not... not the man?" stammered the others in unison.

"No, damn you, this is that drunken cut from Barrows, utterly useless carter. Take him back to where you found him and make it look like an accident. By James, you shall pay for this!"

(To be continued.)

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

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Here's one of the smartest dresses of the new season in simple good taste for day wear.

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The wrapped skirt gives charming height to the figure, closing as it does at the left-side front, with its snug fitting hip yoke, button trimmed, cross-over front has a decidedly narrowing effect on the bodice. The neckline is most becoming with flat applied band trim and softly falling jabot frill.

Style No. 3018 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. A plaided sheer woolen was used for the original model in dark blue fabric. The trim in plain shade matched the lightest tone of the plaided deepest tone.

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Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 30-inch material with 3/4 yard of 39-inch contrasting.

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The Canadian Pine

A keen, sweet fragrance lies along the air.

The odor of the tall Canadian pine: How soft the sunbeams on his needles shone, And where the snow has left the forest bare, He spreads his russet carpet everywhere.

High in his swaying top the crowning wind Eases his stormy soul—time out of mind He sought his ancient, steadfast solace there.

And so I find beneath the sturdy pine, The spirit of the north, the blessed peace That calms this easy-troubled soul of mine, And gives to discontent a sure surcease.

In all the north I love the pine—the best, Emblem of strength, simplicity and rest.

—William T. Allison, in "Canadian Poets."

Fixing the Ontario-Manitoba Boundary

Engineers of Geodetic Survey of Canada, Department of the Interior, Had Difficult Task

During the summer of 1930, the Geodetic Survey of Canada, Department of the Interior, carried out the difficult task of establishing, astronomically, two points on the unurveyed section of the Ontario-Manitoba boundary between Island Lake and Hudson Bay.

In addition, the terminal point of this line was located astronomically on the Hudson Bay coast according to the provisions of the Act of Parliament of 1912.

According to the provisions of the Act of Parliament of 1912, the boundary between Canada and the United States, the boundary between the two provinces follows a straight line drawn due north through the northwest angle of Lake of the Woods, to the intersection of the 12th base line of the Dominion Land Surveys system. The longitude of this meridian section of boundary was officially determined to be 99° 11' 51" west of Greenwich.

At the 12th base line the boundary is deflected to the northeast and extends in a straight line to the east end of Island Lake. From Island Lake the boundary extends to the point where the 59th meridian of west longitude intersects the south coast of Hudson Bay.

The section of the interprovincial boundary northward to the 12th base line and thence northwesterly to Island Lake had already been surveyed and marked on the ground. The remaining section from Island Lake to Hudson Bay had not been of record in this section of country little or no knowledge was available of the territory through which this line would pass.

As a preliminary step to sending out engineers to survey the line on the ground and erect the necessary boundary monuments, it was necessary to establish by precise observations, the boundary terminal on the Hudson Bay coast. When this was done the initial azimuth (true direction) at Island Lake of this 230 mile line could be computed and made available for the commencement of the work of demarcation.

A further aid to the surveyor engaged in running this line, it was decided to photograph from aircraft a strip of country from Island Lake to Hudson Bay following as closely as possible the theoretical boundary.

From the photographs it was planned to plot a provisional strip map showing the main water routes and topography of such great importance to the surveyor in planning his travel routes and field operations. Unfortunately at the present stage of development of aerial navigation it is impossible to navigate a machine in a straight line along a theoretical line 230 miles in length over an unmapped area.

The Geodetic Survey of Canada was therefore asked to co-operate in this undertaking and to establish on the theoretical line as well as to locate the boundary terminal by the methods of precise astronomy. The surveyor conducting the subsequent aerial photographic operation would then have, at his disposal at intervals along the line, known points on which to check his course.

Geodetic engineers in establishing the boundary terminal proceeded down the Nelson river in canoes and made their way southeasterly along the coast a distance of 170 miles. At the point where the 59th meridian of longitude was found to intersect the coast, the boundary terminal was established and marked permanently on the ground by the erection of a substantial concrete monument. The position of this monument, marking the most northerly limit of Ontario was made more easily identifiable from the air by mapping the neighboring shore lines and other topographical features.

In the location of the two intermediate points on the theoretical boundary between Island Lake and Hudson Bay, aircraft were used for transportation. Flying over this unmapped area, the aircraft were directed by the methods of aerial navigation until a lake was found approximately on the line of the theoretical boundary.

Landing on the lake an astronomical observation for position permitted a calculation to be made of the distance and direction from the observed station to the boundary. By repeated trials, using this method two points were established close to the theoretical line—one on Black Duck Lake about 90 miles east of Gods Lake and the other near Sturgeon Lake shown on most maps of northern Manitoba on the upper reaches of the Shamattawa river. These points, when shown on sketch maps of the local areas will serve to guide the aviators on the subsequent aerial photographic operation, preparatory to the actual work of demarcation.

Canada's Maple Trees

There are nine species of maple native to Canada, according to the Forest Service of the Department of the Interior. Three of these, namely, the broad-leaved maple, the vine maple, and the dwarf maple are confined to British Columbia. The only maple native to the Prairie Provinces is the Manitoba maple, and this and the remaining five species (sugar, or hard, maple, red maple, silver maple, striped maple, and mountain maple) are found in the eastern provinces of the Dominion.

The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigator.—Edward Gibbon.

Seaweed As Food Fancied By Indians

Other Peoples in Canada and Elsewhere Use It for Food Purposes

Among the foodstuffs taken from the sea the Indians on the coast of British Columbia put seaweed as worth adding to the menu of an epicurean.

In earlier years seaweed was "money" among British Columbia Indians in the sense that it was used, to a limited extent, as a medium of barter between tribes in the northern interior part of the province and other tribes living along the coast. This barter has now practically disappeared; but it seaweed is no longer money it remains in use as an article of Indian food.

For food purposes, especially among the Indians of the northern coast of British Columbia, the seaweed is pressed and partially dried, and in this form it will apparently remain in a satisfactory condition for a considerable length of time. Part of its value from the dietary standpoint is doubtless due to its content of iodine, an element which research has shown to be valuable as preventive of such diseases as goiter.

Incidentally, it may be noted that sea fish also contain a considerable percentage of iodine, and this is one of the reasons why doctors and dietitians recommend frequent inclusion of fish foods in the household menu.

As a matter of fact, of course, certain seaweeds are eaten by other people besides Indians. For instance numbers of people in Canada and elsewhere like dried dulse, a variety of seaweed, and in 1929 Canadian producers marketed over 100,000 pounds of this marine product and received for it over \$10,000.

On the Atlantic coast of Canada some use has been made of seaweed, in combination with fish oil, in producing fish meal, which is a valuable stock food. So far there has been no commercial utilization of seaweeds on the Pacific coast of the Dominion.

The Beginning Of the Alphabet

At last there seems to be a possibility of tracing the Roman alphabet to its lair, declares The Christian Science Monitor. It is a source of never-fading wonder that all the world's wisdom can be preserved and communicated by means as simple as a series of rearrangements of twenty-six arbitrary, and in themselves meaningless, symbols.

For centuries, scholars have been trying, but without success, to find when, where, and how these symbols came to bear the significance that they do today. Success is not even now attained, but a great impetus has been given to the search by discoveries that have recently been made in Syria.

In May, 1929, a tablet inscribed with cuneiform characters was found near Latakia, in Syria. This has now been deciphered by M. Virelloleud of the Sorbonne and dated somewhere in the thirteenth century B.C. Still further tablets have since been discovered, including a lexicon, a long poem and a bilingual dictionary. Among the most interesting deductions to be drawn from them is the existence of a hitherto entirely unknown language. But it is to the light they throw on the origin of the Roman alphabet that attention will be chiefly directed.

This Western alphabet derives from the Greek, and the Greek from the Semitic—the letters of the Greek alphabet, so far as their etymology is known, being words in the Semitic language. But when the question is asked, "Where did the Semitic alphabet come from?" the road ceases to be clear. Some scholars have looked to Egypt, some to Cyprus, others to the Minoan writings of Crete for the elusive origins of the Western written languages. The cuneiform script also has had its adherents, and it is possible that the recent discoveries at Latakia may bring to light facts that will finally settle whether it is in this direction that one must look for the beginnings of the alphabet.

Awakening

Oh, I wanted to be pampered and I wanted to be petted, I thought that Life should run to me with comfort when I fretted. And so I used to wait for joys I had no means of buying. But Life went on about its work and never heard me crying.

I used to fly in lanterns when some pleasure was denied me. I fancied everyone was wrong, who raised a voice to chide me. I thought that Life should run to me with pretty things to show me. But Life went on about its work and never seemed to know me.

I know not how the thought began nor why so long it lasted. I wanted cake and pie to eat while others browsed factored. I wanted easy tasks to do, high pay without the labor. But Life I noticed passed me by to visit with my neighbor.

Then suddenly I faced about; stopped my senseless whining. Took disappointment with a grin and loss without repining. I found that woes were everywhere and some were sure to strike me. I strapped my burdens on my back—and Life began to like me.—Edgar A. Guest in "The Bits."

"Millionaire's Peak"

In the northwestern part of Waterton Lakes National Park, Alberta, is the curious Anderson-peak, with its sharp pyramid formed of yellow shales which at sunrise and sunset glisten like pure gold. So that the mountain is facetiously known as the "Millionaire's Peak."—Waterton Lakes National Park is noted for the coloring of its rocks.

The ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE

We had slipped down the barling slope, expecting every minute to be jarred last, then found ourselves falling into space. We shut our eyes, rather than see the fiercely burning furnace that we believed lay below—the suddenly I found myself choking for breath, deep down in the cool swirling depths of a mountain pool.

I fought my way to the top, and found Scottie swimming in circles up there on the surface, looking for me, with a most doleful expression on his whiskered face.

Above us the woods burned brightly, and down stream the river disappeared in a smoke-filled tunnel of flaming trees. It was through that tunnel we must go if we were ever to get out. The air was alive with hot cinders—and the light was so uncertain that we had no idea whether the sun was shining or not.

When the water grew shallow I waded around slippery boulders, and while current pulled and tugged at my clothes and often swept me off my feet, it was painfully slow work for both of us. Scottie was clutched under my coat and I staggered along as fast as I could.

The stream narrowed, and the rock ledges on either side rose to a height of twenty feet or more. It was a regular gorge. Up over us the woods were burning fiercely, but above the crackle and roar of the flames hoarse rumble like thunder that broke through a long drawn out note. Falling water, and not very far ahead!

The current grew deeper and swifter, and the gorge continued to grow steeper and narrower. I clung to a ledge for support while I rested.

"Scottie, my boy, it's certainly lucky you know how to swim." He wriggled his stubby little tail as I spoke to him. "Just as sure as you're a funny looking Scottie, sooner, you're in for a try at it. But how are you for swimming 'waterfalls'?"

Sure enough. Not a hundred feet along, the stream dropped over a ledge. I crept as close as I dared. Apparently the water fell twenty-five or thirty-five feet into a round basin, and the gorge was considerably wider at that point. It looked for all the world as if some giant with an auger had bored this big hole in the rock into which the water tumbled and hissed.

Suddenly, even as we stood there a few feet from the edge, there was a droning sound overhead, and in a moment more a plane passed, flying low.

The stream widened as we went along, and the walls of the gorge dropped so that the banks were only a foot or two above stream.

The woods seemed to be getting lighter ahead. I pushed on faster—and there we were, on the edge of the nicest little mountain lake you ever saw. Far up to the right the fire was rapidly working down to the lake. To our left, the woods were burning all most to the water's edge. We were hemmed in again.

Suddenly there was a scrambling in the underbrush—some hairy animal scratched through, Scottie remembered the bears and straight out like a porcupine. The crashing grew nearer.

(To be continued)

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Bad Writing and Bad Spelling

London Evening Standard (Ind. Con.): Bad writing is very often supposed to be a sign of some sort of distinction, whether intellectual or social. There are people who boast of it, certainly many people who could write very much better with little, if any, more trouble, but who make not the slightest effort to do so. Few, on the other hand, are anything but ashamed of bad spelling, which is supposed to be the betraying mark of either cretinism or an inferior education. Yet from the point of view of utility bad spelling is far preferable to bad writing. A word is rarely so far misspelled as to be a sign of some sort of distinction, whether intellectual or social. There are people who boast of it, certainly many people who could write very much better with little, if any, more trouble, but who make not the slightest effort to do so. Few, on the other hand, are anything but ashamed of bad spelling, which is supposed to be the betraying mark of either cretinism or an inferior education. Yet Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.—Thomas Jefferson.

"Early marriage and the raising of children are the noblest functions one can perform in life."
—Dr. Will Durant.

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